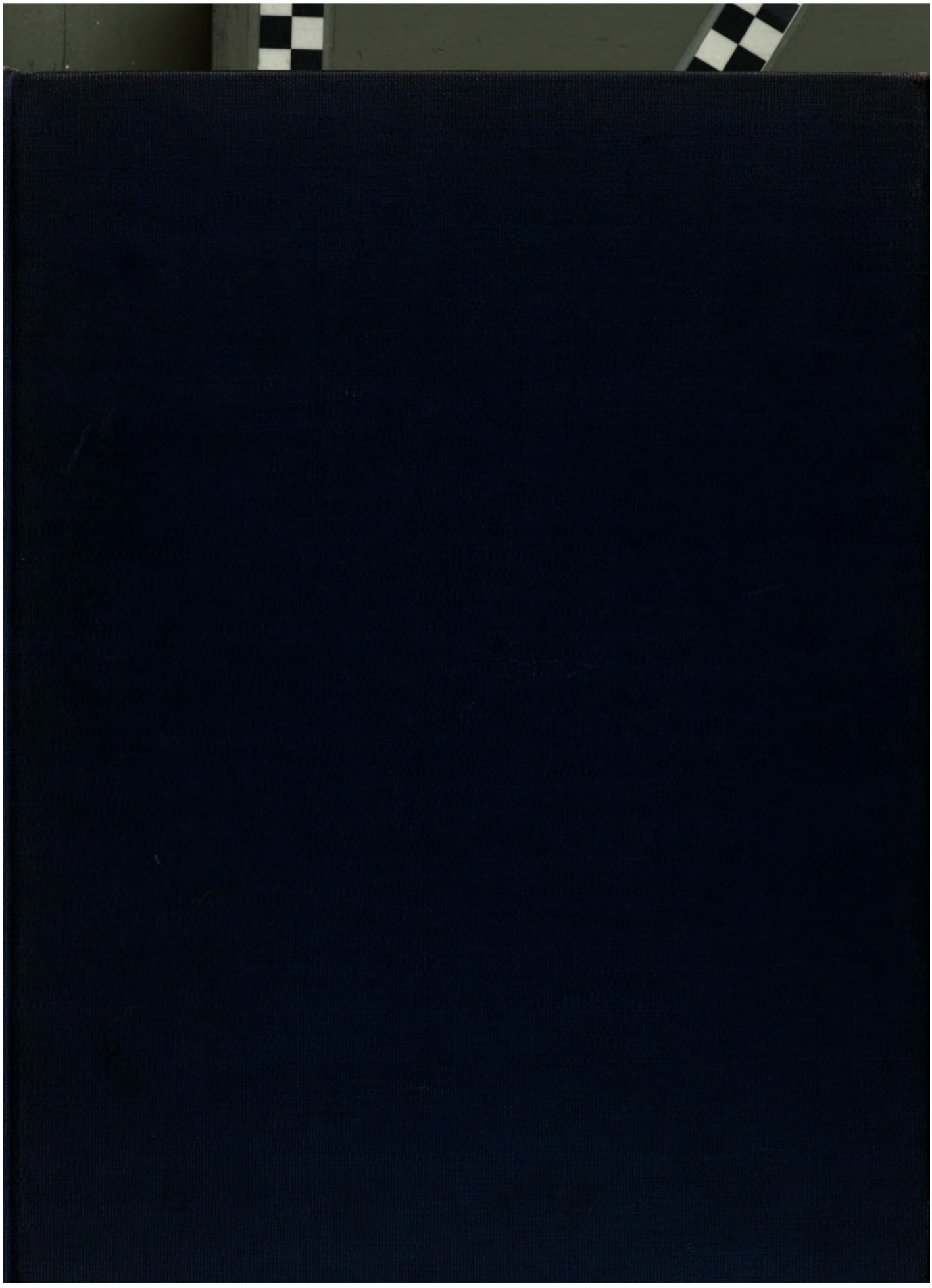
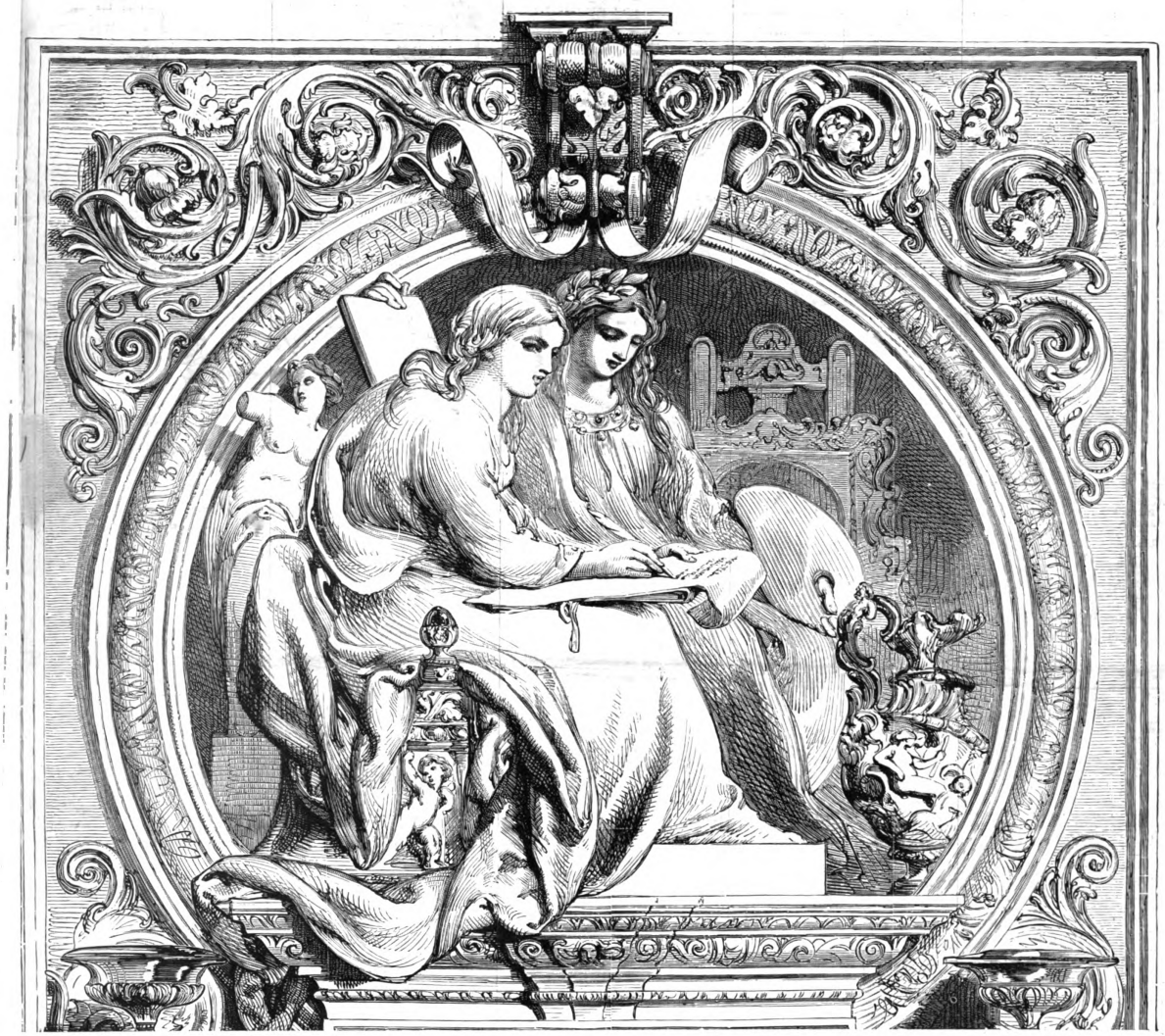


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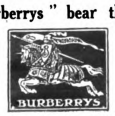
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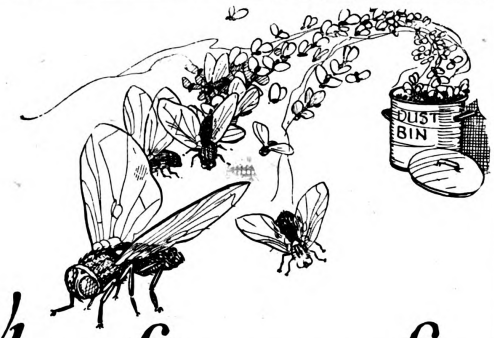
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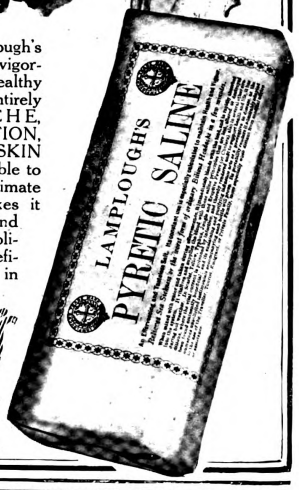
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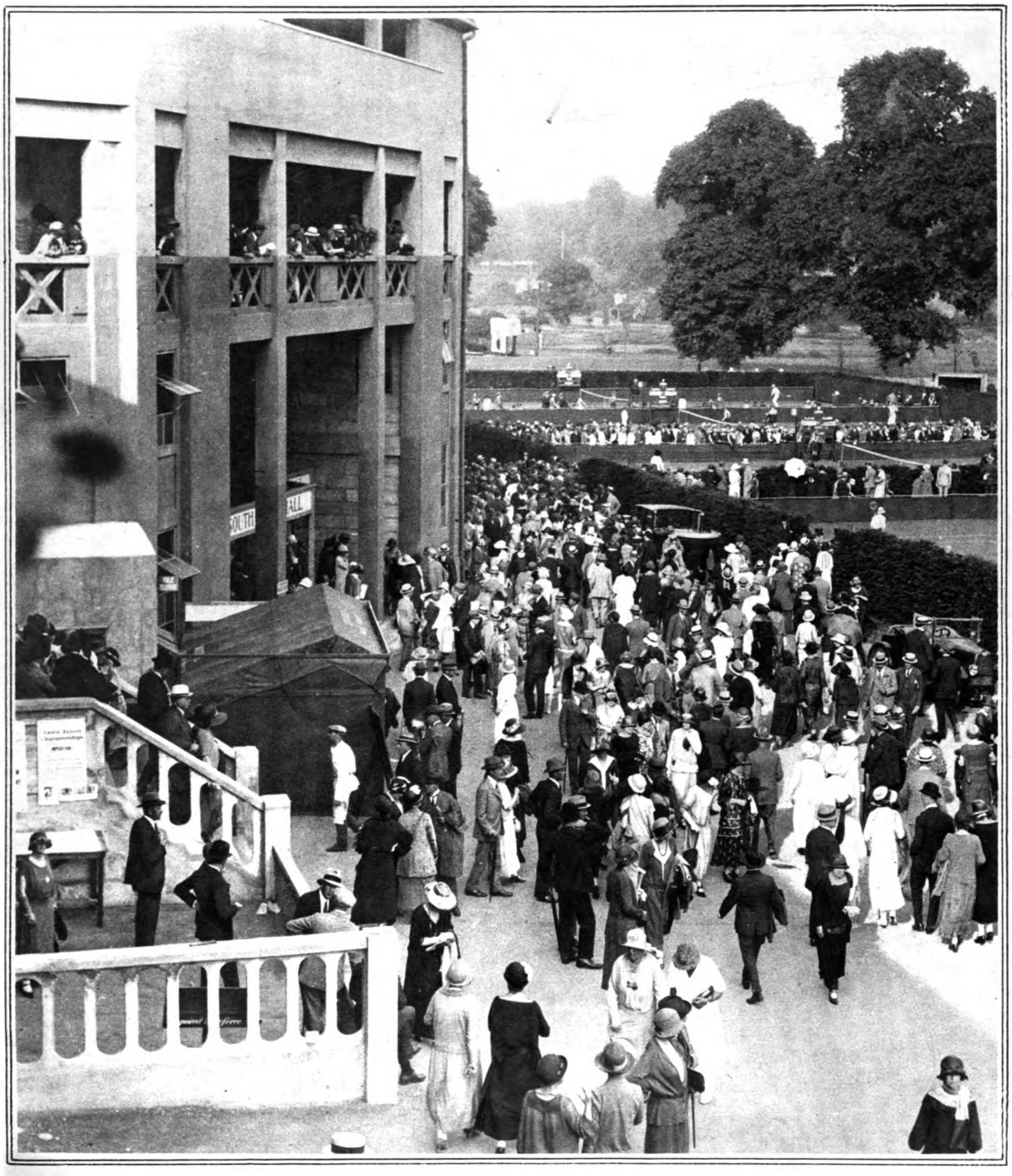
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

**SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1924.**



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**THE SOCIAL CENTRE OF SPORTING INTEREST FOR A FORTNIGHT: THE ALL-ENGLAND LAWN-TENNIS CLUB—OUTSIDE THE CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON.**

This week and last week, all eyes have turned to Wimbledon, where the great Lawn-Tennis Championships have been fought out, and first-class players from over the world have met on the most famous lawn-tennis courts in existence. Our photograph gives a very good idea of the scene at the All-England Lawn-Tennis Club any day during the fortnight's meeting. The building on the left is the stadium round the centre court, which is packed with spectators daily; while on the right may be seen some of the other courts, on which almost equally exciting matches are played. The parade of well-dressed people recalls the fashionable crowd at a race-meeting, and, although "Ascot" gowns are not worn at Wimbledon, many attractive frocks are to be seen.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTOPRESS.




By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MR. H. G. WELLS has been rebuking Miss Rebecca West for lowering herself to "the earthy romanticism of Belloc and Chesterton," because she says, very sensibly, that the anarchy called America would be more orderly if it really had a peasantry. I should have thought that it had already the root of one, in some agricultural patches; but I am sure she knows America better than I do. Anyhow, she is perfectly right where Mr. Wells thinks she is wrong—about the connection between small property and steady popular government. The examples Mr. Well gives to the contrary are easily refuted. He says that England has had no peasantry and is orderly, while Russia has been a peasantry and has been disorderly. And this is curious, to begin with, because quite recently Mr. Wells selected England and Russia as examples of extremes or exceptions that do not really belong to the civilisation of Europe at all. In the present case he has to cling to the extreme edges, to hang on to his two exceptions, and simply leave out the civilisation of Europe altogether.

Now, without thinking England and Russia so exceptional as he thought them then, or so universal as he thinks them now, it is not hard to see why or to what extent they can be cited against Miss West's general truth. Certainly England has been orderly, much too orderly. But England has been orderly because she has been oligarchical. Nobody ever denied that a pure aristocracy could be as orderly as Carthage and Venice; the most completely orderly State is a servile State. What we earthy romanticists say is that an orderly State cannot be democratic unless it is distributive. Since the Reformation, England has been governed by a governing class, which possessed practically all the land and capital. If the political power is to pass to the ordinary citizen, the land and capital must pass to the ordinary citizen. That is our romance, and it is certainly very earthy in the sense of highly realistic and practical.

Mr. Wells's exception of Russia is still more obviously an exception that proves the rule. It really was on a barbaric borderland of Europe where processes were more belated and less clear. It had peasants rather than a peasantry—that is, it did not set itself logically and legally to have a peasantry as did France, now one of the most conservative of countries. Russia has been full of potential peasants who until quite recently were called serfs. And when they ceased to be serfs, no sufficient trouble was taken to turn them into real peasant proprietors. They are, therefore, the most unfair and unfortunate example that could possibly be taken of that distributive government which covers three-quarters of the white civilisation. Mr. Wells has taken an unfair example; but even his own unfair example is against him. Under all these hampering handicaps, the agricultural life of Russia had organised itself into peaceful popular governments from before the beginning of history. It had a system of communes, or small self-governing councils, with all sorts of highly liberal enlargements, such as female suffrage. They were democratic in origin, and they were probably distributive in spirit. But it was not from them that the final fury came—the revolution that was a conspiracy and a collapse. It was not they who dissolved the Russian Empire. It was not they who destroyed the Russian nation. These things were dissolved as in water, these things were destroyed as by fire, at the first touch of the modern town. So far from destroying the traditions, the peasants saved what could be saved of them, by seizing the land as private property and defending it as private property. In this they defied Bolshevism; and in this they defeated Bolshevism. But Bolshevism was entirely a thing of the industrial cities. In other words, what really dissolved and destroyed Russia was that industrial anarchy which is dissolving and destroying America.

But there are other aspects of the difference between Miss West and Mr. Wells that are rather interesting. In answer to her reasonable suggestion that a popular stake in the country might steady the American population, he can offer no alternative but his old cult of education. One is tempted to say his old cant of education. Education has become a word like Abracadabra. It has become a magic word, a spell, a word of power. It is the sort of spell that was supposed to raise spirits, but it does not raise my spirits. Magic, like music, may have charms to soothe the savage breast, but it does not soothe my savage breast. It has no effect on the shaggy ferocity of an earthy romanticist. To my simple or savage mind it appears self-evident that it is quite useless to settle education until we have settled almost everything else.

What is education? Properly speaking, there is no such thing as education. Education is simply the soul of a society as it passes from one generation to another. Whatever the soul is like, it will have to be passed on somehow, consciously or unconsciously; and that transition may be called education. The culture, the colour and sentiment, the special knowledge and aptitudes of a civilisation must not be lost, but must be left as a legacy. But all this tells us nothing about what the legacy is like. Barbarians will hand down a barbarian culture, cannibals will hand down a cannibal culture, devil-worshippers will hand down a devil-worshipping culture. What we need is to have a culture before we can hand it down. In other words, it is a truth, however sad and strange, that we cannot give what we have not got, and cannot teach to other people what we do not know ourselves.



AFTER WINNING THE BRITISH OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT HOYLAKE: WALTER HAGEN, OF AMERICA, AND HIS WIFE; WITH THE CUP.

The Open Golf Championship is virtually the championship of the world, and furnished some dramatic results. Hagen won by a single stroke, with a total of 301 for four rounds. He is remarkable not so much for his impeccable golf as for his fighting ability. Two years ago he won the Championship at Sandwich; last year he was beaten by a single putt. Ernest Whitcombe, who nearly saved England, did nine holes in thirty-two strokes.

*Photograph by P.I.C.*

Everything comes back, therefore, to the question of what is our tradition, our religion, our philosophy; whether it is a peasant philosophy or a proletarian philosophy, or a servile philosophy. What Mr. H. G. Wells means, of course, is simply that everybody ought to be taught his philosophy. When he imagines people being enlightened or sobered or sanely ordered by an abstraction called "education," he simply means that they would be enlightened and sobered and sanely organised by his opinions. In other words, he thinks his own orthodoxy is really orthodox. Same here, as the polished product of our State education would say. I also believe that my own religion is the right religion: but I do not call it education; I call it religion. I also believe that my social philosophy is the sound social philosophy: but I do not think that everybody is bound to get it, merely by being educated.

For Mr. Wells is quite mistaken in supposing that peace must always be prompted by mere study, even his own favourite studies of science or history. It is quite an error to suppose that science as such tends even to internal order, let alone international peace. Take this very example of the lawless spirit in America. Take the terrible business of the burning of negroes. Why, the whole of that sentiment has been and still is justified entirely on grounds of popular science; the sort of science that popular education would make popular. Ask the average American to excuse, or merely to explain, this brutal feeling about the blacks; and he will quite certainly refer it to biological and anthropological notions. He will say, or at least he will say that others say, that the nigger is not so much a man as a monkey; that the very form of his skull forbids him to have a human soul. Before the dawn of science the South was ashamed of slavery. In the daylight of science it was ashamed of having been ashamed of it. With Gobineau and the racial theorists there came a new excuse for every sort of tribal scorn. With Darwin and the evolutionary theorists came a new excuse for every sort of individualistic struggle.

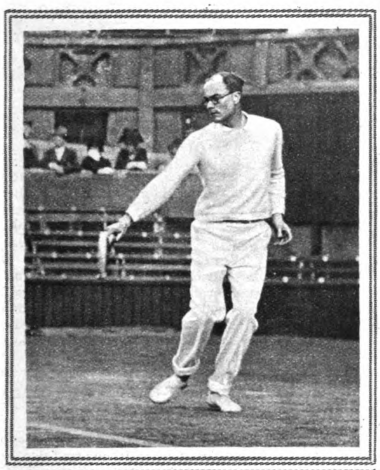
Of course, this is not what Mr. Wells would teach as "education." But it is what "education" might perfectly well teach as science. That is exactly the point; he cannot insure that his own humane ideas will be taught, merely by insuring that biology and anthropology shall be taught. Nor need the blunder, of course, be this particular blunder that set black against white in the nineteenth century. Science has plenty more blunders before her in her brilliant future. Education has any amount of new nonsense in her abundant store. But education is no substitute for a sane social philosophy; it may only mean teaching an insane one, and making a mad world.

## OUR ANAGLYPHS.

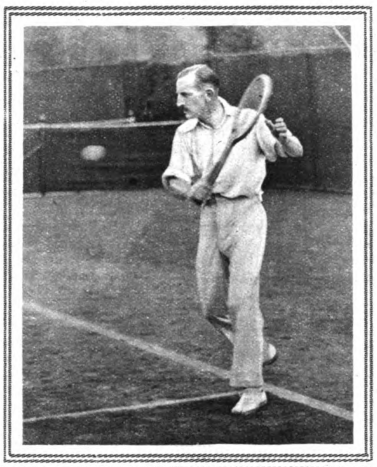
*In this issue we give further examples of our remarkable Anaglyphs—Engines and Gun in the Palace of Engineering at Wembley. Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 51, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.*

# THE LAST EIGHT: "HALL-MARKED" MEN'S SINGLES PLAYERS AT WIMBLEDON.

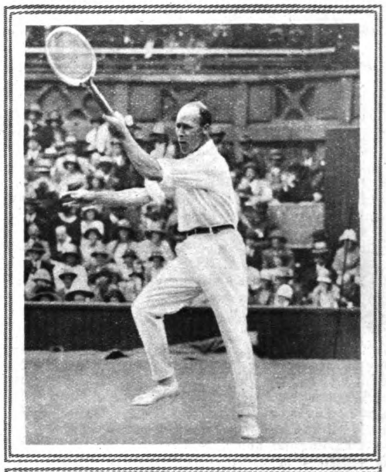
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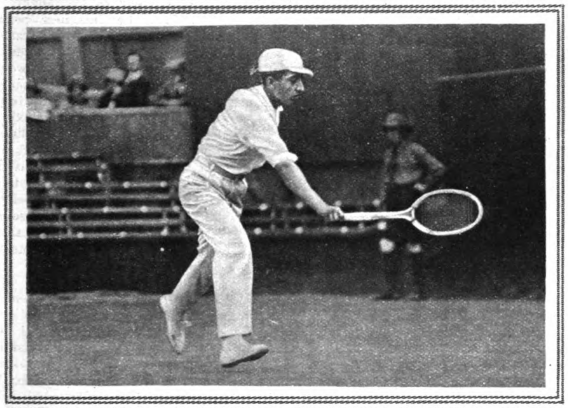
W. M. WASHBURN (AMERICA).



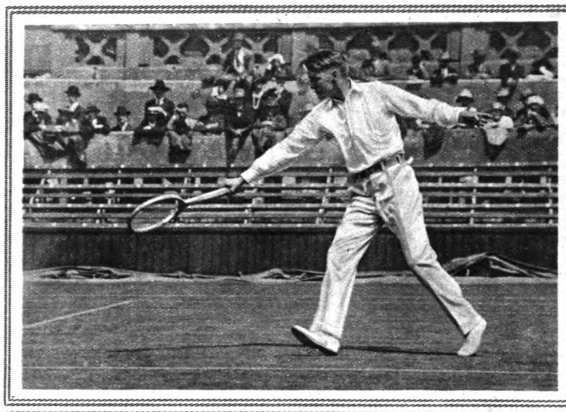
A. R. F. KINGSCOTE (ENGLAND).



J. WASHER (BELGIUM).



R. LACOSTE (FRANCE).



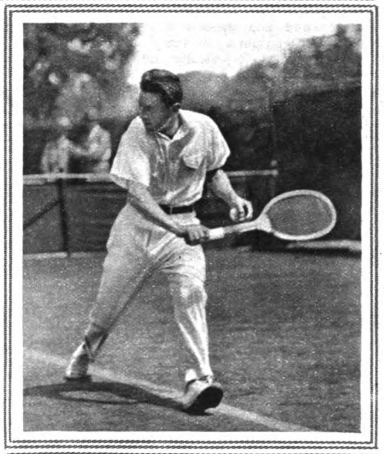
VINCENT RICHARDS (AMERICA).



L. RAYMOND (SOUTH AFRICA).



J. BOROTRA (FRANCE).

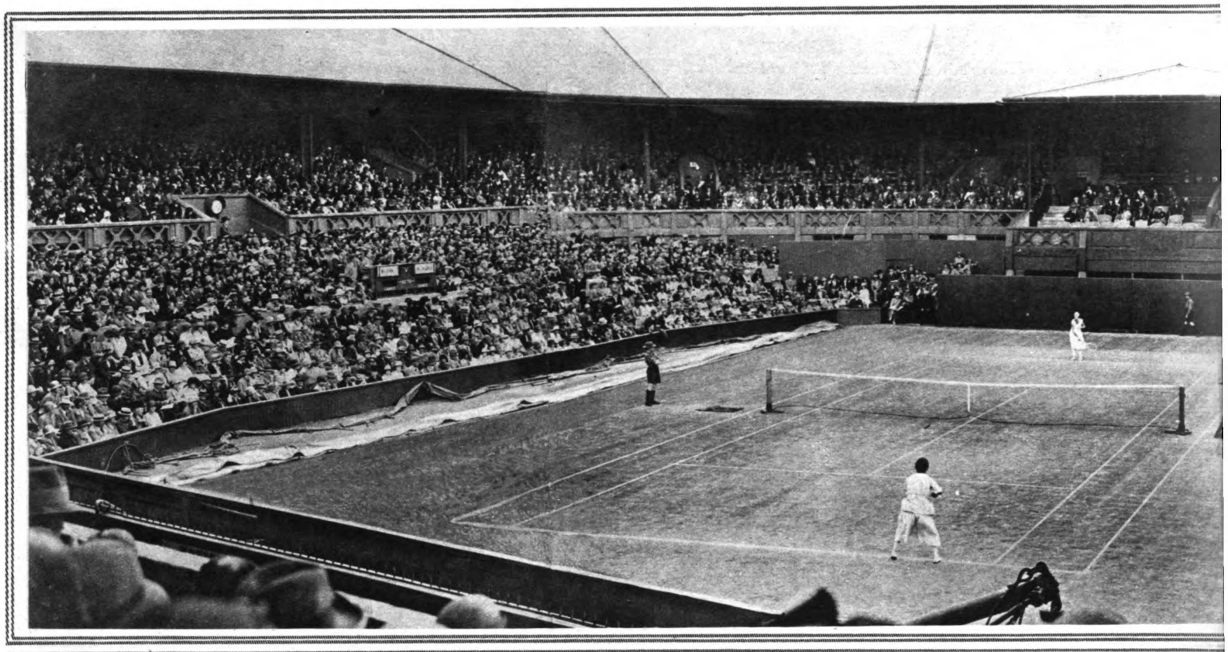


R. N. WILLIAMS (AMERICA).

The last eight—the "hall-marked" eight—left in the Men's Singles Championship at Wimbledon at the beginning of the week included, as our page shows, one Englishman, three Americans, one South African, two Frenchmen, and a Belgian. In view of this, it is interesting to recall a table, given in the "Evening News" the other day, which shows how this honour of the eight has been distributed amongst nations during the five years since the war. In 1919 there were three Englishmen left in; with one American, three Australians, and one Frenchman. In 1920 there were three Englishmen, three Americans, one South African, and one Japanese. In 1921 there were two Englishmen, one American, one South African, one Irishman, one Spaniard, one Japanese, and one Canadian. In 1922 there were four Englishmen, three Australians, and one Irishman. In 1923 there were three Englishmen, two Americans, one South African, one Irishman, and one Spaniard. Of the players in the last eight this year, A. R. F. Kingscote has been in the last eight three times, and R. N. Williams twice. On another page of this issue will be found photographs of the last eight in the Ladies' Singles Championship.

# WHERE THE LAWN-TENNIS GIANTS MEET AT WIMBLEDON:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G.,



DURING THE GREAT LENGLEN-RYAN MATCH, IN WHICH THE FRENCH PLAYER LOST HER FIRST SET IN EUROPE FOR

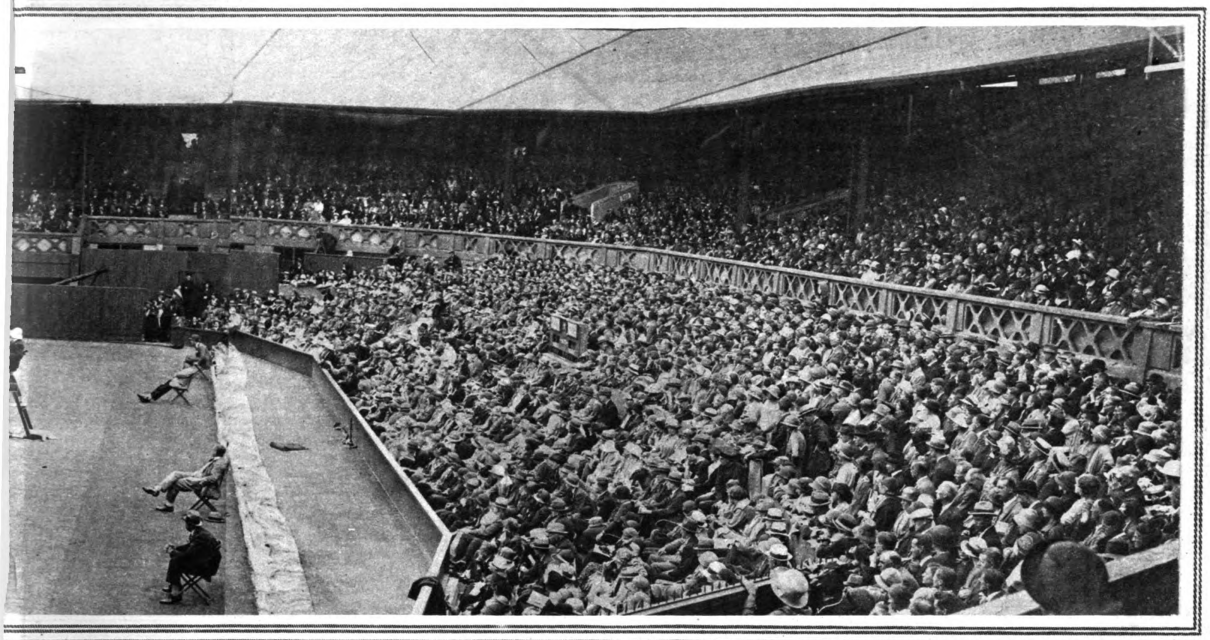


A FEATURE OF THIS YEAR'S WIMBLEDON: THE NEW STAND ROUND NO. 1 COURT, WHERE MANY IMPORTANT

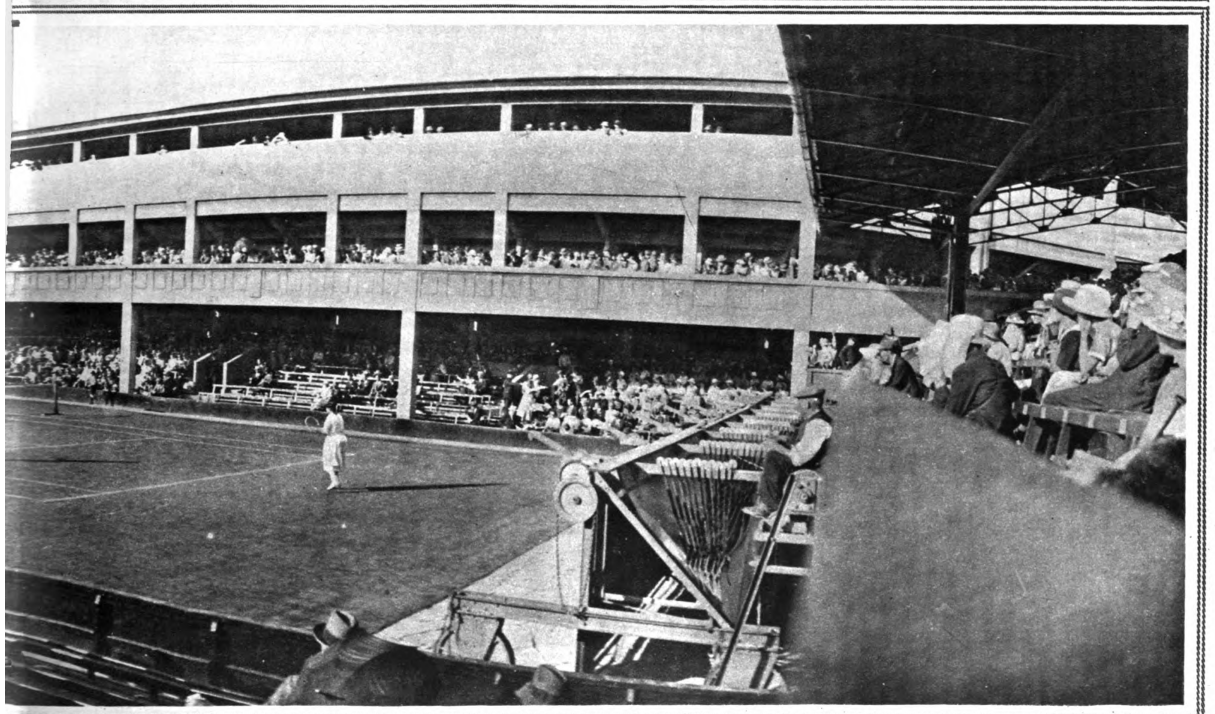
The All-England Lawn-Tennis Club, to which everyone's thoughts have turned for the past fortnight, has long been classified as the world's most famous arena for lawn-tennis. In addition to the famous Centre Court, with its huge stands, from which 19,000 spectators can watch a game, there is now the new No. 1 Court, where 5000 lookers-on can be accommodated. This second "gallery" lawn has been the scene of many matches of tremendous interest this year, and the thrills which have been witnessed from its stands have almost equalled those of the Centre Court. Our photographs give a very good idea of the arrangements of the two courts. The view of the Centre Court shows the Royal Box in the centre; while the players "in action" are (foreground) Miss Ryan and

# THE MOST FAMOUS "GALLERY" COURTS IN THE WORLD.

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IVE YEARS: THE CENTRE COURT AT THE ALL-ENGLAND LAWN-TENNIS CLUB—THE ROYAL BOX IN THE CENTRE.



MATCHES HAVE BEEN PLAYED—MECHANISM FOR MOVING THE TARPAULIN COURT-COVER ON THE RIGHT.

(background) Mlle. Lenglen. In this match, which the Frenchwoman won after a great struggle (6—2, 6—8, 6—4), Mlle. Lenglen lost her first set in Europe for five years. The fight was a tremendous one, and Miss Ryan has never played better. In the lower photograph Mrs. Wightman, Miss Helen Wills, Mrs. Craddock, and Mrs. Parton are shown (from left to right) in the match in the Ladies' Doubles, which the two American players, Mrs. Wightman and Miss Wills, won on No. 1 Court. The ingenious and elaborate mechanism by which the tarpaulin which covers the turf in case of rain can be extended, is shown on the right of the second photograph.

# Prehistoric Rodeos: Minoan Cowboys and Cowgirls.

*By E. J. FORSDYKE, M.A., F.S.A., Assistant Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum.*

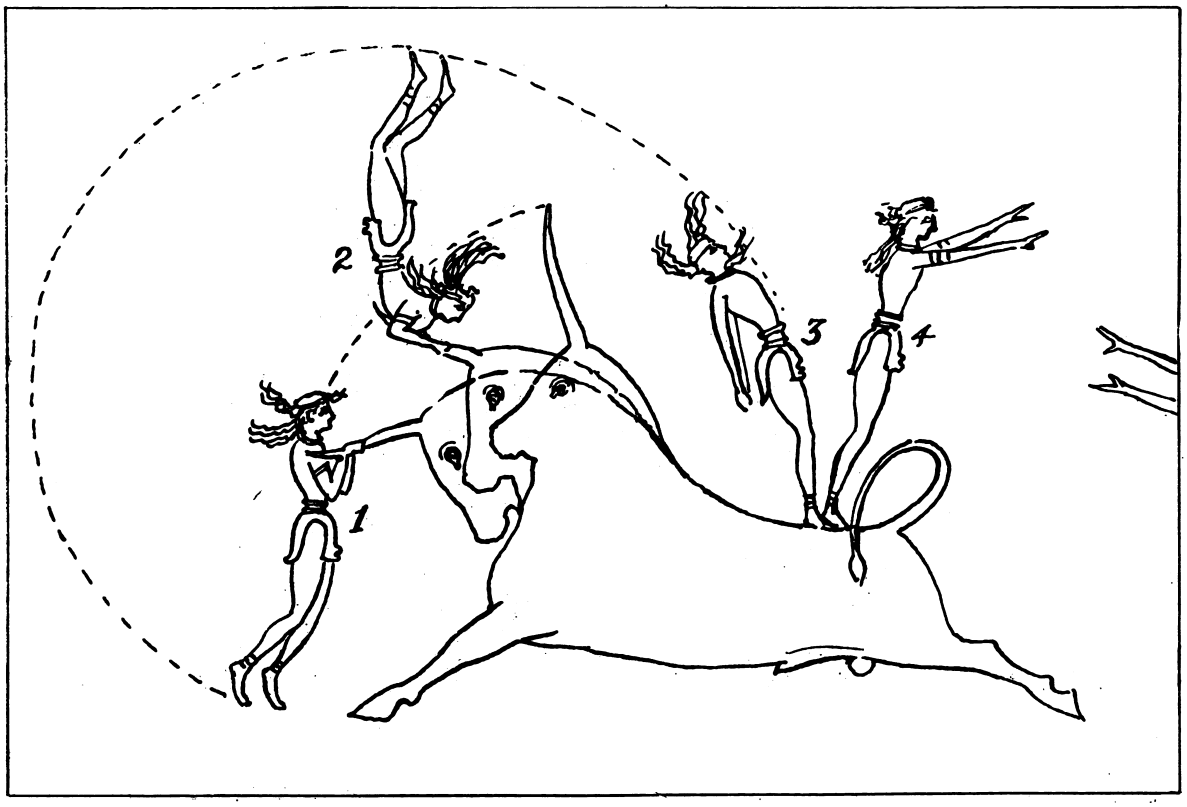
THE feats of strength and skill and daring with which American cowboys have been amazing us at Wembley find their closest counterparts in the records of prehistoric Europe. Our ultra-scientific seekers after truth will doubtless find in this coincidence another ancient link between the two worlds: bull-sports must have been carried by Mediterranean man with his mummy-and-pyramid equipment across the Atlantic (or Pacific), there to descend through Aztec and Mexican to these Anglo-Saxon champions. The less imaginative, however, will be content to note that man will fight or play with anything that makes a show of opposition, and that the bull is a singularly attractive opponent, for a successful contest with him, barehanded, would seem to be impossible. Yet the Cretans made a pretty game of it four thousand years ago.

In the Mycenæan or Minoan Age, which had its origin in Crete, the long-horned wild steer was the unchallenged king of beasts, and chief creature of the great Nature goddess whom the Cretans worshipped. In her honour circus games were held, and victims offered to the bull. A memory of these cruel rites survived in later Greek legends of the Minotaur, the Cnossian monster for whom Athens paid nine yearly tributes of fourteen noble girls and boys, till Theseus slew him. If these unhappy children were exposed to the fury of charging bulls, it is small wonder that some of them developed such agility as ordinary human beings would never dream of. Some painted panels from the walls of the palace of Minos at Cnossos, found there by Sir Arthur Evans in 1901, show how the game was played. The best-preserved panel (Fig. 7) has a typical cowboy, long-haired, tight-belted, and sunburnt all over, turning a back somersault over a galloping steer. A cowgirl (distinguished by her white skin, but belted and booted like a man) stands ready to catch the tumbler at the beast's tail, while another elegant and smartly dressed young woman grasps the bull by its horns in the first movement of her leap. A remarkable bronze figure (Fig. 4), recently obtained by an English collector, represents the leaper at the finish of the somersault. The complete action is illustrated in a diagram devised by Sir Arthur Evans, the archæologist, and reproduced below. Running out, presumably, from the barricade of the arena, the performer catches hold of the bull's horns. Swung upwards with the toss of its head, he (or she) turns backwards through a full circle, stands for a moment, if necessary, on the back, then leaps or falls into the arms of an assistant.

That such performances were often "marred by accidents" is self-evident, and is fully attested by other Minoan records. Blood and agony were doubtless an essential feature of the primitive Mediterranean ritual, and this element has been preserved for later ages in the Roman amphitheatre and the Spanish bull-ring. A stone funnel (Fig. 6), carved with scenes of circus games (the so-called Boxer Vase of Hagia Triada) bears a figure of a man impaled on the horn of a galloping bull. Less formal episodes of a cow-puncher's life are embossed upon the famous gold cups of Vaphio (Fig. 5). One of these represents a lithe cowboy tying up a patient or deluded ox: it is thought that the open-mouthed creature behind him may be a decoy cow. The other shows how steers were roped in prehistoric Greece, and what fate befell unskilful ropers before the days of horses.

Steer-wrestling was also part of the Minoan repertory, and had also to be done without the horse's help. An engraved onyx gem shows a man hurling himself down upon a bull which is drinking at a trough. His grip seems to be aimed at the neck and knee. The usual hold was on the horn and muzzle; it is clearly represented on several gems and seals from Crete and Mycenæ (Figs. 1, 2, and 3), where a man twists the steer's head precisely as the modern cowboy does in throwing the animal.

In later Greece the Thessalians alone had country fit for horses, and they developed steer-wrestling as a mounted act. The Roman *impresario* (who combed the Empire for spectacular novelties, and even presented British war-chariots in the arena) was not likely to miss this superlative attraction; and Thessalian steer-wrestling was duly produced at Rome in the time of Julius Cæsar. There the Italian genius improved upon the Greek idea, for (according to Pliny) the cowboys broke the steers' necks by twisting their heads at full gallop. It is unlikely that wanton slaughter formed part of the original show, which, like the Rodeo contest, began in friendly trials of strength between the mounted herdsmen and their cattle.




SOMERSAULTING OVER A STEER: A DIAGRAM DEVISED BY SIR ARTHUR EVANS (SEE PANEL ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE).

The Mediterranean men of old worshipped a Nature goddess and held circus games in her honour. Running out to meet the bull, the prehistoric performer caught hold of its horns, half-leaped and was half-tossed over the animal's head, alighted on its back and jumped or fell into the arms of an assistant. The sport must have been even more thrilling than the steer-wrestling at the Wembley Rodeo, as it is obviously even more difficult and dangerous to face a charging bull than to leap on to its neck from behind as the modern cowboys do. It was, of course, a feat of agility more than of strength.

*Reproduced by Courtesy of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies.*

# RODEOS 4000 YEARS AGO: COWBOYS AND COWGIRLS "BULL-DOGGING."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF HELLENIC STUDIES, AND CAPTAIN E. G. S. CHURCHILL, M.C.



1. THE USUAL HORN-AND-MUZZLE HOLD ON A STEER: A CLAY SEAL FROM CHOSSOS.



2. THE BEGINNING OF THE THROW: AN AGATE GEM FROM MYCENÆ, 1600 B.C.



3. A STRUGGLE BETWEEN A COWBOY AND A BULL: A JASPER GEM FROM MYCENÆ.



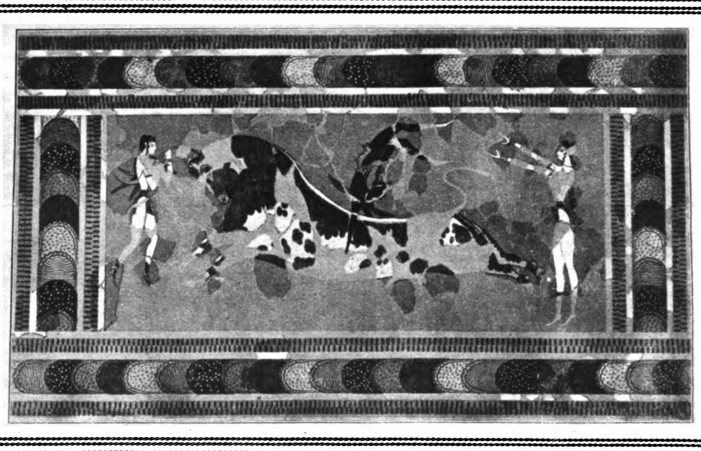
4. THE LEAPER AT THE FINISH OF THE SOMERSAULT: A REMARKABLE BRONZE FROM THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY B.C. (SEE DIAGRAM OPPOSITE).



5. A SINEWY COWBOY LEG-ROPING AN OX: AN EPISODE ON ONE OF THE FAMOUS GOLD CUPS OF VAPHIO, IN LACONIA.



6. IMPALED BY A GALLOPING BULL: A FIGURE ON A STONE FUNNEL, "THE BOXER VASE" OF HAGIA TRIADA.



7. A MINOAN COWBOY BACK-SOMERSAULTING OVER A GALLOPING STEER: WHITE-SKINNED COWGIRLS IN ATTENDANCE—ONE ABOUT TO LEAP, THE OTHER WAITING TO CATCH THE LEAPER AS HE ALIGHTS.

In view of the Rodeo contests held at Wembley, and especially the steer-wrestling, or bull-dogging, the illustrations here given are of exceptional interest at the moment, for they bear out the old adage that there is nothing new under the sun. Over 4000 years ago prehistoric players in Crete sported with wild bulls, and were sometimes made sport of, in the worship of and sacrifice to the Nature goddess of the Mycenæan and Minoan Ages. In an article facing this page, Mr. Forsdyke, the Assistant-Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum, describes how from the records that have come down to us, and have recently been unearthed by Sir Arthur Evans, we can picture the Cretans of the day enjoying the counterpart of the Wembley Rodeo. We can also deduce that ancient man carried this festival with him across the seas, and that it has descended through Aztec, Mexican, and Spaniard to the Anglo-Saxon cowboy of to-day. The steer-leaping has apparently been discontinued, but the same methods would appear to have been retained in the steer-wrestling as were practised by the ancients, the gripping of the horn and the hand-hold on the muzzle. The Cretan cowboys, however, had to operate without the horse's help. The writer of the accompanying article goes on to say: "In later Greece, the Thessalians alone had country fit for horses, and they developed steer-wrestling as a mounted act. According to Pliny, the cowboys in Rome improved on the Greek idea, and broke the necks of the steers by twisting their heads at full gallop."



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## THE COLORATION OF ANIMALS.

*By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.*

I AM just now busy making a survey of all the facts and theories which have been advanced to account for the coloration of animals. To some this may seem like a waste of time. That animals *are* coloured seems a commonplace. Why seek to explain it? But the search for an explanation becomes imperative directly we begin to ask why are birds and beasts, butterflies and beetles, so variously, and often so gorgeously, coloured. Whence comes this coloration? Why is it so infinitely varied not only as between different "species," but as between the different sexes of the same species, the different seasons of the year, and the differences between adult and young?

That coloration, whether dull or vivid, is not essential to living bodies is shown by the fact that jelly-fish and the surface-swimming "sea-squirts" of the open oceans have translucent bodies. When we come to examine these ghostly bodies more closely, two very important features force themselves upon us. In the first place, it will be noticed that they possess but a feebly developed nervous system; and in the second that they derive considerable benefit from this absence of colour, since it must render them practically invisible to the hungry creatures by which they are surrounded.

It will next be noticed that the creatures which live on the sea-floor are all coloured, sometimes vividly so, as in the case of sea-anemones, for example. Young fishes, again, such as swim at or near the surface, are also translucent; but they quickly develop pigments in the skin.

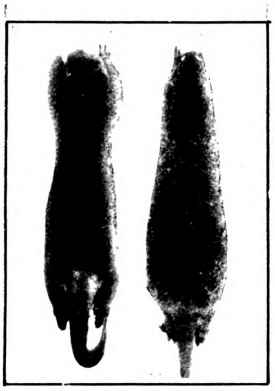


FIG. 3.—UNIFORM GREY IN COLOUR: THE CUSCUS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA—TWO EXAMPLES.

"The Cuscuses are near relations of the Australian Opossums, and are completely arboreal in their habits. Slow and sleepy creatures, they pass the day curled up among foliage,

[*Continued opposite.*

Turn now to the land-dwellers. These are in the position of such as live on the sea-floor. They live, in short, at the bottom of an ocean of air, with — and this is the important point — solid objects all round them, and they become visible, so long as they are at rest, only in so far as they afford contrast with their inanimate surroundings. As soon as they move they disclose themselves, and are in immediate danger of being gobbled up. But for them translucency, and the mantle of invisibility which this confers, is impossible. For the most part such creatures possess red blood, and this cannot be concealed within a translucent body. They have also a highly developed nervous system. And it is the recognition of this fact which gives the clue we are seeking. For we find that that nervous tissue is intolerant of light, and this intolerance is met by the formation of a screen of pigment.

But whence comes the pigment? To answer this question properly it would be necessary to go deeply into the chemistry and physiology of living bodies, and this would be far too technical a subject for discussion here. Let it suffice that these pigments are derived largely from the waste-products of the blood, and are discharged into the skin or its coverings, such as fur and feathers. By this method of disposal they effect the double office of purifying the blood and screening the nervous system against the light.

Into all the different kinds of pigment, and the precise manner of their deposition, it is obviously impossible to enter in the space of a short essay. Suffice it to say that they are, as we know, so deposited as to form various patterns, often of great intricacy. And it will be noticed that there is commonly a manifest relationship between the pattern and the normal surroundings of the wearer. The stripes of

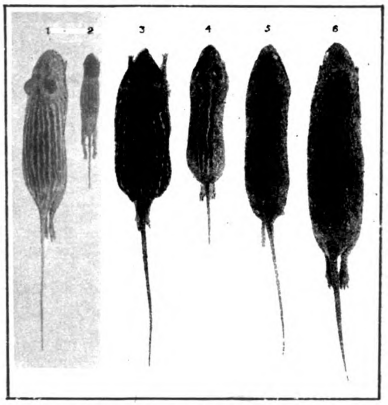


FIG. 1.—FROM STRIPED TO UNIFORM COLORATION: AFRICAN MICE (YOUNG AND ADULT) AS EXAMPLES OF VARIATION WITH GROWTH.

"In the Barbary Striped Mouse (No. 1), there is a black stripe running down the middle of the back, and on each side alternating stripes of black and pale buff. In the Masai Striped Mouse (No. 3, in order, from left to right), the median black stripe is conspicuously broad, and bounded by a narrow stripe of pale buff. Then follow very broad dark bands and narrow stripes of pale buff. But the dark bands show traces of pale stripes which have been suppressed. In the young Masai Mouse (No. 2), the stripes are numerous and continuous, indicating that the degeneration of the stripes is comparatively recent. In the Transvaal Striped Mouse (No. 4), the middle stripe is pale buff, instead of black, and the number of stripes less. In the East African Striped Mouse (No. 5), the body has become practically uniform in coloration. In the final stage (No. 6) an absolutely uniform coloration occurs."—[*Photographs by E. J. Manly.*]

the zebra and the tiger, the spots of the leopard and the deer, afford instances of this relationship. In the long grass of the jungle the tiger crouches unseen, ready to spring upon his oncoming and unsuspecting victim. In the forest-glades, dappled with sunlight, the deer chews the cud of contentment, concealed from the eyes of his enemies.

But this coloration need not always take the form of a coat of many colours, or even of a vestment with a pattern. Usually, however, this much may be said of it—that it is darker above than below, and the value of this "counter-shading" is capable of demonstration by experiment.

If two models, say, of ducks be made and covered in grey flannel, mounted upon a transverse rod, and placed in a box lined with the same material, and lighted from the top and one side, this matter of "counter-shading" may be put to the test. And this by stippling the back and whitening the under surface of one model with paint. Infinite patience will be required for this painting, because the work will not be complete till the shading of the top-lighted back and of the shadowed under-parts are cancelled out. When this is done the model will seem to vanish absolutely at a distance of a few feet, while the unpainted model will be as conspicuous as ever.



FIG. 2.—A RELATIVE OF THE OPOSSUM VERY VARIABLE IN COLORATION: THE SPOTTED CUSCUS (ABOUT 2 FT. LONG)—THREE DIFFERENT SPECIMENS.

"The Spotted Cuscus is remarkable for its exceedingly wide range of coloration. The typical form presents a richly marbled appearance, caused by an admixture of mahogany-red, black, buff, and white; others are wholly white; some present unbroken masses of uniform colours. But, save in the island of Waigou, the females are nearly always of a more or less uniform grey."

Many creatures, birds, mammals, reptiles, and so on, have this patternless or slightly freckled coloration. But in most the body displays a pattern of some kind, and the effect of this is to form a "secant" coloration. That is to say, one which breaks up the apparently solid appearance of the body. During the war, it will be remembered, our ships were thus coloured, or "camouflaged." Guns, "dumps," and buildings of all kinds were similarly masked. Whereby they afforded a very positive demonstration of the reasonableness of the interpretation which men of science have placed upon the significance of the coloration of animals.

All coloration, however, is not of this "protective" character. Some creatures seem to live under conditions which do not require "camouflage." Some are aggressively conspicuous in their coloration. But this, too, is of life-saving value, serving, as it does, to warn the would-be aggressor that he will attack at his peril. Some don a resplendent livery for the period of courtship. It would be spoiling a good story to attempt to refer to these at greater length in the space now left me. They shall have their turn.



FIG. 4.—ANOTHER VARIETY IN THE COLORATION OF THE CUSCUS: TWO SPECIMENS (MALE AND FEMALE) FROM NEW GUINEA.

*Continued.*]

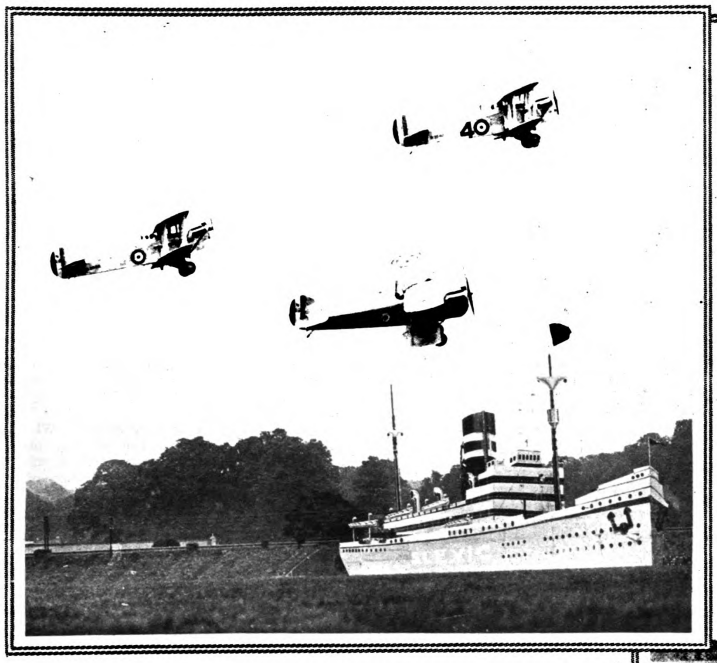
Young animals present some peculiarly interesting features, and these centre in the fact that they are so commonly longitudinally striped, though the adults may have a totally different coloration. Often the adult livery is also striped. And large groups of species, or "genera," are to be found wherein a gradual evolution from striped to spotted, and from spotted to a uniform coloration may be seen, as in the case of some of the African mice, shown in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 1). When we come to know more of these animals in their natural haunts we may discover the meaning of these changes.

Constancy of coloration is the characteristic of species. Among thousands of individuals, of any given species, you will find little or no differences, save such as are due to age, sex, or season. But there are a few puzzling exceptions to this rule. We can take but one —the Austro-Malayan Spotted Cuscus (Fig. 2), a creature rather more than two feet long, allied to the Australian "opossums." They show a most extraordinary range of variation (Figs. 2, 3, and 4). Some are white blotched with black, and having the head and neck bright rufous; some are all white; the northern Australian representatives are of a uniform dark grey. But this applies to the males alone, the females, which are larger, being generally dark grey. But in the island of Waigou we get what may be called the typical spotted form; and here almost alone we get females wearing the same livery as the male. What is the significance of this unstable condition of affairs? Living in tropical bush, in the neighbourhood of creeks and swamps, its precise coloration may be a matter of no great importance. But this is a subject for investigation by some naturalist who will spend a month or two amid such creeks "takin' notes."

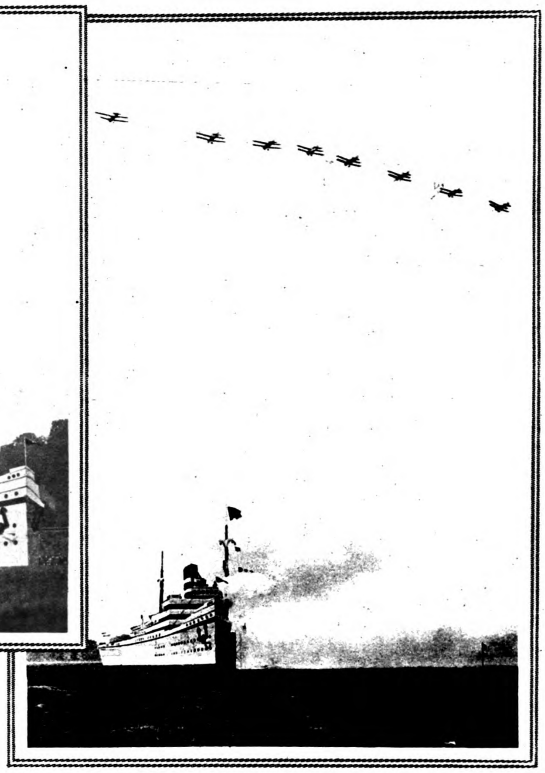
arousing themselves to feed at nightfall. Since by day they appear only as inanimate masses, their precise coloration is probably not a matter of importance in the 'Struggle for Existence.'"

# AIRCRAFT TORPEDOING A CRUISER—AT HENDON: THE R.A.F. PAGEANT.

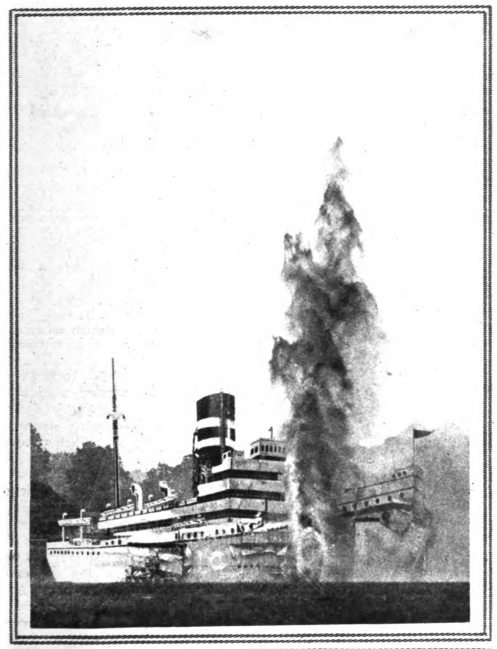
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



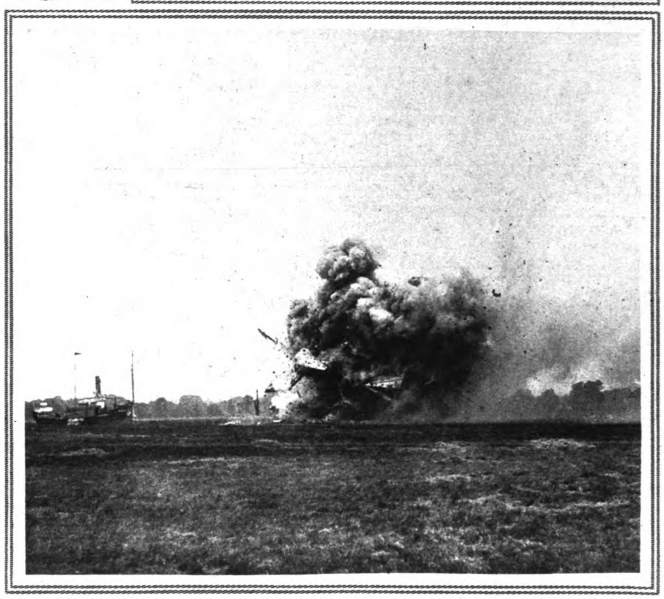
AN "ARMED CRUISER" BLOWN UP BY "TORPEDOES" DROPPED FROM BLACKBURN DART AEROPLANES: THE ATTACKING AIRCRAFT "ZOOMING" OVER THE COMMERCE-RAIDER.



WHILE THE CRUISER WAS FIRING HER ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AGAINST ATTACKING NAVAL AEROPLANES: "D.H. 9.A" BOMBERS FLYING ABOVE THE "SLEVIC."



AFTER A DART TORPEDO-CARRYING MACHINE HAD DROPPED ITS WEAPON: A "TORPEDO" BURSTING AGAINST THE ENEMY RAIDER AND FLINGING A COLUMN OF WATER INTO THE AIR.



AFTER THREE "TORPEDOES" DROPPED BY BLACKBURN DARTS HAD DASHED THROUGH THE "WATER" AND HIT HER: THE ENEMY MERCHANT-CRUISER "SLEVIC" BLOWING UP.

The Royal Air Force Aerial Pageant, held at Hendon on June 28, met with great and well-deserved success. From the popular point of view, the chief features were the message picking-up and delivering competition for Bristol Fighters; the flying display by the visiting French escadrille; the remarkable wing-drill by two squadrons of D.H.9.A's; flight "aerobatics" by Snipes; a low-flying attack on a derelict tank; and, especially, the display by Coastal Area R.A.F., which took the form of an attack on an armed merchant-cruiser which had held up a tramp steamer. A wireless report from a Sea-gull Amphibian brought a flight of Fly-catcher Single-Seater Fighters to the rescue, and these, swooping low, attacked the enemy with machine-gun fire. Blackburn Dart torpedo-carrying machines then appeared and dropped their torpedoes into the "sea." Three torpedoes hit, and the cruiser was blown up—to the satisfaction of all concerned!

# A NEW PREHISTORIC RACE IN EGYPT

## AND OTHER BRITISH SCHOOL DISCOVERIES ON VIEW IN LONDON.

*By Sir W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, Litt.D., F.R.S., etc., Professor of Egyptology at University College, London.*

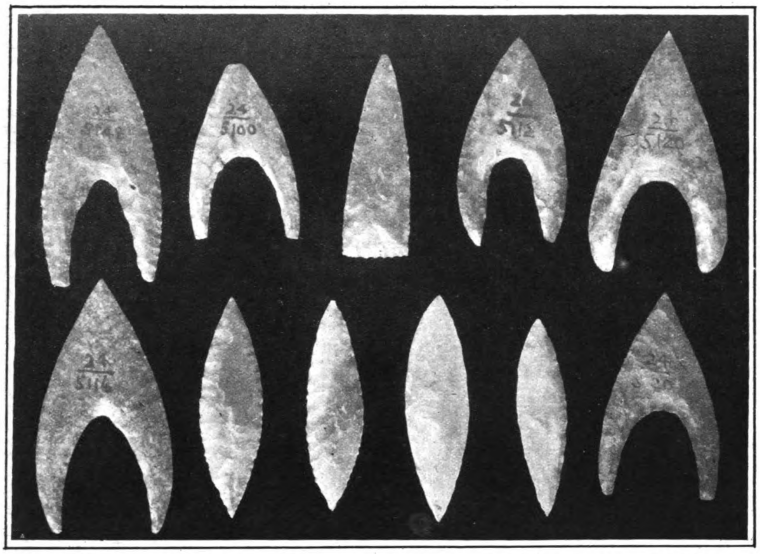


FIG. 2.—FASHIONED BY A HITHERTO UNKNOWN PREHISTORIC RACE IN EGYPT: FLINT ARROW-HEADS WITH "RIPPLED" SURFACE AND SOME WITH LONG WING-BARBS.

THE British School in Egypt, working near Assiut, has made two important discoveries this year in the dark ages of history. Far back in the prehistoric civilisation a new people have come to light, who differed in all their productions from the well-known prehistoric Egyptians. Fortunately, they have left us a portrait in ivory of a lady (Fig. 6), who, though scarcely prepossessing, at least shows that there was nothing negroid about the race. They have also left much hand-made pottery, of fine polished ware, remarkably thin and hard, much better than any pottery of later date made in Egypt. They were also experts in flint-working. These flint arrow-heads (Fig. 2) with long wing barbs tell the tale, which is borne out by all the other forms of the flints, that these were the people who littered the desert from the Fayum across to Palestine with their chipped implements. The forms of these link them closely with the earliest people of Susa, in Persia, and with the Solutrean folk of Central Europe and France. They made beads of glazed stone, also of garnet and sard. They worked slate palettes of peculiar form, and have left us an oval ivory vase differing from any yet known. Yet from a stratified settlement there can be no doubt that they were before most, and probably before all, of the prehistoric civilisation so far discovered. As the Egyptian work is known continuously as far back as about 8000 B.C., and the Solutrean folk are dated by European students to about 11,000 to 9000 B.C., there is nothing out of the way in a branch of such people having come somewhat before the regular Egyptian series.

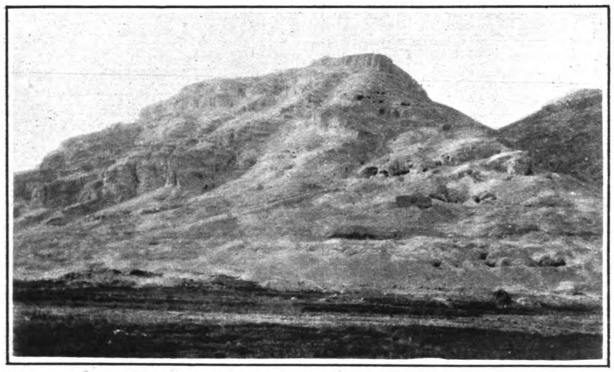


FIG. 1.—PIERCED WITH TOMBS OF EARLY EGYPTIAN PRINCES: THE HILL OF QAU, SHOWING THE EXPEDITION'S CAMP, AND A CAUSEWAY TO THE TOMBS.

Much older than any civilisation are the remains of the people who lived, with animals now extinct, along the foot of the eastern mountains near the Red Sea. The bones found last year have been increased by finding more pieces of skulls, also parts of jaws and other human bones, which had been rolled down and deposited in gravels long before the country had reached its present condition.

The other important step in history has been the linking of the grand kings of the Twelfth Dynasty to the princes of Upper Egypt in the Ninth Dynasty, and these again to an Abyssinian immigration rather earlier. The hill of Qau (Fig. 1) was pierced with the tombs of these princes, the largest of which (Fig. 5) had a forecourt with colonnade around it, stairs to an upper portico, and a hall of pillars, which led to the rock hall over fifty feet long and thirty wide, covered with paintings. These rock-tombs are exactly of the form of the Nubian temples, and differ from anything else in Egypt.

The hills have been greatly quarried away, as in Fig. 8, with a quarry at the head of a chasm, and tunnel quarries in the opposite side of a valley. The interior of a quarry (Fig. 7), about twenty feet high inside, shows what great quantities of building stone were extracted, and this quarrying continued for thousands of years till the Roman occupation. The love of rock-cutting extended to the Christian anchorets, who pierced little chambers high up in the cliff faces. These are at about eighty feet over the nearest ledge of rock, or a hundred and fifty over the plain. How the workers reached such a position we cannot understand; certainly they could not have been slung down, as the rock overhangs. Once settled in this position, they depended on a rope and basket for their means of life, and on the unfailing piety of the faithful to bring the supplies to the foot of the cliff.

Some interesting things were found of well-known periods. The flint hoes (Fig. 3) are the largest known; they preceded metal hoes, in the beginning of the dynasties. Many dozens of alabaster vases and bead necklaces were found of the pyramid period. Rather later there are the copper daggers and battle-axe (Fig. 4) which belong to the age of the great rock-tombs. The paintings in the main tomb were completely copied, and will be shown with the antiquities. The style is more free than usual, the animals being shown in three-quarter view, and with much detail. From the best period of faïence is the blue glazed bowl (Figs. 9 and 10) with birds and fishes.

The collection will be open to the public, without ticket, from July 3 to 26, at University College, Gower Street.

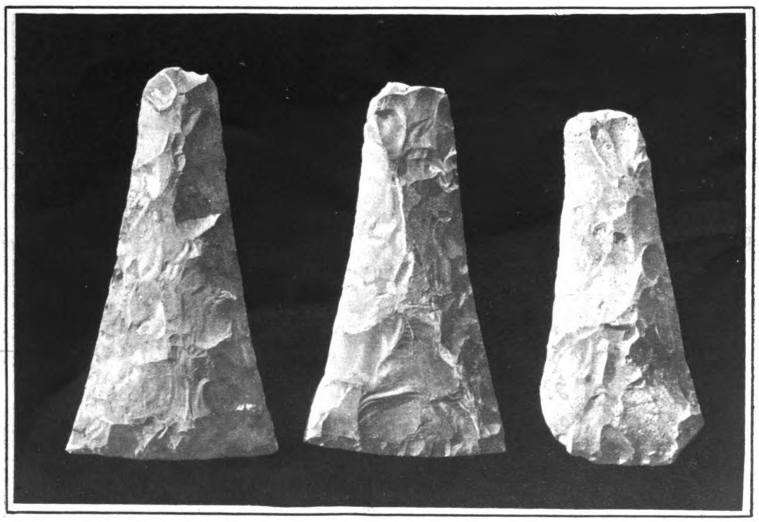


FIG. 3.—THE LARGEST KNOWN OF THEIR KIND: FLINT HOES (ACTUAL SIZE), SUCH AS PRECEDED METAL IMPLEMENTS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE DYNASTIC PERIOD.

*Photographs by Courtesy of Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie.*

# NEW DISCOVERIES BY THE BRITISH SCHOOL IN EGYPT; AND THE SITE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF SIR W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

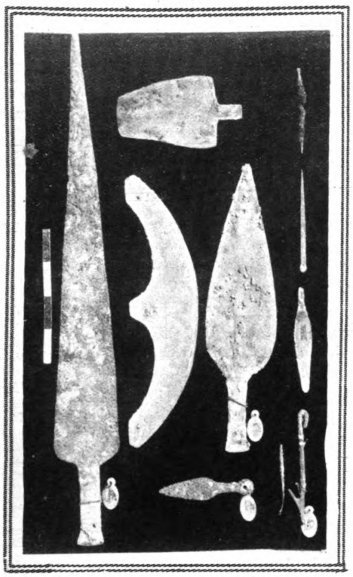


FIG. 4.—DATING FROM THE AGE OF THE GREAT ROCK-TOMBS, RATHER LATER THAN THE PYRAMID PERIOD: COPPER DAGGERS AND A BATTLE-AXE.

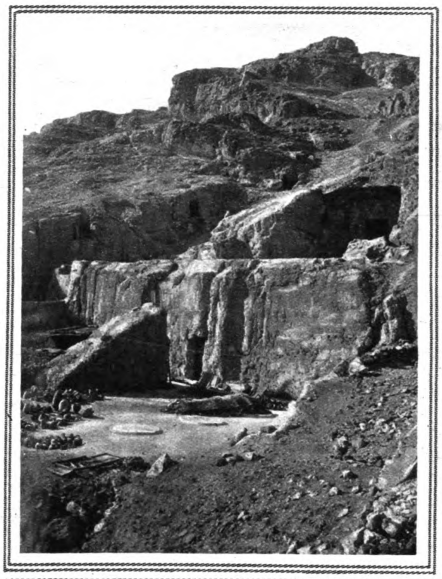


FIG. 5.—AKIN TO NUBIAN TEMPLES: THE LARGEST TOMB ON THE HILL OF QAU, WITH A COLONNADED FORECOURT, STAIRS, AND A GREAT ROCK HALL.



FIG. 6.—"SCARCELY PREPOSSESSING, BUT AT LEAST NOT NEGROID": AN IVORY FIGURE OF A WOMAN OF A HITHERTO UNKNOWN RACE IN EGYPT.

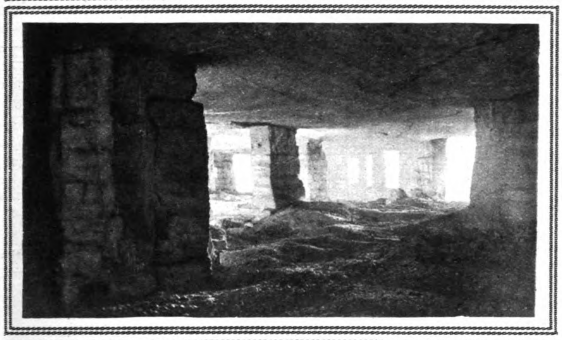


FIG. 7.—WHERE QUARRYING CONTINUED FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, UNTIL THE ROMAN OCCUPATION: THE INTERIOR OF A TUNNEL QUARRY, ABOUT 20 FT. HIGH.



FIG. 8.—WITH A QUARRY AT THE END OF A CHASM, AND TUNNEL QUARRIES ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF A VALLEY: HILLS NEAR ASSIUT QUARRIED FOR MANY CENTURIES.



FIG. 9.—AN EXAMPLE FROM THE BEST PERIOD OF EGYPTIAN FAIENCE: A BLUE GLAZED BOWL, WITH AN INTERIOR DESIGN OF BIRDS AND FISHES.



FIG. 10.—THE EXTERIOR OF THE SAME BOWL: ONE OF THE MANY NEW DISCOVERIES BY THE BRITISH SCHOOL IN EGYPT TO BE SEEN AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Londoners interested in Egyptology have now an opportunity of seeing the latest results of excavations made by the British School in Egypt, at Qau, the old capital of the Ninth Dynasty, thirty miles south of Assiut. The objects discovered, ranging from prehistoric remains of a newly discovered race to the pottery and metal work of later periods, have been placed on view at University College, Gower Street, in an exhibition open to the public (without ticket) from July 3 to 26. On the opposite page we give a descriptive article on the subject by Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie, the famous Egyptologist, who has held the Chair of Egyptology at University College for thirty-two years. The figure numbers of our illustrations correspond to references in his article. Describing the work at Qau, he wrote recently: "A few miles to the north a prehistoric settlement in stratified layers was carefully dissected for the first time. Further on, more of the rippled prehistoric ware was discovered, belonging to a people hitherto unknown; with this was an ivory female figure (Fig. 6, above) unlike any yet found. . . . On other sites were many fine flint arrow-heads." Some of these are shown on the opposite page, in Fig. 2.

# Murder in Six Forms—and the Freudians: Two Books.

## "MURDER AND ITS MOTIVES"; AND "THE SOUL OF A CRIMINAL."*

FOR the purposes of her engrossing book on "the most strange of all the phenomena of social life," Miss Fryn Tennyson Jesse divides murder into six chief categories: Murder for Gain, Murder from Revenge, Murder for Elimination, Murder from Jealousy, Murder from Lust of Killing, and Murder from Conviction.

In each class she takes one case as typical.

Gain: William Palmer, the good, sober, horse-racing, Bible-annotating, gambling surgeon who "kept his carriage" at Rugeley and, after unpleasant connection with a series of mysterious deaths, was hanged for poisoning his friend, John Parsons Cook.

Revenge: Constance Kent, of Road, in Somerset, who at the age of sixteen, resenting "disparagement" of her father's first family, of which she was one, slashed a little step-brother until he died, confessed five years later to the Rev. A. D. Wagner, who was the Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Brighton, and was sent to penal servitude for life.

Elimination: Aimé de Quérangal, of Brittany, accused, in conjunction with Jeanne Simon, of getting rid of that peasant woman's husband, and found guilty with extenuating circumstances, while Jeanne was found Not Guilty; and, at the same time, Aimé's sister, Aimée, charged with the shooting of her husband and adjudged Not Guilty.

Jealousy: Mrs. Pearcey, who was executed for the murder of Mrs. Phœbe Hogg, wife of her "intimate" friend, and was "a panther in the jungle of the shady underworld in which she lived" who "made her kill with the relentless ferocity and the insane butchery of the panther striking down its victim."

Lust of Killing: Thomas Neill Cream, "the abnormal doctor with his bald head, his gold watch-chain, his shining silk hat, his crossed eyes behind their gleaming spectacles, and his mellifluous and innocent name," sadistic poisoner of unfortunates, and writer of fantastic, blackmailing, accusatory letters which brought him to the scaffold when he sought but to satisfy his craving for power and for causing talk.

And, finally, Conviction: Felice Orsini, fanatically desirous of a United Italy, who inspired the throwing of that bomb which burst under the iron-plated carriage of the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie, killing eight, and wounding some hundred and fifty others; was tried, curiously enough, only for attempting to assassinate the Emperor; and was guillotined as a parricide—with a black veil over the face, a long white sheet over the clothes, and with naked feet—"on the principle that the Emperor was the father of his people."

Sub-divisions are many: but those are the main six.

In every instance—save, perhaps, one—it is of importance to note the apparent influence of heredity and environment.

"Palmer had what the French call a grievous heredity. His mother, when a girl, carried on a double intrigue with a man called Hodson, steward to the then Marquis of Anglesey, and a sawyer of the name of Palmer. She married Palmer, but the possibilities of profit in a connection between a land-steward and a sawyer are obvious, and while she kept Hodson in play, her husband marked the Marquis of Anglesey's timber twice over—1, 1, 2, 2, and 3, 3, instead of 1, 2, and 3—thereby getting exactly double the allowance that he paid for. Hodson required payment both in money and kindness for his complacence." Palmer died comparatively rich, and his widow consoled herself with various liaisons.

Constance Kent's mother showed signs of insanity after the birth of her third child, but bore six more—including Constance—before her mania became so acute and violent that she had to be kept under restraint; and Constance herself was certainly abnormal, although she seems not to have been a *poseuse*, "as the congenital female criminal invariably is."

The de Quérangals' grandfather "had had for his mistress the wife of the public executioner," and their mother was a thief and a village Messalina.

Mrs. Pearcey lived meanly, a wife in name, but not in fact, "the sordid Venus of a back street in Kentish Town," who "had not done badly for her twenty-four years, and was in receipt of a small but regular income—and of the gentleman who paid it—upon one day per week, at the same time that Frank Hogg was her *amant de cœur*."

Neill Cream, seemingly, was something of an exception, for, although he was what is called a born criminal, there is nothing to associate his forebears with the taint, and he began his working career well enough in America.

Orsini, of course, was different. He was essentially the political murderer, the warped patriot; but in his case environment meant everything. His father was a fire-eater who took part in the first French Revolution, became a conspirator who "fought in the complicated brawls that were rending Italy, and eventually died upon the battlefield with the name of Napoleon the Great upon his lips. . . . All Felice's impressionable years of childhood and young manhood had been passed in the atmosphere of anarchy."

An amazing company and "horrible examples" for the believers in psycho-analysis, whose creed is expounded in "The Soul of a Criminal." What do they make of them? Of the callous, crass stupidity of Palmer, who bungled everything and especially his attempt to upset the jar containing the organs that were to be taken to London for medical examination. Of Constance Kent, killing cunningly and confessing after religion had so worked upon her mind that "she came to believe the world well lost, if she could yet by any means save her soul." Of the de Quérangals—Aimée, confronted with the exhumed head of the husband she was said to have shot, placing her lace and muslin coif upon the ghastly relic, using it as a milliner's dummy that she might with the greater ease aid the reconstruction of the alleged crime. Of Mrs. Pearcey, wheeling through the streets the body of her victim and that victim's eighteen-months-old child, "toiling along behind the laden perambulator, bent over the white china handle-bar which was found stained and broken; so intent, she recognised nobody whom she met. Going on; always on; till she found a place where she could tip her burden unobserved." And, later, whistling, playing the piano while the police were searching her blood-bespattered kitchen, and explaining that she had been "killing mice, killing mice, killing mice!" Of Neill Cream so full of conceit, so desirous to know that he was notorious, that he must talk of his crimes and write of them; Neill Cream, insensate egoist who is chiefly remarkable in the annals of criminology "for the fact that killers suffering from the power mania have generally been women, unless, indeed, killing on the Napoleonic scale is considered to be an extreme example of the same instinct."



AUTHOR OF "MURDER AND ITS MOTIVES": MISS F. TENNYSON JESSE.

Miss Fryn Tennyson Jesse (Mrs. H. M. Harwood), whose remarkable new work, "Murder and Its Motives," is dealt with on this page, is both novelist and playwright. Amongst the best-known of her books are "Secret Bread," "The Milky Way," "The White Riband," "Beggars on Horseback," and "The Happy Bride." She collaborated with Captain Harwood, author of "A Grain of Mustard Seed," in the play "Billeted," and in the adaptation of "The Hotel Mouse," from the French. It was announced at the end of 1921 that she had married Captain Harwood two years before.—[*Photograph by Bertram Park.*]

At the very least, they must find them puzzling. Even the most convinced Freudians — and the individual Freudian does not always agree with his fellows as to the best authority on the intricacies of his creed—might find himself re-pondering his master's dicta, however well he weighed the Unconscious—"the home of countless unknown and relatively uncontrollable propensities and urges which are available for scrutiny only when they are disclosed by dreams, in trances, in certain forms of insanity, and by the process which we term psycho-analysis"—against the Conscious—"your Focus of Consciousness, your Fringe of Consciousness, and your Foreconscious": however well he understood the Ego; the Psychic Big Three—Fighting, Feeding, Sex; complexes; the Pleasure Principle and the Reality Principle, ever in collision; psychic heredity; dream-symbols and their meanings; and so forth. But he will recall that hallucinations can lead to murder; that sadism in its crudest forms "displays itself by lust-murder"; that "practically every murder committed by a woman has been the outcome of some sexual consideration"; that, as Mr. Goodwin puts it, "the majority of murders are committed either on the spur of the moment by quite ordinary folk momentarily pricked into a fury, or by people who have struggled in vain against the leverage of some all-absorbing passion. A murderer is not a man who prowls about the streets seeking whom he can murder, like a fox frequenting the vicinity of a chicken-run. That mildewed idea perished when that 'criminal type' fallacy was blasted sky-high by Dr. Charles Goring and others."

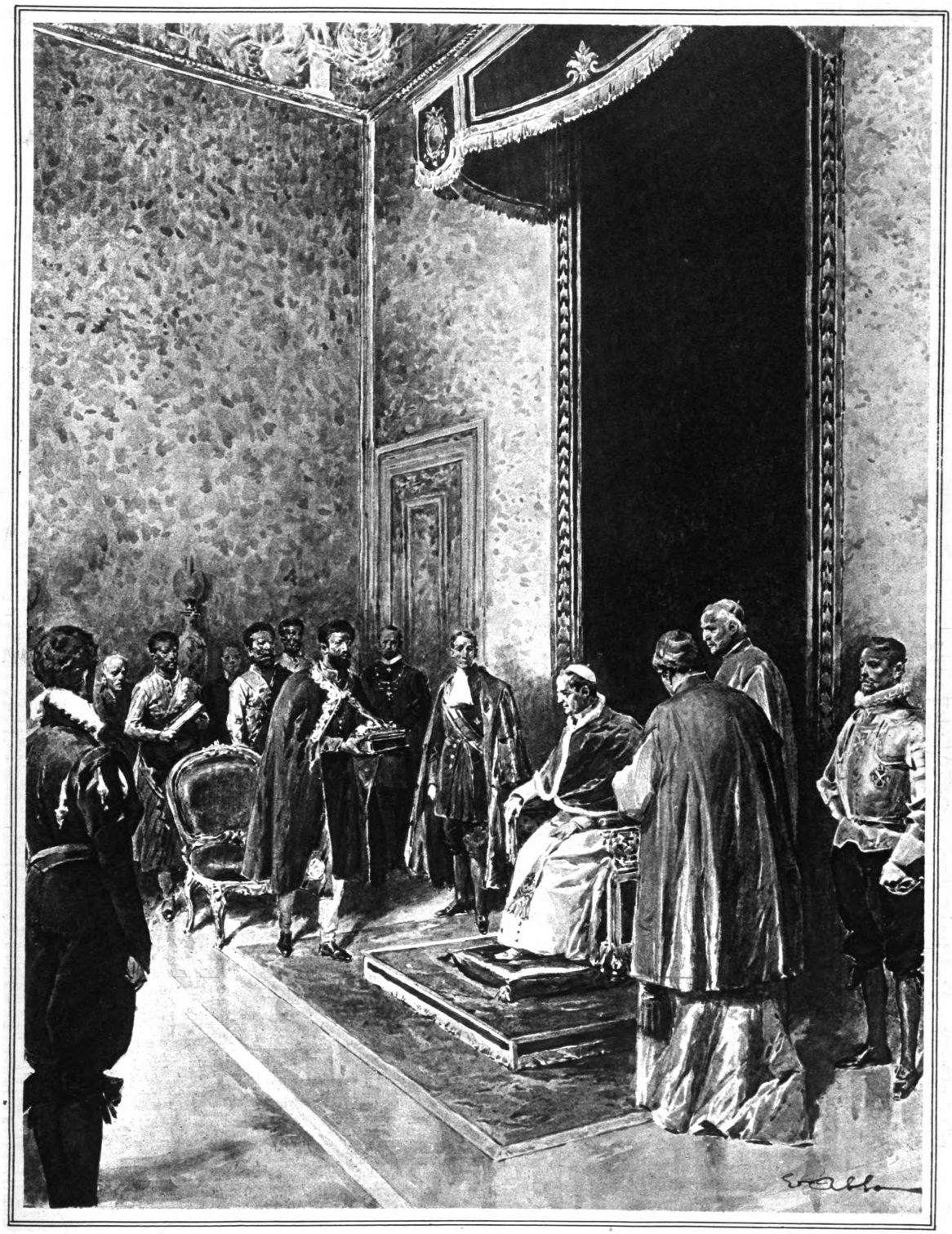
And he can always quote: "The Freudian position in regard to free will is, briefly, this — When you think you are consciously and deliberately choosing between two alternative lines of action such choice is, in point of fact, the outcome of the leverage exerted upon your Conscious by your inherited propensities, the stored-up impressions of past experiences, your habits, your preconceived opinions, your environment at the moment, and the thousand-and-one other regulating factors which direct your choice."

"Murder and Its Motives" and "The Soul of a Criminal" may very well be read—should be read—one after the other. Each in its own way is excellent. Miss Tennyson Jesse, as befits a distinguished novelist and dramatist, tells her grim stories brilliantly, with a certain marshalling of detail, a sure touch for the grim and the bizarre, and critical keenness of comment. Mr. Goodwin, who completes a trilogy begun with "Sidelights on Criminal Matters," and continued with "Insanity and the Criminal," writes as a skilled criminologist and a firm follower of Freud. He is serious and sincere—and always arresting; and in this connection it is to be hoped that none, including the student, will be "put off" by a "jacket" description which reads: "'Good' stories and a vivacious style invest this authoritative book with an added interest for the general reader." — E. H. G.

* "Murder and Its Motives." By F. Tennyson Jesse. (William Heinemann, Ltd.; 8s. 6d. net.)——"The Soul of a Criminal." By John C. Goodwin. (Hutchinson and Co.; 18s. net.)

# "THE PRINCE OF JERUSALEM AND LION OF JUDAH" VISITS THE POPE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY E. ABBO.

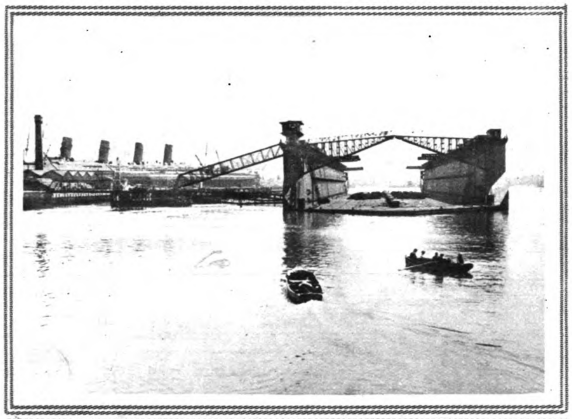


**OUR ROYAL GUEST FROM ABYSSINIA DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO ROME: RAS TAFARI, OFFERING A CASKET, RENDERING HOMAGE TO HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI. AT THE VATICAN.**

Ras Tafari, the Heir-Apparent and Regent of Abyssinia, is due to arrive on his first visit to England on July 7, and to remain till the 13th as guest of the British Government. The previous part of his European tour, outlined under the portrait of him in our issue of May 17, has already been carried out. He has visited successively Paris, Brussels and Rome, as guest of the French, Belgian and Italian Governments, all of whom accorded him a great reception. While in Rome, which he left on June 23, he had audience of the Pope, as shown in the above drawing. In this country also arrangements have been made to give him a spectacular welcome. He will be received at Buckingham Palace by the King, for whom he is bringing a gift of two lions. As his residence is in London, with his retinue of thirty Abyssinian princes, the Government has taken Mrs. Arthur Sassoon's house in Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, opposite the French Embassy. Ras Tafari traces his descent, by tradition, from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and is known in consequence as "the Prince of Jerusalem and Lion of Judah." He is an enlightened ruler under whom Abyssinia, admitted last year to the League of Nations, has entered on a new era of progress, with laws for the suppression of slavery and reforms in education and the administration of justice.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

# WHEN THE PRINCE SUNK A FLOATING DOCK: H.R.H. AT SOUTHAMPTON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., C.N., L.N.A., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



SUNK BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, WHO OPENED THE VALVES: SOUTHAMPTON'S NEW FLOATING DOCK, CAPABLE OF TAKING SHIPS OF 60,000 TONS.



PLACING A WREATH ON THE SOUTHAMPTON CENOTAPH: THE PRINCE PAYING A TRIBUTE TO THOSE MEN OF SOUTHAMPTON WHO DIED IN THE WAR.



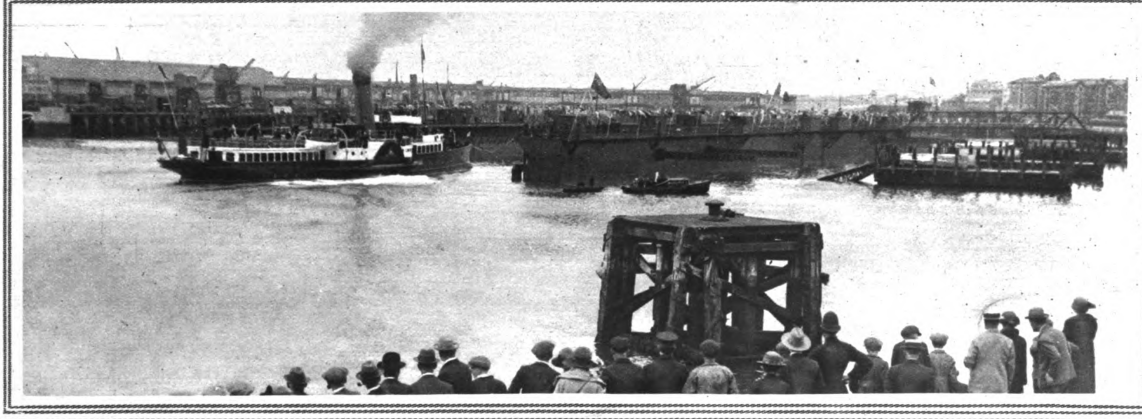
PARADED BEFORE THE PRINCE: THE STUDENTS' GRIM MASCOT DISPLAYED DURING H.R.H.'S VISIT TO UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.



INSPECTING THE LARGEST TWIN-ENGINED AMPHIBIAN IN THE WORLD: THE PRINCE AND THE NEW FLYING-BOAT "SWAN."



THE PRINCE OF WALES GREETS A GIRL STUDENT: THE INFORMAL HANDSHAKE THAT MEANS SO MUCH.



THE "DUCHESS OF FIFE" BREAKS THE RIBBON, TO OPEN THE SUBMERGED FLOATING DOCK: THE COMPLETION OF THE CEREMONY OF INAUGURATION.

The thirtieth birthday of the Prince of Wales brought forth tributes to his qualities as a man and as a public figure. The latter relation is manifested by the great amount of public work he gets through and from which he insists on taking no respite. An illustration is his recent visit to Southampton, on which occasion he took part in four different ceremonies. The first was the opening of Southampton's new floating dry-dock, the largest of its kind in the world, and capable of "housing" a vessel with a displacement of 60,000 tons—and no one takes greater interest in the christening of a ship or a dock than the workers themselves, for it is in a sense the seal of approval on their labours. The Prince next visited the Supermarine Aviation Works, and inspected one of the new monster flying-boats. His next act was the placing of a wreath on the City's Cenotaph, a gracious tribute to the glorious dead. Not unmindful of the Arts as well as the Sciences, his Royal Highness finally visited the University College, where he added to his popularity by congratulating the students.

# WELCOMED BY TOWN AND GOWN: THE PRINCE IN SOUTHAMPTON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., AND FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO.




WITH THE RADIATOR OF HIS CAR BEARING THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS: THE PRINCE DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF SOUTHAMPTON.



CIRCLED BY DANCING MEN AND WOMEN STUDENTS: THE SINGING OF "HERE WE GO ROUND THE PRINCE OF WALES," AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Nothing astonishes visitors to this country so much as the affectionate attitude of the populace to our Royal Family, and the ease with which its members can be approached. The picture above illustrating the welcome to the Prince of Wales at Southampton is typical, showing the pressing crowd almost blocking the roadway, and the spontaneous smiles of welcome from all ranks of society. Despite his natural shyness, the Prince is popular in the widest sense. No one except those around him know the strain and fatigue of public ceremonial, yet the Prince is always responsive to fun, and the photograph of the students dancing, and singing, "Here we go round the Prince of Wales," indicates that he is at least as happy when in lighter mood as when he is making speeches before great audiences. Nevertheless, he does it all with the air of one who has a sense of public duty and yet remains intensely human.

# SOCIETY WOMEN SEEN BY A GREAT PAINTER: DE LASZLO PORTRAITS.

FROM THE PICTURES BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.; EXHIBITED AT THE FRENCH GALLERY.



FORMERLY MISS MURIEL WILSON: MRS. R. E. WARDE.



FORMERLY MISS VIOLA MEEKING: LADY APSLEY.



THE ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL: LADY ANASTASIA (ZIA) WERNHER.

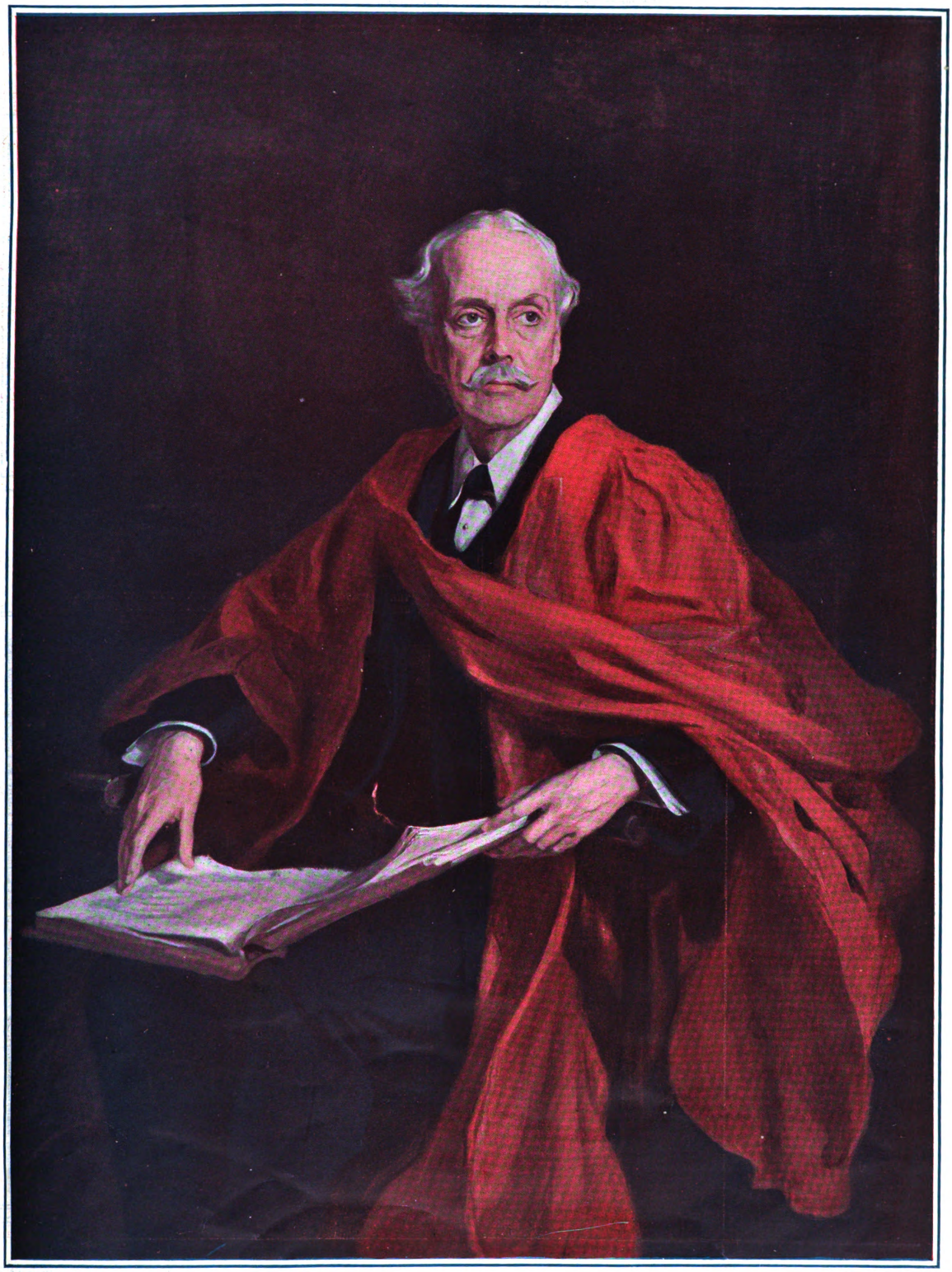


ELDER DAUGHTER OF MRS. ELINOR GLYN, THE NOVELIST: LADY DAVSON, O.B.E.

Mr. Philip A. de Laszlo is one of the most famous of modern portrait-painters, and has counted many distinguished men and women among his sitters. His latest exhibition, at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, opened last week, and contains fifty portraits and studies which illustrate the brilliance and dexterity of his work. Of the Society women here depicted, Mrs. R. E. Warde—whose portrait appears on the catalogue under her maiden name of Miss Muriel Wilson—is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft. Her marriage took place in 1917.——Lady Apsley, who was formerly Miss Viola Meeking, is a recent bride. Her husband, Lord Apsley, D.S.O., M.C., M.P., is the eldest son of Earl and Countess Bathurst, and she is the sister of Lady Somers.——Lady Anastasia Wernher, usually known as Lady Zia Wernher, is the elder daughter of the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, and is the wife of Major Wernher, younger son of the late Sir Julius Wernher, and of Lady Ludlow.——Lady Davson is the wife of Sir Edward Davson, and the elder daughter of Mrs. Elinor Glyn, the novelist. The marriage took place in 1921, and she has a baby son, Geoffrey Lee Simon Davson, born in 1922.

# BRITAIN'S VETERAN PHILOSOPHER-STATESMAN: A DE LASZLO PORTRAIT.

FROM THE PAINTING BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O., EXHIBITED LAST YEAR AT THE FRENCH GALLERY. (COPYRIGHTED.)

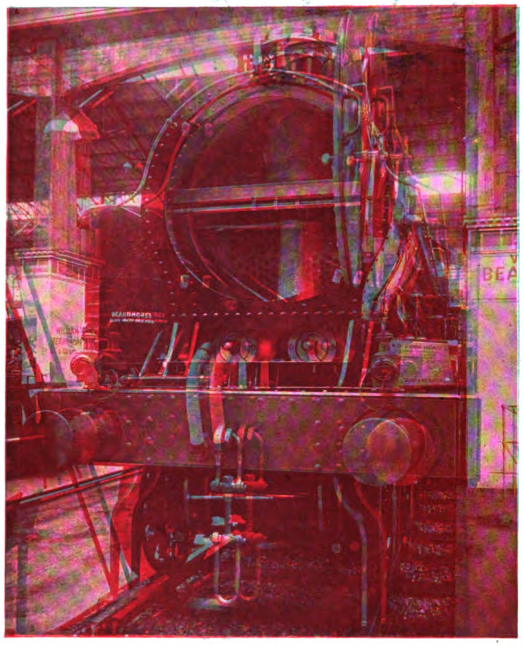


"THE EARL OF BALFOUR, P.C., F.R.S., O.M.," BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO, WHOSE NEW EXHIBITION WAS RECENTLY OPENED.

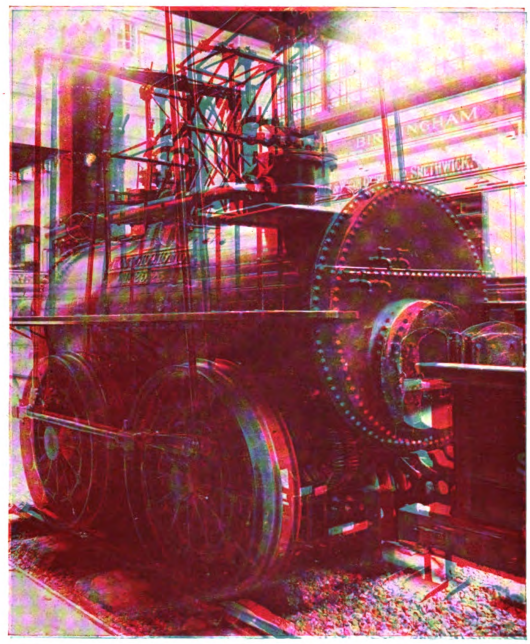
Mr. Philip de Laszlo's fine portrait of the Earl of Balfour, here reproduced, is not included in his exhibition of portraits and studies recently opened at the French Gallery in Pall Mall, but was shown there in the spring of 1923. The present exhibition includes portraits of the Pope and the Queen of Roumania. The portrait of Lord Balfour is a notable example of the work of an able and popular painter, of whom it has been said that he "dramatises the vocation" of his sitters. At a moment when Lord Balfour is, comparatively speaking, outside the political arena, the artist has appropriately emphasised the philosophic and academic side of his career. It is hardly necessary to recall that Lord Balfour has, at various times, occupied most of the high offices of State. He is Chancellor of Edinburgh University, and in 1919 held a like position at Cambridge. He has also been Lord Rector of the Universities of St. Andrews and of Glasgow, and in 1904 was President of the British Association. Among his best-known books are "The Foundations of Belief" and "Essays, Speculative and Political."

# ENGINES AND A GUN TO BE SEEN IN RELIEF: WEMBLEY ANAGLYPHS.

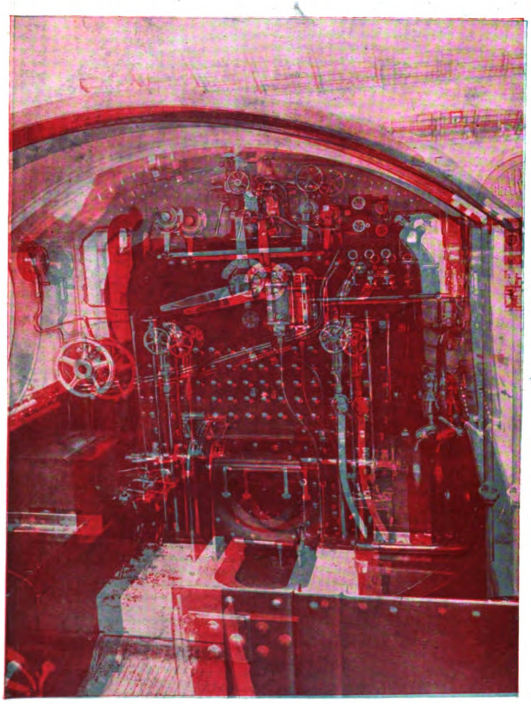
*These Reproductions will Appear in full Stereoscopic Relief when Looked at through the Viewing-Mask with Red and Green Films, many Thousands of which have already been Distributed to our Readers. (See below.)*



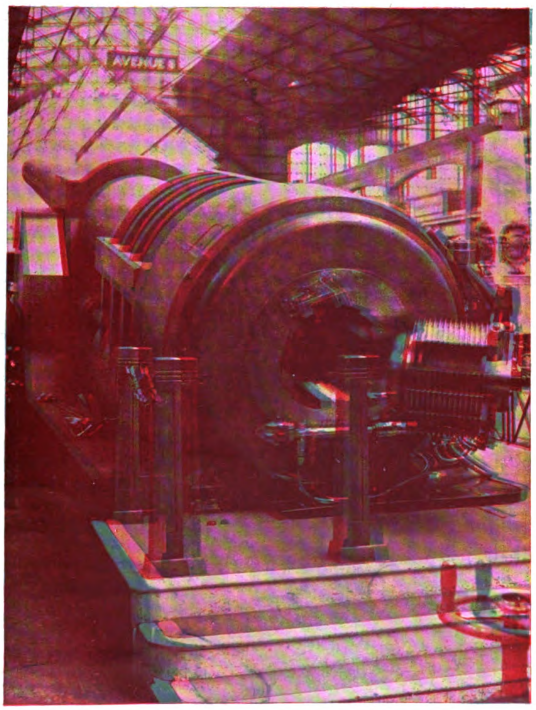
WHAT IS A RAILWAY ENGINE LIKE INSIDE? LOOK THROUGH THE VIEWING-MASK AND SEE THIS BEARDMORE EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE, AT WEMBLEY, IN FULL RELIEF.



THE ANCESTOR OF ALL LOCOMOTIVES, NOW AT WEMBLEY: ROBERT STEPHENSON'S "LOCOMOTION," THE FIRST ENGINE USED ON A PUBLIC RAILWAY A VIVID ANAGLYPH.



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JUST LIKE THE REAL THING WHEN SEEN THROUGH THE VIEWING-MASK: THE CAVERNOUS BREECH OF THE VICKERS 110-TON 16-INCH NAVAL GUN, IN THE PALACE OF ENGINEERING.

Our Anaglyph experts here present four of the most interesting exhibits in the great Palace of Engineering at Wembley. When seen through the viewing-mask, all the details of their mechanism stand out in full relief, making them appear like the actual objects. The monster 16-inch Vickers naval gun weighs 110 tons, the charge 515 lb., and the projectile, 2240 lb. It has a recoil of 60 inches, a muzzle velocity of 2450 ft. per second, and a range of 22 miles. The modern Beardmore locomotive forms a striking contrast to Robert Stephenson's original "Locomotion," which he first drove on the Stockton and Darlington Railway on September 27, 1825. It then hauled 90 tons from Shildon to Stockton (18 miles), and was in regular use until 1841. Those of our readers who have not already got a viewing-mask may obtain one by filling up the coupon on page 51 of this number, and sending it with postage stamps to the value of 1½d. (Inland) or 2½d. (Foreign) to "The Illustrated London News" Anaglyphs, 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

STEREOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT H. TRAVELL, PREPARED FOR ANAGLYPH REPRODUCTION BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

# PRINCE, DUKE, AND DUCHESS SWITCHBACKING: A WEMBLEY THRILL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY G.P.A.




**THE PRINCE OF WALES'S "FAVOURITE RIDE": HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, WITH THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND THE DUKE OF YORK, ON THE GIANT SWITCHBACK RAILWAY AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.**

The Prince of Wales welcomed the delegates to the first World Power Conference at Wembley, on the afternoon of June 30. Later, he visited the Amusements Park, and there our photograph shows him, on the Giant Switchback Railway, with the Duchess of York and the Duke of York, who can be seen in the second seat, speaking to Major Paulet. The party readily accepted the Prince's invitation to have "another go," when the first ride was over. Subsequently the Prince went by himself "over the Falls," and, though he has declared the switchback to be his favourite ride, he said he thought the Falls thrill to be "the most exciting ride I have ever had." His Royal Highness also took two trips on the Great Safety Racer, and he tried to induce the Duke and Duchess to sample the Whip, but they accepted his assurance that it was a most interesting ride without testing it. Before leaving the Exhibition offices, the Prince accepted the five millionth Exhibition stamp which had just been issued by the postmaster, Mr. Wood, who presented it as a souvenir.

# THE LAST EIGHT: "HALL-MARKED" LADIES' SINGLES PLAYERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., L.N.A., AITKEN, S. AND G., AND C.N.



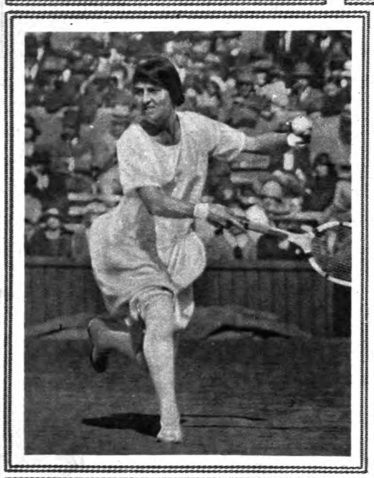
MRS. SHEPHERD-BARRON (GREAT BRITAIN).



MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN (FRANCE).



MRS. J. B. JESSUP (AMERICA).



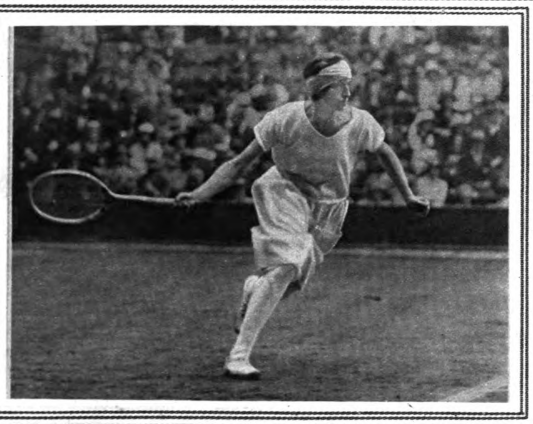
MRS. COLEGATE (GREAT BRITAIN).



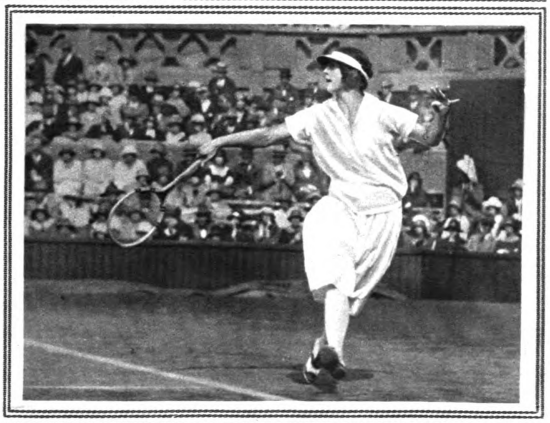
AFTER THEIR GREAT MATCH: MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN (FRANCE) AND MISS RYAN (CALIFORNIA) SHAKE HANDS.



MRS. SATTERTHWAITE (GREAT BRITAIN).



MISS K. McKANE (GREAT BRITAIN).

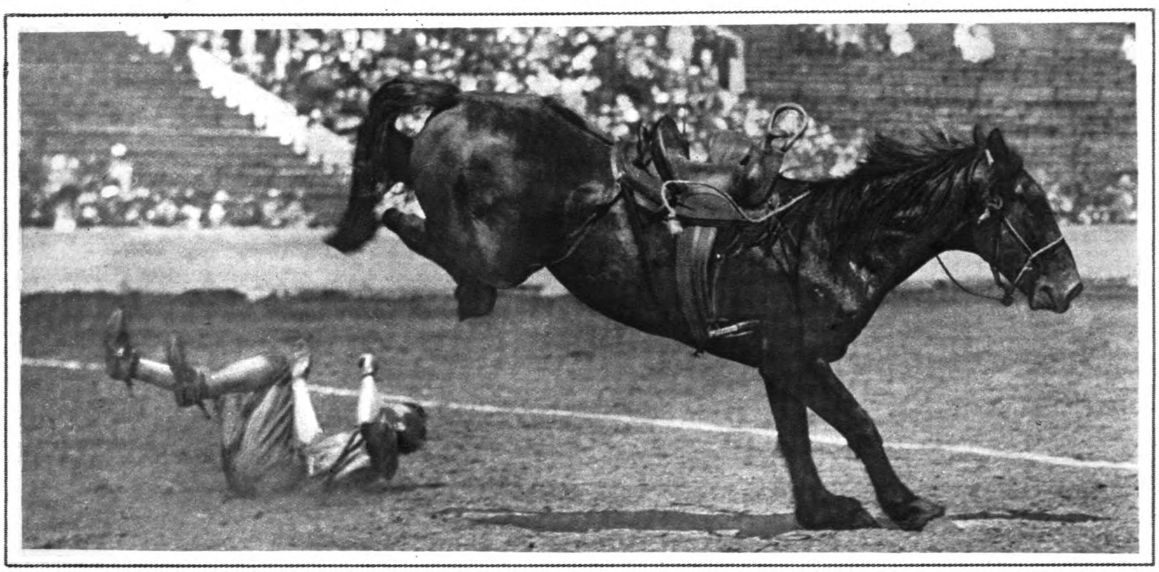


MISS HELEN WILLS (AMERICA).

As we note on another page, on which we give portraits of the last eight in the Men's Singles Championships at Wimbledon, to be in that eight means to be hall-marked amongst lawn-tennis players. Obviously, this applies equally to the last eight in the Ladies' Singles Championship; that is to say, to those whose portraits are given here. The match between Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen and Miss Ryan, who was regarded as the French player's most serious opponent, aroused extreme interest and was, indeed, a remarkable fight, for in it Mlle. Lenglen lost her first set in Europe for five years, after having won forty games in succession since the beginning of the meeting. At one time it seemed quite possible that she would lose her match, and some spectators have expressed considerable surprise that she was not beaten. After the game, Mlle. Lenglen not only shook hands with Miss Ryan, but kissed her.

# QUICK TO "EAT GRAVEL": AMATEUR BRONK-"RIDERS" AT THE RODEO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U.



UNSEATED SPEEDILY, AS WERE MOST OF THE OTHER AMATEUR RIDERS: MR. D. G. WOLLETT, OF WESTBOURNE.

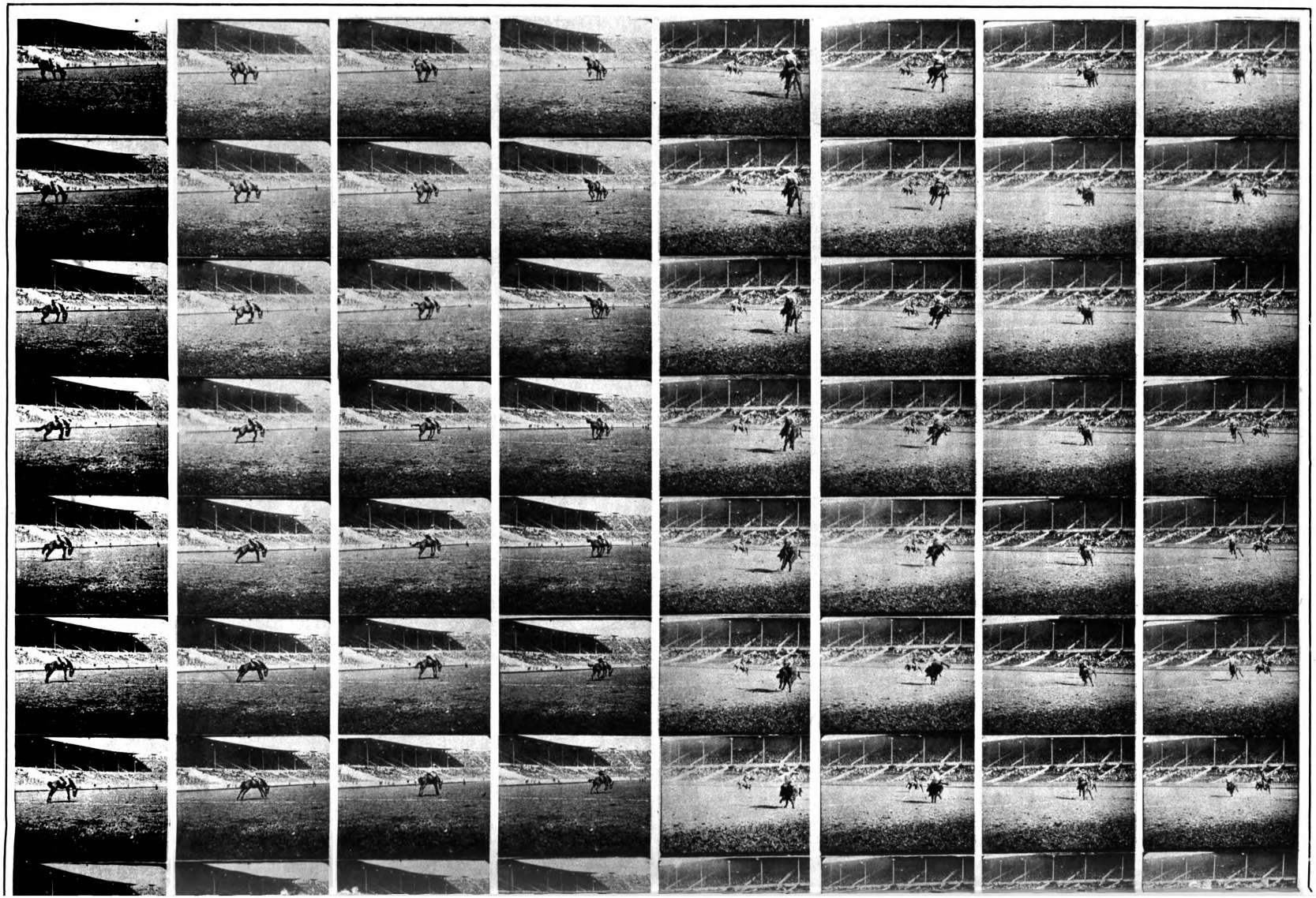


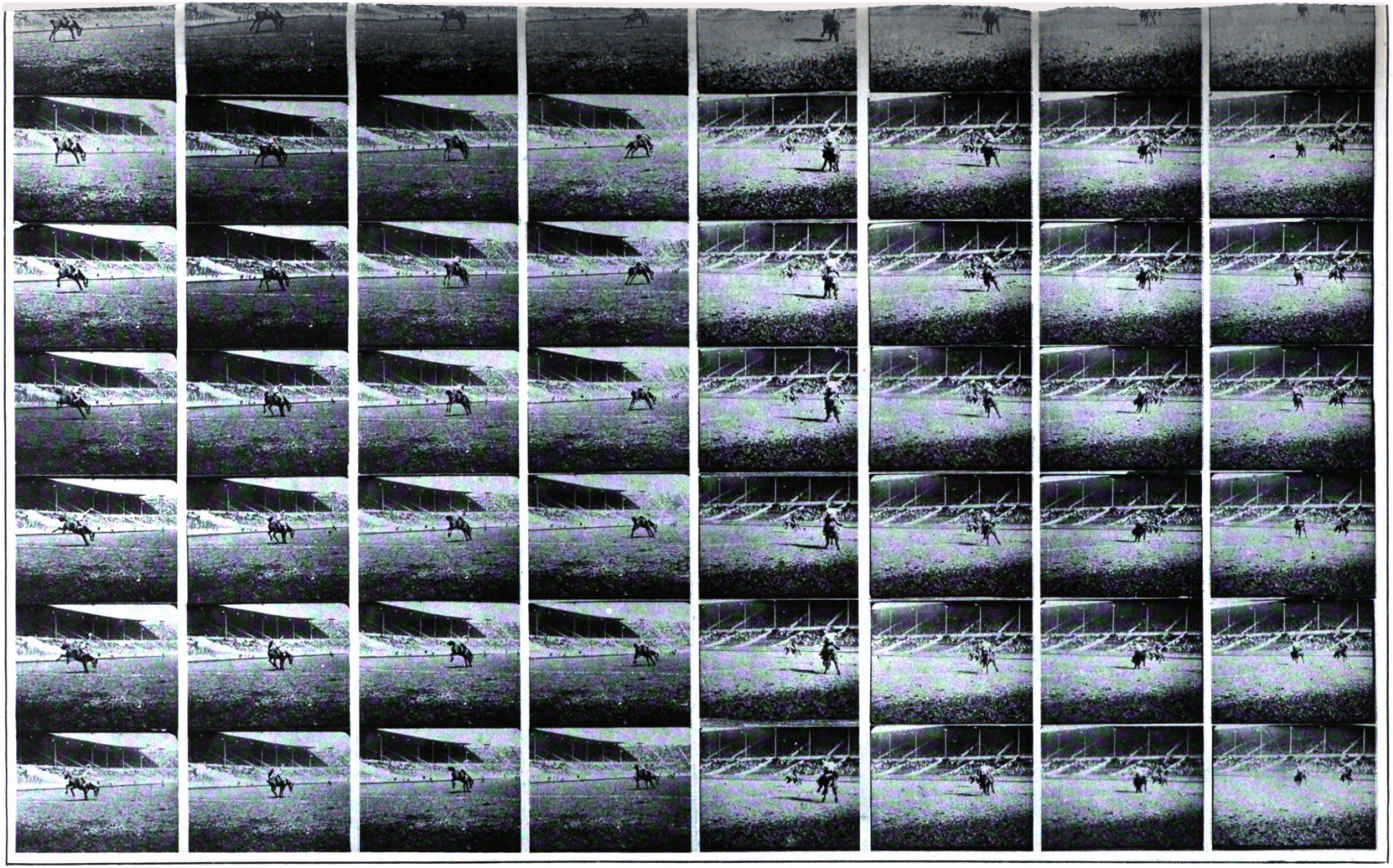
THROWN WHILE SEEKING TO EMULATE THE COWBOYS' SKILL: MR. E. J. CORBETT, OF SLOUGH.

Few of the amateurs who tried to ride the bucking horses at the Wembley Rodeo were able to stay on their mounts for more than a few seconds. Probably no one but the cowboys can ride them; that is, no one who is not used to riding such rough animals without the cowboys' particular equipment and methods. It has been remarked that the cowboys ride with a "straight leg"—in other words, with long stirrups—and that, unlike the riders of other countries, who grip with their knees, the cowboys manifest their skill in balancing in their stirrups. It is feasible to suppose that this is the only way to beat the bronks. This is not to rob the cowboys and cowgirls of any praise for their skill, but may explain amateur non-success. The other day, Mr. Tex Austin, dining two amateurs who had ridden wild horses at the Rodeo, expressed the opinion: "There are just two things that don't exist—the horse that can't be rode and the man that can't be throwed."

# HOW BRONK AND STEER MAKE RIDERS "EAT GRAVEL": BUCKING ANALYSED.

FILMS OF THE RODEO BY SLOW-MOTION CINEMATOGRAPH CAMERA; REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF PATHÉ FRÈRES CINEMA, LTD.





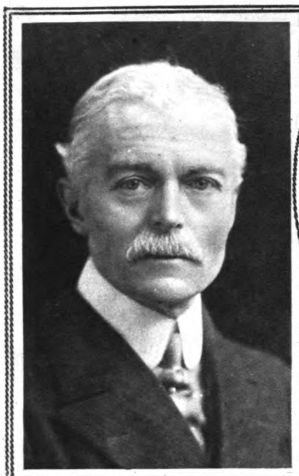
## SEEKING TO OUTGUESS THE HORSE AND OUTWIT THE STEER: BRONK-RIDING AND STEER-RIDING AT THE WEMBLEY RODEO.

No events at the Wembley Rodeo have aroused more interest than the Bronk-riding and the Steer-riding, and it is particularly interesting, therefore, to see these film records, made by the slow-motion cinematograph camera, which analyse the efforts of bronk and steer to make their riders fall—to use the descriptive Americanism, eat gravel! Of bronk-riding, it is written officially: "Winning a Bronk-Riding Contest means more than clinging to the saddle of a bucking horse. It means giving the bronk every advantage and still riding him skilfully. . . . Strict rules govern the rider. He must not cheat the bronk. . . . The rider must outguess the horse, and must anticipate the animal's every jump, and must balance himself accordingly." As to steer-riding, it is written of this: "Riding a wild steer is a dangerous sport. . . . A steer's body offers a poor seat for a rider; the irregularities of contour give little help to the rider, who must maintain his precarious hold with one hand grasping the surcingle while he waves the other hand."

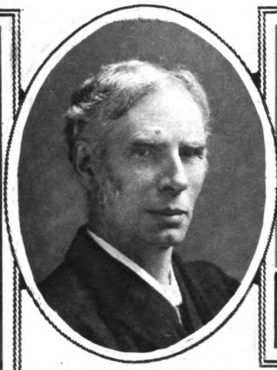
*The Illustrated London News, July 5, 1924.*

# THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: PERSONALITIES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, VANDYK, S. AND G



THE RETIRING DIRECTOR OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: SIR CECIL HARCOURT SMITH.



A FREE CHURCHMAN OF MUCH INFLUENCE: THE LATE REV. H. ARNOLD THOMAS, A GREAT BRISTOL PERSONALITY.



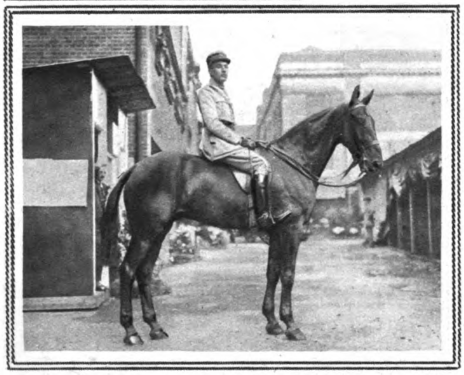
THE NEW GOVERNOR OF TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO: SIR HORACE ARCHER BYATT.



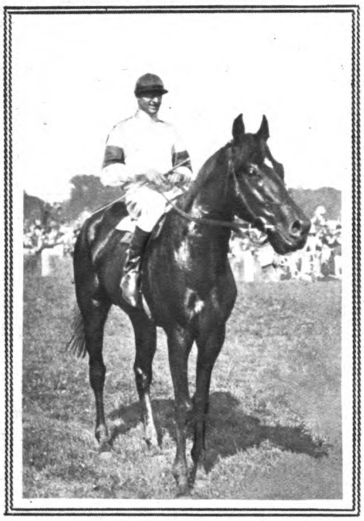
WIFE OF OUR ROYAL ABYSSINIAN GUEST, RAS TAFARI: H.H. WAIKEZO MENEN.



RIDING HIS TRICYCLE:



WINNER OF THE SCURRY STAKES, AT OLYMPIA: LIEUT. BIZARD (29TH DRAGOONS, FRANCE) ON PACIFICATEUR.



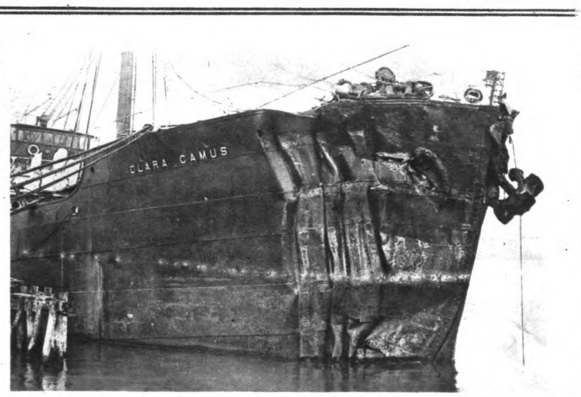
THE 120-1 WINNER OF THE GRAND PRIX DE PARIS, AT LONGCHAMP: M. LÉON MANTACHEFF'S TRANSVAAL.



BACK OF THE ENGLISH TEAM TO PLAY AMERICA FOR THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP: MAJOR V. N. LOCKETT.




WELCOMING THE DELEGATES AT THE FIRST WORLD POWER CONFERENCE—AT WEMBLEY: THE PRINCE OF WALES; WITH LORD DERBY ON HIS LEFT HAND.




AFTER COLLISION WITH THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER "METAGAMA": THE BATTERED BOWS OF THE "CLARA CAMUS."

Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith, C.V.O., is to retire from the position of Director and Secretary of the Victoria and Albert Museum on September 11, after having held that post for fifteen years. He entered the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum in 1879, and has been Director of the British School at Athens. He is President of the Society of Civil Servants.——Dr. Henry Arnold Thomas was a personality in Bristol for nearly fifty years, and a minister widely respected by Congregationalists and Free Churchmen.——Sir Horace Byatt became Governor of Tanganyika Territory in 1920.——His Highness Ras Tafari, G.C.M.G., is Regent as well as Heir-Apparent of Abyssinia. A picture of his recent visit to Pope Pius XI. is given on page 17.——During the Test Match between England and South Africa, which began at Lord's on June 28, Sutcliffe and Hobbs were not separated until they had carried the total to 268, and thus set up a record first-wicket partnership in England for Test Matches, a record beaten only by Hobbs and Rhodes at Melbourne in 1912. Hobbs made 211 all told, and Sutcliffe, 122.——Mr. Eric Maclagan became Deputy Keeper of the Department of Architecture and Sculpture in 1921. He is the son of the late Archbishop Maclagan. He entered the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1905. During the war, he was lent to the Foreign Office and the

# SPORT; A COLLISION; AND "PETER PAN."

OUCH, KEYSTONE, ALFIERI, AND "TIMES."



AFARI'S LITTLE SON.



DUE IN ENGLAND ON MONDAY, JULY 7: H.H. RAS TAFARI, REGENT OF ABYSSINIA.



MAKER (WITH HOBBS) OF A FIRST-WICKET PARTNERSHIP RECORD IN ENGLAND: SUTCLIFFE.



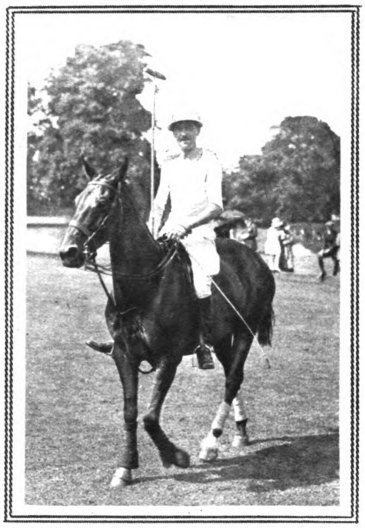
MAKER (WITH SUTCLIFFE) OF A FIRST-WICKET PARTNERSHIP RECORD: HOBBS.



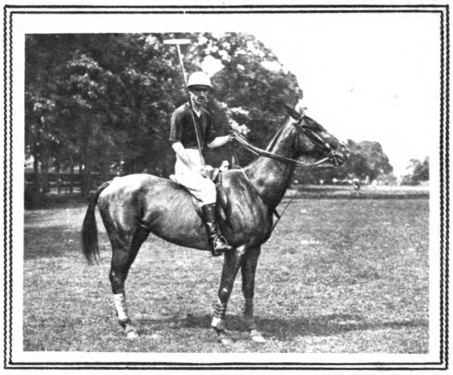
APPOINTED DIRECTOR OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: MR. ERIC MACLAGAN, C.B.E. (A MEŠTROVIĆ BUST).



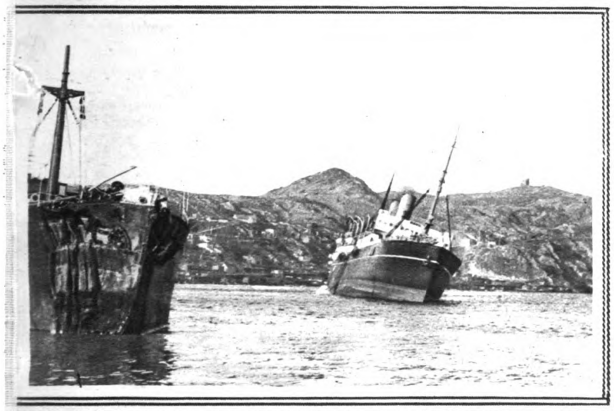
NO. 2 OF THE ENGLISH TEAM TO PLAY AMERICA FOR THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP: MAJOR T. W. KIRKWOOD.



NO. 1 OF THE ENGLISH TEAM TO PLAY AMERICA FOR THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP: LIEUT.-COL. T. P. MELVILL.



NO. 3 OF THE ENGLISH TEAM TO PLAY AMERICA FOR THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP: MR. L. L. LACEY.



AFTER COLLISION WITH THE STEAMER "CLARA CAMUS": THE C.P. LINER "METAGAMA," WHICH WAS RACED TO ST. JOHN'S AND BEACHED.



"PETER PAN" IN BRUSSELS: SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON'S GIFT UNVEILED IN THE PALAIS D'EGMONT GARDEN.

Ministry of Information, and did excellent work. The clay bust reproduced above was made in 1919, and is one of the works (in lead) now at the Ivan Meštrović exhibition at the Fine Art Society's galleries.——The Scurry Stakes at the International Horse Show, at Olympia, was this year held for the second time. The prize goes to the rider who covers the ground in the shortest time, with the fewest faults. Six obstacles have to be cleared.——Transvaal is by Tracery-Wilfreda. It won by a head and covered the 3000 metres in 3 mins., 11 8-100 seconds.——The International Polo Cup will be played for at Meadowbrook in September. The contest was instituted in 1886. England has won four times, and America four times. Major Lockett will captain England.——Thirty-nine countries are represented at the World Power Conference, which began on June 30, and continues until July 12. It is considering how the industrial and scientific resources of power may be adjusted, internationally and nationally.——The Canadian Pacific liner "Metagama" and the steamer "Clara Camus" were in collision seven miles off Cape Race, in a fog. The "Metagama," which was holed amidships, raced for port, but her captain had to beach her near the dry dock at St. John's, Newfoundland.——Sir George Frampton has presented to Brussels a bronze copy of his Kensington Gardens "Peter Pan."



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



## THE WISDOM OF STACY AUMONIER.—LAURA WILDIG.

IN the *Evening Standard* of June 20, Mr. Stacy Aumonier, whose weekly essays are as controversial as they are amusing, delivers a plea for signed criticism. It would be hardly fair to reproduce his arguments, pleasantly see-sawing between banter and earnest, disjointedly. He is one of those *causeurs* whom one enjoys in full without dilution. And, after all, it is the issue that matters—to sign or not to sign. Apparently there are still two camps—or, rather, three, to be exact—the old "we" of anonymity, whose identity remains "wropt in mystry" unless the writer has a style so characteristic that it reveals a personality. Next, of course, those who sign with a full name or initials becoming gradually familiar. And then there is the third community, which, like the neuter gender of Continental languages, has neither name nor sex: "the dramatic critic," as he or she is called. To this latest product of journalese fertility, Mr. Aumonier does not refer. I am sorry they escaped his notice; he would have made great fun of the neutrals. But he is dead against anonymity, and all in favour of a full name. There I am with him, and I would add, with a little pride, that in my long career as a critic I have never written a review of another man's work without appending my full name. Here and there an editor, in my young days, would strike it out in proofs—just to put the light of an ambitious youngster under a bushel: some editors are built that way—but even then I would see that any *adverse* judgment were duly brought under the notice of the person criticised.

For this is the crux of the question—and Mr. Aumonier agrees—so long as you praise, nothing matters. Praise signed or unsigned is always good currency, although with certain signatures it may mean premium. It is blame and stricture that demand the open vision of him that criticises. Anonymity and "we," unsigned, is a terrible weapon in the hands of the weak, the envious, and the malicious. It vies in possibility of vileness with the anonymous letter. The analogy hardly needs any explanation. It is so easy to vent dislikes, animosities, prejudices, under the shield of concealed identity. Who is to be tackled and attacked in defence? There is no chance of real retaliation, nor for an "eye for an eye." Editors will not give their contributors away, and I remember a case of a famous critic who had a style of his own and did not sign his articles. When taxed with having written a certain flouting criticism, he replied: "How dare you conjecture!" Considering that everybody knew that he was the writer, the answer was pretty steep, and, perhaps, cowardly. For this, in my opinion, is the inestimable advantage of signed criticism—it is the touchstone of a critic's courage and sense of justice. It is so easy to belittle or insult one's neighbour under a mask, and anon to greet him with a hypocritical smile of amity. I remember a case of two dramatic critics—it was not in London, oh, no!—the one had published a volume of reprints, and the other had "slated" it anonymously in an obvious vein of envy; then they met, and the detractor approached his victim cordially, and said flattering words about his work. The victim knew, but made a bland face for the sake of *confrèrie*. Pretty, isn't it? Again, we know how sensitive artists are; how some of them resent anything that is not praise; yet in our social life we have to meet them. There may be recriminations, sometimes offensive remarks in public. To face them with equanimity demands restraint as well as strength of character, particularly when a friend or good acquaintance has been the subject of censure.

The anonymous writer is immune against unpleasantness. He may hide behind the editorial chair and plead that he is not responsible for what appears in the paper. These things happen every day, and many are the tales that could be told of misdeeds by nameless pens that remained undiscovered. One I will quote, for it is a classic. The critic of a London paper had a rooted dislike for a certain actress—now dead. One day she announced a performance of "Hedda Gabler." The next morning there appeared a criticism literally blowing her to smithereens. But, unfortunately for the critic, the performance—at the last minute—had been postponed for two days! As she was a stranger in this country and had no money, she contented herself with a letter of protest. It was not published—the editor shielded his contributor—and, as the Critics' Circle did not then exist, there was no further action. Would that critic—save the mark!—have hazarded on his nefarious speculation, if it had been incumbent on him to sign his article? Mr. Aumonier, in his essay, goes on to question the fairness of musical criticism in "polishing off" several concerts held the same afternoon or evening with a few remarks without relevancy of praise or blame. Not being a musical critic, I will not enlarge on this part of the argument—although it opens a wide vista. As a reader, I wince when I see how reputations of newcomers are played with in meaningless adjectives and qualifications jotted down slap-dash by an anonymous scribe. Anonymity, to my mind, is a relic of antiquity: a vile and useless practice, except in leading articles, when the editor assumes the moral responsibility for every utterance. In criticism of brainwork and of art, it has but a detrimental influence. The sooner it is abolished the better. "A name is a guarantee of good faith."



AN IDEAL SETTING FOR SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST AND MOST "OPEN-AIR" PLAY: THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION OF "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST" IN THE GARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society gave, on June 21, the first of a series of delightful performances of "Love's Labour's Lost" in the garden of Wadham. The grass formed the stage, and the "scenery" consisted entirely of trees, through which the players made their exits and their entrances. As every scene of the play is laid in the open air, the setting was ideal, and fortunately the weather was favourable.—[*Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.*]

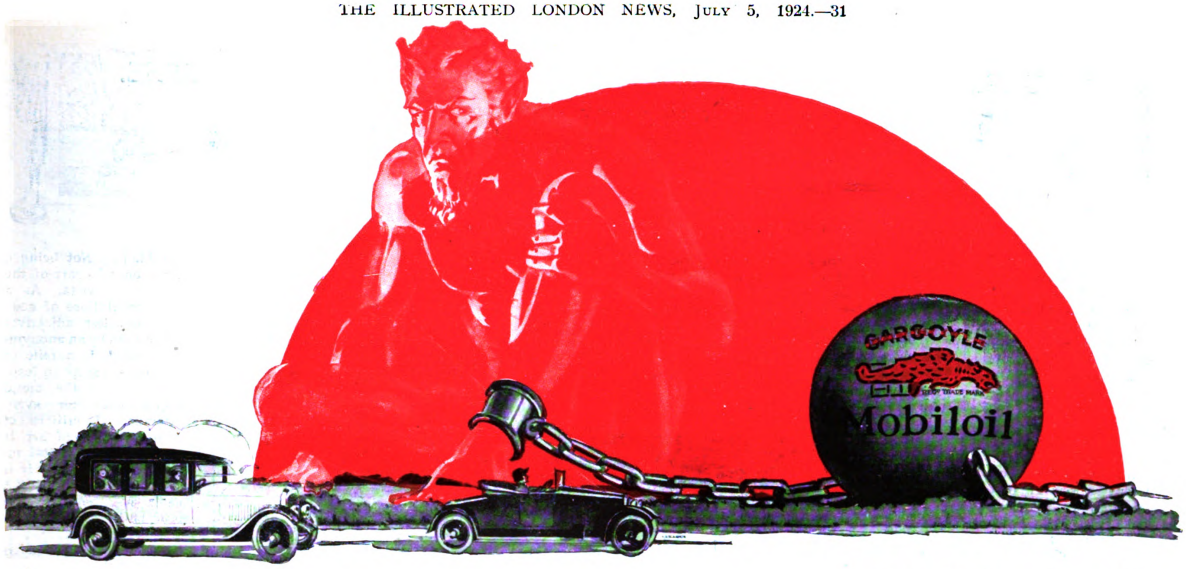
. . .

The Interlude Players have found a new dramatist of promise in Miss Laura Wildig. Her comedy, "Punchinello"—the story of a whimsical actor ruralising far from the madding crowd in a country cottage, visited by a pretty little girl, who has run away—she does not say whence, why, or wherefore—slept in a haystack, seeks sanctuary, stays a month with him (oh, most sisterly) and falls in love with him—begins with a first act of idyllic charm. There is a fresh touch of Bohemianism and idealism in it, and the dialogue ripples along with ease and humour. We were charmed. We took it all for granted. We did not bother about her antecedents. We let ourselves go in fantasy. But first acts—like the widows of the song—are dangerous. Would the author be able to keep it up? Would she maintain the delicacy of woof of gossamer? Would theatricality not take the place of illusion? Alas! it did. In the second act, still pleasant, but long, laborious, wandering into the byways of needless parlance, there appeared a big, bluff man in the actor's Eden: her husband. It was from him that she had run away, because he neglected her for golf. He claimed his rights and took her away on the very day when the actor in a new play was to have the chance of his life. With the appearance of that husband the bloom was rubbed off the peach. We felt a little cheated. She was so maidenly, so innocent, in the first act, and now we found that she knew a good deal of what is to be known of life. The idyll had come to earth. It was a pity. Now the story, bereft of its archaism, became ordinary comedy; still bright in patches and nimbleness of dialogue, but hardly credible. Of course, at the end, *tout s'arrange*; but it did not seem quite natural; it was theatrical. Perhaps the author is an actress. She knows the stage too well; yet not well enough to distribute the interest symmetrically. It took nearly three hours to tell a tale. It taxed our interest. From the end of the second act the story should have been differently handled. It is one thing to erect an illusion and another to maintain it. Yet in this comedy there is a great deal of talent. The character of the Punchinello actor is delightfully drawn in its elusiveness; some of the smaller ones, a jolly trio of actors, are clever vignettes. The material was good: there was something wrong in the constellation. Mr. Campbell Gullan was wholly fascinating as the light-hearted, romantic, temperamental hero—a real Punchinello, pleasantly meandering through life. Miss Nancy Atkin as the Columbine was so sweet, so maidenly, so appealing, that we almost felt cross with her for having taken us in by her reticence. She was sweet eighteen beyond the suspicion of matrimony. Miss Di Forbes, as a rigid clergyman's wife, and Miss Dora Gregory as a housekeeper with a sharp tongue and a warm heart, gave excellent thumbnails of characterisation. The *ensemble* was fair; some parts might have been differently cast. The final impression was that Miss Laura Wildig has the gift, and should be encouraged to continue.



THE BEST SCENE, AND THE BEST SONG, IN THE KINGSWAY REVUE: MISS MARJORIE GORDON IN "FROM A CASTLE WINDOW," IN "YOICKS!"

Miss Marjorie Gordon both acts and sings charmingly in "Yoicks!" the revue recently produced at the Kingsway by Mr. Donald Calthrop. The best item is her song in the scene "From a Castle Window," with lyrics by Mr. J. Hastings Turner, music by Mr. Robert Hood Brown, and a picturesque setting by Mr. Hugh Gee.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.*]




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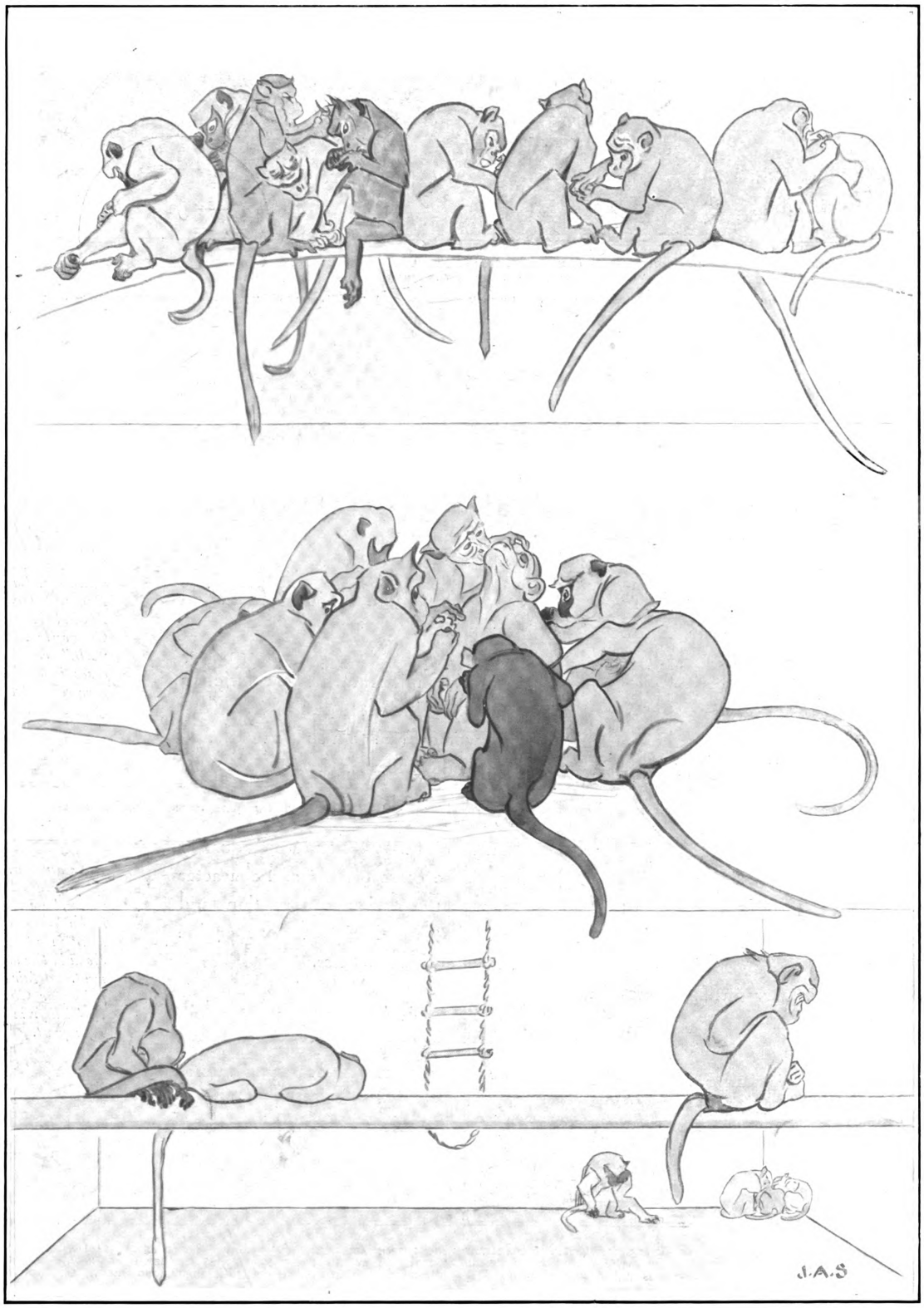
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# UNEMPLOYMENT AT THE "ZOO": A SEQUEL TO HYGIENE.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)

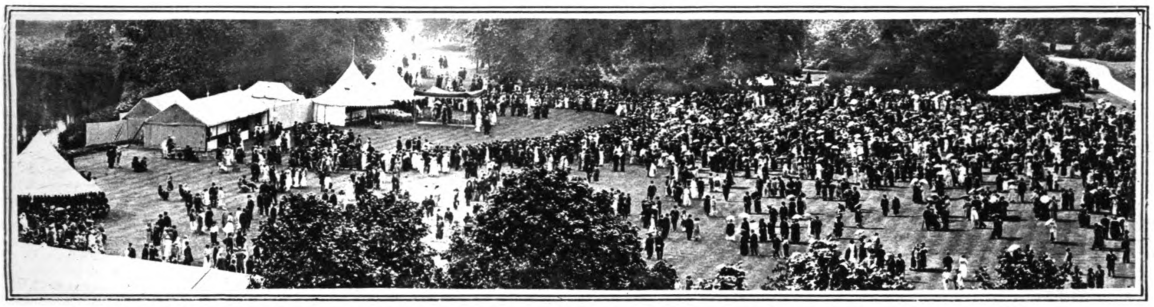



MELANCHOLY RESULTS OF HYGIENE IN THE MONKEY HOUSE AT THE "ZOO": (1) THE GOOD OLD DAYS; (2) THE LAST HOPE; (3) UNEMPLOYMENT.

**Mr. J. A. Shepherd**, the well-known animal artist, here depicts some unforeseen results of a policy of strict hygiene as enforced at the "Zoo." There, it appears, "the old order changeth," and what with new buildings, new brooms, new cages, and sanitary regulations, there is not a single flea left in the Gardens! The effect on the Monkey House, if we may judge from Mr. Shepherd's drawings, has been to deprive the inmates of a time-honoured occupation and reduce them to despair.

# ROYAL AND LABOUR EVENTS: GARDEN-PARTIES; A "TEST"; FRENCH AIRMEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, 'TIMES," PHOTOPRESS, AND C.N.



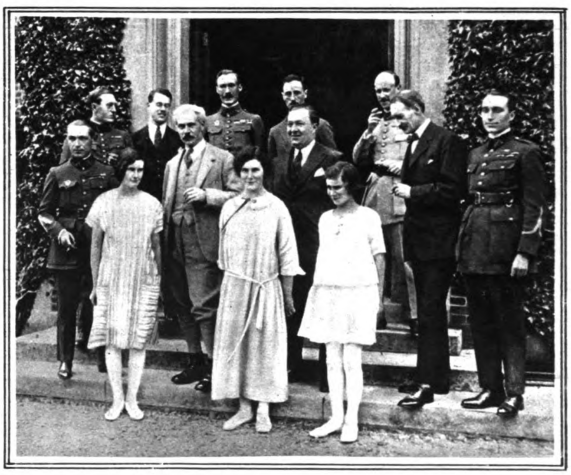
PEOPLED BY TEN THOUSAND GUESTS: THE GROUNDS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE AT THE FIRST ROYAL GARDEN-PARTY OF THE SEASON—THE KING AND QUEEN UNDER THE SHAMIANA.



THE ENGLAND v. SOUTH AFRICA TEST MATCH THAT WAS STOPPED FOR THE KING, AT LORD'S: R. H. CATTERALL MAKING A STROKE TO LEG FROM GILLIGAN'S BOWLING.



BRITAIN'S FIRST LABOUR PREMIER AS HOST AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD ARRIVING—WITH PRINCESS LOUISE ON HIS LEFT AND (IMMEDIATELY BEHIND HER) LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY AND MISS ISHBEL MACDONALD.



THE FRENCH AIR OFFICERS WHO FLEW AT THE AERIAL PAGEANT, AT HENDON, ENTERTAINED BY THE PRIME MINISTER AT CHEQUERS: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, HIS GUESTS, AND HIS DAUGHTERS, JOAN, ISHBEL, AND SHEILA (LEFT TO RIGHT).

The first Royal Garden-Party of the season, to which their Majesties invited some ten thousand guests, was held at Buckingham Palace last week on an ideal June day. Many overseas visitors were present. Following their usual custom, the King and Queen moved about the grounds for some little time before taking up their position under the awning in front of the royal tea-tent. A certain number of guests had the honour of being presented during the royal progress, and others while their Majesties were under the shamiana, which is seen to the left centre of the photograph.——The Test Match, which was begun at Lord's on Saturday, June 28, was not only interesting in itself, but on the first day provided a surprise, in that, for the first time in any match of the sort, play was suspended while the King had the members of the two teams presented to him. In our photograph, which was taken with a long-focus lens, R. H. Catterall has M. J. Susskind as a partner. Tyldesley is seen at point. P. G. H. Fender, Woolley (F. E.), and A. P. F. Chapman are seen in the slips, and G. E. C. Wood is behind the wicket.——The Prime Minister was the official host at a Government Garden-Party attended by some three thousand visitors from Oversea Dominions, and held at Hampton Court Palace on June 27. Many of those attending made a tour of the State apartments, and some even ventured into the maze.——On the following Sunday, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald received and entertained at Chequers those French officers who gave a display at the Royal Air Force Aerial Pageant.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

*By J. D. SYMON.*

THE term "a literary event" is a trifle over-worked, and one grows chary of using it, for it has been pressed into the service on occasions when the justification is small. But there are cases where the welcoming of a new book as "a literary event" arouses no misgivings. That happens when the writer stands among the truly elect of letters and has, in addition, the grace to let a decent interval divide his new book from its predecessor. Yet the practice of this wise Malthusianism in literary output need not be overdone, for one could name writers whose work, most rare and felicitious in quality, has a rarity of appearance that might well be modified with no loss to the author and with great gain to the felicity of his reader. There are one or two writers who seem all too chary of unlocking their abundant storehouse, and one confesses without shame to an unrepentant Oliver Twist attitude towards these masters. To them it might not be out of place to suggest, with all due respect, that they should not take so literally Corinna's advice to the boy Pindar: "Sow with the hand, and not with the sack." Yet their sparing practice, coupled with their distinction, makes the arrival of every new work of theirs "a literary event" worthy the name. For it is both eventful and literary.

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One of the newest of new books answers these requirements to admiration. It comes with a halo of the happiest associations, arising not only from the author's signature, but also from the title, which revives, with one word added, a name that has become classic, and is dear to the heart of all good bookmen. Signature and title have become almost synonymous. To mention "Obiter Dicta" is in effect to say "Augustine Birrell," and vice-versa. It is to recall the choicest of living essayists, who keeps alive the art of the essay in small compass.

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It is just forty years since "Obiter Dicta" first appeared. The work saw a second series, and other collections, different in title, but similar in spirit and workmanship, followed from time to time—"Res Judicatæ," "Men, Women and Books," "Collected Essays," "Miscellanies" come happily to mind, to say nothing of more elaborate works, the books on Charlotte Brontë, the monographs on Hazlitt and on Andrew Marvell in the English Men of Letters Series, and the edition of Boswell. No, Mr. Birrell cannot be accused of sowing with the sack. But every addition to his handful is thereby the more precious.

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Here, then, in a good hour, arrives "MORE OBITER DICTA," by Augustine Birrell (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), a little book, but full of matter. It contains papers of yesterday and some of the day before yesterday, several years removed. One of yesterday's reviews, which still smacks strongly of to-day, the reader will hasten to taste out of its due order, from pure curiosity to see what Mr. Birrell has to say about a brother wit and essayist (but an essayist on a larger scale), Mr. Lytton Strachey, whose "Eminent Victorians" forms the subject of the paper entitled "The Gods of Yesterday." Mr. Birrell, as many who read the review will remember, calls it "a delightful book, full of the best qualities of authorship." He remarks that "elderly folk who are beginning to move slowly about the ground, with figures 'grown convex,' may find in its pages just a little too much, despite the prevailing note of a dexterous urbanity, of that unkindness of judgment which is characteristic of critics who have not yet been judged by their juniors"; but with this *caveat*, demanded by the birthdays which lie behind him, Mr. Birrell "returns thanks for this book of Mr. Strachey, which may confidently be recommended to all would-be biographers."

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Follows a completely characteristic piece of what has been called "Birrelling" apropos of one class of "Standardised Biography," of which the author "cannot think without something between a shudder and a groan"—

> Oh, those familiar headings! "Birth and Parentage," "School Days," "The University," "Early Struggles," "Choice of a Profession," "Marriage," "Foreign Travel," and so on, through the dull, devitalising record, until your tired eye rests with unbecoming joy upon the familiar words, "Ill-Health, Death, and Characteristics." Such things promote blasphemy. Future biographers of modern celebrities will do well to keep these caustic pages of Mr. Strachey by their side as they write as a *memento mori*.

Only one figure in Mr. Strachey's "menagerie" would Mr. Birrell wish away. He considers Dr. Arnold of Rugby "a little out of place in this highly finished and ironical gallery of portraits." Arnold "has long disappeared"; further—a good and curious point of criticism, this—more than seventy years ago, Dr. James Martineau took in all essential respects the same point of view as Mr. Strachey. This, Mr. Birrell adds, is "not really surprising, for Dr. Arnold was from the very beginning exceedingly obvious to any 'unblinkered' observer, Christian or otherwise."

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"Eminent Victorians" does not name Cardinal Newman in its list of contents, but, Mr. Birrell points out, "his portrait is to be seen hanging, *vis-à-vis* to Manning's, in this gallery." If there were any breach to repair in that respect, "More Obiter Dicta" would repair it amply, for the essay, "Cardinal Newman," although a reprint from 1890, still retaining its original present tense (which might have been altered with some advantage to the reader's peace), is, within its brief measure, as searching a study as Mr. Strachey's, and far less likely to disconcert those of slow footstep and convex figure. For here there is no "squirting of ironical humour" over the victim. Newman makes other entrances in other essays, and many readers will find their pleasure in the book heightened by the pastime of comparing all Mr. Birrell's instances. As chance will have it, I write these words in Oriel College, where I have just been looking once more at the famous portrait of Newman in the Senior Common Room, and at Dr. Arnold's in the Hall.

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These are good things, but Mr. Birrell is most truly himself when he takes post some little distance anterior to the Victorian era, and talks to us of eighteenth and early nineteenth-century worthies, or of half-forgotten characters as far back as Elizabeth's time. Such are his studies of "Old Nollekens," "The Grenville Brothers," "Henry Fielding and the Literary Tradition," "The Last Days of Queen Elizabeth," a sketch of John Chamberlain, "the letter-writer"—"Was ever before an Englishman thus curtly described?" asks the essayist—and "Arthur Hall, M.P. for Grantham," the first English translator of Homer—from the French! Mr. Birrell also crosses the Border, with great acceptance, and writes in a manner very pleasing to Scotsmen of "Clerk Scott's Decisions," and of "Sound, Sound the Clarion," this last a survey of a correspondence that caused some little sensation in 1920, when the famous stanza from "Old Mortality" was attributed, apparently almost beyond cavil, to a Major Mordaunt. But Mr. Birrell ingeniously shows cause why it may still be placed to the credit of "Clerk Scott" aforesaid; for which relief, much thanks.

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To Mr. Birrell thanks are due also, not for these essays alone, but for "More Obiter Dicta," from title-page to colophon, and every reader will hope that there is more to follow. Perhaps, although it is difficult to believe, our accomplished essayist is like a learned ex-Judge, who confessed recently in rhyme

> The best of all my *Obiter*
> I never dared to say.

If that is the case with Mr. Birrell, how surpassingly excellent must be the great unsaid; and if it comes to be included in "Still More Obiter Dicta," what a banquet for the gods we shall enjoy there! So mote it be.

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To turn from the work of an old and tried hand in literary criticism to the work of a hand comparatively new, here is an interesting volume on the everlasting subject of Shakespeare. Miss Agnes Mure Mackenzie is not altogether new to authorship. She is a poet, with a strong vein of Celtic inspiration, the joint-editor of an Anthology of Academic verse, and not so very long ago she published a charming novel, "Without Conditions," which brought something of a Jane Austenish touch to Scottish life in the earlier part of last century. It was not a book to tickle the groundlings, but it found its account with the discerning. Thereby its state is more gracious. Now Miss Mackenzie appears as the full-dress critic of literature in one of its most difficult aspects. She has chosen an old subject, "THE WOMEN IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS" (Heinemann; 15s.), but if the subject is old, the author may fairly claim that her treatment is new.



A WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST TO MARRY THE HEIR TO A BARONETCY: MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH AND HER FIANCÉ, THE REV. T. P. FRY.

Much interest was aroused by the recent announcement that Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, author of many well-known South-country novels, from "A Tramping Methodist" (1908) to "Joanna Godden" (1921), besides poems, is engaged to the Rev. Theodore Penrose Fry, eldest son of Sir John Fry, Bt., and Lady Fry, of Great Ayton, Yorkshire. Mr. Fry was educated at Winchester and King's College, Cambridge, and served as a Captain in the Durham Light Infantry. His family is of Saxon origin, and held lands in Wiltshire before 1287. Miss Kaye-Smith is a daughter of the late Mr. Edward Kaye-Smith, surgeon and physician, of St. Leonards-on-Sea.

*Photographs by Hawes.*

Miss Mackenzie encourages the reader by her preliminary confession that she will not attempt to apply the Freudian principles to Goneril or to Miranda. Her purpose is "to study from the point of view of her own time the literary treatment of the women characters in Shakespeare's work, and the growth and change of his artistic attitude towards them, and towards their specific share in the actions and endurances of life—of human life that is both men's and women's." The last clause of explanation is surely unnecessary; but that is a small point. The book, well-informed and acute, says much that is noteworthy about women, but it is also wonderfully shrewd in its judgments upon men. Perhaps those verdicts will appeal to mankind more than the rest of the work, for, by the author's own showing, men will never know what is at the back of a woman's mind. She seems to think that the converse holds good. I am not so sure; and am inclined to believe that woman can read the mind of man far better than man can read the mind of woman. Consequently I feel that I am not quite competent to apply the touchstone of finally intelligent criticism to this book. That must be left to a woman, who alone can say whether Miss Mackenzie has arrived at truth.

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But there are many things that the less deadly of the species can admire, in particular that most engaging doubt as to whether the bed-room scene between Desdemona and Emilia could have been written by a man. "The whole scene catches most extraordinarily the atmosphere of the woman's half of a mixed household. Quite where it lies, I am not sure; it is impossible to put one's finger on anything definite, beyond the sense somehow of a closed door." Is not that precisely the definite point upon which Miss Mackenzie has laid an unerring finger? But to give that impression need not have baffled the universal genius of Shakespeare.

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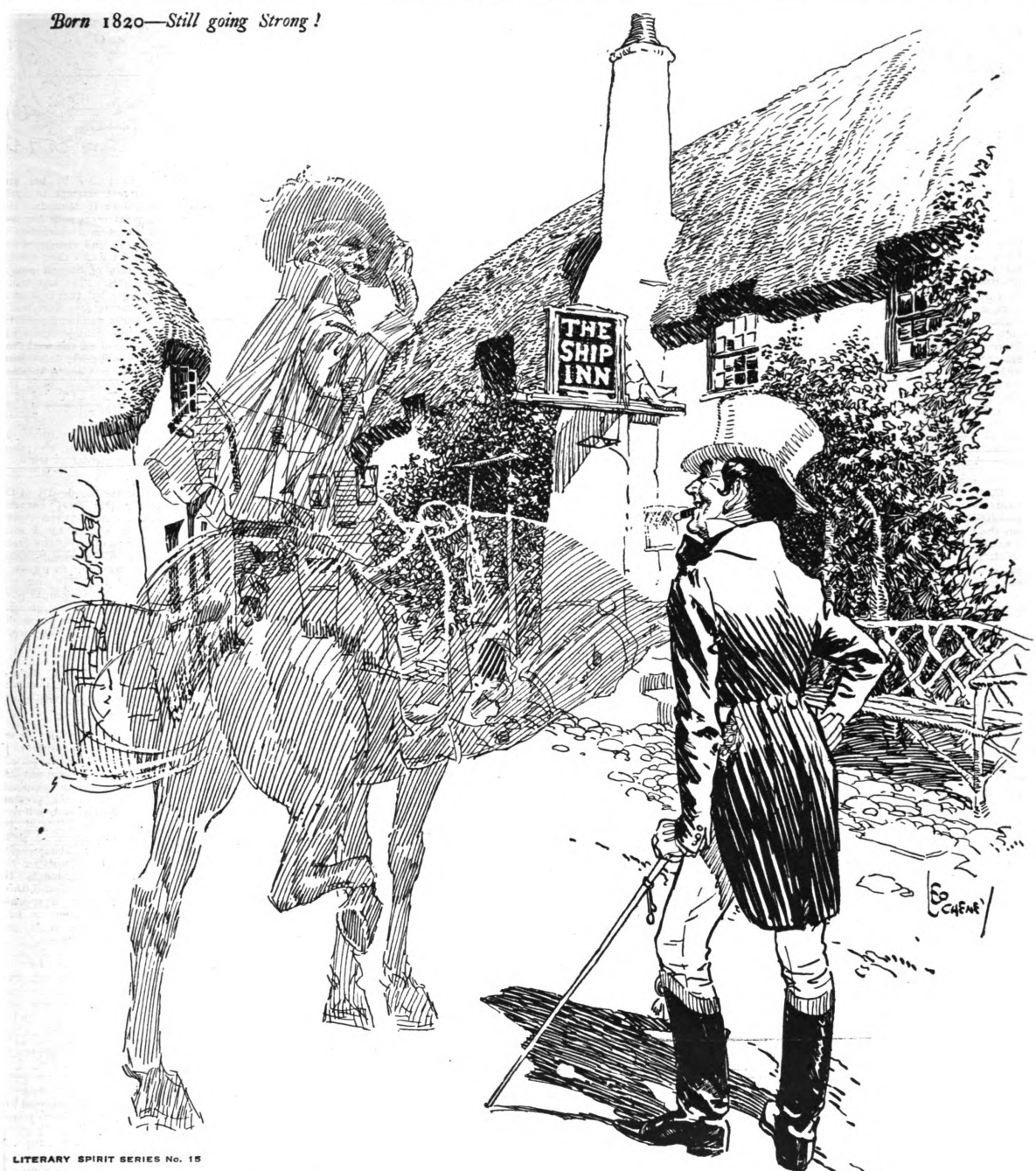
This challenging, able book is far more than a special study of Shakespeare's women. It is also a theory of the poet's character, involving some nice speculation, dependent on the latest views as to the chronological order of the plays. Opinions will differ as to the soundness of this part of the work, which regards Shakespeare as subject to periods of intense effort, alternating with periods of spiritual exhaustion. Perhaps he carried his genius more lightly than Miss Mackenzie supposes. In her view there is just a touch of the present-day minor literary person's absurd and self-conscious preoccupation with his "work" and his "moods." Shakespeare was more concerned about making a comfortable competence than about posing as the heavy literary man. I question whether the agonies of composition troubled him very much. He did the immediate job as it came along, and there was an end on't. Sometimes he made a spoon—and such a spoon!—at others he came as near spoiling a horn as was possible to one of his extraordinary gifts and powers. But this single insidious indication of the influence of the professional literary spirit must not be taken to imply that Miss Mackenzie is deluded by current fashions in criticism. She is far too well trained, too deeply informed for that. Witness her salutary little thrust at the "Lawrentio-Russian deities of the literary undergraduate." She finds in Shakespeare no "sex-obsession." Even when "he was in a condition to see passion wholly as a force of baseness, he was keenly aware that there were other things in life for it to combat." Through this book there blows a healthy breeze which, as it gains in strength, will help to dispel the miasma that of late years has poisoned life and letters. Miss Mackenzie's work is of good omen.

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This article seems to have drifted more towards *belles lettres* than is usual, but, for once in a way, books of that kind must have their turn, even if it means the temporary omission of the more obviously popular. As it is now too late to change the subject I may as well continue in the same vein, and mention at least, if full discussion is now precluded by dwindling space, one or two of the more important recent books which come under the heading of the purely literary. Chief among these is Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's memorable study, "THE THEORY OF POETRY" (Secker; 5s.), a book not to be dismissed in a single line. It has lain on my table for some time, awaiting a convenient season for discussion. It is not of the ephemeral, and further reference, in connection with other matters, will not be out-of-date. It is a landmark in criticism.

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With this one may group conveniently two books which illustrate a most interesting question, that of poets as prose writers. These are "ESSAYS," by W. B. Yeats (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.), and "RECENT PROSE," by John Masefield (Heinemann; 6s.), both books full of suggestion for those who care to follow out the subject of poets' prose. Finally, as a *bonne bouche* for those who appreciate fiction of which the chief charm lies in its deftly allusive literary workmanship and sub-satirical humour, I would recommend Miss Elinor Wylie's "sedate extravaganza," "JENNIFER LORN" (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.), a very unusual novel, and one that is likely to set the critics by the ears. I have read it with tickling delight, and shall read it again at once in order to test my first ungodly enjoyment of its bizarre quality. If it stands the test, it will demand further and more detailed notice.



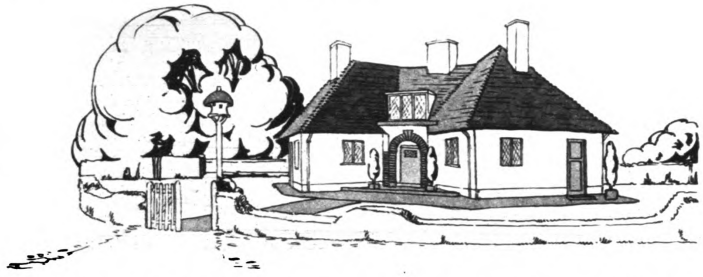

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# THE WORLD OF WOMEN



THE King and the Queen have been very pleased with the visit of King Christian and Queen Alexandrina of Denmark. Their last visit—a State one—was made in the spring of 1913, and was to a great extent shadowed by the death of the Duke of Argyll, which happened at that time. The gala at the Opera and State Banquet took place, as the arrangements had been completed. The Queen of Denmark has since then had a serious illness, and the love of her shown by the Danes was very great. There are two Danish Princes and no Princesses. Prince Frederick, the elder, is twenty-five, and unmarried, and is coming over here for Cowes Regatta, when he will sail a small yacht there. Very charming things are said about him.

The fashion of wearing flowers on day dresses is a very pretty one, and is at its best when black, black-and-white, or all-white dresses are worn. It is a revival, for at one time smart women had their favourite flowers with the wearing of which they were identified as certainly as is the King with a white carnation buttonhole, and Lord Lonsdale with a gardenia. Queen Alexandra wore roses, either red or pink; the Duchess of Portland, first Malmaison and then Mikado carnations. Now the Marchioness Curzon wears cattleya orchids when her dress is black or white. At Ascot the Queen on one day wore flowers, and so did the Duchess of York. It is a pretty fashion, dainty and effective, and only truly satisfactory when the blooms are real.

The late General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., was, on his mother's side, of Ulster blood—she was the daughter of Sir Francis Workman Macnaghten, of Bushmills, County Antrim, and was the eighth of ten daughters, and there were also six sons. Sir Dighton was an example of fidelity and devotion, and Queen Alexandra will feel his loss deeply. He rendered her the most chivalrous attention in every way, and anticipated her every wish. On the other hand, Queen Alexandra thought of and for him. It was in early years that he caught her runaway horse in a riding accident at Sandringham, for which she always insisted that she owed him her life. To another devoted friend and member of her Household for fifty-four years, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, she owed her escape from death when the wing of Sandringham House in which she slept was burned down.

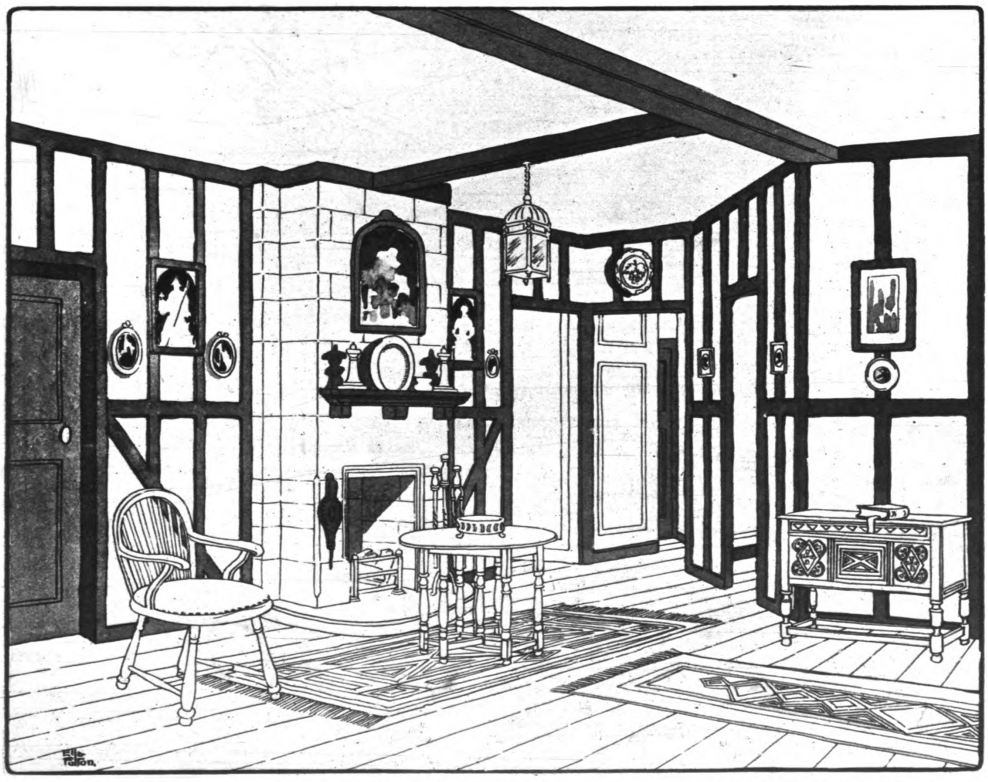
The Gala Afternoon at the Horse Show interested the King and Queen and their guests, the King and Queen of Denmark, immensely. The King talked away to our Queen, who was looking delightfully handsome wearing a hat, not one of the usual toques, of black crinoline straw surrounded with powder-blue ostrich feathers, with such a pretty white lawn and lace dress, embroidered in white. The King was talking a lot to Rear-Admiral Niblack, of the U.S. Navy, whom he saw a great deal of at Cowes two years ago, when, if I remember right, the Admiral was in command of the big American war-ship *Utah*. The Earl of Lonsdale also chatted to the King, and Queen Alexandrina of Denmark was included in the conversation. Her Majesty was wearing a dress of hydrangea-blue soft satin, embroidered in silk the same colour, and wore a wide-brimmed hat to match. General Pershing was in the royal loge, and sat beside the Dowager Countess of Airlie, to whom he talked with great animation. The great hall was full in every part, and the horses were a joy to watch. I prefer the English style of jumping to the Italian, although the latter won the King's Cup. Our horses went at the obstacles as if they were in the hunting-field. The Italian winner sauntered up to them almost contemptuously, had a look, and then hopped over. A queer and clever performance, but not an inspiriting one.

Our Overseas friends will take back with them a bright and happy memory of the King and Queen's Garden Party, which was a singularly successful one—seemingly the largest and most brilliant yet given. The beauty of the grounds, with their lake, splendid trees, and parterres of lovely variously coloured flowers, and lawns like emerald velvet, impressed guests from the vast stretches of prairie and bush as few things have done. The graciousness of the King and Queen many were prepared for, as they remembered visits from their Majesties before the reign began, in their great home cities. The Prince of Wales, too, as he moved about giving kindly greetings here and there, was a renewal to very many of that affectionate loyalty which the Heir-Apparent never fails to inspire.

The Queen was to many minds the queen of beauty and the queen of dress. Her Majesty, in her filmy orchid-mauve and feather crown hat in the same lovely tint, carrying a sunshade to match, and wearing just a few diamonds near the neck of her bodice, was indeed a Queen to be proud of, and proud of her we were. A graceful figure, too, was the Queen of Denmark, dressed all in white and wearing a white hat. The Duchess of York looked sweet—she could not help doing so if she wanted to; happily, she does not—and she dresses in a style that suits her. On that day she was all in cream colour. Lady Patricia Ramsay and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke were two other tall and handsome members of the royal entourage. The Duchess of Devonshire in silver grey was delightfully graceful and good to look at as she attended the Queen as Mistress of the Robes.

An interesting pair were Mrs. Kendal—in cream colour and pink, wearing her usual little bonnet and a shawl-like cape of pink crêpe-de-Chine—and Lady Alexander, wearing a white lace dress and a long cape of ostrich feathers shaded from pink to pale mauve, with a large hat trimmed with ostrich feathers like those on the cape. They made one think of the graces of yesteryear, and the gay styles of the year after next. Mr. Austen Chamberlain escorted his tall, handsome wife, wearing his monocle and beautifully turned out in summer grey and a grey top hat. Mrs. Chamberlain was in cream colour, and wore a long black lace cloak. Bishops wore holiday looks—the Bishop of Southwark and Bishop Carr Glyn were a stalwart pair of Prelates, and Bishop Ryle, Dean of Westminster, and Canon Carnegie were another pair of Anak-like sons of the Church.

Do men admire the King's taste in dress as much as women do the Queen's. Certainly his Majesty is always just right in his turn-out. At the Garden Party it seemed that he had departed from his customary all-white carnation button-hole, for there was a touch of pink. It proved, however, to be an Alexandra Day rose peeping out from the petals of the carnation. The King's grey frock coat was perfectly cut, as was the lavender waistcoat worn with it, and the trousers were just creased correctly without emphasis. I heard a lady express a wish that his Majesty would wear a black hat-band on his light grey top hat. Looking round on many tall grey hats, the owners of which had felt that they really could not go the whole way and compromised with black bands of differing width, his Majesty's hat acquired a distinguished individualism which was in keeping with its wearer. A. E. L.



*This inviting lounge hall, with its old oak timbers and rough plaster walls, can be studied in the model bungalow at Wembley (Lion Way, No. 1). It is carried out and furnished by Hampton and Sons, Pall Mall East, S.W.* (*See page* 38.)



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# Fashions and Fancies.

**A Bungalow at Wembley.** Many people reluctantly abandon, on the score of expense, the delightful idea of acquiring a bungalow in the country or by the sea. Yet at the British Empire Exhibition one may inspect one of the scores of extremely moderate model bungalows built and furnished by the well-known firm of Hampton and Sons, Pall Mall East, S.W. The plan is based on years of experience in building small houses and week-end cottages at the smallest expense compatible with really solid construction, and every foot of space is utilised to the best advantage. The inviting lounge-hall (pictured on page 36) is carried out in old oak timbers, with the walls of rough plaster, and a fine stone fireplace. Combined with this picturesque setting are the newest appliances for comfort and economy. Those who are unable to view the actual model at Wembley should write for an illustrated brochure giving full particulars.

**Summer Fashions in Shoes.** Englishwomen have a world-wide reputation for their unerring choice of footwear. Graceful lines combined with absolute comfort are the essential attributes, and these can certainly be claimed by the famous "Mayflowa" shoes sponsored by W. Abbott and Sons. The three attractive models pictured on this page come from their salons at 58, Regent Street, W. Those on the right are expressed in beige suède, and can be obtained for 30s. The beautifully marked lizard-skin shoes on the left cost 63s., and the practical brogues with crêpe rubber soles are only 35s.



*Fashionable "Mayflowa" models built of perfectly marked lizard-skin.*

For the country and seaside there are numberless "Mayflowa" models in white, at pleasantly moderate prices. Graceful sandal shoes in white canvas can be obtained for 6s. 11d., and one-bar models for 8s. 11d., while the same shoe in white suède is 25s. 9d. Sports shoes range from 7s. 11d. upwards. An illustrated catalogue will be sent free on application, and a single shoe may be had on approval if desired.



*These practical "Mayflowa" brogues are built of tan willow calf with crêpe rubber soles.*

**A Sale at Jay's.** It is the ambition of every woman to shop at Jay's, Regent Street, W., and it is splendid news that they are now in the midst of a clearance sale to make room for the autumn modes. All Paris models have been ruthlessly reduced to practically half their original cost. A beautiful black silk mousquetaire coat originally priced at 29 guineas can be secured for 19½ guineas, and short Paisley coats with deep fur collars are 9½ guineas instead of 15½ guineas. In every department there are equally attractive possibilities, and all readers should apply for an illustrated catalogue, which will be sent post free.

**Bargains in Hats and Ribbons.** The sales are now in full swing, and at Gorringes', Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., there are a host of bargains to be secured. All model hats have been reduced to half-price, and fine tagel straws, prettily trimmed, are offered at 15s.; while real featherweight velours, originally 35s., are marked at the same price. Then there are 3000 yards of rich satin ribbon, 6 in. wide, reduced from 2s. 9½d. to 1s. 0½d. a yard; and beautiful foulard ombre ribbon can be secured for 1s. a yard. "Stumpy" sunshades and taffeta umbrellas in gay colours are available for 10s. each, and animal ties of wolf and natural red fox, ranging originally from 5½ to 6½ guineas, are now 59s. 6d. An illustrated catalogue will be sent gratis and post free to all readers.

**Special Offers during July.** A note must be made of the fact that during this month, Elvery's, of 31, Conduit Street, W., are making several specially attractive offers. Tailor-made holiday coats in light covert cloth can be secured for 79s. 6d., or in wool gabardine lined with rain-proof silk for the same price. Then silk waterproofs in lovely colours are 59s. 6d., and the practical "Zephyrmacs" range from 29s. 6d. Travelling wraps in Shetland and Scotch tweeds are obtainable for 5 guineas, and suède sports hats from 10s. 6d. Nor must it be forgotten that reliable children's mackintoshes are available from £1 1s. upwards.

**Golden Opportunities.** No one must fail to visit Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, S.W., during their great sale, which is now in progress. There are useful lace-stitch woollen sports coats to be secured for 15s. 6d. (originally 29s. 6d. to 42s.), and pure silk knit scarves for 25s. Suits of the fashionable silk bouclette have been reduced from 11 guineas to 5 guineas, and attractive knitted woollen suits are only 42s.



*Beige suède makes these graceful "Mayflowa" shoes, sponsored by Abbott and Sons, 58, Regent Street, W.*


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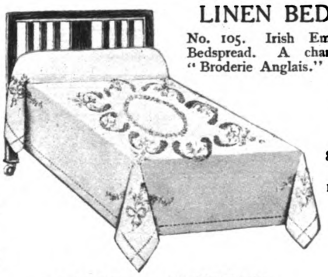
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## DEWAR'S

## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

A BOOK has just been published which gives a fascinating revelation of music in England during the greater part of the nineteenth century. It is a biography of perhaps the greatest English tenor we have ever had, Sims Reeves,* who was born in 1818 and made his first public appearance in 1838, making his début at Drury Lane in 1848, and dying in his eighty-second year on Oct. 25, 1900. His life therefore covers practically the whole of the Victorian era, and Mr. Pearce has written an excellent book, full of interesting sidelights on the changing fashions of the century, while he succeeds in giving a vivid impression of Sims Reeves's personality.

Sims Reeves's father was a Royal Artillery bandsman who was promoted to Corporal for his singing. In those days glee-singing was greatly in fashion, and the First Gentleman in Europe, says Mr. Pearce, did not disdain to take a part—

"Being told that there were good singers among the band, his Royal Highness asked for Calcott's 'The Derbyshire Ram,' and accordingly this long forgotten favourite of our great-grandfathers, which is not without touches of humour, was sung by Corporal Morris, Mr. McKenzie, and the Prince, H.R.H. taking the bass part."

We are given an interesting glimpse into the state of mind of our grandfathers about the year 1848 in the following description of the part played in the Norfolk and Norwich Festival by the Duke of Cambridge—

"From the point of view of to-day the adulation of the Duke of Cambridge was the most ridiculous feature of the Festival. He was regarded as of equal importance with the music, and when he arrived during the performance of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony the audience cheered him, arresting the progress of the musicians in the orchestra. The National Anthem was sung as soon as the distinguished party had taken their seats, and at its conclusion the symphony was resumed. It must be admitted that the Duke did his duty manfully. He never missed a performance; he sat through all in a sort of chair of state; and during 'Elijah' had the score in his hand, from which he hardly took his eyes. He also commanded the various encores, and what would have happened had the audience chosen to act on their own initiative one hardly dares to think."

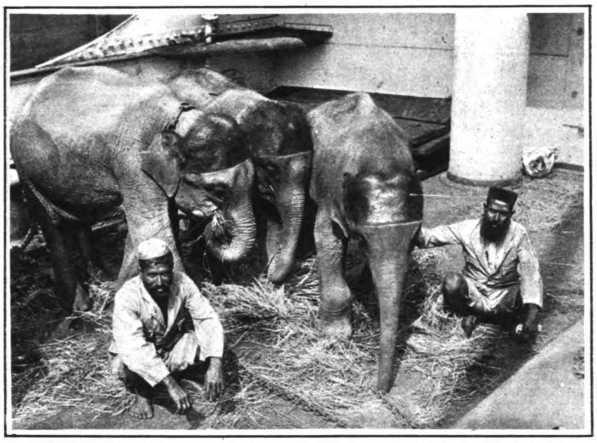
As a matter of fact, there was a good side to this worship of royalty, for it protected real music-lovers, and also the singers themselves, from the curse of encores. All through Sims Reeves's life he had to suffer from his too great popularity. An audience would not always be contented with his singing a favourite song twice. They clamoured for more and ever more automatically, and if, as often happened, Sims Reeves refused to be dictated to any longer, they howled and yelled and set up a pandemonium that would bring the concert to an untimely end. Mr. Pearce gives many instances of what Sims Reeves suffered from this vulgar, thoughtless persecution, but I will quote only one of his stories—

"Sims Reeves was very good-natured and gave way whenever it was possible. On a certain occasion the audience fell to quarrelling over that stormy petrel, 'The Bay of Biscay,' one half calling for its repetition, and the other half yelling for something else. Reeves told them to settle the matter among themselves, and he would sing whatever they wished. The house divided and the majority were for 'The Bay,' which he accordingly gave.

"In later years he was not so disposed to endure this species of persecution. An instance within my experience occurred at the Beaumont Institute, Mile End, where the audiences were invariably insatiable. Reeves had been encored, and, as bows of acknowledgment did not satisfy, he at last yielded to the clamour and appeared. He walked across the platform with that peculiar walk of his (acquired probably from his stage training) and the characteristic nonchalant swing of his shoulders (the origin of silly and unfounded accusations), and had sat down to the piano to accompany himself when some stupid person called out 'My Pretty Jane.' This was too much. He gave one indignant glance around, shut down the lid of the piano with a significant bang, and strode away without a word. He was willing to oblige, but he was not to be dictated to."

Reeves owed his first great success to his engagement to play in opera at Drury Lane by the famous Jullien, who was very keen to found a school of English opera, and in 1847 made an attempt similar to that which the British National Opera Company is still essaying—namely, to give an operatic season without

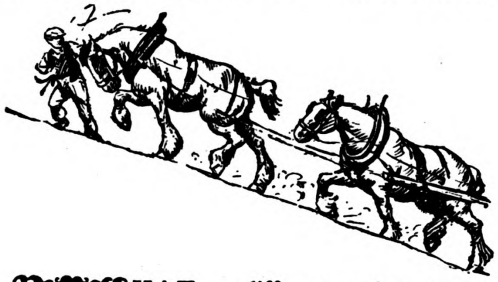
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TO REPRESENT THE SPLENDOUR OF INDIA IN THE PAGEANT OF EMPIRE AT WEMBLEY: THREE ELEPHANTS FROM CALCUTTA RECENTLY ARRIVED AT TILBURY. Several Indian elephants, with native attendants, arrived at Tilbury from Calcutta on June 24, to take part in the great Pageant of Empire to be produced in the Stadium at Wembley on July 14. The elephants were hoisted out of the ship by cranes. They will appear, in sumptuous trappings, in the second day's section of the pageant—"Eastward Ho!" for which Indian Ruling Princes have lent gorgeous paraphernalia.—*[Photograph by C.N.]*

* "Sims Reeves: Fifty Years of Music in England." By Charles E. Pearce. (Stanley Paul; 16s.)


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## *A Hint on Gear Changing—II.*

THE gear lever is in neutral, the clutch is IN (see Gear Changing I). The car is running under its own momentum. The next step in changing DOWN is to accelerate the engine to suit the car speed.

When practising gear changing, always glance at the speedometer before changing down.

Having accelerated the engine to suit the speed of the car, disengage the clutch slightly and move the gear lever into position. A silent engagement of the gear is the sign by which you know that you have accelerated enough. Do not be afraid of the accelerator when changing DOWN.

(To be continued).

## "The Thirty-Five"

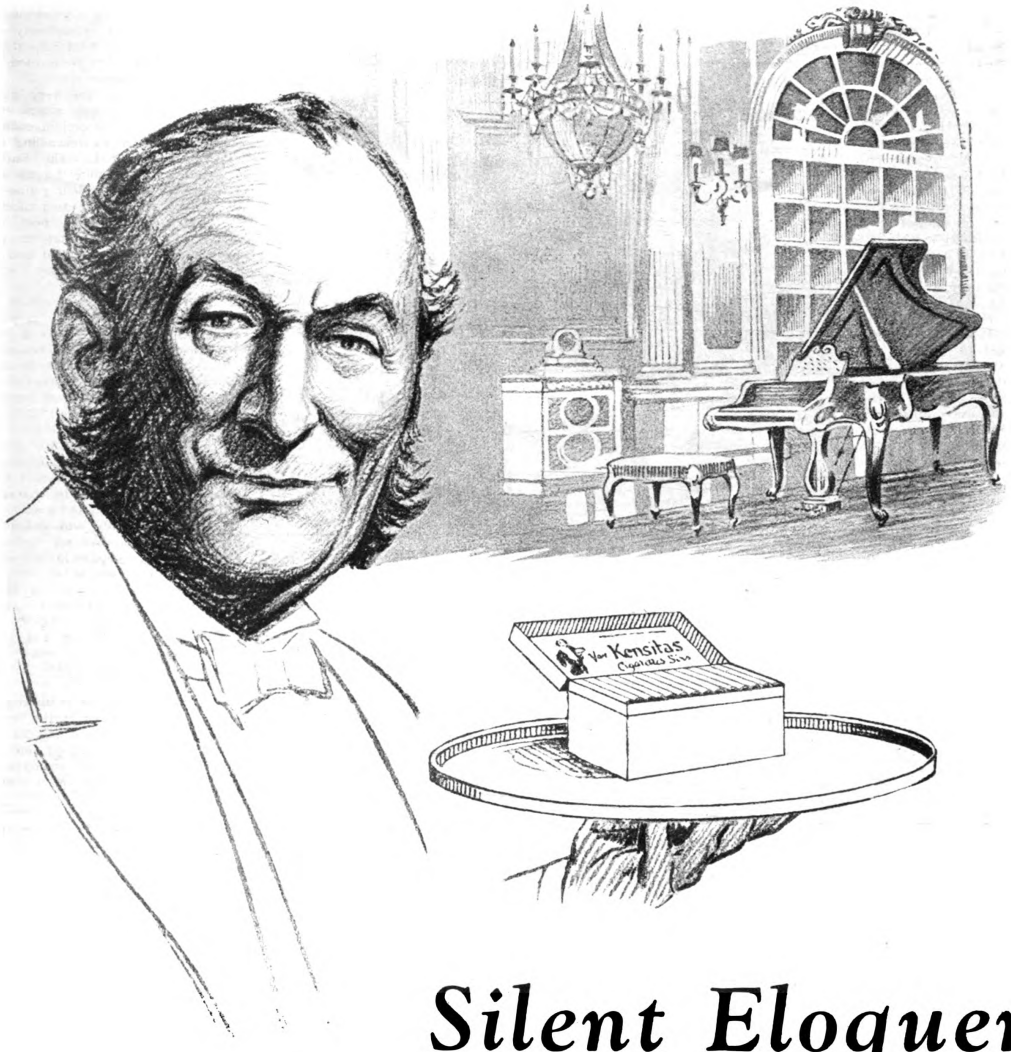
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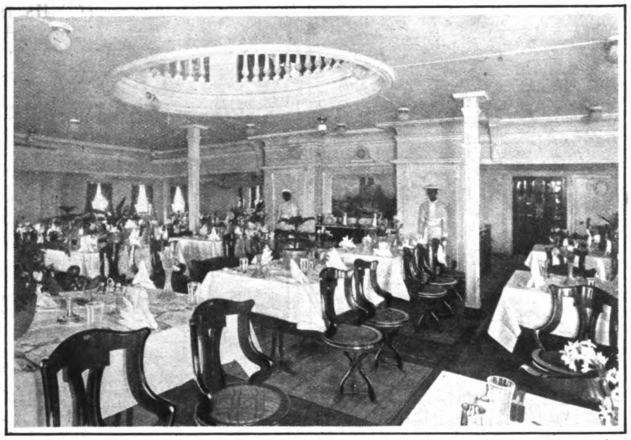
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*Continued.*]

inviting subscriptions beforehand, and thus relying on the ordinary paying public. In spite of considerable success, due chiefly to Sims Reeves in "Lucia di Lammermoor," Jullien's attempts failed: "He forgot that the ordinary paying public outside the aristocracy had to be educated up to his standard, and that this would take time. His system of lavish expenditure meant an outlay for which no adequate return could be expected immediately." Jullien was a very remarkable man who did a great deal for music in England. For this opera season he had engaged Berlioz as conductor, and had ransacked Europe for good artists. Berlioz said, in his characteristically ironic way, that "Jullien, in his incontestable, uncontested character of madman, had engaged a splendid orchestra, a first-rate chorus, and a very fair set of singers; he had forgotten nothing but the répertoire." After the failure of his operatic venture—which was only a failure financially — Jullien returned to his original occupation—the conducting of the popular promenade concerts. Mr. Pearce gives a vivid picture of this remarkable person:

"Jullien had an instinct for 'effect.' So long as he was talked about, he did not care whether he was criticised favourably or unfavourably. I have a vivid recollection of him conducting his promenade concerts in the 'fifties. Whether it was due to the tailor's art or to his overpowering personality I do not know, but the impression produced upon my boyish mind was that of a colossal figure, a grand torso, wildly waving arms, and especially of snow-white kid gloves. The shortness of his legs was not apparent. The crash of the final chord over, he sank, to all appearance exhausted, into a magnificent throne-like arm-chair, superbly upholstered, mopping his forehead with a delicate pocket-handkerchief, taking care to show the blazing diamond ring on his little finger; he was seemingly deaf to the applause thundering round him. But in due time he rose with majesty, and one saw nothing but a vast area of shirt-front (ornamented, it was said, by representations of landscapes in embroidery), in the centre of which sparkled another diamond. His sweeping bow was graciousness itself. Anon a page-boy with three rows of gilt buttons sprouting from neck to waist appeared, bearing a salver on which was a second pair of white kid gloves, and these the great conductor put on in full sight of the audience before entering upon the next piece. When he conducted Beethoven he used a specially jewelled baton. . . . Moreover, in conducting his 'madness' had considerable method. 'I have had the honour,' says one of his orchestra writing in the *British Bandsman*, "of playing under his baton. . . . I unhesitatingly assert that, with all his peculiarities and study of the picturesque, he was the best conductor I ever played under. . . . One felt it was impossible to go wrong.'" The methods have changed, but a good deal of the old spirit is left, and the twentieth-century variety of the estimable Jullien is not unknown to us—fortunately. Such characters do a great deal to enliven the world in which we live, and it is to be hoped that mankind will never be without them.—W. J. TURNER.



SUGGESTING A FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT RATHER THAN A SALOON ON BOARD SHIP: A CORNER OF THE LUXURIOUS DINING SALOON IN THE "CITY OF PARIS," MAKING HOLIDAY CRUISES TO SCANDINAVIA.

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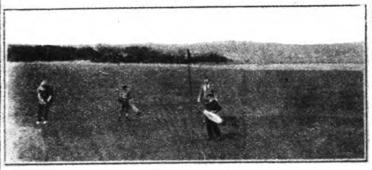
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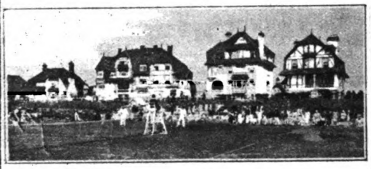
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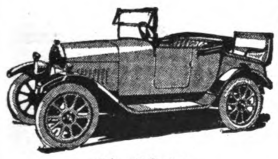


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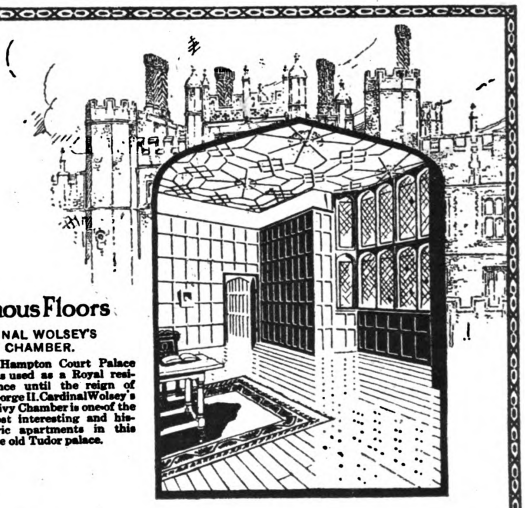



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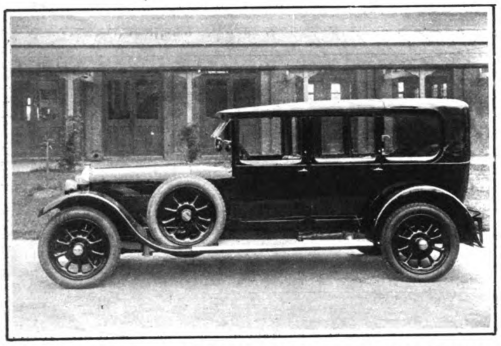
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# THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**Compulsory Insurance.**

From time to time the question arises of passing legislation to compel motor-car owners to insure against third-party risks. Only the other day a case in bankruptcy was heard in which the debtor ascribed his failure to a judgment against him in a running-down case in which he was mulcted in heavy damages. The Official Receiver expressed the opinion that every motorist should be compelled by law to insure himself against such liabilities. If he had gone a great deal farther I should be very much inclined to agree with him; but what one would like to know is why only the motorist should be singled out for such compulsion? As a matter of fact, it seems to me that compulsory third-party insurance ought to be introduced for other classes of road-users even before the motorist. The latter is, as a rule, a person of some substance, and if he should be involved in a case which results in his being condemned to pay more or less heavy damages he is, in nine cases out of ten, able to find the money even if he is not insured. Moreover, the motorist scarcely has a monopoly of accidents in which injuries are caused to a third party or in which serious material damages occur. It is not an unknown thing for persons to be seriously injured by horse-drawn vehicles, or even by cyclists, and it is obvious that, as a general rule, the owners of such vehicles are less able to pay for their derelictions than the motor-car owner.

I am not disposed to argue the merits or demerits of compulsory third-party insurance, but still less am I prepared to accept the proposition that it should, if made effective, apply only to the motorist. If it is a good thing for him, then surely it is equally good for the rest—the horsed-vehicle owner, the cyclist, and all the rest of the great road-using community. If any attempt should be made to give legislative effect to the idea, I trust the motoring organisations will fight it tooth and nail along this line.



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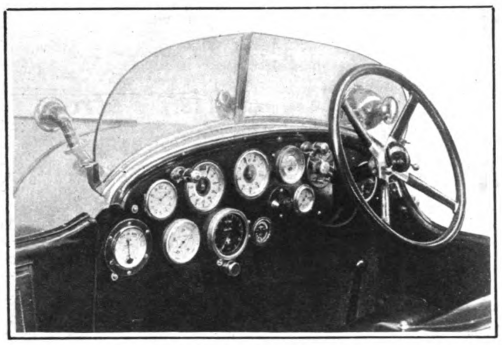
**Low-Pressure Tyre Performance.**

A recent trial at Brooklands seems to set at rest the question of whether or not the new low-pressure or "balloon" tyres will stand up to sustained high speeds. A set of four Dunlop low-pressure cord tyres were submitted to test on a six-cylinder A.C. car, and were run a distance of 1559½ miles in two days, at an average speed of 67·41 miles an hour, and stood up to it wonderfully well. At the conclusion the amount of wear was carefully recorded by the R.A.C. officials in charge of the trial, when it was ascertained that the maximum wear on any one tread was less than five millimetres, and the minimum less than three millimetres. This is really negligible, bearing in mind that the tyres were quite small of their kind—namely, 29 inch by 4½ inch—and the high speed at which they were run. Undoubtedly, this type of tyre has come to stay, and it is only a question of time for it to become a standard, particularly in the case of the comparatively small car. We shall before long see the manufacturer designing his cars for these tyres, which I consider is essential if the best results are to be obtained.

**On Battery Service.**

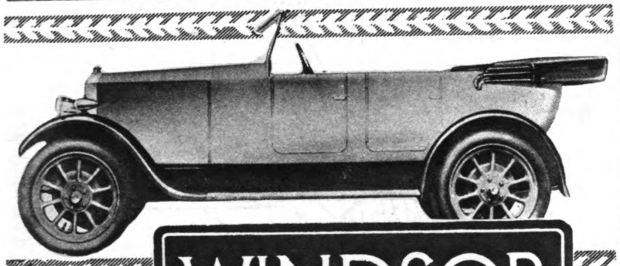
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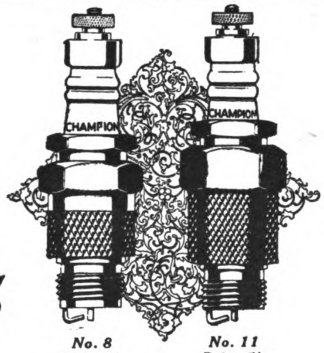
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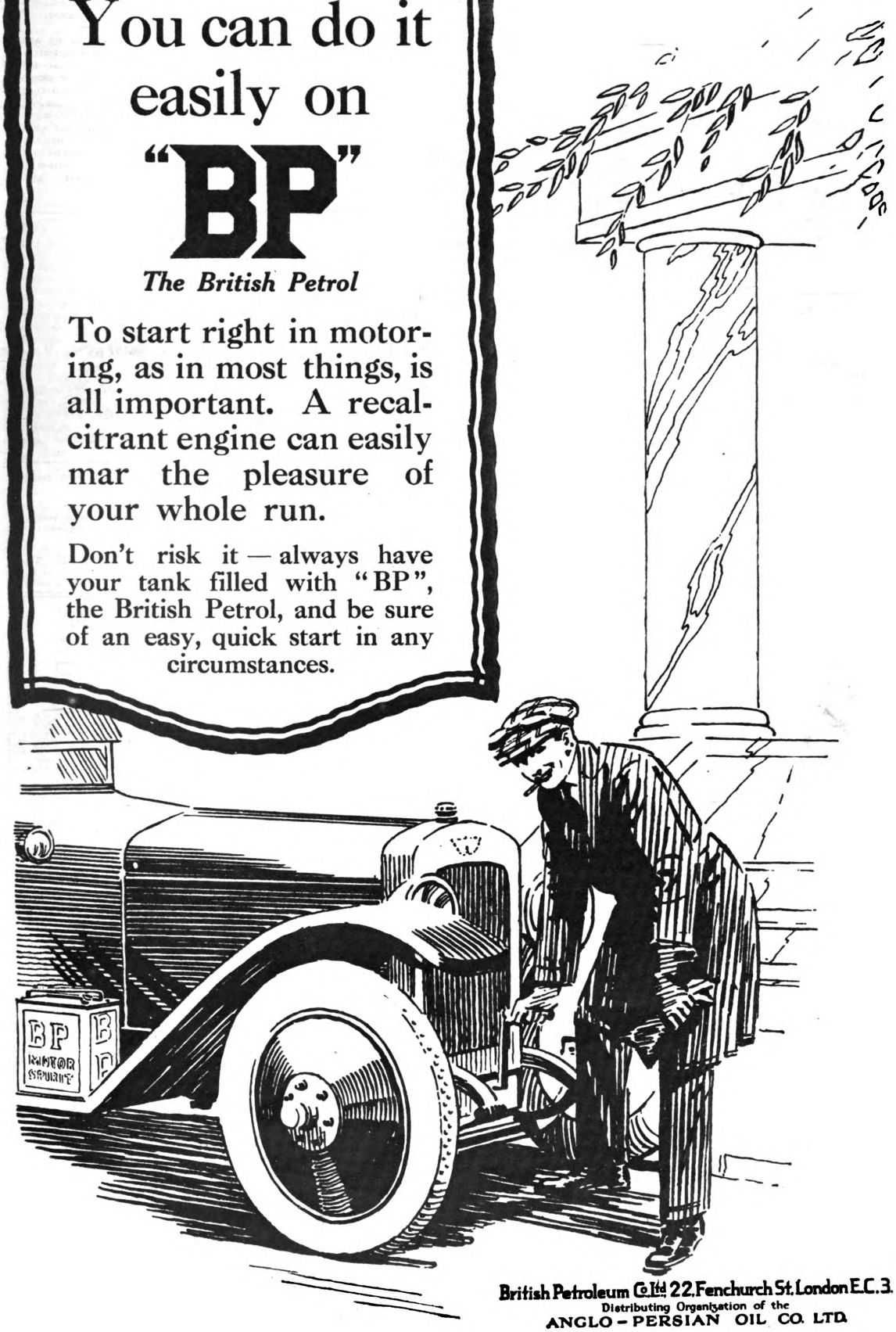
Dependable for Every Engine

# You can do it easily on "BP"

*The British Petrol*

**To start right in motoring, as in most things, is all important. A recalcitrant engine can easily mar the pleasure of your whole run.**

Don't risk it — always have your tank filled with "BP", the British Petrol, and be sure of an easy, quick start in any circumstances.



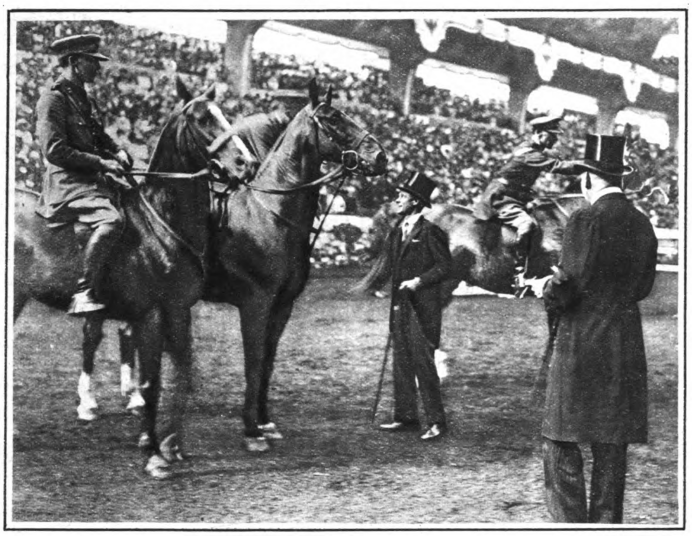

British Petroleum Co. Ltd. 22, Fenchurch St. London E.C.3.
Distributing Organization of the
ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

*Continued.*]

door, the same service as could be given him at the factory.

Last week there was a convention of agents of the Exide battery concern, which was not a little remarkable for the light it shed on the organisation and the methods employed by this firm in its relations with the user. I suppose that about eighty per cent. at least of all the cars in use here are equipped with Exide batteries, and it is therefore obvious that any adequate service arrangements must be of a well-thought-out and comprehensive character. I imagined I knew something about their system, of which I have more than once been glad to take advantage, but I really had no idea it was as widespread as it is. It literally lifts from the shoulders of the motorist the whole trouble of battery maintenance, which is borne by the man who knows how to get the most out of the battery. It is really marvellous organisation, and a comfortable one withal. It is a great thing to know that it is virtually impossible for one to be stranded anywhere in the country if the trouble is connected with the battery system.

**Notable Sunbeam Successes.** At the recent South Harting hill-climb, promoted by the Surbiton Motor Club, the following trophies were secured by Mr. Dario Resta on the new two-litre six-cylinder Sunbeam car: Class 23, for racing cars up to 2000 c.c., silver cup; Class 25, for racing cars up to 3000 c.c., silver cup; Class 27, racing cars unlimited, silver cup; Fastest time of the day, silver cup. At the recent Blackpool Speed Trials Mr. G. J. Jackson, a Blackpool motorist, driving his three-litre Sunbeam, won the Bentley Cup for Standard Sports cars, the Blackpool Motor Club cup for the best aggregate performance, and the Speed Trials cup for the fastest time made by a car-owner resident in Blackpool.



THE PRINCE OF WALES CONGRATULATES THE WINNERS OF HIS CUP: A SCENE AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA AFTER THE BRITISH TEAM HAD WON THE JUMPING COMPETITION.

Representatives of five foreign Armies took part in the jumping competition for the Prince of Wales's Cup at Olympia, the principal event of the week. The jumping was of a very high order, and England's team only lost 10 points over the course. The Prince descended into the ring when the competition was over, and presented the winning ribbons to the representatives of the various Armies. Thousands of cheering spectators witnessed the ceremony.—[*Photograph by G.P.U.*]

**A New Dunlop Guide.** The new, handy-sized Dunlop Guide to Great Britain, comprising nearly a thousand pages, and published by Messrs. E. J. Burrow and Co., Ltd., of Cheltenham and London, at 5s. net., marks a great advance over previous road guides. Outstanding features of the Guide are the use of large type throughout, making the text readable under all conditions, and the entire absence of the hieroglyphics which usually make the study of road books so difficult. The completeness of the information given may be gauged from the fact that, in addition to nearly 300 town plans and the usual details of hotels and repairers for over 2000 centres, a list of official parking places in London and the provinces, routes round and through London, avoiding busy crossings, and a London theatres and kinemas plan are given. Then there is, too, an atlas of thirty maps, showing in detail all first and second grade roads in the British Isles. The book is rounded off by a compendium of useful information and valuable hints relating to motor-cars and motor touring, etc., which is in itself a splendid five-shillings'-worth. The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., are further supplementing the value of the Guide Book by opening a bureau devoted to touring service at Central House, 43, 45, 47, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. This service, which is under the control of a motoring authority, is absolutely gratis, and is of the greatest value to any motorist contemplating either a long or a short tour.

**Vauxhalls at Blackpool.** In the recent Blackpool Speed Trials, Vauxhall cars were first, second, and third both in Class 14 and Class 18. In Class 5 a Vauxhall car was first. All these successes were made with 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall touring cars, with one exception, this being a ten-years-old Vauxhall racing car. W. W.


The NEW Columbia Grafonola

The Gramophone Advance of the Century



Prices from £5 10s. to £85.

FOR the first time in the history of the gramophone Great Britain has taken the lead with a revolutionary improvement in tone.

For the first time, too, Master Musicians have recognised the significance of the development, and pay notable tribute to the New COLUMBIA as the greatest gramophone advance yet.

SIR HENRY J. WOOD says:—"I consider this instrument the greatest contribution to the advancement of music since the original invention of the gramophone itself."

Dame CLARA BUTT says:—"This invention easily places the Grafonola several years in advance of any other known gramophone."

A REVOLUTION IN TONE

*Art Catalogue of the New Columbia Grafonola with 140 ft. Catalogue of Records and name of nearest dealer post free. COLUMBIA, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.*

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CORD TYRES
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# WHEN AT WEMBLEY

## Be Sure You Stroke The Lucky Cat



Like most places of note, Wembley has its mascots. One of the luckiest you will find in the Gas Exhibit in the Palace of Industry.

It is a large black and white china cat, which lies curled up on the mat in the model room occupied by an old lady with white hair, who typifies Old Age in "The Seven Ages of Woman."

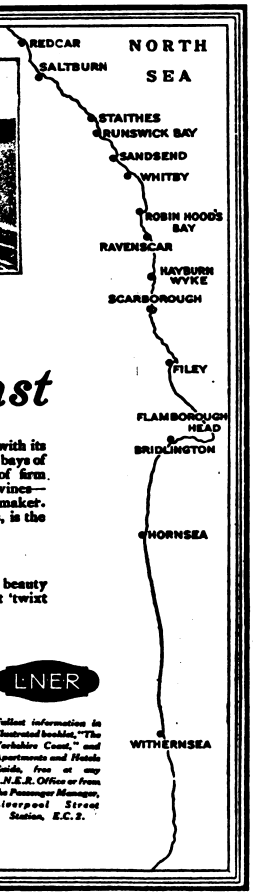
Everyone who visits the room is invited to "Stroke the cat for luck."—
*Daily Press.*

You will find "The Seven Ages of Woman" tableaux around the comfortable "rest lounge" in

THE BRITISH EMPIRE GAS EXHIBIT
*(In the centre of the Palace of Industry)*








# *The Glorious Yorkshire Coast*

THE magnificent Yorkshire Coast—with its majestic cliffs of wild beauty, dream bays of fairy charm, glorious stretches of firm golden sand, lovely villages in wooded ravines—offers infinite variety to the holiday-maker. Here, guarded by the wheeling seabirds, is the home of legend, romance and adventure.

You seek a resort of fashion—a famous beauty spot for easel or camera—a quiet hamlet 'twixt moor and sea—a summer playground where generations of children have found health and happiness? On this map you will find them all, with Scarborough, the Queen of Watering Places, enthroned in their midst.

LNER

And whether you stay at palatial hotel, comfortable modern boarding establishment, hospitable farmhouse or fisherman's cottage, you may be certain of the far-famed Yorkshire fare which is the fitting complement to the bracing Yorkshire air.

*Fullest information in illustrated booklet, "The Yorkshire Coast," and Apartments and Hotels Guide, free at any L.N.E.R. Offices or from the Passenger Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2.*





*"The Major"*

# Something Different

DOZENS of brands of Cigarettes are being sold in this country. In blend they vary slightly. In CAVANDER'S ARMY CLUB CIGARETTES smokers have something better—something different—something for which they have unconsciously waited. Pure old matured golden Virginia packed in fine, *Ribbed Rice* "paper," ***uncontaminated with Bronze Powder or Inks,*** gives smokers *NATURE'S* TOBACCO—UNSPOILT.

Cavander's say-don't smoke Ink-
*smoke*
Cavander's

# "Army Club"

## Cigarettes



***Free from the contamination of Printer's Ink and Bronze Powder***

*CAMBRIDGE SIZE*
**20 for 1/3**

Cavander's, Ltd., Manchester and London.
The Firm of Three Centuries. Established 1775.

## RADIO NOTES.

AT the negligible cost of about a farthing a day, any owner of a receiving-set may listen to radio entertainment for five or six hours every day throughout a whole year.

From July 1 the fee for a broadcast receiving license is a uniform one of ten shillings, irrespective of whether a complete receiving-set is purchased or whether the set is made at home.

About 300,000 listeners who paid fifteen shillings a year for the privilege of using a home-made set are affected by the new arrangement, and each will save a third of the former cost when taking out a new license on expiration of the existing one. Some interesting statistics were given recently by Lord Gainsford at the first annual general meeting of the British Broadcasting Company, Ltd. He stated that 804,000 licenses had been issued by the Postmaster-General to the end of May 1924, and that the B.B.C. had spent £148,961 on programmes up to March 31. The erection and equipment of broadcasting stations had cost £55,083. License fees received by the B.B.C. from the Post Office up to March 31 amounted to £105,484. Another statement of special interest to listeners was the fact that broadcast programmes are compiled five weeks in advance of performance. One has only to look at the B.B.C. weekly programme of transmissions from all broadcasting stations to gain an idea of the tremendous amount of work involved in arranging the hundreds of items and time-tables, with their intricacies created by broadcasting from individual stations, or simultaneously from all stations.

In these days no home is really complete without a broadcast receiving-set. By the acquisition of either a crystal set or a valve set, entertainment and information of all kinds, including opera, orchestras and bands, dance music, instrumental solos, concert parties, plays, speeches and talks, correct time from the Royal Observatory and from Big Ben, to-morrow's weather, news, and many other subjects of equal interest are available for reception in the home—and all for ten shillings a year, plus the cost of the apparatus.

In every home the invisible radio waves which carry the broadcasts are present during the hours of transmission. They permeate everywhere, and only require to be intercepted by a receiving-set. In most houses in London, or in any other city or town served by a broadcasting station, an outside aerial is not absolutely necessary, as it is quite easy to intercept the waves by an indoor aerial, which may consist of ordinary electric-bell wire hidden along the walls of rooms. A single-wire outdoor aerial is advisable, however, if it is desired to receive from distant stations.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER BROADCASTS: MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN SPEAKING FROM THE LONDON BROADCASTING STATION TO THOUSANDS OF RADIO LISTENERS. The voice of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen was heard last week by many thousands of radio listeners in all parts of Great Britain on the occasion of her talk, entitled "Wimbledon this Year."—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

If reception of a local station only is desired by means of a crystal set, the set is always ready for immediate use after once having adjusted the detector and tuned in to the wave-length of the station. The broadcasts may then be heard at any time by the simple process of placing the telephones to the ears. If the item heard does not suit the listener's mood of the moment, then the 'phones may be laid aside, and the set left to take care of itself until required for use later in the evening or during the next day, no further manipulation being necessary unless the detector has been thrown out of adjustment.

The procedure with a valve set is simpler still: for after the station is once tuned, the set will always respond directly the current for the valves is switched on; and as detection is dealt with by a valve, this most important action of the set cannot be thrown out of adjustment as can a crystal detector. A good crystal set enables from one to four or five persons to hear by wearing head-phones, and a multivalve set permits a roomful of people to hear from a loud-speaker; that is to say, without wearing head-phones. A crystal set costs nothing to maintain, but the accumulators of a valve set require charging every week, unless dull-emitter valves are used with current supplied from dry batteries, in which case the batteries need to be renewed about every three or six months—according to their size, and to the number of hours in use for reception.

Compared with a valve set, a crystal set is cheaper, but the number of people who may listen at the same time is limited, and separate head-phones must be purchased for each listener. A multi-valve set will receive long-distance stations in addition to the local station, and, moreover, a large number of people may hear simultaneously from the one loud-speaker, and on suitable occasions dance to music issuing from it.

W. H. S.




THE SECRET of Commercial Success

WHY is it some men make a success in the business world whilst others who have apparently the same opportunities never get there?

To a large extent it is because the latter do not know how to "dress the window." This Americanism is the secret.

*Clothes often secure an entrée.*

**D. S. MORRIS, of 28, Sackville Street, Piccadilly,** by choosing the most exclusive designs in cloth and imbeing every garment with style, produces the effect of refined forcefulness. The result is that his client looks the part; he acts the part; he begets confidence.

*Hence he succeeds.*

Lounge Suits from 9 Gns.

*The "Corstay" Figure Belt (Registered) reduces the figure. Price 25/-.*

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SCOTCH WHISKY

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*Illustrated in Catalogue 3 N.*

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# PEARS PAGEANT OF BEAUTY



*GIVE me a face showing character and purpose. Add two subtle eyes set wide apart. One nose, straight. Two lips, finely moulded. One chin, well modelled. Roses and cream well mixed for the complexion. A frame of wavy hair. That is the face I like to photograph.*

Yevonde

## WHAT IS BEAUTY?

An excellent recipe for loveliness, Yevonde's, to judge by this example. Here is a face brimful of character. No pretty-pretty beauty, here, but strength and individuality.

"Roses and cream—well mixed—for the complexion": the sauce piquante that adds enchantment to the loveliness of straight nose and subtle eyes.

And to produce the roses and cream the proper recipe is Pears Soap well mixed with water into fresh creamy lather.

Its perfect purity and stimulating freshness make Pears Transparent Soap to-day as it has been for 130 years matchless for the complexion.




*Unscented 7d. and 4½d. per tablet. Scented from 1 shilling.*

*Visit Pears Palace of Beauty at Wembley*

# PEARS for HEALTH and BEAUTY

## CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

E M VICARS (Norfolk).—In your solution of No. 3932 you have emulated a famous classical example. How do you carry on after 1. —— R to Q 6th, or B takes R?

C H WATSON (Masham).—Your solution of No. 3933 makes it evident you must have set up the problem with the omission of the Black Pawn at K 5th. There can be no mate by 3. B to B 2nd, on account of P to K 6th, or by 3. Q to K 3rd, because the Queen cannot get there.

E A FRENCH (Lymington).—We trust you have received what you wanted of us. We shall always be glad to acknowledge your solutions.

H MAXWELL PRIDEAUX (Plymouth).—Thanks for your most interesting letter. We were well aware we trod on dangerous ground, but we did not expect to be blown sky-high, and with our own petard, too, in such quick time.

F J FALWELL (Caterham).—Perhaps the apology is due to you from us, for making your task too difficult. You have, however, the virtue of perseverance, by which every failure is made the stepping-stone to ultimate success. You will see that one solver of No. 3933 got over your difficulty of the superfluous Black Pawn by boldly abolishing it. No. 3934 you must look at again, and don't bustle the Queen about so much.

H F MARKER (Porbander).—Yes, you *are* mistaken over No. 3931, and are by no means alone in the error. The answer to 1. Q takes Kt is P to K 4th, and if then, 2. P takes P *en pass.* (dis ch), P to K B 4th prevents mate. For what purpose but the very prevention of this did you play 1. B to Q 8th?

M BEACH (Milton Bridge).—Black's defence of P to K 4th in No. 3931 does not save him. It is expressly to meet this the key move is designed. An explanation of P takes P *en passant* requires more space than we can give, but any elementary book on chess will supply you with full information.

BARON DE REUTER (Turin).—Your enclosure has been handed to the proper authority with a request that the omission to which you refer may be made good. Solutions are duly acknowledged in the usual place. The solution of No. 3931 was 1. B to Q 8th. You will see from other answers why 1. Q takes Kt fails.

W FINLAYSON (Edinburgh).—It is a great pleasure to hear from you again after such a long silence, and your batch of problems is most acceptable.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3928 received from R W Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3930 from Baron De Reuter (Turin), H F Marker (Porbander, India), and G Parbury (Singapore); of No. 3931 from H F Marker (Porbander), and Horace E McFarland (St. Louis, Missouri); of No. 3932 from F J Falwell (Caterham), E A French (Lymington), M Beach (Milton Bridge), Baron De Reuter (Turin), and Rev. A D Meares (Baltimore); and of No. 3933 from L W Cafferata (Farndon), W N Powell (Ledbury), E A French (Lymington), W E Harrison (Leeds), and R B Pearce (Happisburgh).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3934 received from J J Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), H W Satow (Bangor), C H Watson (Masham), J P Smith (Cricklewood), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), C B S (Canterbury), W C D Smith (Northampton), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), J Hunter (Leicester), L W Cafferata (Farndon), M E Jowett (Grange-on-Sands), W N Powell (Ledbury), S Caldwell (Hove), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and E G B Barlow (Bournemouth).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3933.—BY J. M. K. LUPTON.

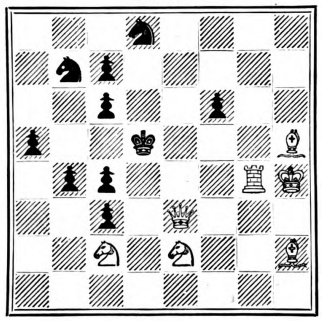
| WHITE | BLACK |
|---|---|
| 1. Kt to Kt 4th | K to K 4th |
| 2. Q to Q 5th (ch) | K moves |
| 3. Mates accordingly. | |

If Black play, 1. —— K to B 4th, 2. Q to R 7th (ch), etc.; if 1. ——K to K 6th, 2. Q to Q 5th, etc; if 1. —— K to B 6th, 2. Q to R 7th, etc.

A clever and ambitious setting of flight squares for Black's King, continued through the second move. In such a position some duals are inevitable; but they have escaped notice, and many of our solvers are loud in their praise of the problem.

PROBLEM No. 3935.—By E. BOSWELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The Chess Section of the Olympic International games will carry out its part of the programme by meeting in Paris on July 12, when an entry of nearly fifty competitors is expected. The full list of players is not yet published, but it is known that England will be represented by Mrs. Holloway and Mr. J. H. Blake, while Herr Max Euwe is amongst those appearing for Holland, and M. A Muffang, with others, upholds the honour of France. Scotland, Belgium, and Russia, together with other nations, are all likely to take part in the contest. The tournament will be arranged on the sectional system, as successfully adopted by the British Chess Federation at Southsea last summer. Two rounds a day will be played, and the congress will end on July 20.

### CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament at the Hotel Alamac, New York, between Dr. S. TARTAKOVER and Señor CAPABLANCA.

*(King's Bishop Gambit.)*

| WHITE (Dr. T.) | BLACK (Sr. C.) |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th |
| 2. P to K B 4th | P takes P |
| 3. B to K 2nd | |

Constituting what has been called the Little Bishop's Gambit. It was a favourite opening of Bird's, as it afforded adventurous chances, but the present game shows its uselessness against the modern school of development.

| | |
|---|---|
| 3. | P to Q 4th |
| 4. P takes P | Kt to K B 3rd |
| 5. P to B 4th | P to B 3rd |
| 6. P to Q 4th | B to Kt 5th (ch) |
| 7. K to B sq | P takes P |
| 8. B takes P | P takes P |
| 9. B takes Kt | |

Threatening, of course, to win a piece by Q to R 4th (ch). In view of Black's defensive resource, however, B takes P at once is sounder play.

| | |
|---|---|
| 9. | Kt to Q 4th |
| 10. K to B 2nd | R takes B |
| 11. B takes P | Castles |
| 12. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to B 3rd |
| 13. Kt to B 3rd | P to Q Kt 4th |

Black now takes up the attack, and presses the advantage of his position with relentless vigour.

| WHITE (Dr. T.) | BLACK (Sr. C.) |
|---|---|
| 14. B to Q 3rd | Kt to Kt 5 (ch) |
| 15. K to Kt sq | B to Kt 2nd |
| 16. B to B 5th | B takes Kt |
| 17. P takes B | Kt to K 6th |
| 18. B takes P (ch) | |

He would gladly get rid of the troublesome attentions of the Kt in exchange for his B, but Black sees his way not to oblige him.

| | |
|---|---|
| 18. | K to R sq |
| 19. Q to Q 3rd | B takes Kt |
| 20. P takes B | Kt to Q 4th |
| 21. B to K 4th | Kt to B 5th |
| 22. Q to Q 2nd | Q to R 5th |
| 23. K to B sq | P to B 4th |
| 24. B to B 6th | R to B 3rd |

From here to the end the opposition is simply obliterated.

| | |
|---|---|
| 25. P to Q 5th | R to Q sq |
| 26. R to Q sq | R takes B |
| 27. P takes R | R takes Q |
| 28. R takes R | Kt to K 3rd |
| 29. R to Q 6th | Q to Q B 5 (ch) |
| 30. K to Kt 2nd | Q to K 7 (ch) |
| 31. Resigns. | |

In effect he has tried to give the odds of King's Rook to the Champion.

By command of his Majesty the King, the refreshments at the Garden Party held at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, June 25, were provided by Messrs. J. Lyons and Company Ltd.

In our issue of June 28, the portrait of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, the famous lawn-tennis player, on the front page, was described, by an oversight, as being from a photograph by W. Caudery. It was, in reality, the work of Messrs. Bassano, Ltd.




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PERFECTION MODEL.
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Users of Benger's Food from all parts of the world will be welcomed by the Professional Nurses at the Benger's Food Stand. All information will be given, and Benger's Food as prepared for Infants, Invalids and the Aged, will be demonstrated and enquiries answered.
*Direction.*—Enter the Palace of Industry by the Gate of Plenty, opposite Australia. The Food Section is on the left. Ask for Benger's Food Stand. The nurses are there to advise and help, and not to sell.

Infants thrive upon Benger's.
Besides modifying cows' milk to the delicate digestion of a child, Benger's Food enriches it, the prepared food approximates in its composition and properties to the breast milk of a healthy mother.
Benger's is always prepared with fresh new milk.
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89

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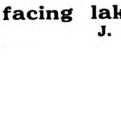
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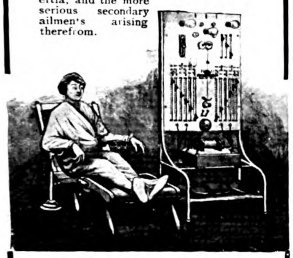
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(4) Every picture entered *must have been taken on Kodak 3¼×2¼ Film Pack* by the Competitor, though he or she need not have done the development, printing or mounting.

(5) Entries must be addressed to Photo Competition, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 48 Southwark Street, London, S.E.,1, and must arrive not later than August 30, 1924. The result will be advertised in the *Daily Mail* on September 30.

(6) The proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap reserve to themselves the right of purchasing the copyright of any of the photographs sent for £2 2s. each.

(7) Kodak Limited will act as judges to the competition and their decision must be accepted as final.

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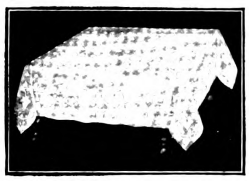
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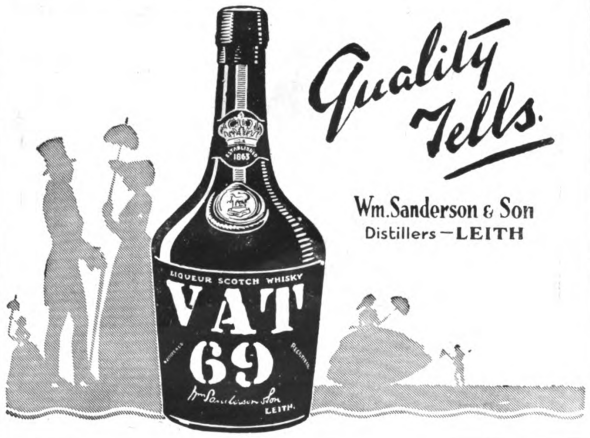
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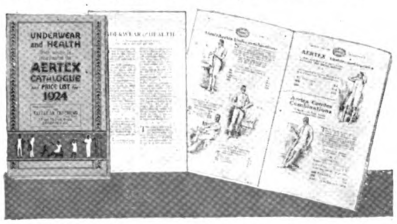



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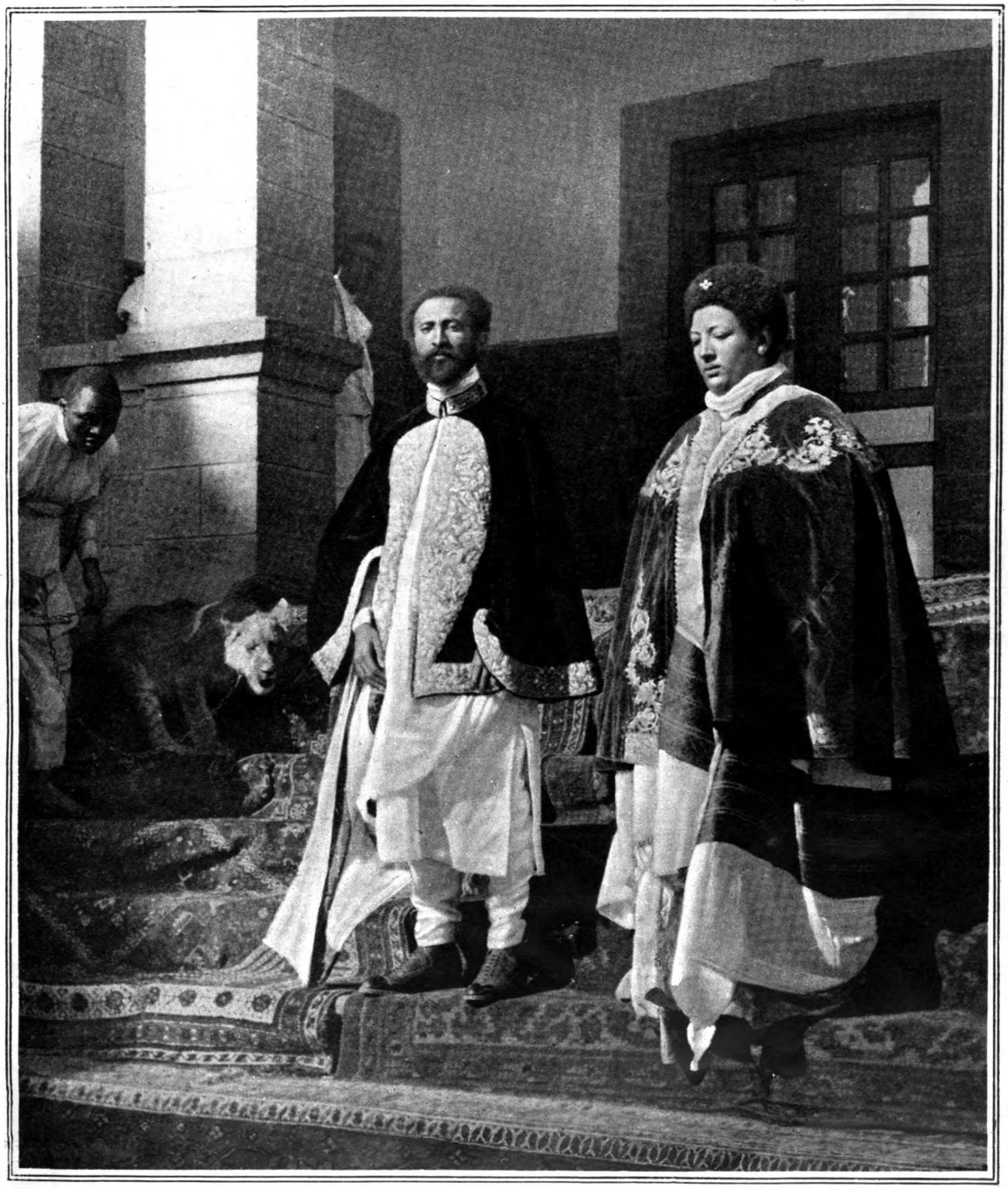
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

**SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1924.**



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**THE FIRST ABYSSINIAN RULER TO LEAVE HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS: H.I.H. PRINCE TAFARI, REGENT OF ABYSSINIA, WHO IS A GUEST OF THIS COUNTRY—WITH HIS WIFE, PRINCESS MANEN, AT ADDIS ABABA.**

Never since the foundation of the Royal House of Ethiopia, that House which, tradition tells, is descended from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, has an Abyssinian monarch or Heir to the Throne been known to leave his native mountains in the heart of Africa. That Prince Tafari has accomplished this, with the blessing of the Empress Zauditu, in whose place he rules, and the benediction of the leader of his Church, to say nothing of the agreement of the feudatory princes who share his kingdom, augurs well for the future of his country. The Prince, who was ruling a province when in his middle 'teens, led a revolution and became Regent when he was twenty-four, nearly eight years ago. The people over whom he is head, although they live in what is often called "darkest Africa," are among the earliest of Christian peoples. Known racially as Cushites, their ruling classes are members of the Ethiopian branch of the Hamitic race, who settled in Abyssinia some thousands of years before the Christian era, and were converted to Christianity about 300 A.D.

# WHERE EMPRESS REIGNS AND PRINCE RULES: MEDIÆVAL ABYSSINIA.

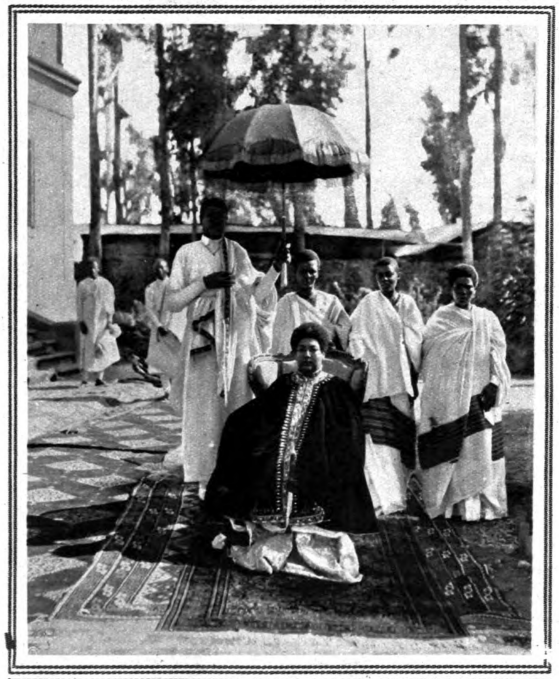
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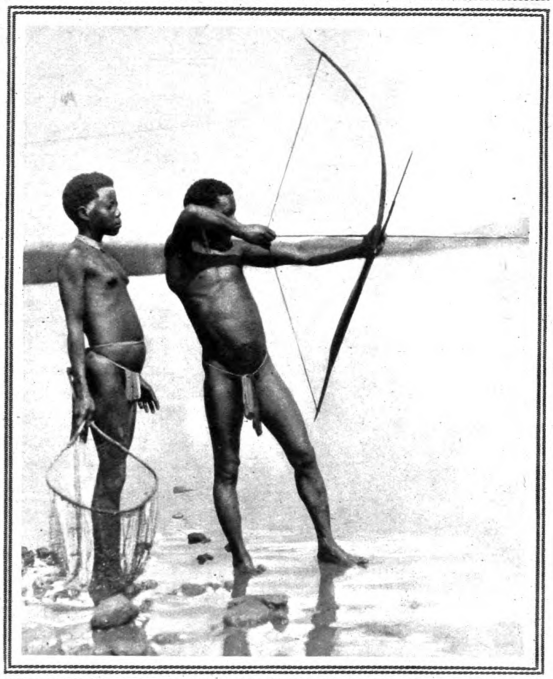
CARRYING A LOAD ENCASED IN WICKER-WORK: AN ABYSSINIAN NATIVE OF ARAB EXTRACTION.



A "BENCH" OF MEDIÆVAL "BISHOPS": HIGH PRIESTS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH (ORTHODOX), IN ABYSSINIA, WHICH IS INDEPENDENT OF OUTSIDE DENOMINATIONS.



AS SHE APPEARS ON STATE OCCASIONS: PRINCESS MANEN, WIFE OF PRINCE TAFARI, REGENT AND HEIR-APPARENT OF ABYSSINIA.



WITH HIS GIRL ASSISTANT READY TO HAUL IN THE CATCH WITH A DIP NET: AN ABYSSINIAN YOUTH SHOOTING FISH WITH BOW AND ARROW.

Our guest, his Imperial Highness Prince Tafari, is anxious that his country should cultivate more intimate relations with his hosts. As a mark of courtesy, he brought a gift of two lions for the King. The former part of his European tour was outlined under the portrait of him in our issue of May 17; and in last week's issue we reproduced a drawing of his reception at the Vatican, where he presented a casket and was received by Pope Pius XI. His retinue of feudatory nobles, with retainers numbering forty in all, is one of the most resplendent seen in London. Described as a man of broad culture and "every inch a king," he wears on state occasions an immaculate white costume, with a black velvet cloak fastened with a gold and jewelled clasp. Ras Tafari traces his descent by

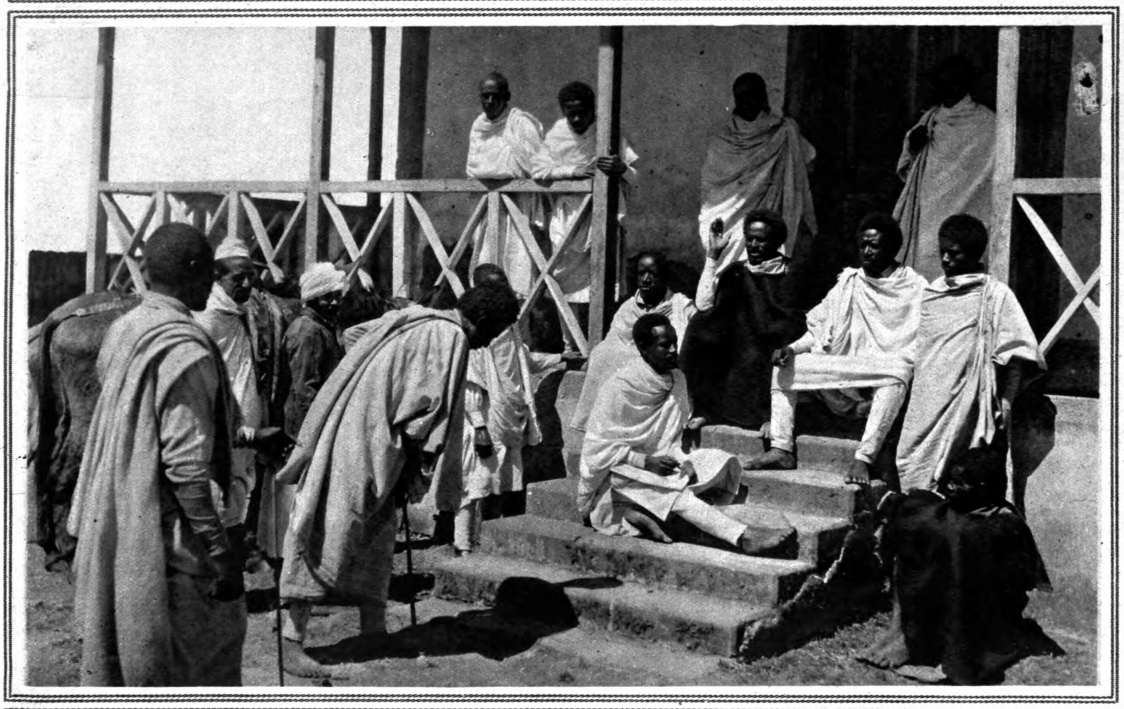
[*Continued opposite.*

# WHERE THE WRIT OF "THE LEAGUE" RUNS: ABYSSINIA THE MEDIÆVAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EWING GALLOWAY, NEW YORK.



ON ONE OF THE ABYSSINIAN LAKES, WHICH YIELD MANY FISH FOR FOOD: A FISHING CHIEF, WITH HIS BOATS AND THEIR CREWS.



TRIAL WITHOUT JURY: A PLAINTIFF PLEADING HIS CASE BEFORE A LOCAL DIGNITARY IN ABYSSINIA.

*Continued.*]

tradition from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and styles himself "the Prince of Jerusalem and Lion of Judah"; and the pageantry and ceremonial at his Court are said to be as grandiose as those of Biblical days. His retinue indicates the strength of his Government, for it includes princes of the Northern Kingdom and the ruler of the Western Kingdom, both of which have hitherto been at variance with Prince Tafari's house. The Regent is also a strong advocate of schools for the young, and has established several model schools in his capital, as an example to his nobles. He himself has a little son of whom he is very fond. It was owing chiefly to the efforts of the Prince Regent that Abyssinia was admitted last September into the League of Nations.

# The Ruler of Abyssinia: Prince Tafari Makonnen.

*By C. F. REY, F.R.G.S., Author of "Unconquered Abyssinia as it is To-Day."*

"THUS the gates of that solitary realm were for ever shut against the arts, the science, and the fanaticism of Europe." So wrote Gibbon in reference to the expulsion of the venturesome Portuguese Jesuit missionaries from Abyssinia in 1633—a somewhat remarkable instance of the danger of prophecy.



IN THE CAPITAL OF ABYSSINIA: A STREET IN ADDIS ABABA.—[*Photograph by Carter.*]

For to-day the ruler of that "solitary realm," H.I.H. Tafari Makonnen, Regent of the Empire and Heir to the Throne of Ethiopia, has come down from his mountain home and is paying ceremonial visits to the principal countries of Europe, received by Kings and Princes, and by the heads of the great Christian Churches of the West.

The occasion makes a striking appeal to the imagination, and the man who has brought it about is a remarkable figure. Born only thirty-three years ago, appointed to the governance of a vast district at the age of sixteen, and of a province nearly as big as England at the age of twenty, he has seen in early life his country torn by internal dissension and the subject of constant foreign intrigue.

When only twenty-five he was called on with his cousin the Empress Zauditu, the daughter of King Menelik, to control the destinies of a land whose many different races had from time immemorial regarded war as their pastime, whether against foreign foes or amongst rival kingdoms of the Empire. His first task was to fight a great battle in 1916 against the rebel forces of the dispossessed Emperor Lej Yasu, whose three years of misrule had done so much to weaken Menelik's great work of consolidation, and since then he has been engaged ceaselessly in endeavouring to improve the position of his country and the lot of his people.

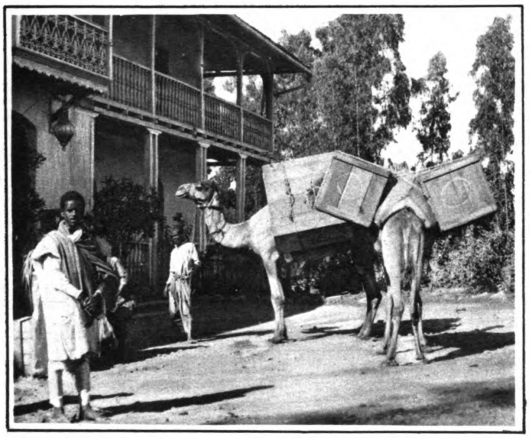
His efforts have met with a considerable measure of success at home, and by gaining admission for Abyssinia to the League of Nations he has secured its position abroad. This has enabled him to undertake his present mission, the effect of which on Abyssinia's future must be very great. For he is bringing with him some of the most important of his country's chieftains, men who govern vast provinces and whose influence is a great factor in their unconquered mountain home.

Fully to realise this it must be borne in mind that the feudal system is still the accepted régime in Abyssinia; and the measure of the direct loyalty of the peasant to his local chief as distinct from his fealty to the central government is well indicated by the native proverb: "A dog knows his master, but not his master's master."

The extent to which feudality enters into the every-day life of the country is evident to the least observant traveller, and is well illustrated by the following instances.

An important source of national wealth is the grass of the country, and the commencement of the cutting is the occasion of a great festival. The Prince and his chiefs go out into the grasslands, accompanied by their tenants, soldiers, servants, and followers; the Prince personally cuts a little, his example is followed by the chiefs, and then the fields are stripped by the hand-sickles and knives of the multitude.

On another occasion the Empress had expressed a desire to visit a church some three or four miles away, but a few days beforehand it was realised that the "road" was impassable. Their subjects were requisitioned by their liege lords; the Prince and every noble and chief then in Addis Ababa each personally moved a few stones, their example being followed by the lesser chiefs, and so on downwards, until nearly 10,000 men were working on the road. It was ready in time!



IN THE COURTYARD OF THE IMPERIAL HOTEL IN THE ABYSSINIAN CAPITAL: CAMEL TRANSPORT.—[*Photograph by Carter.*]

The feudal system is by no means the only example of the state of "arrested development" in which the country may be said to be. There are practically no roads, rivers have to be forded or swum, and consequently to cover a tremendously mountainous country about four-and-a-half times the size of Britain, scored with deep river courses, with one's caravan of ponies and mules takes time.

But few more enjoyable forms of travel exist, for the climate on the great 6000-foot tableland which forms the bulk of the country is delightful, the scenery is beautiful, animal life of all kinds abounds, and the rainy season is a short one, lasting, as a rule, only from mid-June to September.

The modern innovations introduced into the capital, Addis Ababa, stand out in glaring contrast to the mediæval and even more ancient characteristics and customs that survive so extensively, such as the enforcement of the Mosaic Law, the great raw-meat banquets of the soldiery, the public executions in the market-place, and, above all, the wonderful old religious pageantry, which carries the mind of the onlooker back over twenty centuries.

To their religion the Abyssinians attach the greatest importance, and it has played a great part in shaping their history. When writing to the Great Powers in 1891, Menelik pointed out that "for more than fourteen centuries Ethiopia has been an island of Christians in a sea of pagans." They are proud of having become Christians whilst we were worshippers of Thor, and they have maintained the monophysite form of Christianity allied with many old Mosaic rites.

To witness one day the Dance of the Priests, a survival of rites we have all read of as David dancing before the Ark, and the next day perhaps to dine with the Regent in his exceedingly comfortable palace, with an excellent European menu, and to visit his up-to-date dairy, his private printing press and book-binding plant—the only ones in the country—is indeed to bring the centuries together, and calculated to make the traveller wonder whether he is awake or merely dreaming.

But the intensely practical and hard-working figure of the Regent presses forward continuously on his task—even while on his present visits he starts the day's work soon after seven o'clock, and his secretaries and typists have as strenuous a time here as they do at home.

Prince Tafari's journey is a great break with tradition, for never since the days of the Queen of Sheba has a ruling Prince of the House of Solomon left the country; it is, consequently, hardly surprising that we and they know so little of each other. They have no coast-line, and up to comparatively recent times Gibbon's picturesque description held true as a picture of their mentality and condition. "Encompassed on all sides by the enemies of their religion, the Ethiopians slept near a thousand years forgetful of the world by whom they were forgotten."



READY JUSTICE: ADMINISTERING THE LAW IN AN ADDIS ABABA STREET.—[*Photograph by Carter.*]

# LADIES' POLO: THE FIRST FEMININE MATCH PLAYED AT HURLINGHAM.

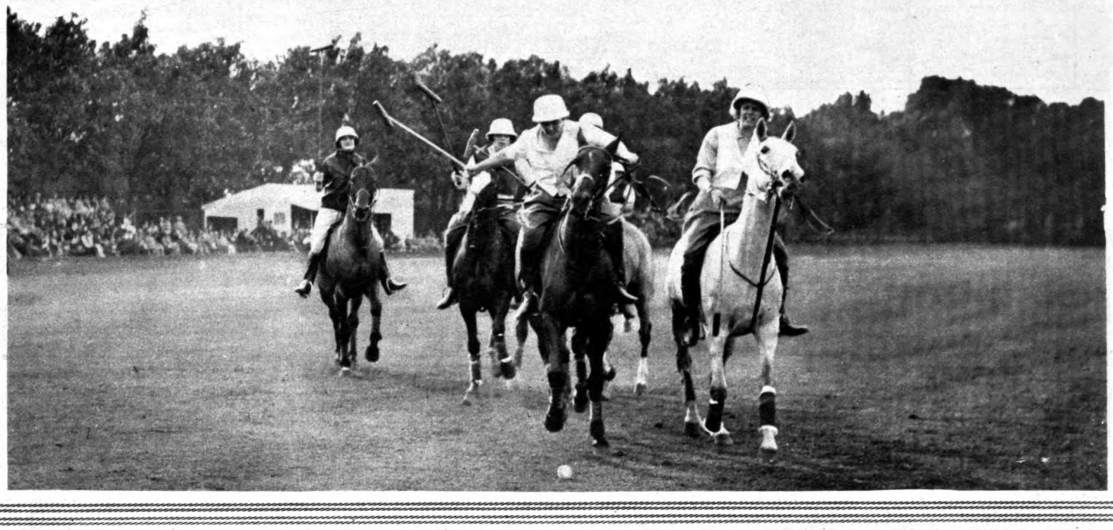
PHOTOGRAPHS BY T.P.A.



THE MELTON MOWBRAY LADIES' TEAM: MISS B. CRAWFURD (NO. 2), MISS S. CRAWFURD (NO. 3), MISS M. SHERIFFE (NO. 1), AND MISS LEXIE WILSON (BACK)—LEFT TO RIGHT.



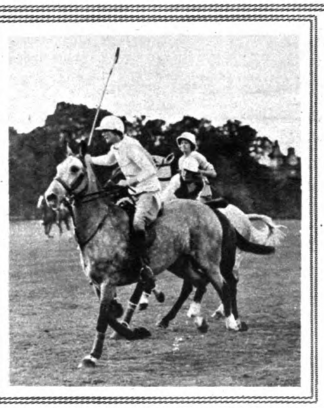
THE HURLINGHAM LADIES' TEAM: MRS. N. W. LEAF (NO. 2), MRS. SCOTT-ROBSON (NO. 1), LADY WARRENDER (NO. 3), AND MRS. B. GLOVER (BACK)—LEFT TO RIGHT.



WATCHED BY A LARGE CROWD: THE PLAY IN THE FIRST LADIES' POLO MATCH AT HURLINGHAM.



AN INCIDENT IN THE GAME: THE LADIES' MELTON MOWBRAY SIDE AGAINST THE LADIES' HURLINGHAM TEAM.



SCORED BY LADY WARRENDER: HURLINGHAM HITS THE ONLY GOAL THEY MADE.



THE WIFE OF SIR VICTOR WARRENDER, BT., M.P., HITS A GOAL: LADY WARRENDER SCORES FOR HER SIDE.

The Ladies' Polo Match held at Hurlingham the other day was an event in the history of the Club, as it was the first occasion on which a feminine game has been played on the famous ground. The result of the match was that the ladies' team representing Melton Mowbray won the game of five chukkas by four goals to one. The match was not—as may be imagined—a serious exposition of polo, and the game cannot be described as a fast one, although the members of the opposing sides are all good horsewomen, and—especially in the case of the Melton side—well known in the hunting world. Miss Lexie Wilson, who goes splendidly across country, was prominent for her side, and hit three of their goals. Lady Warrender, the wife of Sir Victor Warrender, Bart., M.P., the son of Lady Maud Warrender and of the late Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender, hit the only goal which the Hurlingham team scored. Polo is a game at which men do not expect to excel until they reach the middle 'forties, so one may say that, where their play was concerned, the lady polo enthusiasts were under a double handicap—first that of sex, and secondly of extreme youth, as something in the early twenties represented the average age of the two teams!




By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A CRITIC recently said that even I myself (evidently a monster of moral and mental extravagance) could not say anything in defence of Smiles and Self-Help. Another critic said that I could hardly fail to rise to this challenge, as I once wrote a page of rhetorical prose in praise of the name of Smith. The latter critic was quite right if he meant that, like many another working journalist, I have been ready to write on any subject. But he is quite wrong if he means that I have been ready to write on any side. I had nothing but romantic and almost religious associations with the name of Smith, at least before the emergence of Lord Birkenhead. I called the name of Smith poetical because it obviously is poetical—as poetical as fire and labour and the sword. But it is not so easy for the poet to pass from Smith to Smiles. Yet there is something to be said for Smiles—at least there is something to be said against what is commonly said against Smiles. Smiles was not wrong if he suggested that no external help, however socially sound, can be a substitute for the sort of independence called honour. Self-Help was not wrong in so far as it meant that the citizen, the free man, really is the man who answers for himself, who is responsible for himself, who supports himself. It was only wrong because there crept into it a corruption, of the sort that poisons every truth not protected by a creed.

What was the matter with Self-Help as understood by the unfortunate Smiles was simply that it ignored by implication the idea of tradition and even of right. It implied that a man must help himself to the pudding; but it did not clearly imply that it was his own pudding. In that sense Mr. Smiles, though a highly respectable person, was really a brigand and a buccaneer. He sprang up in the chaos of the first commercial competition; and it is the curious paradox that competition had really the same ethics as communism. When it implied that a man could get more money, it did really mean, under one legal fiction or another, that he could get more of other people's money. The individualist of this school did not, indeed, think of it as other people's money. Neither did he think of it as his own money. He thought of it simply as money; as a mass of worldly wealth vaguely wandering about, a floating treasure that was in its nature unattached. That is, he really thought of it as the Bolshevist thinks of it. He thought of money as merely circulating, as the actual material called money does circulate. It was current in the same sense as the currency—that is, it was always running, and especially running away. It was property without a proprietor. In other words, as I have said, this sort of individualism was really very near to the most extreme sort of socialism. It was born in the same industrial confusion as the idea of socialism. This sort of individualism had no sense of property.

The true tradition of property is not primarily one of self-help but rather of self-defence. It does not think first of helping itself to property, but rather preventing others from helping themselves to what is not their own property. Nor is it especially disposed to insist on the self in the mere sense of the ego. When Naboth found his vineyard threatened by an enlightened and progressive Imperialist of his day, he did not say, "I am a scientific inventor and I discovered vineyards; I propose to go on and discover a few more vineyards, which are at present in more unworthy hands." He said, "The Lord forbid that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee." In other words, he was not an individualist; but in reality the very reverse of an individualist. He did not insist merely on the individual; and certainly not merely on the self. He insisted on things that were no more identical with himself than was the empire of King Ahab. He appealed to his ancestors; he appealed to God; he appealed to the general conception of justice. And the real distinction is not between the socialist and the individualist, but simply between Naboth and Ahab. Ahab may call himself either an individualist or a socialist, or frequently both. He generally does. Ahab may say he is seizing the vineyard because his remarkable force of character has made him master of the whole economic field. Ahab may say he is seizing it because he is the King, and therefore the chief official of a great social bureaucracy. Or he may say he is seizing it because he is a strong man and an individual of marked individuality. Probably Ahab, having all his life the caprice and inconsistency of the true Oriental Sultan, said first one thing and then the other. Probably he was an individualist one day and a socialist the next—in short, his history resembles very closely the history of the modern rich in their relation to the modern poor. Being a weak man, he would naturally regard himself as a strong man; and, being a despot, he would naturally identify himself with the whole State. But neither of these poses touches the true point of property at all, as understood by Naboth and the sons of Naboth—the peasants of the whole world. No doubt, their point of view appeared very backward and superstitious to their opponents, especially to that fine representative of feminism and the woman's influence in politics, Queen Jezebel. Probably it is true that the more complex civilisation, the culture of Tyre and Sidon, was on the side of Jezebel and against Elijah, and especially against Naboth. Naboth may have been a very rough fellow; but he was not so low a savage as to appeal to Smiles and Self-Help. It was rather Ahab that was helping himself—to somebody else's pudding. Naboth did not appeal to that sort of self-help, but to quite another sort of self-respect.

It is that sort of self-respect that constitutes for thousands of modern industrial people the mystery of the peasant. They always feel about him as about an agricultural serf; and it never occurs to them that he feels like a small squire. They call him surly; and do not reflect that there might be a lack of gay sociability in a small squire, if total strangers treated him kindly as an agricultural serf. They call him avaricious; and yet are compelled to admit that he often rejects money when a gentleman would reject it, and a serf would take it. They know the general character of land-owners; and the peasant is simply a small land-owner. Yet they cannot make out why the same man who will resent a trespass will refuse a tip. They call him selfish; yet they blame him at the same time for stinting himself for the remote future of his farm and his family. They cannot see that he is starving for an idea; for a domestic patriotism. The case for the best peasantry, as for the best aristocracy, is that it is the very reverse of individualistic. If only in a narrower sense, it fights not for the individual but for the race. The man is emphatically not fighting half so much for himself as for his father or his children. There is that amount of truth in the Bolshevist phrase that the American Revolution and the French Revolution suffered from being merely bourgeois revolutions. It is true that the revolt at the end of the eighteenth century was a revolt rather of the shopkeeper than of the peasant. That was the reason why it merely destroyed crests and shields and territorial titles, without understanding them at all. That was why the mere Jacobin said that nobody should have a family motto or a pedigree. A real revolt of peasants might possibly have said that everybody should have a pedigree or even a family motto. I have often had the fancy that a more human and religious revolution might have given the world more heraldry instead of less. Instead of only lopping the tall lilies of France, in the manner of Tarquin, it might have given to all the lilies of the field something of the glory of Solomon. I have a great respect for the real good done by the French Revolution; but in this respect I think it did suffer from being not entirely a French Revolution, but rather a Parisian Revolution. There is a real revolution going on all over Europe to-day, which is of the other kind, and has been called the Green Rising. We ourselves have had some experience of the Green Rising in the very country of the Wearing of the Green. All English parties made a muddle of it because none of them understood it. But if anyone thinks me fantastic for saying that a poor peasantry might be full of all the pride and pomp of heraldic genealogy, I can only advise him to go to Ireland.



THE OPENING OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES: PRINCE HENRY, THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA, THE PRINCE OF WALES, PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE, AND THE CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA (LEFT TO RIGHT), IN THE GRAND STAND AT COLOMBES STADIUM.

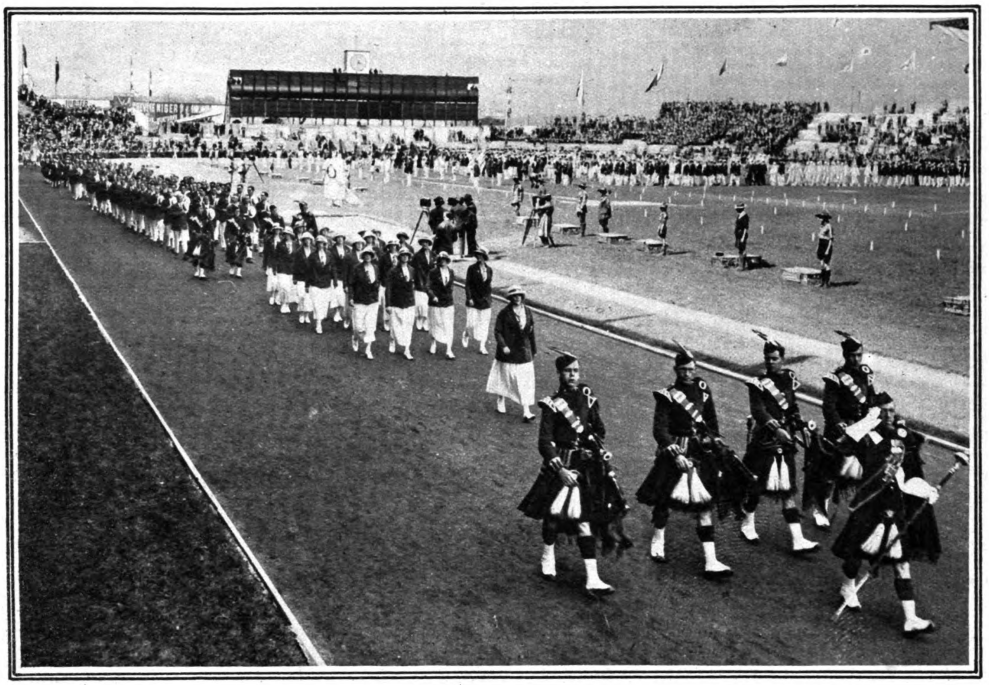
The Prince of Wales and Prince Henry, as well as the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, witnessed the opening of the Olympic Games, at the Colombes Stadium, Paris. The ceremony was performed by the President of the French Republic, who is shown in our photograph, seated next to the Prince of Wales. On another page we give photographs of the scene in the huge Stadium, as the contingents from the different countries marched past the Presidential box.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

## *OUR ANAGLYPHS.*

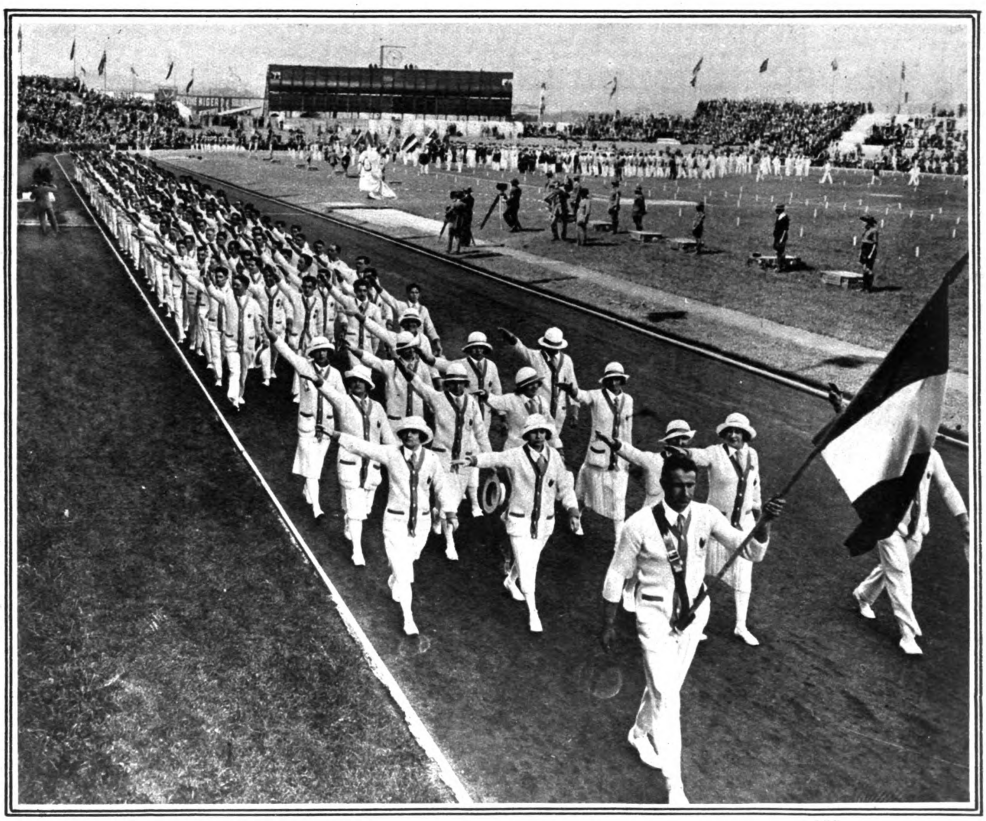
*Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 90, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.*

# "FOR THE . . . GLORY OF SPORT": THE 8TH OLYMPIAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



HEADED BY PIPERS OF THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS AND WOMEN COMPETITORS IN NAVY-BLUE AND WHITE: THE BRITISH CONTINGENT AT THE OPENING OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES.



SALUTING THE FRENCH PRESIDENT AND THE PRINCE OF WALES: THE FRENCH COMPETITORS PASSING THE PRESIDENTIAL BOX AT THE COLOMBES STADIUM.

The opening of the eighth Olympiad, at the Colombes Stadium, Paris, was an impressive spectacle. The ceremony commenced with a march by the competitors round the arena, each national group preceded by a standard bearer carrying the gilt sign of his land and followed by its national flag. The contingent from this country was specially picturesque, as it was headed by a company of pipers of the Cameron Highlanders, and included twenty women, looking workmanlike and neat in white flannel skirts and dark blue blazers. The French company consisted of 180 competitors, of whom twelve were women. In our photograph they are shown at the salute, passing the Presidential box—which contained the Prince of Wales, Prince Henry, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, as well as President Doumergue.——After the procession had wound round the arena, and the competitors had been arranged in columns of four, all facing the Presidential box, the President of the French Olympic Committee, Comte Clary, mounted the rostrum and invited President Doumergue to declare the eighth Olympiad open, which he did in less than twenty words. A fanfare then came from the band, the Olympic flag was broken out from the tall mast, and a salute was fired with aerial maroons, while some hundreds of pigeons were released and an aeroplane flew over the Stadium. This was followed by a grouping of the flags of the nations round the rostrum, while M. Georges André, the French athlete and flag-bearer, took for all the Olympic oath, "to observe all rules and participate in these games in a spirit of chivalry for the honour of our countries and the glory of sport."



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## THE "TIGON"—AND EXPERIMENTS IN HYBRIDISATION.

*By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.*

THE Gardens of the Zoological Society of London have just been enriched by the addition of a really remarkable animal, the product of a cross-mating between a male tiger and a female lion. This hybrid the authorities have decided to call a "tigon," coining a hybrid word for a hybrid animal. Since it is a male, some have expressed surprise that it shows no trace of a mane. But, and especially since the male parent was a tiger, this "secondary sexual character," peculiar to the lion, was hardly to be expected. What is rather surprising is that it is so faintly striped. However, it is to be remembered that even in pure-bred tigers the striping varies much in its intensity, in accordance, apparently, with the geographical range of the species—or, in other words, the conditions of its environment. But as to this matter of coloration more must be said presently.

This remarkable creature (Fig. 4), it is to be noted, was bred in captivity. We know of the occurrence of no such crosses among animals in a wild state. Even in captivity they are rare. This matter of hybridisation has always excited the interest not merely of naturalists, but also, and more especially, of "Thremmatologists," as the breeders of animals are called. Even among our domesticated beasts and birds hybridisation is much easier with some types than others. When we turn to experiments on wild animals in captivity we find that some can be induced to breed only with

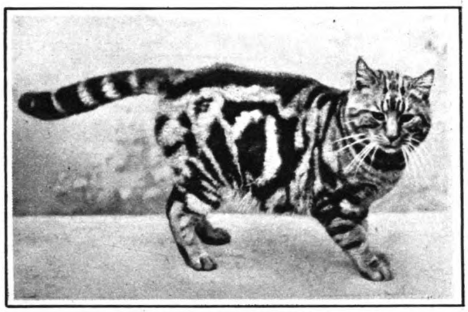


FIG. 1.—WITH A "NEW" PATTERN, UNLIKE THAT OF ANY KNOWN SPECIES: THE DOMESTICATED "TABBY" CAT.

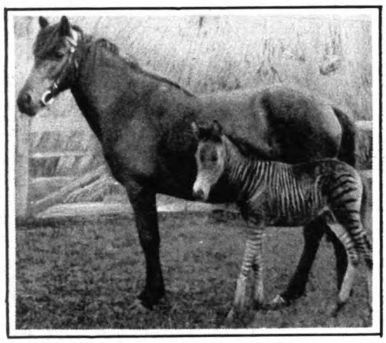


FIG. 2.—MORE STRIPED THAN HIS SIRE: THE FOAL OF A ZEBRA STALLION AND A WEST HIGHLAND PONY. When Professor Cossar Ewart crossed a Burchell zebra with a West Highland pony, the markings on the resultant foal were more pronounced than those of the sire, and the hybrid more nearly resembles the Somali zebra. This was classed as a reversion to type. *Photograph by E. J. Manly.*

difficulty, while others seem to have lost their reproductive powers altogether. Elephants are notoriously difficult to deal with in this regard. On the other hand, some rather surprising successes have been attained, crosses having been made between animals which under no circumstances could have bred in a state of freedom. The cross between the Polar and the brown bear furnishes a case in point. This has been achieved in the Gardens of the Zoological Society. Moreover, the Polar brown-bear hybrid has been successfully crossed with the pure-bred brown bear. And it is to be noted that the fertility does not end with the first crosses, the hybrids being fertile between themselves. Some little time ago, in commenting on this matter of hybrids, I stated that the cross between the American bison and domesticated cattle produced fertile hybrids. This, I find, is not the case—in so far, at any rate, as concerns the cross between the domestic bull and the bison cow. There are many animals which display this limited capacity for crossing, which is at present inexplicable.

It is commonly held that crosses between distinct species are infertile. But, unless we are materially to modify our concept of what constitutes a "species," we must regard this test of inter-fertility rather as an index of relative relatedness. We cannot, for example, regard the hooded and carrion crows in any other light but as good species. The fact that they will freely interbreed and produce fertile hybrids shows that they are more closely related than they are to, say, the rook or the raven. Many of the surface-feeding ducks, such as the mallard and the pintail, will interbreed freely in captivity, and produce fertile hybrids. Such hybrids occur even in a wild state. But no one would hesitate to regard these two species as perfectly distinct.

The famous Penycuick experiments of Professor Cossar Ewart, made by crossing zebras and horses, brought out some striking facts in regard to coloration and hybridisation. He crossed a Burchell's zebra stallion with a West Highland pony. The resultant foal (Fig. 2) was not only striped like a zebra, but was more closely striped than his sire, resembling, indeed, the Somali zebra. As a consequence, Professor Ewart contends that we must regard this case as one of reversion to a more primitive ancestor, striped after the fashion of the Somali species. From this type the Bonte-quaggas, as the zebras of the Burchell type are called, were derived.

In the reverse cross—that is to say, where the sire is a horse and the mare a zebra, the resultant foals appear to resemble the sire, being at most but feebly striped. Professor Cossar Ewart, however, mentions one case wherein the foal was as brightly and strongly striped as the zebra mare, its mother.

Mr. R. I. Pocock some years ago published some interesting facts in regard to zebra-ass hybrids, born in the Gardens of the Zoological Society. Here the sire was a Somali wild ass, the dam a mountain zebra. The foal (Fig. 3) closely resembled her sire, which, of course, was unstriped, save on the legs. But the legs of the foal were much more strongly striped than the sire, and there were faint stripes on the head and neck, and a very strongly marked shoulder-stripe, which is not present in the sire. A second foal, by the same sire, out of a Burchell's zebra of the race known as "Chapman's quagga," was very like the mountain zebra hybrid, but the ears were relatively shorter and the striping less distinct, even on the legs. The shoulder-stripe was decidedly shorter, and the stripes on either side were fainter. Asinine were dominant over zebrine characteristics in this animal.

In the case of these zebra-horse and zebra-ass hybrids, it is to be noticed, the coloration of the foals differed from the pure-bred parents—where these were zebras—and showed a reversion to the coloration of a more remote ancestor, apparently closely resembling the Somali zebra. There was no development of any "new" character in the markings. This is a more important point than would appear at first sight. And this because in the case of the domesticated cat we have an instance of the development of a new pattern, quite unlike that of any known wild species. It will be noticed that there are two types of "tabby"-cats. In one, resembling the wild-cat, there are numerous narrow vertical stripes; in the other the stripes are broad, and form a spiral on the flanks, as may be seen in the adjoining illustration (Fig. 1). No known wild cat is thus marked, and there never seems to be any blending between these two patterns. They are definitely either of one type or the other. This is the more interesting since a wide range of "sporadic variation" in this matter of coloration is to be seen in our domesticated cats. I recently saw a litter of five, wherein no two were alike. There were both types of "tabby," a black, a white, and one blotched with orange and black.

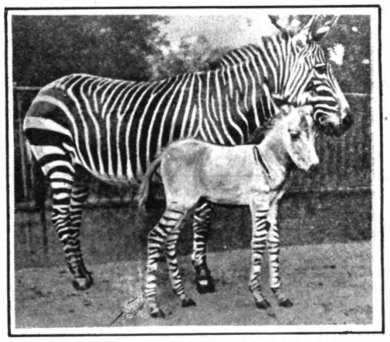


FIG. 3.—RESEMBLING HER UNSTRIPED SIRE, SAVE FOR THE STRONG LEG-MARKINGS: THE FOAL OF A SOMALI WILD ASS (SIRE) AND A MOUNTAIN ZEBRA (DAM).

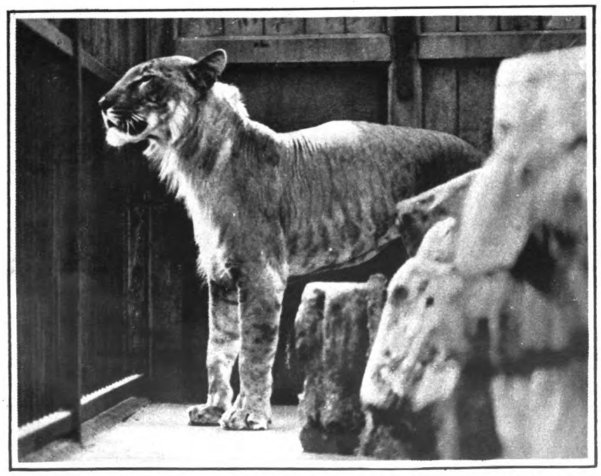


FIG. 4.—WITHOUT MANE AND WITH FAINT STRIPES: THE TIGER-LION HYBRID AT THE "ZOO."

The animal is a male, yet the stripes of the sire are but feebly developed. It was recently presented to the "Zoo" by the Maharajah of Nawanagar.—[*Photograph by F. W. Bond.*]

In all the cases so far considered the hybrids have shown no more than superficial differences, such as coloration or the length of the ears. But with many fishes more deep-seated changes take place. The hybrids between bleak and chub, for example, display differences not only in bodily form, but in the number of the fin-rays, the shape of the fins, and the number of scales above and below the "lateral-line." This is true also of the hybrids between roach and rudd, and the roach and bream. This last was regarded as a distinct species, known as "Buggenhag's Bream." Even the pharyngeal, or "throat teeth," are modified. The skeleton of the lion differs from that of the tiger only in relatively minute details; their skulls are hardly distinguishable. When the skull of "Tigon" becomes available, perchance it will be found to have developed some new character, unlike anything found in either of the pure-bred parents.

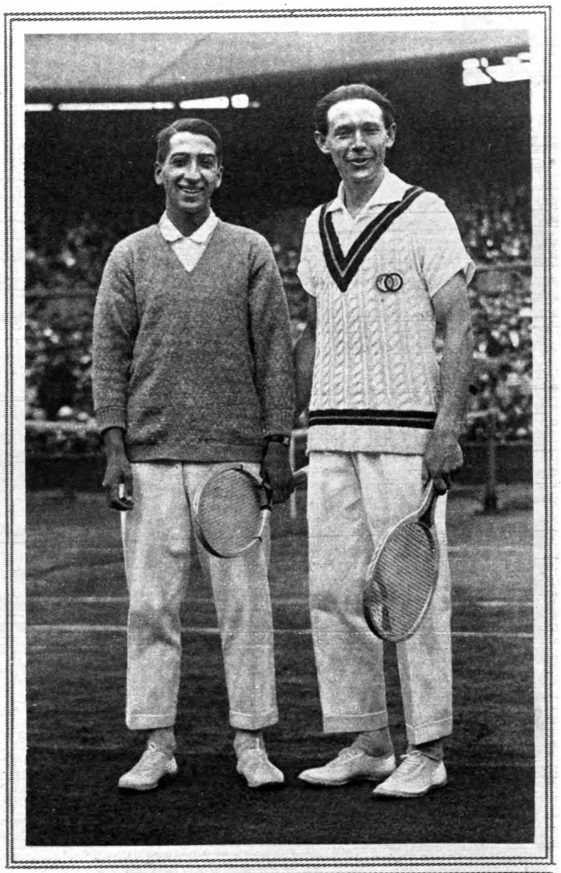
# WEARERS OF THE LAWN-TENNIS BLUE RIBANDS: WIMBLEDON FINALISTS.



FINALISTS IN THE LADIES' SINGLES: MISS K. McKANE (GREAT BRITAIN), THE WINNER; AND MISS HELEN WILLS (UNITED STATES), THE LOSER.



THE WINNERS OF THE LADIES' DOUBLES: MISS HELEN WILLS (U.S.A.) AND MRS. WIGHTMAN (U.S.A.).



FINALISTS IN THE MEN'S SINGLES: R. LACOSTE (FRANCE), THE LOSER; AND J. BOROTRA (FRANCE), THE WINNER.

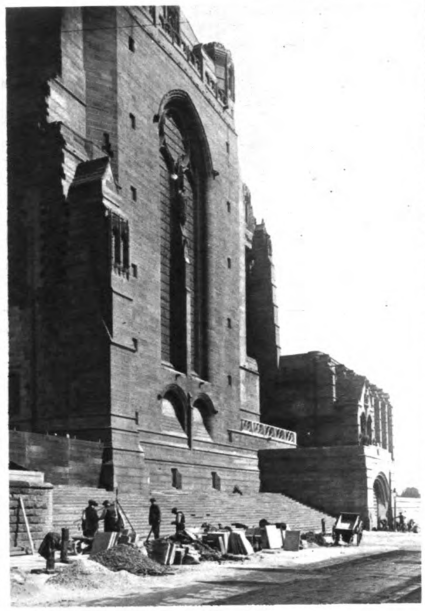


THE WINNERS OF THE MEN'S DOUBLES: F. T. HUNTER (U.S.A.) AND VINCENT RICHARDS (U.S.A.).

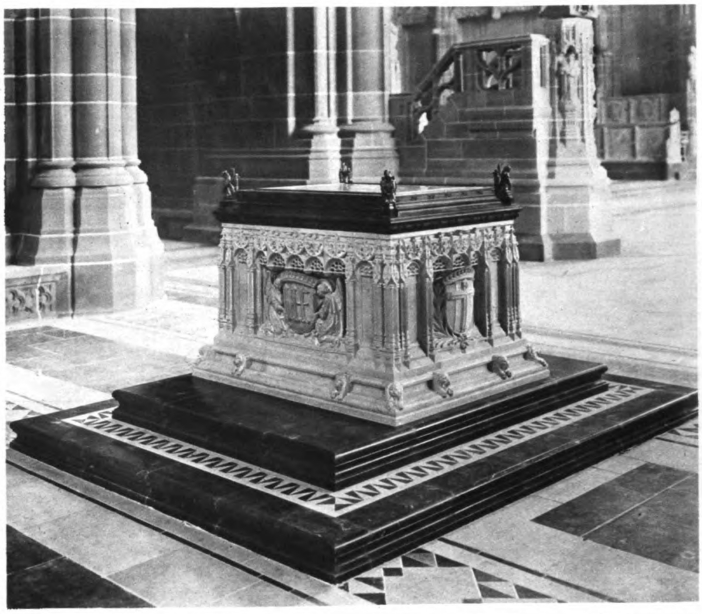
After Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen had scratched, owing to illness, Miss McKane was left to play Miss Helen Wills in the final round of the Ladies' Singles Championship. The English player won (4—6, 6—4, 6—4).——In the Men's Singles' Championship Borotra beat Lacoste (6—1, 3—6, 6—1, 3—6, 6—4).——In the Ladies' Doubles Championship, Mrs. Wightman and Miss Wills beat Miss K. McKane and Mrs. Covell (6—4, 6—4).——In the Men's Doubles Championship, Vincent Richards and F. T. Hunter beat R. N. Williams and W. M. Washburn (6—3, 3—6, 8—10, 8—6, 6—3).——The Mixed Doubles Championship was won by J. B. Gilbert and Miss K. McKane, who beat L. A. Godfree and Mrs. Shepherd-Barron (6—3, 3—6, 6—3).——Borotra, the new champion, has extraordinary speed and quickness of eye, and his play at the net is his most remarkable asset.——The game between Miss McKane and Miss Helen Wills was a particularly good one, and the English player won after fighting, against heavy odds, from a position which seemed hopeless. It was a case of experience telling.

# TO BE CONSECRATED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING:

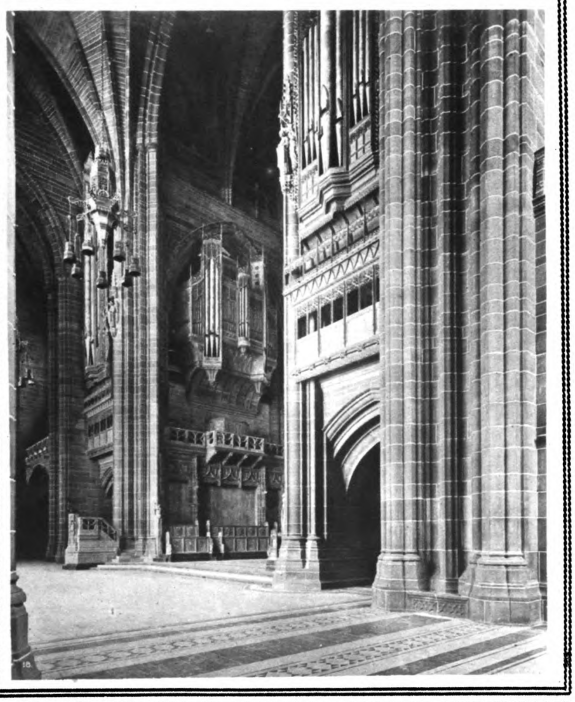
PHOTOGRAPHS BY



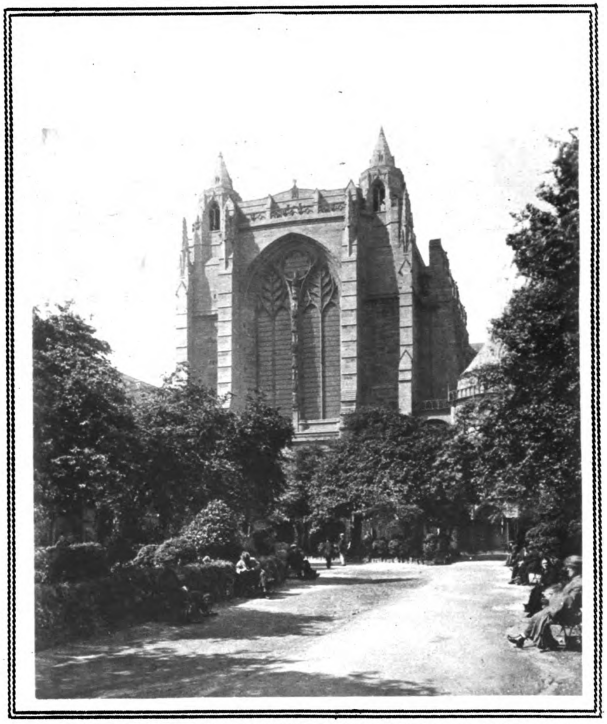
PART OF THE REMARKABLE BUILDING, DESIGNED BY MR. GILBERT SCOTT WHEN HE WAS TWENTY-TWO: THE SOUTH-EAST TRANSEPT OF LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL.



IN REMEMBRANCE OF THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE GREAT WAR: THE BEAUTIFUL CENOTAPH IN THE WAR MEMORIAL TRANSEPT.



"INDEED A GREAT WORK OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY": A VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-EAST TRANSEPT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

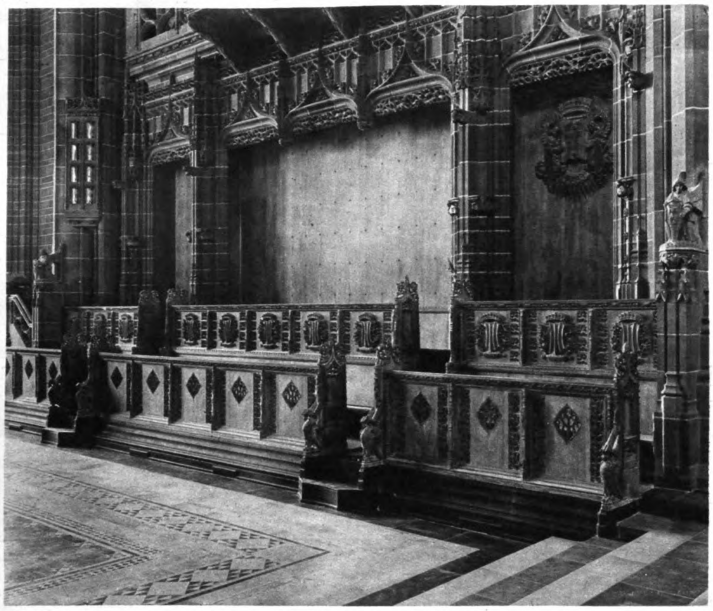


SHOWING A STYLE WHICH IS AN INTERPRETATION OF FOURTEENTH-CENTURY GOTHIC, OR DECORATED: A VIEW OF THE EAST END OF THE CATHEDRAL.

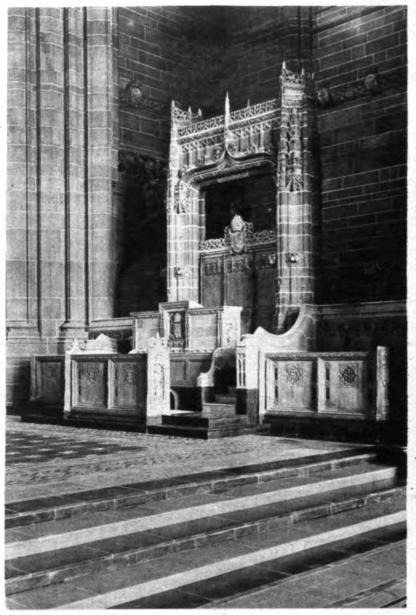
In our issue of June 28, we gave a perspective drawing of the new cathedral at Liverpool, a photograph of the completed portion, and a photograph of the reredos as seen from the north choir and aisle. We now add other views of the remarkable building, which has been described as the finest example of modern Gothic. The foundation-stone was laid in 1904, by King Edward VII., and by the time it is finished, the structure will have taken half a century to build. The consecration of the first portion of the building to be completed, which will take place on July 19, in the presence of the King and Queen, supported by representative churchmen from all parts of the Empire and the United States, will mark an important stage in the evolution of British architecture. Liverpool is the third great cathedral erected since the days of Wren, following, as it does, Westminster and Truro Cathedrals. Its style is a free interpretation of fourteenth-century Gothic, or Decorated. Its massive character does not interfere with the symmetrical grouping of the sections, and, from whatever angle it is viewed, it is a noble shape that will dominate the city and be visible to every ship that comes up the Mersey. An examination of

# THE NEW MODERN GOTHIC LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL.

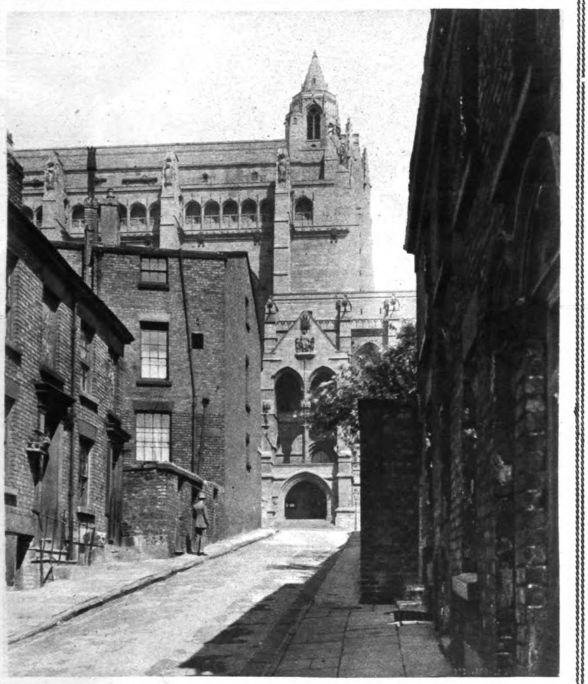
STEWART BALE, LIVERPOOL.



WHERE THE USUAL ORIENTATION IS DISREGARDED AND THE CHOIR POINTS ALMOST DUE SOUTH: CHOIR STALLS OF THE CATHEDRAL.



FOR THE USE OF THE HOLDER OF A BISHOPRIC CREATED AS RECENTLY AS 1880: THE BISHOP'S THRONE.



BEAUTY MASKED BY MEANNESS: A GLIMPSE OF THE CATHEDRAL AS SEEN FROM A SIDE-STREET.



WITNESS TO THE GOTHIC DESIGN AND CLASSIC PROPORTION OF THE BUILDING: THE SOUTH CHOIR AISLE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

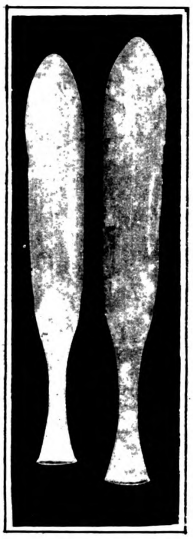
the choir reveals that the windows are set back between the piers of the arcade, which are continuous with the great buttresses outside to a total depth of thirty feet, the aisles being formed by piercing these solid walls of masonry. Standing at the foot of the choir, the side sources of light are concealed, as there is no clerestory, but the light is diffused over the transverse walls until it is lost in the shadowy vault above. The east window has a sculptured central division offset by decorated tracery on each side; taken with the contours of the building, this shows a cunning blending of the Gothic and Classic. It is the largest window in England, the over-all measurement being 76 ft. high by 44 ft. wide. On completion, in some fifteen or twenty years, the cathedral will be the largest in England, and nearly as big as St. Peter's in Rome. It is believed that the next section of the building to be constructed, the great central space and two western transepts, can be finished in six years. The building is additionally remarkable in that it was designed by Mr. Gilbert Scott, now a Royal Academician, when he was twenty-two.

# Egyptian Town Life in the Fourteenth Century B.C.

## TELL-EL-AMARNA DISCOVERIES.

*By F. G. NEWTON, a Joint Director of the Egyptian Exploration Society's Expedition to Tell-el-Amarna.*

THE third season's work of the Egypt Exploration Society has thrown fresh and interesting light on the life of the Egyptians in the fourteenth century B.C. A large portion of the central part of the town of Tell-el-Almarna was excavated, including several large houses with their gardens, and a royal palace at the north end of the site.



1. FOUND ON THE FLOOR, IN A CORNER: BRONZE KNIVES FROM A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY B.C. HOUSE AT TELL-EL-AMARNA.

A number of objects was found in the houses, including four fine bronze knives varying from 1 ft. 2 in to 1 ft. 5 in. long (No. 1). These were found lying casually in a corner of a room, as though left by mistake. Another interesting find was a pair of bronze tongs with the ends shaped like hands (No. 3). Coloured limestone statues of Akhenaten and his Queen Nefertiti were also found, but, unfortunately, headless; and a small coloured figure of the King, complete except for the feet.

An immense amount of pottery was collected, and we were fortunate in getting a number of complete specimens of the fine coloured jars which are characteristic of the period (No. 2). One of the most interesting of the large houses was Q44.1, which, unfortunately, only be known by a number, as we found no inscription giving us a clue to the owner's name. This house and garden, which was enclosed by a wall forming a rectangle, covered something over an acre of ground, and was sufficiently well preserved to give us a very good idea of the general arrangements of a rich man's establishment.

The house itself differed only in detail from the regular type of large house usually found at Tell-el-Amarna, one of which was described in *The Illustrated London News* of Dec. 16, 1922; but the buildings in the grounds showed several new features. One of these was the cattle-house with a row of eight mangers built of sun-burnt bricks. The floor was paved with stones to prevent the animals kicking it up, and a passage ran along the back of the mangers from which the attendants could fill them with food (No. 7). There were other enclosures adjoining, probably for sheep, and also the quarters for the grooms.

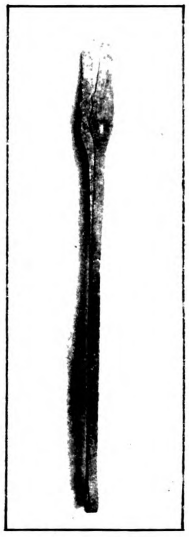
The garden had its kiosk and a pond, and some furnaces in one corner for burning rubbish; also a small house which we might reasonably suppose to be the head gardener's cottage. Besides these there were the servants' quarters, with the kitchens containing three ovens, which in the larger houses were always outside. Five large circles about twelve feet in diameter indicated the granaries—a common feature in every large establishment. In the latter part of November we started on a mound at the north end of the site a little beyond the modern village of Et-Til, and found a considerable amount of coloured plaster and stone fragments of inscriptions which indicated a building of importance. This afterwards turned out to be a royal palace, probably built in the latter part of Akhenaten's reign. We were only able to excavate half of this palace, but we hope to finish it next season, when we shall have a complete plan showing the arrangements of a royal palace.

The dimensions of the outside walls, which formed a rectangle, were 475 feet by 380 feet. The main entrance was from the river side on the west. This led into a large court about 150 feet square. To the right and left of this are pylon entrances leading into open courts. The one on the left has a series of nine chambers on the east and west sides, with a staircase leading up to the roof. All the doors to these chambers originally had stone door-posts to them, but only part of one was left, and that had the name of the King's daughter, Merytaten, inscribed on it. In the middle of the court we found the concrete foundations of three curious little buildings which were evidently built of stone, as the marks of the stone were still left on the concrete. Their shape suggested a small temple or kiosk in the centre, with an altar on each side.



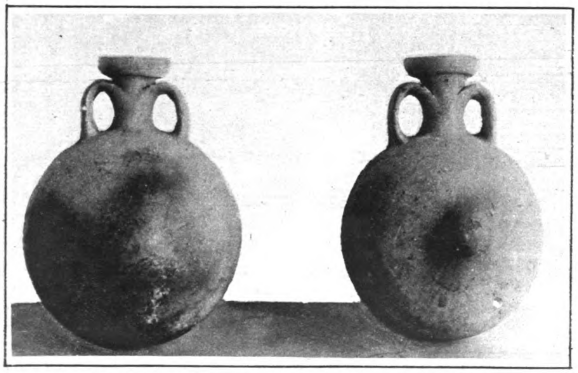
2. CHARACTERISTIC OF THE PERIOD: A COLOURED JAR, THREE FEET IN HEIGHT, FOUND IN ONE OF THE HOUSES.

On the east side of the large square entrance court were three imposing entrances leading into the inner grounds of the palace. Passing through these entrances, we come to a rectangular space which contained a pond, with a path running round it with trees or shrubs planted at intervals. To the left of the pond we have three areas separated from each other, with a central door leading into each. These were, no doubt, for the various kinds of cattle which the King was accustomed to keep. We first of all enter a covered portion, the roof of which was supported by solid piers 3 feet square. This was probably the attendants' quarters. We then come into an open courtyard where the animals were kept in the daytime, and beyond this another covered portion, also supported by piers, where they went for the night. The easternmost of these three areas had a range of stone mangers all round the walls with figures of various animals carved on them — oxen, antelopes, ibex (Nos. 6, 8, 9, and 10). This was one of the most interesting discoveries of our excavation, and they are the only mangers of the kind ever discovered in Egypt.



3. WITH ENDS SHAPED LIKE HANDS: A PAIR OF BRONZE TONGS.

To the east of the pond and the cattle stalls was the residential part of the palace. The main entrance was in the centre, and evidently had an elaborate stone portico, of which only the concrete foundations remain. Double doors led into a large hypostyle hall with twenty-six columns. From this hall five doors led into various departments of the palace. One door on the left led into a corridor or vestibule with four columns in it, which opened at the other end on to a beautiful little court with an arcade of columns round three sides and a series of cubicles behind it. In the centre was a sunk garden with a low parapet wall round it, and steps leading down to the beds, which were divided up into squares. This court with the rooms round would appear to be the women's quarter (No. 5), as, except for the one doorway, it was separate from the rest of the palace. The rooms round this court all bore traces of coloured plaster, and, though much damaged, sufficient was found to enable a restoration to be made of the complete scheme of decoration. This consisted of a black dado about 2 ft. 6 in. high; then five bands of alternate red and blue, each divided by a thin band of white; and above these a band of check pattern. These bands covered a width of about 9 in., making a total height from the ground of 3 ft. 3 in. Above them came pictures of birds, fishes, geese, storks, and men, all on a background of yellow. The red and blue bands returned at the corners and ran vertically up the walls, returning again at the top, thus making each side of the wall into a framed panel with a picture in it. Above this was a broad band of black, and then the ceiling, which was entirely decorated with bunches of grapes and vine-leaves, as though to imitate an arbour out of doors. The greater portion of the rooms in the residential parts of the palace still remain to be excavated next year, when we hope for still more important discoveries.





4. OF BURNISHED CLAY: TWO FLASKS FOUND IN A TELL-EL-AMARNA HOUSE.—5. IN A ROYAL PALACE WHICH PROBABLY DATES FROM THE LATTER PART OF THE REIGN OF AKHENATEN, THE HERETIC PHARAOH WHO WAS TUTANKHAMEN'S FATHER-IN-LAW: ROOMS IN THE WOMEN'S QUARTERS.

# 14TH CENTURY, B.C.: CARVED MANGERS UNIQUE IN EGYPT.

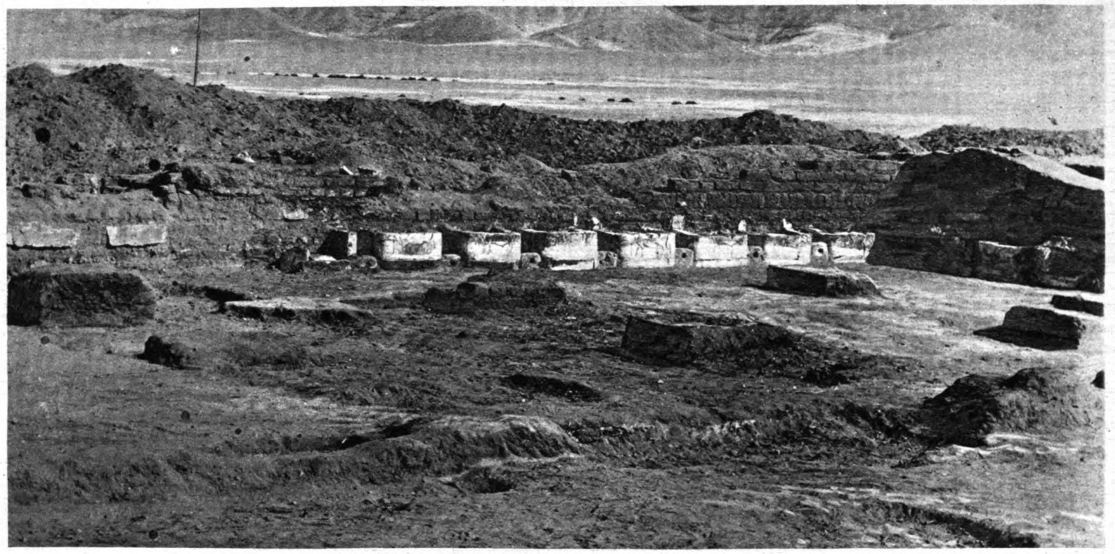
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MR. F. G. NEWTON. (SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



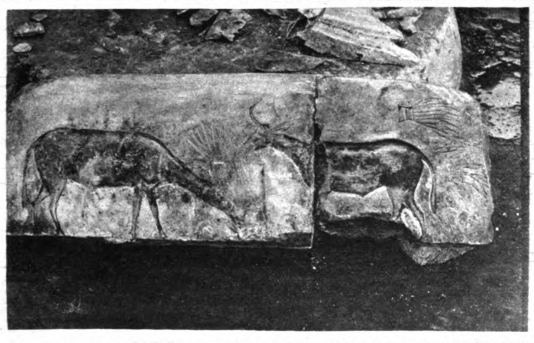
6. WITH RINGS BETWEEN THEM, FOR THE TETHERING OF CATTLE: CARVED STONE MANGERS—UNIQUE IN EGYPT.



7. IN A STONE-PAVED CATTLE-HOUSE, WITH A PASSAGE FOR THE ATTENDANTS: EIGHT MANGERS OF SUNBURNT BRICKS.



8. THE ONLY ONES OF THEIR KIND EVER DISCOVERED IN EGYPT: THE ROW OF CARVED STONE MANGERS OF THE NEWLY FOUND ROYAL PALACE, WHICH PROBABLY DATES FROM THE LATTER PART OF THE REIGN OF AKHENATEN, FATHER-IN-LAW OF TUTANKHAMEN.



9. CARVED AND PAINTED FOR THE PALACE AT THE NORTH END OF THE SITE: ANTELOPES ON ONE OF THE PALACE MANGERS.



10. CARVED WITH AN IBEX AND AN ATTENDANT: ONE OF THE UNIQUE DECORATED STONE MANGERS OF THE PALACE.

As is remarked in the article on the opposite page, the stone mangers found round the walls of the easternmost of the three areas to the left of the pond in the rectangular space in the inner grounds of the Palace form one of the most remarkable of the recent discoveries, in that they are the only mangers of their kind ever discovered in Egypt. As our illustrations show, they are carved with figures of various animals—oxen, antelopes, and ibex. These mangers are in that Royal Palace, probably built in the latter part of the reign of Akhenaten, which has been excavated at the north end of the site, a little beyond the modern village of Et-Til. The mangers of sunburnt bricks belonged to the cattle-house of a large house which differs only in detail from the regular type of large house usually found at Tell-el-Amarna, but formed part of those buildings in the grounds which show new features. The floor of the cattle-house was paved with stones so that the animals could not kick it up. At the back of the mangers was a passage from which the attendants could pass to fill the mangers with food.

# THE COUNTRY LIFE OF THE ROMANS IN ENGLAND:

## THE CHEDWORTH VILLA.

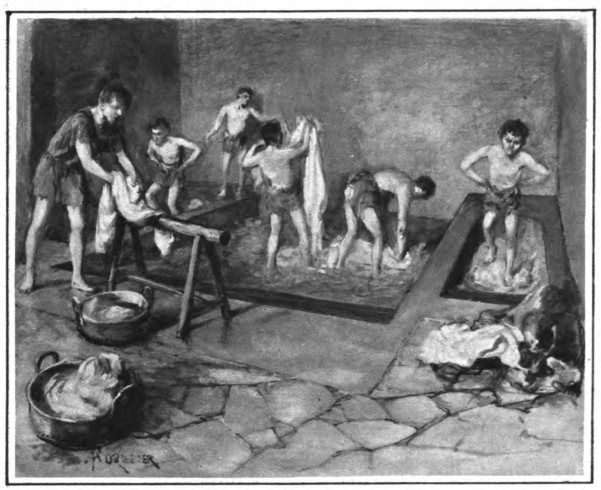
*By ST. CLAIR BADDELEY.*

THE spring that still flows and fills a repaired but original octagonal basin in the apsidal Nymphæum of this Villa, and that formerly supplied life and baths to various successive Roman-British households here, had probably been familiar long before that period to certain tribal folk who raised the Bronze-Age barrow crowning the hill-slope a little above it. It flows from a solid bed of fuller's earth, and it may well have been known as a sacred source ages before its waters thus became pooled into yonder once-decorated *sacrarium*. (There is, indeed, another Holywell close-by.) When dug out in 1864-6, by Mr. James Farrer for Lord Eldon, a small but uninscribed altar was met with in the apse; and there were also evidences of an earlier arrangement for collecting the same waters at a lower level. Moreover, in the woodland, some yards away northward, came to light a bas-relief displaying a hunter (? Mercurius-Sylvanus) holding a hare in his right hand, under him a hound, and, to his left, a stag. We may gather, then, that this site, though doubtless then far less thickly wooded, was, in Roman days, already intimately associated with sport; and Diana, rather than the Deæ Matres, may have presided here in those greater days of neighbouring Corinium, of Constantius Chlorus, and of the Constantines. We may even add that it was due also to sport that the villa-structure finally came to light once more; for a ferret whining among the labyrinthine rabbit-runs beneath a then unknown Roman-British pavement, caused the spade to be sent for, and presently it threw up shoals of coloured cubes from a mosaic floor that had known no foot-pressures for fifteen hundred years.

But the local divinities evidently were quite determined to reassert themselves, for in a small passage (once well warmed) still surviving between the spacious dining-room (*triclinium*) and what we may presume to be the best bed-rooms (likewise warmed) were found substantial remains of the Penates, or familiar guardians of the house; and this leaves no doubt that these continued to be venerated here until the Villa became totally abandoned in the late fourth century.

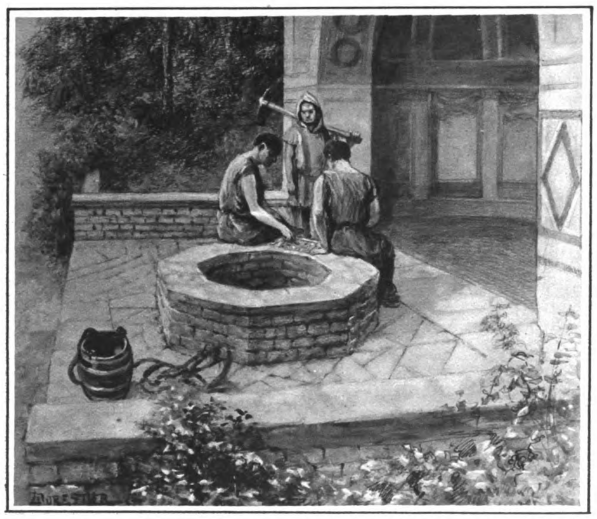
Since those days of felicitous discoveries there have been detected three Constantinian Christian monograms incised upon the undersides of three members of an octagonal freestone frame or well-head. Upon the fourth member (but recently placed in the Museum) was found last October an incised draughts-board of sixty-four squares. These associated tokens of creed and by-play probably relate to some mason's yard at Corinium, and its employees, rather than to the actual possessors of the Villa at Chedworth; yet the bare presentation of these cultural evidences fully suffices to bring us mentally square with this formerly Roman-British home and hunting-box, even as it stood at the head of this diminutive combe, filling the sides thereof with its long wings of combined stone and timber-work, its long, sharp lines of symmetrical roof and colonnades only broken here and there by the small chimneys of the various furnaces, with their blue smoke drifting against these same hillsides or out into the green vale of the Colne, eastward. For these mere bits of evidence (and, fortunately, a good many more) have — so to speak — floated up to us searchers from the wreck of the best-preserved of all Cotswold villas; and, surely, nothing more readily or more vividly reinforces or recreates for us the purely human side of the ancient world than do such humble signs, charms, or tokens, whether they reach us in Eleusis, Pompeii, or Rome, or in these British country houses of long ago. Even here at Chedworth also, is a spoon, probably once a wedding-gift, perhaps even to an owner, here, inscribed, "May you rejoice, Censorinus!", and Censorinus was a name quite familiar to third-century ears.

The Villa itself, so far as its exploration formerly went (as the late Mr. G. E. Fox was the first to notice), reveals clear proofs of partial reconstruction here and there; also proof of one deliberate enlargement on the north side. For, as we to-day view this pre-eminent section of the Villa, it openly declares itself to have been laid out for some very definite, and very possibly an industrial, purpose. It consists of no less than sixteen chambers of various shapes and sizes — most of them once heated—



AFTER A WING OF THE VILLA HAD BEEN PARTIALLY RECONSTRUCTED—PROBABLY FOR INDUSTRIAL PURPOSE: FULLERS AT WORK.
*A Reconstruction Drawing by A. Forestier.*

fronted by one long *porticus*, or colonnade-terrace, which gave access to them; the head of the wing having commenced entirely independent of the baths, bed-rooms, and *triclinia* of the western wing. In fact, this north wing started with a great furnace (now gutted) of its own and to itself; against which stand, side by side, two semi-circular dipping-tanks. These open into a hall (26 ft. 6 in. by 21 ft.), the northern side of which is occupied by a square, flagged tank set between two more dipping-tanks; to all of which remain, not only their linings, but the steps of access. To this succeeded an aspidal chamber of the same proportions as the Nymphæum out beyond on the north-west. To this, again, was joined a half-octagon room, having not only an elaborately canalised under-floor, but a double-door arrangement, presumably for precluding escape of heat. All these chambers together, and the first portion of the colonnade, formed the north side of the upper court; and it may be that the wing originally went no further than this, save that on the site of the next room, which has abundant signs of a super-strengthened floor, and in its west wall, remains evidence that there was once a furnace here. Opposite these rooms, in line with them southward, extends a once columnar pentise-alley, or *porticus*, cutting off, while completing, the family court, or garth. From the south wing projected into this last a keeper's or porter's lodge. Of the colonnaded terrace upon its north side some of the column bases are still *in situ*. Whether in columnar or other form, this alley was continued for over one hundred yards, forming the north side of the vanished larger court.



A GAME ON THE MARGIN OF THE RESERVOIR IN FRONT OF THE NYMPHÆUM: DRAUGHTS PLAYED ON A "BOARD" INCISED IN THE STONE.
*A Reconstruction Drawing by A. Forestier.*

As it is obvious that a great deal of hard work of various kinds must have been carried through here with set purpose, it becomes necessary to think of this Villa, in its later conditions, not as an entirely independent country-house and farm, or *villa-rustica*, but rather as one having had probably some close connection with an owner's town house or business in Corinium, eight miles off; which, likewise, will have been well supplied with game, fish from the Colne, and with snipe, heron, pigeons and partridges, which the steward, or *villicus*, would procure here with hook, and net and snare. This would refer especially to those sixty or seventy years of the fourth century when Britain is known to have been a fairly prosperous province, exporting corn, cloth, metals, and other commodities freely to the Continent. Not only is room after room in this wing indicative of hypocaust and furnace, but the *pilæ* that carried their floors are small monoliths of stone, both more numerous and much closer set than was usual; and consequently they are suggestive of but one purpose, namely, to resist unusual pressures from the floors which they have supported. Nothing of this kind was observed at Witcombe, nor at Brading, nor at Woodchester. In addition, the small museum here contains two unequal-sized long pillows of iron (not pigs, as usually they are described). These were found lying at the head of this wing, and this gave rise to the notion of a smithery; but, upon critical examination, the metal is found to be totally unfit for manufacturing uses. Hence it is probable these objects had some definite other use, such as great weights for presses, and perhaps they were slung by chains.

If we but entertain the business hypothesis, perhaps too-easily offering itself while regarding this evidently specialised wing of the Villa, the need (and also a possible meaning) of the entire series of chambers seems at once to present itself. For, if we begin to consider fulling and dyeing operations, and enumerate the necessary processes of drying, stretching, bleaching, combing, and pressing, it becomes easy to picture a complete manufactory appropriated to this one side of the Villa, and to perceive that this originated, perhaps, as a practical development from the obvious advantages of abundant good water and the bed of fuller's-earth. For, although a small sporting *villino* may originally have been built here, its larger successor is obviously shut off from the warmer winds, as well as from the western and northern light; while its baths and dining-rooms look due east. Now that combination is surely the very last which a luxurious villa-magnate would either seek or care for; and the causes of its elaborate extension, therefore, may well be sought in prosaic business propositions. The later owner of Chedworth Villa doubtless had also a *villa de luxe*; but if so, this lay elsewhere. There he enjoyed the open country, riding, the games and races, and the society of his friends. Here, however, was

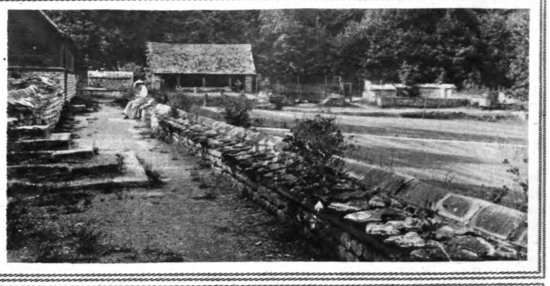
[Continued on page 84.

# TAKEN OVER FOR THE NATION: CHEDWORTH'S 4TH CENTURY VILLA.

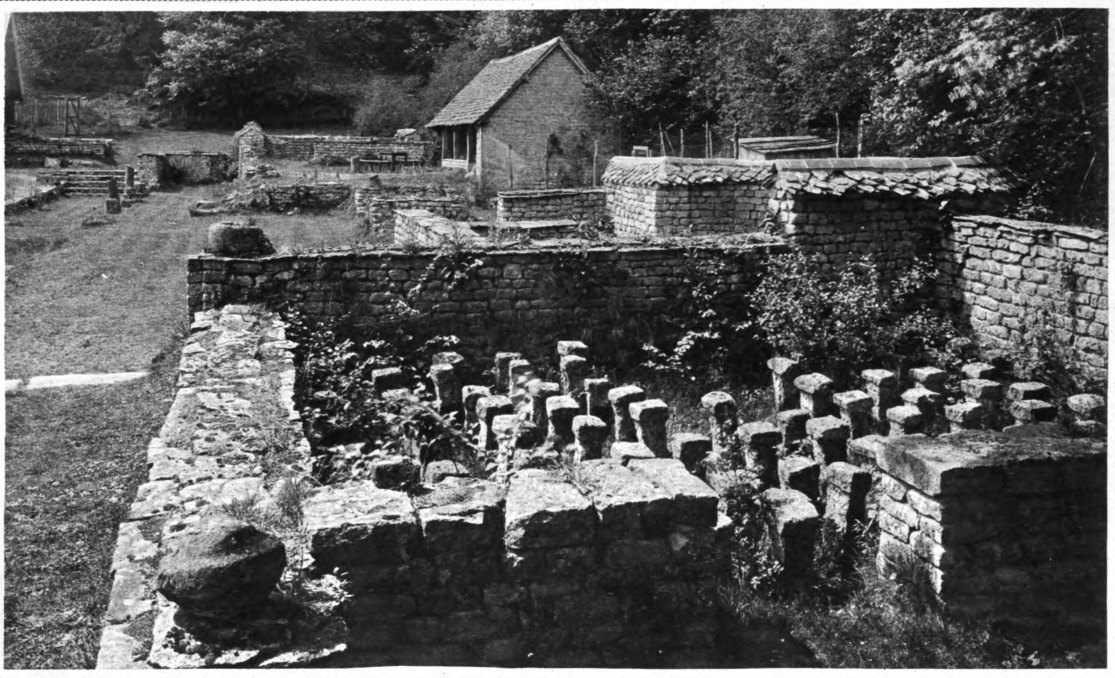
PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY SUPPLIED BY MOSS, CIRENCESTER.



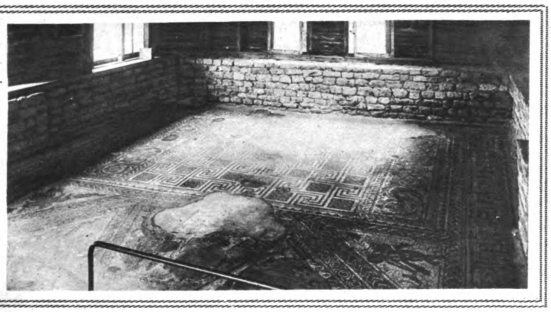
THE COMMERCIALISED, PRE-EMINENT NORTH WING: CHAMBERS—MOST OF THEM HEATED—SOME WITH PERFECT VATS AND FULLING TANKS.



THE VERANDAH IN FRONT OF THE DINING-ROOM: IN THE BACKGROUND, A SHED WITH VATS AND RINSING-TANK: TO THE RIGHT, THE OPEN COURT.



WITH SMALL MONOLITHS TO CARRY A FLOOR SUBJECT TO EXCEPTIONAL PRESSURE: A PART OF THE INDUSTRIALISED NORTH WING OF THE VILLA, IN WHICH, IT IS BELIEVED, FREE AND SERF LABOUR CARRIED ON FULLING AND DYEING.



SHOWING TWO FINE PAVEMENTS AKIN TO THE WITHINGTON PAVEMENTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM: THE DINING-ROOM (*TRICLINIUM*).



WITH THE ENTRANCE TO THE COLD PLUNGE ON THE LEFT AND THE PAVEMENT OF THE "VERY HOT" CHAMBER (RIGHT): THE BATHS.

On July 8, the National Trust formally took over for the nation the Roman Villa at Chedworth, near Cirencester, which, it would seem, was originally a Roman-British home and hunting-box, and, later, after reconstruction and enlargement on the north side, was turned to industrial uses, transformed into an almost complete "works" devoted to fulling and dyeing. To supplement the notes under our photographs, we add the following particulars: (1) The remains of the north wing, as illustrated, reveal abundant evidences of sixteen chambers, having a furnace system distinct from that of the baths. The whole wing was fronted by a colonnade of Roman-British-Doric pillars. (2) The shed contains two vats with a square rinsing-tank between them. Beyond the open court is the north wing. (3) The stone pilæ argue the need for special strength. Usually the floors were built up of square tiles only. (4) Possibly nothing more than a curtain divided the room into two. The Withington pavements came from a villa one-and-a-half miles from Chedworth. (5) As can be judged from the size of its mosaic floor, the "very hot" chamber was small. The cold plunge is still perfect, and is of three depths.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

AMONG the newer books a volume of reminiscences forms "a link with the past" in the special sense of that phrase as it was used some years ago in a newspaper correspondence. The letter-writers who added instance to instance in that editorial postbag had been prompted by the first letter of the series to think of "a link with the past" as a single life, or, perhaps, one or two lives, covering a period of time so long as to make it seem almost incredible that so few people could bridge it within the span of their time on earth. But when very aged persons have seen and talked in their youth with persons then aged, a hundred years becomes as one day.

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Thus, in a famous example, the old Countess of Desmond carried the memory of her dance with Richard III. down into the ninth decade of the sixteenth century. She is said to have lived to the age of 140. Peter Garden, who died at Auchterless in 1775, aged 131, remembered having seen Henry Jenkins, who, as a boy, carried a horse-load of arrows to the bowmen at Flodden. Jenkins died at the age of 169. These two lives spanned the period between 1513 and 1775, and the chain still goes on. An Aberdeenshire worthy, a Mr. Davidson, who lived into the 'Fifties of last century, remembered Peter Garden; a kinswoman of my own used to give me reminiscences of Mr. Davidson, and thus I can claim to be the fifth link in the chain of only five lives connecting the year 1513 with the year 1924. That remote date comes comparatively near when one can say: "I saw the woman who saw the man who saw the man who saw a man who had been at Flodden."

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In the new book there is abundant material for the forging of similar links reaching into the far future. It provides a good start, for the author's memories go back ninety years, and this wonderful old lady is happily still with us, keeping alive the days of her youth, and still bringing the present generation into intimate touch with scenes and people who are for the most of us mere shadows of a name. The book, "MEMORIES OF NINETY YEARS" (Hutchinson; 21s.), is the work of Mrs. E. M. Ward, the artist, daughter of a long line of artists, wife of the painter Edward Matthew Ward, and mother of yet another artist, the late Sir Leslie Ward, famous as "Spy," the caricaturist of *Vanity Fair*. Mrs. Ward is Ward absolute and unchanged from her cradle, for at her marriage she did not require to change her name. Yet, curiously enough, her husband was not a cousin, or even a remoter kinsman. The wooing was romantic.

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I see in the *Sketch* that my old friend and colleague, Keble Howard, takes a warm interest in the welfare of the postman, always an interesting person. This book heightens that interest in a way that might give K. H. a cue for a play. In the old days of Valentines, Posty used to be represented occasionally as Cupid, and contrariwise, Cupid as Posty. Mercury of the G.P.O. certainly does a good deal of business in hearts, but it is not often that he makes so fair a stroke in unwitting match-making as he did one morning in far-off 1843. In that year, two families of Ward (entire strangers to each other) lived in Fitzroy Square. The son of one was Edward Matthew Ward, the daughter of the other house was Henrietta Mary Ada Ward, the writer of these reminiscences. Now, the red-coated, top-hatted postman of that time had a plaguey way of leaving the letters of one family of Ward at the door of the other. This at length led Mrs. Ward's father to call on his neighbour to make some arrangement that would avoid further irritating blunders. Young E. M. Ward, a very handsome and prepossessing person, just beginning to make a name, impressed the other Mr. Ward very favourably. Acquaintance ripened, and Mr. Ward the elder was not the only person to be impressed. Henrietta was only sixteen, but she had no doubt of her own mind, and when her parents wished her to wait, she took the law into her own hands and made a runaway marriage, which she has never regretted.

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Her book is the record of a happy domestic life. It is also a historical document, for it reconstructs in one picture a society of which parts are already given in many volumes by other hands. Mrs. Ward's memories seem to focus all these in a wonderful way. Hardly a celebrity between the 'thirties and the present day is omitted from the story, and with every one the author was more or less intimately acquainted. She can remember Tommy Moore warbling his artless melodies to his own accompaniment. Warbling, perhaps, is scarcely the word. Tradition represents his singing as good, but Mrs. Ward tells us that he had but a slight singing voice. He may have been past his best by that time, but "he managed to render the melodies delightfully by a perfect intonation and the feeling he imparted to the sentimental words."

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The long roll of Mrs. Ward's friends includes Queen Victoria, Landseer, D'Orsay, Lady Blessington, Macready (the Macready children were very naughty, and she suffered at their hands), Mark Lemon, Albert Smith, the brothers James and Horace Smith, Grote, Dickens, Lytton, all the Terrys, Mrs. Keeley, Miss Glyn, and Mme. Vestris. The list of distinguished names grows as the record comes down to our own times, and about everyone, or nearly everyone, there is some interesting note or anecdote.

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Here is a story of Queen Victoria that will delight the malicious wit of our anti-Victorians. The incident occurred when E. M. Ward was painting his picture of Napoleon III. and her Majesty. In order to get the pose he drew each figure undraped, in pink chalk, the effect being rather ridiculous in the first stage. No sooner had he done this, and we were consulting together about some minor points, than we received a message that the Queen was coming immediately to see the picture. Our consternation was great, and Edward, who was never resourceful in an emergency, looked petrified. "Good Heavens! What shall we do?" he said, in a tragic tone. "The Queen must never see herself like this." I could not help laughing at his horror. "There is only one thing to do; you must wipe them out."

Edward set to work energetically with a rag, and after undoing a whole morning's labour, a second messenger arrived to say that the Royal Visit would be deferred till the next day.

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This book will appeal first of all to those (a diminishing company) who remember, and, next, to those who like to read about that old world of London life which seems so remote. The earlier part of the record relates to the period of the sentimental novel, of the anecdotal Academy picture, of stern parents, and of "sheltered" home life—an age thought too prim to be endured by brisk young moderns; but even they ought to find something congenial in the work of an early-Victorian who, at sixteen, loved passionately, and had the courage to defy her parents and to "live her own life."

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The current book-lists offer the reader several other agreeable volumes of memoirs which will go very well



THE CHARM OF FRENCH LINE ENGRAVINGS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: "LES ADIEUX," BY ROBERT DE LAUNAY—AFTER MOREAU LE JEUNE.

The work of eighteenth-century French engravers is the very expression of the spirit of the age, which regarded "le joli," the graceful, dainty, and delicate, as being the mainspring in modes for men and women of the noblesse of the *Ancien Régime*. Our illustration shows a delightful engraving dated 1777, by Robert de Launay, after Moreau le Jeune, and is reproduced from the newly published book, "Old French Line Engravings," by Ralph Nevill, a review of which appears on page 86 of this issue. It contains eighty-six beautiful reproductions of old engravings.

with Mrs. Ward's. There is, for example, Mr. Joseph Harker's "STUDIO AND STAGE" (Nisbet; 12s. 6d.), a scene-painter's record of his life and his views on his art. He also can go back a long way, not for ninety years, certainly, but still to times that have already a venerable air. Besides personal memories, Mr. Harker delves in the antiquities of his profession. I was particularly interested in his notice of de Loutherbourg, for that name always recalls to me a charming essay of Austin Dobson's in his collection entitled "At Prior Park."

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Philip James de Loutherbourg (or Loutherbourgh), R.A., was a native of Fulda, in Hesse-Nassau, not of Strasburg, as was long supposed. He was born in 1740. His true birthplace was ascertained "by the indefatigable M. Jal," whom Mr. Dobson called "the Old Mortality of letters." Loutherbourg was the pupil of Casanova's younger brother, François. In 1770 he came to England, where he lived for forty years. His interest for us to-day lies in his improvements in stage scenery and appliances. He "devised cunning expedients for simulating sunlight and starlight, and the appearance of running water."

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But Loutherbourg is chiefly memorable for a little show which was, in some ways, a progenitor of the "movies." He called it the "Eidophusikon, or, Various Imitations of Natural Phenomena, represented by Moving Pictures." This he exhibited successively at Lisle Street, Leicester Square, and in Old Exeter Change, Strand. As no magic lantern was used, one cannot say that the Eidophusikon was very closely akin to the Cinema, but at any rate, certainly it must have been the ancestor of those scenic models which have proved such an attractive feature of Wembley. We read of a representation of "the pool or port of London, crowded with shipping, each mass of which was cut out in pasteboard." The lighting was beautifully managed so as to give the gradual effect of sunrise. One of his greatest triumphs was a scene of shipwreck. Loutherbourg became the rage. Reynolds told all his friends to take their daughters to see the Eidophusikon, and the show prospered exceedingly—for a time. But public patronage fell off, and on May 31, 1782, the exhibition was closed. Four years later it saw a brief revival, and was then sold. What became of the properties, history has not revealed.

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This is a long digression from Mr. Harker's book, but the kinship between Loutherbourg's "Eidophusikon" and the beautiful panoramas of the Empire Exhibition seemed too interesting and curious a point to dismiss with a mere word, when once one had the cue. Mr. Harker has many good old stories (one or two a trifle threadbare, but still well told) of the old actors and of days at the Olympic Theatre and at Astley's. He looks with a chary eye upon innovation in stage decoration. It was a happy thought to invite letters on the subject from living authorities, and everyone who cares for the theatre will enjoy reading the views of Mr. Shaw and other leading lights on stage-craft. Mr. Harker, who is nothing if not conservative, holds the old fort stoutly, and gives reasons for the faith that is in him.

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The next book of memoirs takes us to the lyric stage and the concert-platform of mid-Victorian days. It is the biography of a great singer in an age that some of us are tempted to regard as either too ponderous or too saccharine in its musical taste. "SIMS REEVES, FIFTY YEARS OF MUSIC IN ENGLAND," by Charles E. Pearce (Stanley Paul; 16s.), is a work of diligent research, and, like the other books here noticed, it carries a curious flavour of Victorianism reverently embalmed.

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It may not be a great biography, as we count biographical writing nowadays, but it is interesting, for Sims Reeves belonged to an age when the big men in every walk of life were of a commanding stature we seem to miss nowadays. We have great singers to-day, but for some reason or other they do not make the universal appeal of the outstanding Victorians. Few, if any of them, have names to conjure with. And that, whatever other qualities or defects of qualities he possessed, Sims Reeves could claim in abundant measure.

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A recent book of Mr. Stephen Graham's was in some sort a first instalment of a memoir of his friend the late Wilfred Ewart, whose novel of the war, "Way of Revelation," gave promise of even finer things in fiction. Ewart's tragic death by a stray shot in Mexico destroyed that hope. Graham was travelling with Ewart when the mischance befel, and in his "Eldorado," dedicated to the memory of his friend, he gave us some glimpses of Ewart *intime*, as he appeared on that last journey. Now he has followed up those episodic sketches with "THE LIFE AND LAST WORDS OF WILFRED EWART" (Putnams; 9s.).

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The book is more than welcome, for Ewart had made so deep a mark as a writer that his readers wished to know more of the man. Mr. Graham's account is entirely in harmony with the impression of personality conveyed by the novel. In effect, although not in detail or incident, Ewart's life can be read in "Way of Revelation" as positively (or, perhaps, as negatively) as in the biography. The external man is revealed; the inner spirit may have been withheld in its ultimate essence, even from the old friend of the trenches. But Mr. Graham saw more, and saw deeper than any other, and there lies the justification and the value of his book.

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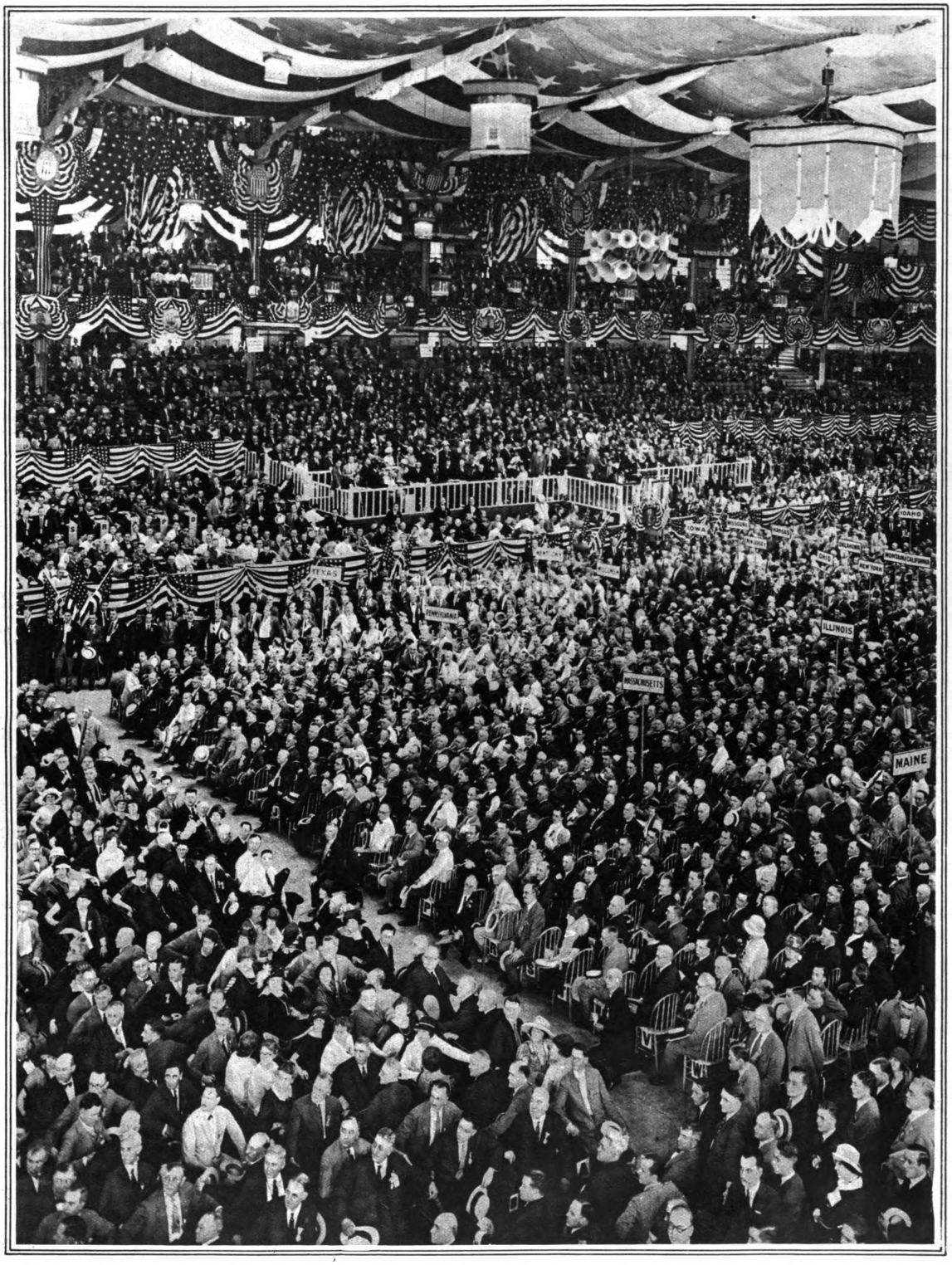
As this article began with a woman's reminiscences, so it may end, fittingly enough, with Katherine Tynan's "MEMORIES" (Nash and Grayson; 15s.). It is not so much a discursive book as a series of deliberate and considered studies. The subjects are Irishmen and Irishwomen of note, and if these pages are written with an inevitable bias, it is a bias very gracious and becoming to the poet-author. For Mrs. Hinkson, the old Irish days are the best days, and the figures of past times (not so very far past) the truly heroic. She writes of Parnell, of Lord Russell, of Mr. Justice Gibson, of Lady Gilbert, from a point of view entirely individual. Her attitude may arouse question, but cannot alienate the reader. For there are few things so winning in this imperfect world as loyalty to a lost cause or to a friend departed; and this is a loyal book, a sincere book and, needless to say, the work of a literary artist.

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Correspondents occasionally send me welcome and valuable information about the special resources of libraries. I have to thank the Dean of the School of Journalism of Missouri University for an official Bulletin, a revised edition of Claire E. Ginsburg's "A Newspaperman's Library," being a catalogue-bibliography of the University Library's books on journalism. Thanks are due also to the Public Librarian of Coventry for his latest Bulletin, containing a J. M. Barrie Bibliography.

# SEVENTY-SEVEN FRUITLESS BALLOTS! THE U.S. DEMOCRATS IN SESSION.

PHOTOGRAPH BY T.P.A.




**THE BITTER FIGHT FOR A DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES: THE CONVENTION AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.**

For ten days the United States Democrats' Convention endeavoured to nominate a candidate for the Presidency. After 77 ballots a deadlock still existed—that is, neither of the leading candidates had sufficient votes to give the two-thirds majority required by the Convention rules. At one stage, the stalemate seemed so permanent that it was suggested that the Convention should be adjourned for a fortnight and be reconvened in another city. However, the candidates came to the rescue and, with the exception of Mr. McAdoo, agreed to release their delegates from their pledges to vote in a particular way; an act which gave an unconditional, free vote. This Convention has broken the "record" for the number of ballots made at Charleston and Baltimore in 1860, when 59 ballots were registered. Forty-six ballots were recorded in Baltimore in 1912, resulting in the nomination of the late President Wilson. The situation faced by the Convention at Madison Square Garden was complicated by religious and sectional prejudices. The Klu Klux Klan, which is anti-Roman Catholic, was supposed to back Mr. McAdoo, a son-in-law of the late President Wilson. Governor Smith came out boldly for a revision of the Prohibition Law.

# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

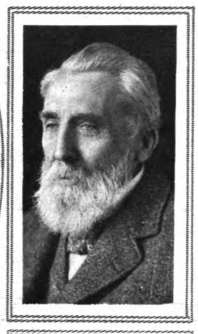
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, TOPICAL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, S. AND G., L.N.A., LOEB, I.B., AND BURRELL AND HARDMAN.



CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESES OF LIVERPOOL: JUDGE H. CHALONER DOWDALL, K.C.



CHAIRMAN OF THE ORGANISATION COMMITTEE, LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL: ARCHDEACON HOWSON.



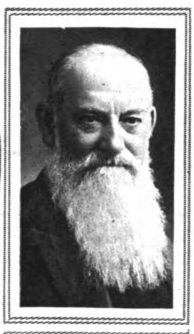
VICE-CHAIRMAN, LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL COMMITTEE: SIR W. B. FORWOOD, BT.



SON OF PRESIDENT COOLIDGE: THE LATE MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE.



THE NEW MEMBER OF PETERHOUSE, CAMBRIDGE: LORD CHALMERS.



A GREAT PIONEER GARDENER: THE LATE SIR HARRY VEITCH.



THE ETON CAPTAIN FOR ETON v. HARROW: MR. D. M. BATESON.



WINNER OF THE 100 METRES AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES: MR. H. M. ABRAHAMS.



THE COMPOSER OF "HUGH THE DROVER": DR. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.



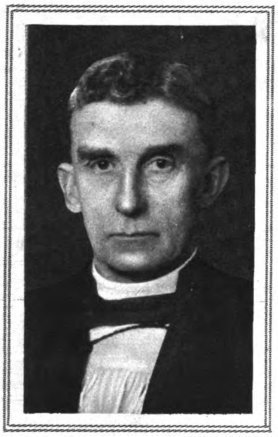
THE DIAMOND SCULLS: MR. J. BERESFORD, JNR., WINNER (RIGHT). AND MR. K. N. CRAIG, THE LOSER.



RODEO WINNERS: MISS BONNIE McCARROLL AND MR. HOWARD TEGLAND.



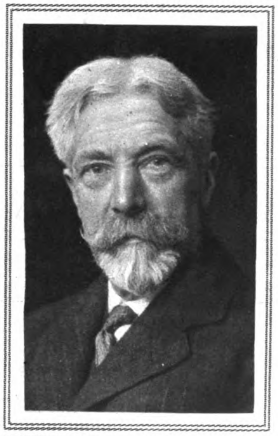
THE HARROW CAPTAIN FOR ETON v. HARROW: MR. K. E. CRAWLEY.



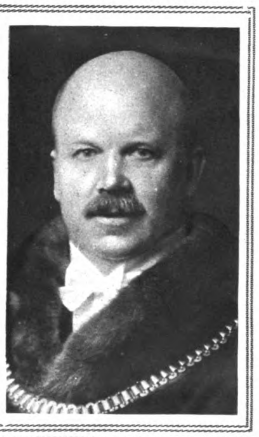
THE DEDICATION OF LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL: THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.



ARCHITECT OF LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL: MR. G. GILBERT SCOTT, R.A.



THE LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL CHAIRMAN: SIR F. M. RADCLIFFE.



THE DEDICATION OF LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL: THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR.

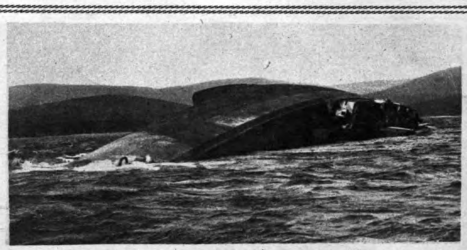
The completed part of the new Liverpool Cathedral, as we note elsewhere, is to be dedicated in the presence of the King and Queen on July 19. The architect, Mr. Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., who was born in 1880, designed it when he was twenty-two.——Mr. Calvin Coolidge, the seventeen-year-old son of the President of the United States, died on July 8. His fatal illness was due to septic poisoning following a blistered toe contracted while playing lawn-tennis.——Lord Chalmers will be sixty-six next month. He is an M.A. of Peterhouse by incorporation, is President of the Royal Asiatic Society, and is a Trustee of the British Museum. He has served in the Treasury, and has been Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, Permanent Secretary of the Treasury and Auditor of the Civil List, Governor of Ceylon, Joint Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, and Under-Secretary for Ireland. He was made a Peer on his retirement in 1919.——Sir Harry James Veitch was a great horticulturist who introduced many new fruits and flowers, and also a generous philanthropist. He retired in 1913-14, and refused to sell the goodwill of his firm.——At the Olympic Games, Mr. H. M. Abrahams, the Cambridge University athlete, won the 100 metres in 10 3-5th seconds.——The first public performance of Dr. R. Vaughan Williams's opera, "Hugh the Drover," will be given by the British National Opera Company on July 14, at His Majesty's. On July 7 the Queen attended a private performance of it given by students of the Royal College of Music, in their "Parry Opera Theatre."——In the final of the Diamond Challenge Sculls at Henley Regatta, Mr. J. Beresford, jnr., Thames Rowing Club, beat Mr. K. N. Craig, Pembroke College, Cambridge, easily. The time was 10 min. 32 sec.——At the Wembley Rodeo, Miss Bonnie McCarroll won the bronk-riding for cowgirls, and Mr. H. Tegland for the men.

# SEEKING TO RAISE THE SCUTTLED GERMAN NAVY: AT SCAPA FLOW.

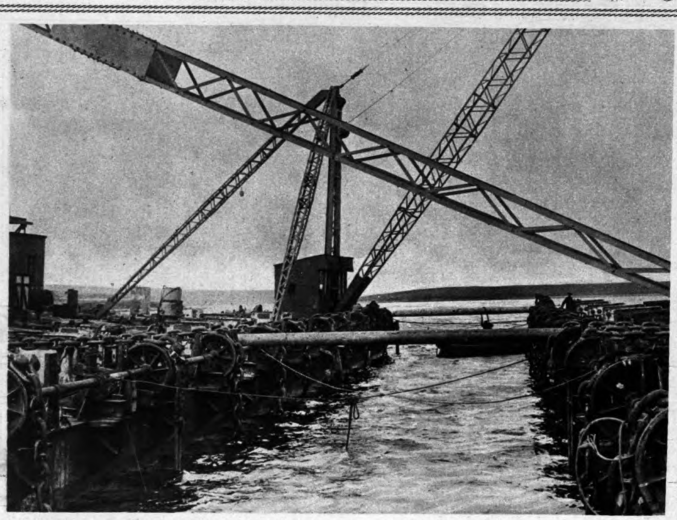
PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G.



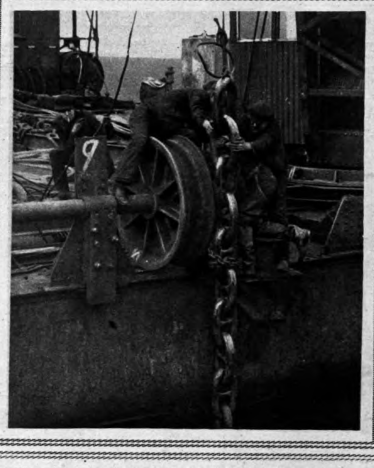
A GERMAN DESTROYER WAITING TO BE RAISED.



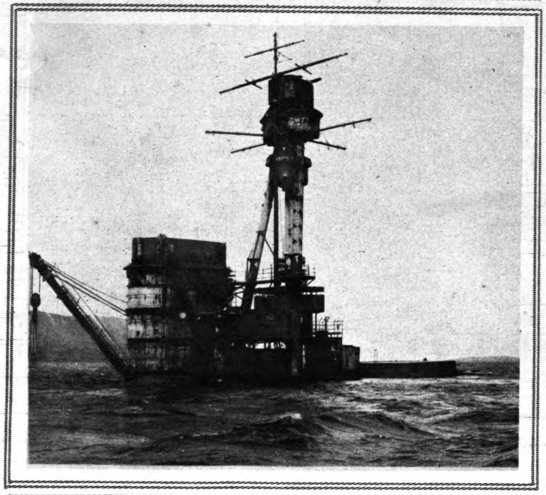
THE "SEYDLITZ" AS SHE IS SEEN AT LOW TIDE.



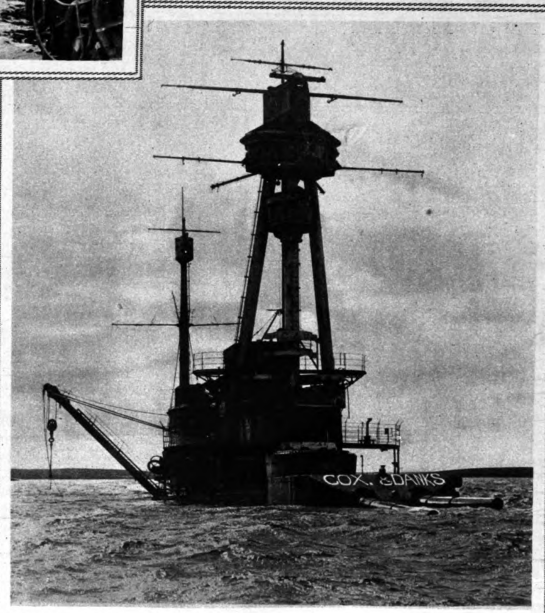
PULLEY-WHEELS BETWEEN DECKS OF THE FLOATING DOCK—FOR THE LIFTING OF A DESTROYER.



ONE OF THE HEAVY LIFTING-CHAINS THAT BROKE.



THE "HINDENBURG" AWAITING THE ATTEMPT TO RAISE HER.

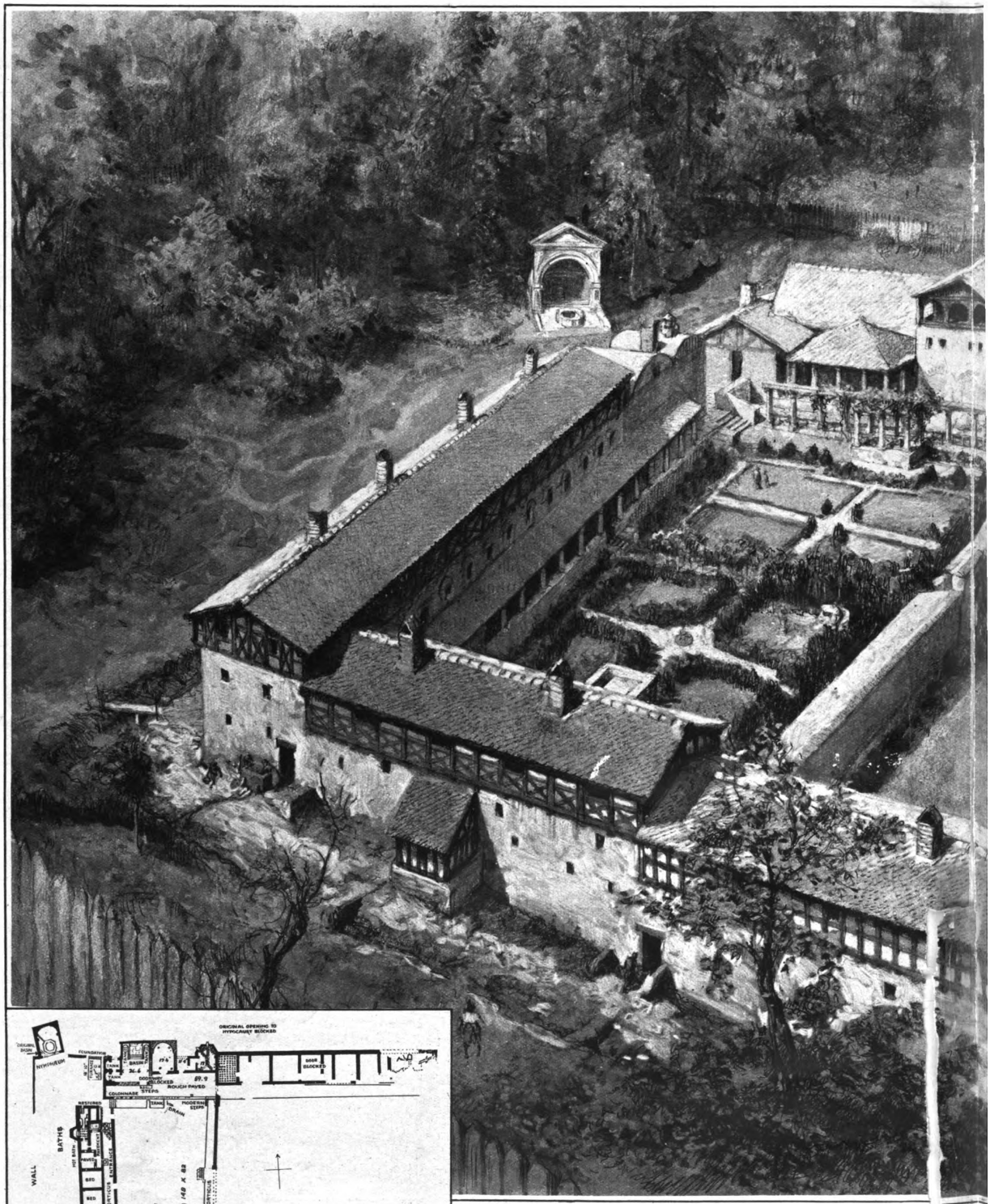


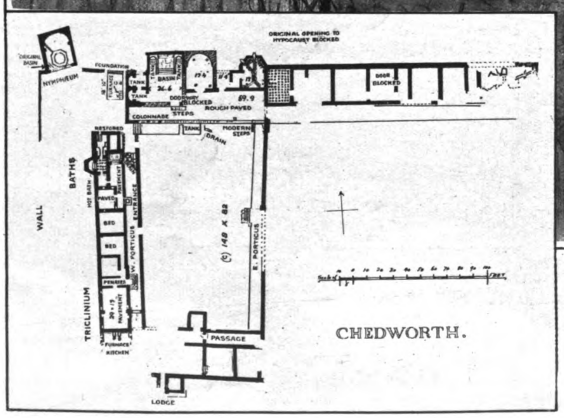

THE "HINDENBURG" READY FOR RAISING—NOTE THE GUNS.

Despite all the skill of that famous firm, Messrs. Cox and Danks, who are endeavouring to raise the German Fleet scuttled and sunk at Scapa Flow in 1919, and are using the German submarine dock surrendered at Harwich and now adapted for the purpose, the first attempt at salvage was unsuccessful. The "V 70" was the vessel in question. Heavy tackle had been passed round the hull and lifting-hooks had been placed in certain portholes; but the strain on the chains was too great, and five of the six broke. Then the last went, and, as bits of links flew in all directions, it is remarkable that there were no casualties. Another attempt will be made in about a week's time. Meanwhile, the salvage-workers may be relied upon to do everything humanly possible.

# FOUND THANKS TO A WHINING FERRET! THE 4TH-CENTU

A Reconstruction Draw



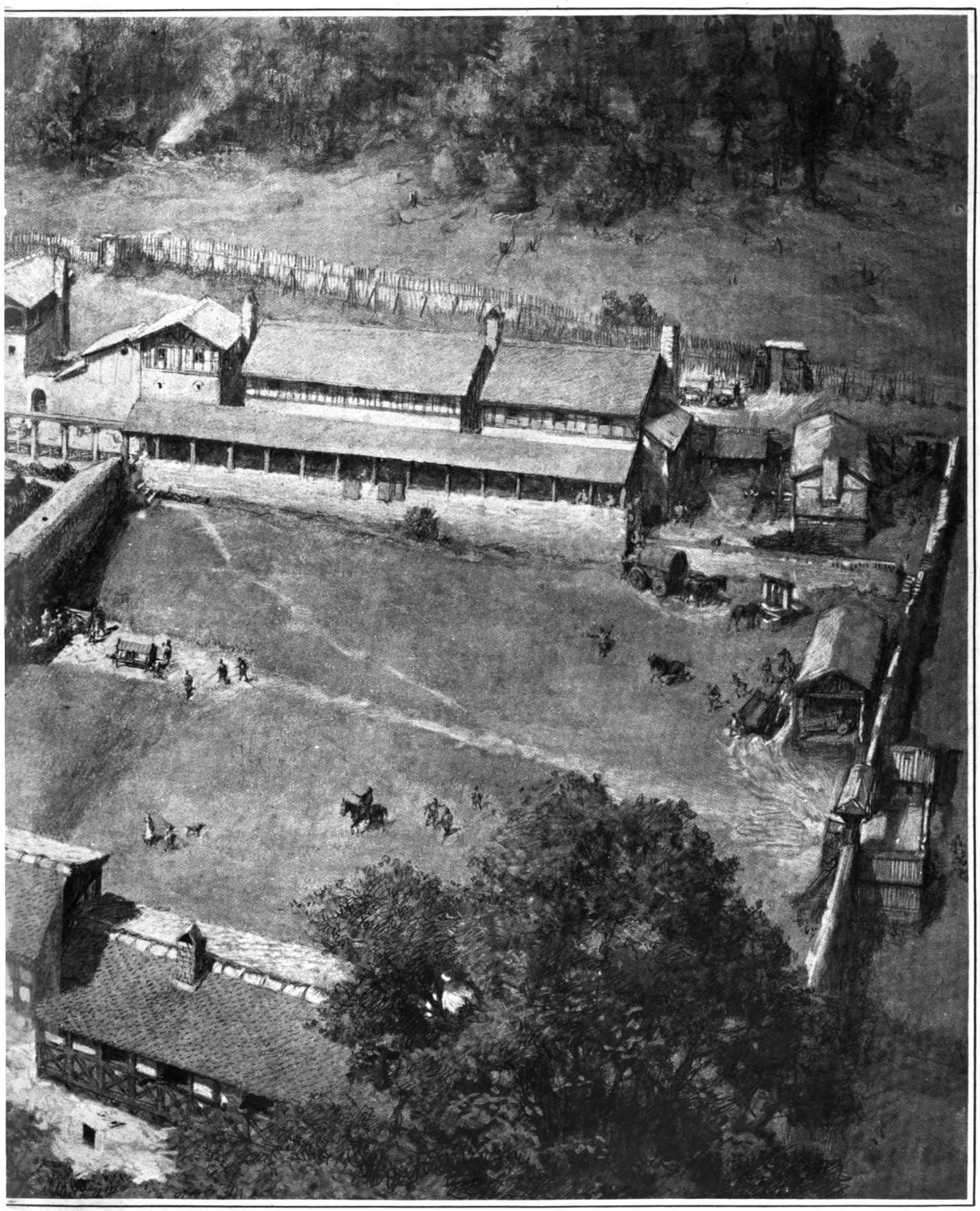



## A HOME AND HUNTING-BOX THA

As we note on other pages of this issue, which deal with the same subject, the National Trust has now taken over on behalf of the nation the Chedwo Roman Villa, of which we here give a reconstruction. The Villa, which lies the eastern slope of the Cotswolds, about ten miles from Cheltenham, v discovered in about the year 1866, and excavations have been going on at regular intervals. It has been suggested, from certain indications found, t metal-working was carried on to a considerable extent at the Villa, but it will be noted that Mr. St. Clair Baddeley argues in favour of the theory that t

# URY ROMAN VILLA AT CHEDWORTH—A RECONSTRUCTION.

ıWING BY A. FORESTIER.



## AT IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BECOME A FACTORY FOR FULLING AND DYEING: THE CHEDWORTH VILLA IN ITS LATER FORM.

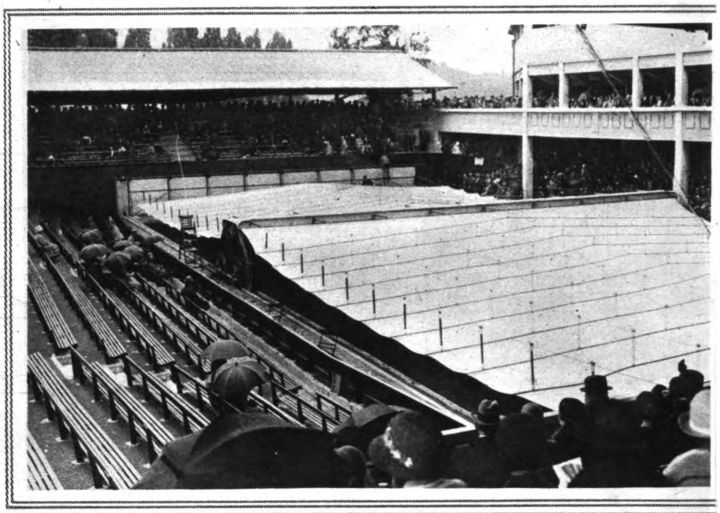
place was enlarged in order that elaborate fulling and dyeing work might be done, and that what was once a fourth-century Roman-British home and hunting-box became, thanks to various alterations, and especially to the enlargement on the north side, a complete manufactory. The structure, which was apparently abandoned in the late fourth century, was found in curious fashion. "A ferret whining among the labyrinthine rabbit-runs beneath a then unknown Roman-British pavement, caused the spade to be sent for, and presently it threw up shoals of coloured cubes from a mosaic floor that had felt no foot pressures for fifteen hundred years." In our picture, as the plan shows, the Nymphæum is seen outside the left top-corner of the range of buildings. On the left of the picture are the dining-room and the baths.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

# THE CAMERA AS RECORDER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., C.N., C.P., NEWBERY, S. AND G., I.I



ON HIS ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND: H.I.H. PRINCE TAFARI, REGENT OF ABYSSINIA, AT DOVER.



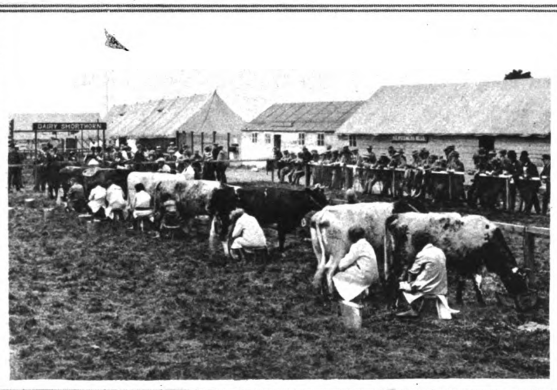
FOR TIME OF RAIN: THE COVER OF NO. 1 COURT IN USE AT WIMBLEDON DURING THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS—PART OF ITS MECHANISM AT THE LEFT CENTRE.



BRICKS WITH STEEL PEGS BETWEEN: ROAD-MAKING ON THE TOWER BRIDGE.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND BRITISH OLYMPIC ATHLETES AT THE GRAVE OF THE FRENCH UNKNOWN WARRIOR: AFTER THE PLACING OF THE WREATH.



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW, AT LEICESTER: MILKING DAIRY SHORTHORNS.

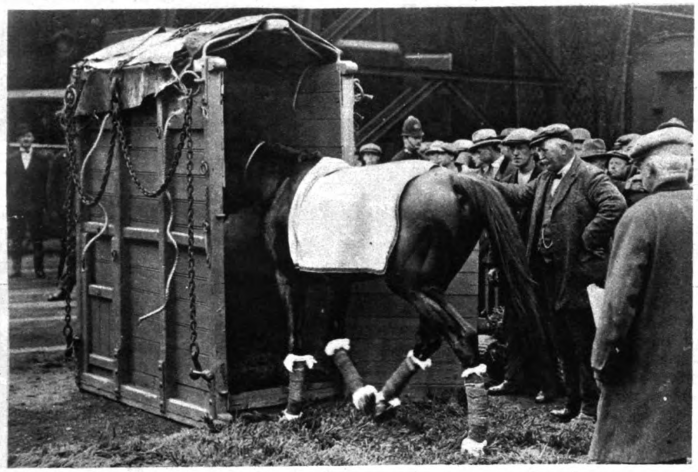


THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW, AT LEICESTER: JUDGING WENSLEYDALE EWES.

Prince Tafari arrived in England on July 7, and is due to leave on Sunday.——In order that the rain shall not make unplayable the chief courts—that is to say, the centre and No. 1 courts—at Wimbledon, these are provided with covers, worked mechanically.——The general idea is that Epinard's chief opponent will be Zev, but it is at least as likely that he will meet Zev's stable companion, Mad Play, who won the Belmont Stakes recently.——A new method of road-repairing is in evidence on that part of the Tower Bridge which is raised so that ships may pass. Lest there should be any chance of the wood blocks slipping during raisings, the blocks are in two layers. The steel pegs shown in the photograph are driven into the blocks of the lower layer, and the blocks of the top layer have holes into which the pegs fit.——When the Prince of Wales went to Paris for the inauguration of the Olympic Games, he visited the Tomb of the French Unknown Warrior, at which the British competitors had assembled, that they might place a wreath upon the grave.——On

# WORLD'S NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

ND "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF EVEREST.



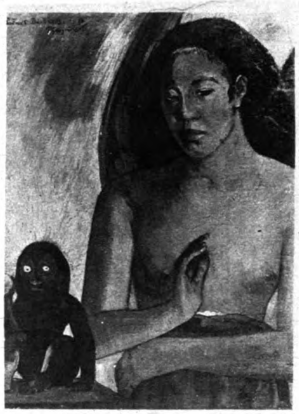
LEAVING FOR THE UNITED STATES TO MEET AMERICA'S BEST HORSES: EPINARD ENTERING THE BOX TO BE SLUNG ABOARD THE "BERENGARIA."



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN IN ENGLAND: HER MAJESTY AT RANELAGH FOR THE POLO, WITH HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE IRISH WAR MEMORIAL AT YPRES: THE TWO MINUTES' SILENCE.





THE GAUGUIN EXHIBITION, AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES: "POÈMES BARBARES."



THROWING THE MARQUESS OF GRAHAM'S HIGHLAND STEER: MIKE HASTINGS AT THE WEMBLEY RODEO.

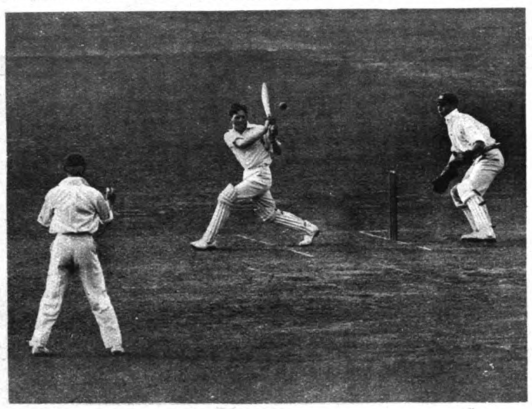


DID LEIGH-MALLORY AND IRVINE REACH ITS SUMMIT? MOUNT EVEREST; WITH SNOW BLOWN FROM ITS HEIGHTS.

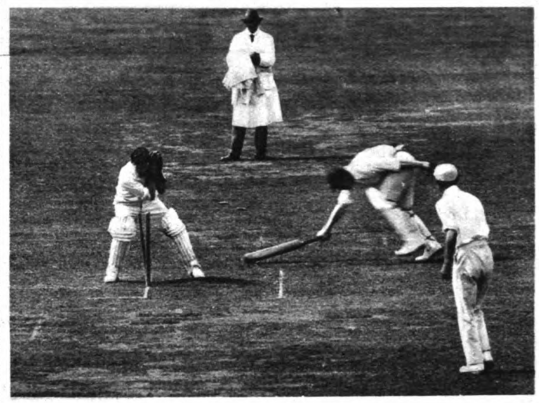
July 7, a monument in memory of the Irish soldiers who fought and fell near Ypres in October 1914, and later in the war, was unveiled at Ypres. The ceremony was attended by officials and by some 250 Irish visitors.——A most interesting exhibition of works by Paul Gauguin (1848-1903) is being held at the Leicester Galleries, in Leicester Square, and is attracting much attention.——The Royal Agricultural Society Show opened at Leicester on July 1, and on that day Prince Henry visited it.——While the Wembley Rodeo was in being, the Marquess of Graham offered £10 to any cowboy who could wrestle and bring to earth a Highland steer he would provide. Mike Hastings accomplished the feat in 16 2-5th sec.——Since the announcement of the deaths of Messrs. Leigh-Mallory and Irvine as they made the attempt of Mount Everest, it has been stated authoritatively that it is quite likely that they reached the summit before they died. Various well-known authorities agree with this theory, including Sir Martin Conway.

# "SOCIETY" CRICKET: THE OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE MATCH, AT LORD'S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G.



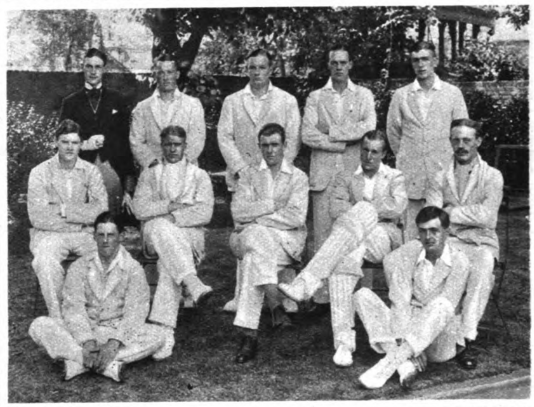
A BOUNDARY HIT: MR. J. E. F. MANN (CAMBRIDGE) DRIVES A LOOSE BALL TO LEG.



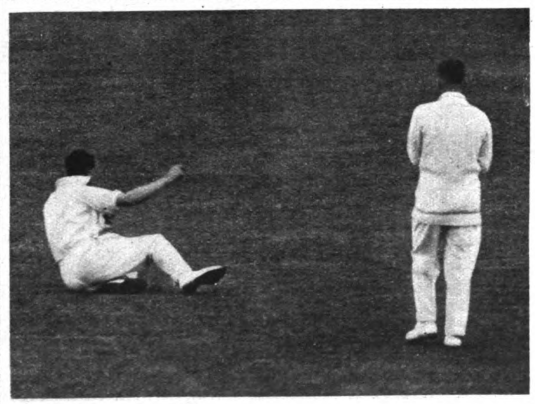
RUN OUT: MR. G. E. B. ABELL (OXFORD).



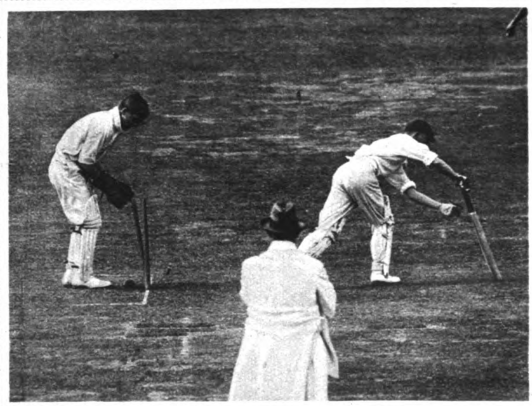
THE DARK BLUES: THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY ELEVEN FOR THE MATCH.



THE LIGHT BLUES: THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ELEVEN FOR THE MATCH.



HELD, IN SPITE OF FALLING: MR. W. R. SHIRLEY (CAMBRIDGE) MAKING A FINE, ONE-HANDED CATCH.

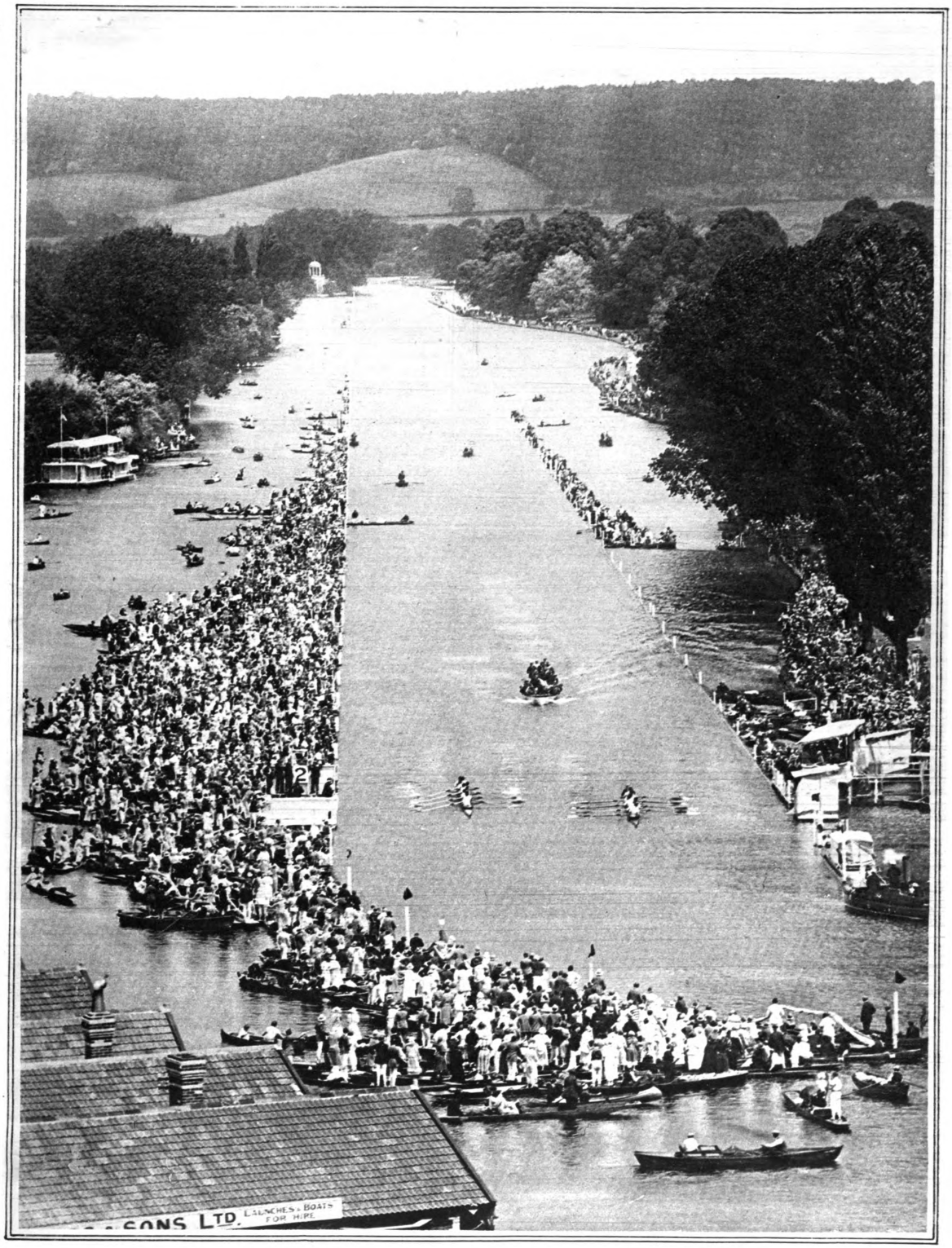


CLEAN BOWLED: MR. E. H. SINCLAIR (OXFORD) FALLS TO A BALL FROM MR. P. A. WRIGHT.

Except for a fairly liberal sprinkling of top-hats, the first parade at the University Match at Lord's (the Eighty-Sixth Annual Inter-'Varsity Match between Oxford and Cambridge) might have been seen at any ordinary county match. This lack of its wonted colour was due to some extent to the weather, and the other parades between the innings were a little more typical of the social side of this popular function. Still, the attendance was not so large as usual. Our photograph of the Oxford Team shows—(left to right) back row: K. G. Blaikie, H. W. F. Franklin, J. E. Frazer, G. E. B. Abell; middle row: C. H. Taylor, T. B. Raikes, C. H. Knott, E. P. Hewetson, F. H. Barnard; front row: E. H. Sinclair, J. L Guise. Our photograph of the Cambridge Team shows— (left to right) at back, standing: C. T. Bennett (who did not play), A. H. White, H. M. Austin, W. R. Shirley, R. J. O. Meyer; next row: N. B. Sherwell, P. A. Wright, T. C. Lowry, H. J. Enthoven, L. G. Crawley; on ground: J. E. F. Mann, E. W. Dawson. Both last year and in 1921 Oxford suffered a single-innings defeat.

# FINALS DAY AT ENGLAND'S GREATEST REGATTA: THE NEW HENLEY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY S. AND G.




**THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP OF THE FIRST STRAIGHT-COURSE HENLEY: LEANDER BEATING JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.**

Henley Royal Regatta, although it attracted fair attendance, was not seen at its best this year. The weather, Wembley, and Wimbledon were against it. The first made conditions very trying, both for competitors and spectators; while the Exhibition and the Lawn-Tennis Championships undoubtedly depleted the crowds. Finals day was fine, but there was a gusty south-west wind which blew down the course and caused the times to be slow. Leander won the Grand in 8 min. 3 sec., after a gruelling race, a rather remarkable fact when it is remembered that the crew was finally decided upon only a week before the beginning of the racing. W. P. Mellen stroked, and it was his great spurt near the finish which put Leander ahead. The new straight course was generally approved.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



## THE STORY OF A HOAX.—"THE PLEASURE GARDEN."

IT happened not so many years ago. It was in the days when England, in the wake of Continental Europe, discovered Ibsen, long since famous in Scandinavia, when the Russians, Dostoievsky, Gogol, Tchekof, just began to be the fashion; when the world of the theatre—from the Théâtre Libre to our own Independent Theatre—was full of strife and revolution; when all kinds of "isms" were discussed in the Press for the benefit of a public that gasped, hardly understood, yet babbled with an air of knowledge and conviction in order not to be voted "out of the movement"; when the appellation "highbrow" became modish and something new, and was sure of a following provided it was sufficiently heralded by the flourish of trumpets.

Now there are always a few wags about who find it a great pleasure to pull the public's legs. So one of these wags, who was a critic as well as a playwright, and in his latter capacity had to settle a little bill with his *confrères* for having slated some of his plays, invented a new great foreign dramatist. The world was told that he was a shining light in his far-away land; that his works were the pillars of the repertory of the national theatre; that anon his plays would be translated into many foreign languages; that his style was original and peculiar; that his method was sure to revolutionise the theatre all the world over.

Whilst a gullible Press was provided with biographical notices, with outlines of his pristine works, with elaborate descriptions of his manner, with all such details objective and subjective as make readable paragraphs, the wag set to work, wrote his play, and had it printed with a fearsome and wonderful preface by a confidant who in highbrow circles had many followers and devotees. If he sent forth the watchword "Admire!"—there was sure to be admiration, and it was pretty certain that the new man would be famous before his actual arrival.

In due course the play was sent to the reviewers, and the miracle happened, just as it was planned by the conspirators—pæons of praise, professed appreciation beyond all the dreams and the intentions of the author. The trap was well set, and, save one reviewer, more astute and well-informed than the others, the critical fraternity fell into it. The exception was a writer who discovered that, great as the new dramatist might be, he was not on familiar terms with the irregular verbs of his country, and that in using a foreign expression as a kind of *leit-motif*, he made a quaint error of conjugation. But it passed unnoticed. Even the cautious reviewer only mentioned it in passing, and never conjectured that play and playwright were myth and imposture. Columns were written about that little play; the author's name was linked to those of the famous Russians, and at ladies' clubs, where every new craze is eagerly discussed in a most unsophisticated jumble of names, he was compared with Maeterlinck, and proclaimed a very formidable rival to the Belgian Shakespeare. So all went well, and there was every chance that the new exotic author would find a footing in our theatre. But the flood of ink did not create the hoped-for tide. The managers nibbled, but would not bite. For a while the vogue continued in the papers, for a while the new man was a topic in the cenacles of literature and at dinner-tables. Then it died out, and all that remained of the new glory was a niche in the British Museum, and an album full of press-cuttings, which once more goes to prove that *mundus vult decipi*.



SUSCEPTIBLE TO TEA—AND CHARM, IN "MIDSUMMER MADNESS": HARLEY QUINN (MR. HUBERT EISDELL) BECOMES ENAMOURED OF CHLOE MOBIN (MISS MARJORIE DIXON). The charm of the pretty girl prevails against the fascination of the witching widow, and the young amorist of "Midsummer Madness" succumbs to his fate.

As one of the few who were "in the know" of this amusing literary mystification, I am pledged to secrecy as to the identity of the perpetrator and his pseudonym. I met him the other day and begged him to release me of my pledge, and to let me name "man and horse!" But he would not grant my request—"There is life in the old dog yet," he said, "and the 'other Maeterlinck' will again be heard of. The time is ripe to complete the hoax—to resume where he left off—and to get the play produced. By gad, was it not fun to take them all in, and this time I will take jolly good care to conjugate correctly."

. . . . . .

Engrossed in a volume on crabs, lobsters, and other crustacea, a young man on a bench in, say, Kensington Gardens takes no notice of the world around him. But next to him sits a pleasant grey-head, a kind philosopher who now and again draws the student of nature into conversation. Passers-by, too, and quaint people who squeeze into the vacant spot that is left of the bench begin to attract his attention, and gradually he drops the crustacea for the bipeds—he watches their loves, their quarrels, their forlorn souls meandering aimlessly and hopelessly through life; he watches them all with suavity and goodwill, but the result is barren. The world is a miserable vale of tears, despite kindness, helpfulness, and the exercise of such weakness as the flesh is made of. Better return to the quiet study of the crustacea. That famous philosopher of the pavement was not so far out in his estimate of reality: "What 's the good of anyfink—why, nofink!"

Yes, and after him Gorki has said it in the "Lower Depths," where the dear old Batushka is just such a kind, yet aloof observer as our boy in Kensington Gardens; and George Kaiser has said it, and the Capeks and Toller; and now Miss Beatrice Mayor says it in her own ingenious yet ingenuous way. She says it in slices — she rissoles life—she says it spasmodically in seven scenes all around the bench near the tea-house in Kensington Gardens. But she says it now feelingly, now humorously, with apt words creating a situation, and by a scrawl of the pen; she says it, too, laboriously—particularly in the first part. But whatever structural faults and occasional maladroitness in shifting her characters puppet-wise, there remains something that sinks in, sinks down—an understanding of life, a laugh at it, and discreetly a sob for the jetsam adrift in the ever-flowing current.

I would call "The Pleasure-Garden" a remarkable work, well selected fitly to crown the end—the silver wedding of the Stage Society to the progress of our theatre. The actors, too, rose to the occasion; first and foremost Miss Athene Seyler in her wonderful embodiment of the vendor of smiles; it was poignant, it was pathetic; under the veneer of surface throbbed the tragedy of waste; and how she propelled every line charged with meaning and with shot! Next, Mr. D. Hay Petrie, quaintly philosophic, in the spirit of Alice in Wonderland, observant, commiserating, in the end doleful that "such is life!" Pathetic the lone woman of Miss Mary Barton, wandering aimlessly in forgetfulness and mental inaction; buoyant the young lovers of Miss Ray Litvin and Mr. Richard Bird—she a little old-fashioned in her delving into his past, yet played by the artist with all the freshness of youth; typical and true to life the actor out of bounds, living on memories, press-cuttings, everlastingly seeking new amorous adventures and refuge in the bottle. Pert and ebullient the little maid of Miss Elsa Lanchester, slave of her imperious mistress (Miss Margaret Yarde), who went into tantrums because her promised paradise, a trip to Aix-les-Bains, was denied her; kindly and philosophic the elderly observer of Mr. Felix Aylmer—who had learned on his long journey the full meaning of "to understand is to forgive."

Indeed, a brilliant array of actors—too numerous for a complete roll-call, marshalled by Mr. Alan Wade into flawless harmony.



THE VICTORIAN STOCKBROKER-PANTALOON AND THE PRETTY WIDOW OF "MIDSUMMER MADNESS": WIDOW PASCAL (MISS MARIE TEMPEST), AND PANTALOON (MR. FREDERICK RANALOW).

"Midsummer Madness," the new comedy at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, is set in the garden of an inn in Somerset. The middle-aged but debonair "Pantaloon" from the Stock Exchange is forced to leave his quotations, and, after three acts of gay comedy and music, is mated to the irrepressible and matchless widow. Mr. Clifford Bax is the author of the Comedy with Music; and Mr. Armstrong Gibbs, the composer of the music.—[*Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.*]

# BY ONE WHO IS "TWO KINDS OF SCULPTOR": WORKS BY MEŠTROVIĆ.

FROM THE SCULPTURES ON EXHIBITION AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES, NEW BOND STREET. PHOTOGRAPHS BY COOPER, TOPICAL, AND G.P.A.



"THE CRUCIFIXION." (PLASTER.)



"MAGDALEN." (MARBLE.)



"ANGELS IN JOY." (WOOD.)



"MADONNA WITH CHILD." (BRONZE.)



"MADONNA AND CHILD." (PLASTER.)



"ANGEL GABRIEL." (MARBLE.)



"CONTEMPLATION." (MARBLE.)

For the second time, it is now possible to see in London a collection of works by Ivan Meštrović, the Serbian sculptor introduced to this country in 1915, when there was a show of his sculptures at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The present exhibition is at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, in New Bond Street, and, the "Times" suggests, gives the impression that "there are in Meštrović two kinds of sculptor: the wood and stone carver in a folk-art tradition, and the product of art schools in a more or less classical tradition, and that the two are as yet imperfectly reconciled. The effect, indeed, though Meštrović is a Slav, is that which is generally presented—in both sculpture and architecture—when Gothic feeling for character and expression is subjected to classical discipline. The discipline does not quite fit the impulse." Meštrović was born in 1883. His father was a peasant worker in stone, and he it was who apprenticed the boy Ivan to a master-mason, when he was fifteen. A year later the youth's work began to attract attention, and he was sent to Vienna.

# The World of Women

THE KING and Queen had another garden party on Saturday; the third and last will be given on Thursday, the 24th. That on Saturday moved on the same pleasant lines as the first, and the number of guests was about the same. It is nice to hear reiterated over and over again the delighted expressions of our Empire visitors at the hospitality extended to them on all sides. That of their Majesties appealed to them in the highest degree, and the frequent visits to Wembley of the King and Queen and members of the Royal Family pleased them greatly. The King and Queen will not be able to attend the Eclipse Stakes Meeting, as they will be at Knowsley for the dedication of the fine new cathedral in Liverpool. Doubtless other members of the Royal Family will be at Sandown Park on the 18th. It has, so far, not been announced that the Queen will accompany the King to Goodwood House for the race week, but it is felt that her Majesty will do so, as she always enjoys these visits to beautiful Goodwood. The Duchess of Northumberland would once again be hostess for her father, and the Queen appreciates our most beautiful Duchess thoroughly, also the chivalrous hospitality of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. The King is also very happy at Goodwood, and enjoys his early rides in the lovely park.

This will be an exceptionally brilliant Cowes Regatta week, and, given good weather, should be very enjoyable. The King and Queen will be on the royal yacht, and the *Britannia* will be racing with her royal owner on board. Prince Olaf of Norway is expected to sail a small yacht in the regatta; and it has been stated that the Crown Prince of Denmark will also compete in one of the smaller classes. The Queen of Spain is quite likely to go with Princess Beatrice to Carisbrooke Castle for a short stay before going back. Her Majesty arrived a few days ago, and is staying at Kensington Palace with her second son, Don Jaime, and her two daughters, the Infantas Beatrice and Victoria Eugenie. The elder is in her sixteenth year, and the younger in her thirteenth year. Don Jaime is in his seventeenth year.

The sales have provided many of us with fresh outfits for the holidays. The rubber millinery and the much-trimmed bathing dresses do not seem to commend themselves greatly to British women. We like to go down to the sea in neat and becoming garments, it is true; the old style of bathing dress belonging to the period of our grandmothers would horrify us now; but the swimmer and the girl who plays tennis perhaps between her incursions into the waves, or sits in the sun to dry and smoke a cigarette, pin their faith on pretty stockinette bathing suits, and oil-silk hair-wrappings with neat tassels and no flowers, rubber or otherwise. There are, of course, bathers who wear Futurist bathing clothes and scare the fishes, to whom the present is all-sufficient, the future hooks and nets perhaps. The seaside season will be a full one, although the earlier part of it has suffered from the counter-attractions of the Empire Exhibition and of London, a little place which dwellers at the coast and in the country seem to have discovered this year and to take to very heartily.

There have been very few weddings this season—why, no one seems to know. Young people appear to expect to go on from where their parents are now. A girl going to be married looks to have a fine touring car and a two-seater runabout, a dress allowance which would have made her mother gasp with astonishment, a small house—not even young people want large ones—perfectly equipped and properly staffed. The man wants all his things equally well supplied, and when the parents cannot do it the young folk make martyrs of themselves and say they are too poor to marry. Love laughs at locksmiths, it is said; but in these days love is a little too apt to cry at any threat of self-denial, and to cry off completely very often.



*Two lovely wraps for summer wear from the International Fur Store. On the left is a magnificent mink stole, and the short cape-wrap on the right is of ermine.*

The Duke of Connaught, who was for five years Governor-General of Canada, and is Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Canadian Regiment and other regiments in the Dominion, had an afternoon party for the Empire visitors on Friday, in the combined gardens of St. James's Palace and Clarence House. The visitors were received by his Royal Highness and Lady Patricia Ramsay, and had the opportunity of seeing some of the historical rooms in St. James's Palace. This party was greatly appreciated by the Overseas representatives, for the Duke of Connaught is a man of widest popularity, and Lady Patricia is a delightful hostess. There was great competition for cards at the Empire Exhibition office, and a large number of representative British people were invited too. These now know quite a number of Overseas visitors, which makes for the success of this Empire season.



*A beautiful sable stole, six skins wide, from the International Fur Store, Regent Street, W.* (*See page* 84.)

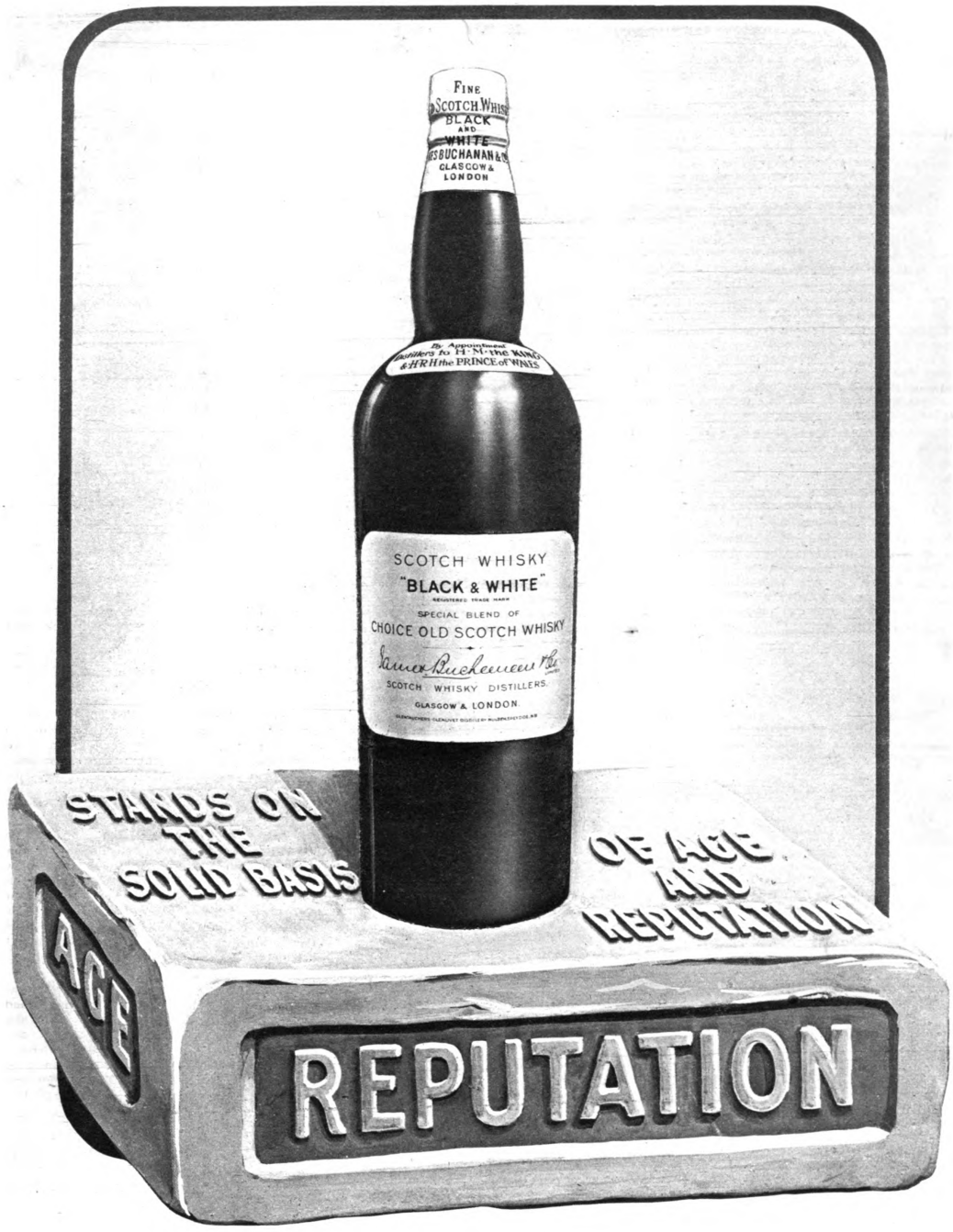
Henley refused to be chilled out of its characteristic jollity and merriment by cool winds. There was little rain and some sunshine, and Henley spirits are irrepressible. Furs were worn, and that with great comfort to the wearers. That, however, was only an exaggeration of what has often happened, for, sitting in a club enclosure watching the racing is chilly work. On the river itself, colour was rampant, and American, Canadian, and other Dominion visitors were, as ever, delighted with a function which is unique, and essentially English. It was a wonderful sight, and the girls and boys were the best part of it, in their summer kits and summer spirits. Printed foulard was much worn, and printed in cheery patterns and light colours. As to colour, the boys had plenty, too, either in blazers or handkerchiefs worn round their waists.

A number of people have already left town for the season, and gone to their places in Scotland and in the provinces. The reasons for these early absences are the rush of social doings up to now, and the crowded state of town, which is often found rather exhausting; also the extraordinary beauty of the country this year. The days of sunshine, and the cool, fresh evenings and mornings are delights which appeal to those whose eyes are tired, nerves on edge, and appetites for town pleasures jaded. This does not mean a premature end to the great Empire season; it will go on with vigour until the general exodus for Goodwood or for the pleasures of the seaside, abroad, and at home, and this year an increased number of holiday people are making for Switzerland.

An afternoon party in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons sounds rather gruesome. That held by the President, Sir John Bland Sutton—wearing his black and crimson robe of office; Lady Bland Sutton in daintiest of fawn-coloured and gold costumes — suggested anything but the gentle art of surgery, to which the world is so deep a debtor. There were flowers, fruit, tea, charming dresses, and frivolous but delightful talks, even in the august Council-room, where hangs the celebrated picture of Hunter, by Reynolds. The Dowager Countess of Gosford was there, and Miss Kipling, in red, much congratulated on her engagement; Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, very fresh, in spite of the strenuous life she leads, even as the wife of an ex-Prime Minister, and many more. It was a most enjoyable function.

Undoubtedly one of the most interesting engagements of this month is that of Miss Alice Astor and Prince Obolensky. She is the daughter of Lady Ribblesdale by her first marriage. The Prince belongs to one of the oldest and greatest Russian families.

A. E. L.




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# Fashions and Fancies.

**Summer and Autumn Furs.** This season no *tailleur* is complete without a long fur stole or diminutive "dog" collar of sable or stone-marten to add the finishing touch. Foxes of every description, white, red, cross, and silver, are seen everywhere, and at the International Fur Store, Regent Street, W., there is a magnificent collection. White foxes can be obtained from £21 upwards, cross foxes from £25, and red foxes from £12 10s. Sketched on page 82 are three lovely wraps which hail from these salons. The beautiful sable stole is no less than six skins wide; and the mink stole on the extreme left is six also at each end and seven at the back, forming the graceful cape effect. In the centre is a wonderful wrap of ermine, with a loose cape back, long revers, and a deep collar. Fashionable one-skin collars of stone-marten can be obtained from £8 10s. It must be noted also that real sealskin is again being worn, and that the dressing of it has so much improved that coats of this skin are now as light as seal musquash, and are not more expensive. Short coats of real sealskin can be obtained here for £75.

**Liberty Frocks and Wraps.** Nottingham lace is again enjoying a prominent position in the season's fashions, and Liberty's, of Argyll Place, Regent Street, W., have introduced it in the graceful models pictured on this page. The diaphanous cloak is fashioned of black georgette and Nottingham lace over pale champagne, and may be obtained for 12½ guineas; while the frock is expressed in Liberty crêpe-de-Chine in a deep-lilac nuance. The lace is tinted to the same shade, and the price is also 12½ guineas. There are handsome evening gowns of tinsel brocade in many lovely colourings obtainable from 8½ guineas upwards, and delightful evening wraps in shimmering "Sungleam" reversible satin for 5½ guineas only. Useful little frocks for the holidays in Liberty's famous artistic colourings can be secured for 79s. 6d. in printed crêpe-de-Chine, and for 6½ guineas in Tyrian silk. Apart from the study of the numberless fascinating Liberty models, the wonderful Tudor building in Argyll Place, with its oaken galleries and carved woodwork, is well worth visiting again and again.

**Bargains in Linen.** Every housewife will revel in the sale of linen which is now in progress at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W. There are table-cloths of real Irish linen to be secured for 12s. 9d., size two by two yards; and serviettes to match are 13s. 3d. a dozen. Beautiful linen damask table-cloths, ivy design, have been



*A diaphanous cloak of black georgette and Nottingham lace over champagne georgette, and a bewitching frock of lilac crêpe-de-Chine and lace tinted to the same nuance. They may be studied in the salons of Liberty's, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.*

reduced to 19s. 8d. each, and all slightly imperfect and shop-soiled linen articles are being cleared at very low prices. There are 200 pairs of pure linen sheets, single-bed size, offered at 35s. 9d. a pair, or 63s. the double size; and all-wool blankets can be secured for 19s. 6d. per pair. There are a few embroidered linen tea-cloths offered at 18s. 9d. each; and Duchess sets worked with Italian hand embroidery and open-work are 18s. 6d. complete. Handkerchiefs, bedspreads, curtains—everything, in fact, relating to linen—offer the same golden opportunities; and readers should apply for an illustrated sale catalogue, which will be sent post free to all who mention this paper.

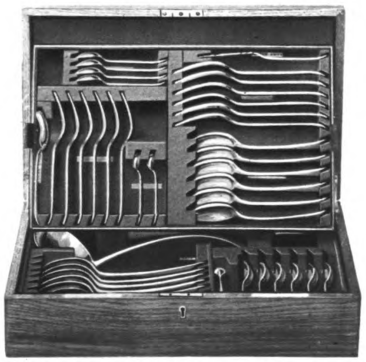
**Write for a Bargain Book.** No one must fail to apply for the "Monster Bargain Book" issued by Gamage's, Holborn, E.C., in connection with their great summer sale, which is now in progress. It includes pretty little holiday frocks in delainette printed with Oriental designs and colourings for 5s. 11d., and useful white voile jumpers embroidered with contrasting colours for 2s. 11d. Ideal for country wear are the knitted woollen costumes, which may be secured for 17s. 11d. in several blended colourings, and the "Gamage" reliable featherweight mackintosh is only 17s. 6d., sizes 46 to 50 inches. Holiday outfits for the kiddies can be secured for a surprisingly modest outlay. There are 200 schoolgirls' washing frocks in striped delainette obtainable for 4s. 3d. each, length 21 to 26 inches; and delightful mackintosh capes with hoods for 5s. 9d. Children's rompers and overalls can be obtained from 1s. 11d. upwards.

**A Sale at Hampton's.** Every Thursday throughout July is a half-price remnant day in the summer sale at Hampton's, Pall Mall East, S.W., which is now in progress. Everything in the sphere of house furnishing has been substantially reduced. There are 150 yards of fine quality velour in soft blues and greys (50 inches wide) reduced from 15s. 6d. to 7s. 11d. a yard, and 1000 yards of casement cloth available at 1s. 11½d. a yard. Carpets and rugs offer many wonderful bargains, and beautiful seamless Axminsters are being cleared at half-price in order to make room for new stock. Hampton's furniture is, of course, far-famed. There are comfortable oak settees, well upholstered and covered with hide, reduced from £14 10s. to £8 15s., complete with two loose seat cushions; and handsome oak sideboards fitted with two cupboards are marked at £7 19s. 6d. Then there are inviting cretonne-covered easy chairs reduced to £4 18s. 6d.; and adjustable oak "bed-chairs" are being offered at 42s. 6d. each. No one who is in the midst of re-furnishing should neglect to apply for an illustrated sale catalogue, which will be sent gratis and post free.


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An Oak Canteen, lined Blue Cloth and fitted with "Old English," "Rattail," or "Shell" pattern Spoons and Forks in Regent Plate. £10

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| 6 Table Forks | 6 Tea Spoons | 1 Sugar Spoon |
| 6 Table Spoons | 1 Sauce Ladle | 4 Egg Spoons |
| 6 Dessert Spoons | 1 Soup Ladle | 2 Salt Spoons |
| 6 Dessert Forks | 1 Gravy Spoon | 1 Butter Knife |
| | 1 Sugar Tongs. | |

## Gifts in Regent Plate

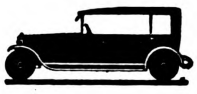
Presents in Regent Plate are useful, inexpensive and distinctive. Regent Plate is made to last a lifetime and longer. In design, in wear, in beauty it is only comparable with solid silver for which it is the recognised substitute.

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## A Hint on Gear Changing—III.

WHEN changing UP, first press on the gear lever (see Gear Changing I) and then push the clutch pedal well forward.

Pause in neutral with the clutch OUT and then move the gear lever into the next position.

The duration of the pause in neutral depends on the action of the clutch stop, which depends on the distance you push the clutch pedal. The higher the car speed at which you change up, the more forcibly must you use the clutch stop in order to make a quick change. At low speeds it is not necessary to pause at all.

(To be continued).

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Tablets in Flasks, 7½d. and 1/3.

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**For children, Horlick's gives physical and mental fitness.**

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## OLD FRENCH LINE ENGRAVINGS

### A DELIGHTFUL PUBLICATION.

THE frankly frivolous charm and cynical grace of the eighteenth century make a special appeal to moderns—for who can live in an age whose slogan is "Safety for Democracy," without now and then turning a wistful glance back to the days of the *ancien régime*? We appreciate the plays of Congreve, and such revivals as "The Beggar's Opera," although, perhaps, all of us do not analyse the reason of the enchantment they hold for us. Those, however, who admit to the ravishment of being carried by the medium of art into an undemocratic age will welcome a new book on Old French Line Engravings, by Ralph Nevill, which has just been published by Halton and Truscott Smith.

As the admirably written introduction to the series of reproductions in "Old French Line Engravings" points out: "Quite a number of French engravers may be considered social historians, for a comprehensive collection of prints of the eighteenth century epitomises and explains the *ancien régime* far more clearly than the pen of the most luminous student, who too often ignores and despises detail, the real essence of a people's social life. Detail, however, was thoroughly appreciated by the artists and engravers of the eighteenth century, who, imbued with artistic feeling and taste, contrived to catch the true physiogonomy of their country at the most charming, if irresponsible, moment of her existence. A considerable number of line engravings depict the essential characteristics of the French race, its pleasant and light-hearted domesticity, its addiction to pleasure, and, above all, the importance which it has always attached to the lighter forms of love. No photography could have brought the life of a long-vanished generation before us so poetically as the careful observation and precision of certain engravers endowed with artistic qualities which, in many cases, were pushed to their furthest limits."

The writer deals with the art of various famous engravers of the eighteenth century, and points out that they were a great deal more than mere mechanical interpreters of the pictures and designs which they reproduced, and in many cases had to work from rough, unfinished sketches and use their own initiative; and he supplies a great deal of useful catalogued information as to the number of impressions made of various famous prints, their rarity, and the differences between the early impressions and the later ones.

The plates are, however, the *raison d'être* of the book, and include a magnificent selection of the work of Bernard Lepicie, Moreau le Jeune, Nicolas Ponce, Tardieu, and many other famous engravers, from pictures by Baudoin, Boucher, Fragonard, and the other masters of the enchanting and frivolous period when Louis XV. and Louis XVI. ruled in France, and the *ancien régime* still held sway.

The reproductions are admirable, and the whole book is one which will delight all those who feel the seduction of the eighteenth century and all that it stands for. Not only does it reproduce the work of these engravers, but it supplies information in regard to the artists and their methods which is bound to increase one's appreciation of their work.




FIRST COMERS OF THE GREAT PICNIC ORGANISED BY MESSRS. LEVER BROTHERS: A TRAINLOAD OF EMPLOYEES ARRIVING AT WEMBLEY FROM PORT SUNLIGHT.

On June 30 the first section of a mammoth picnic organised by Lever Brothers for employees visited Wembley, having been transported to London in five special trains. A similar expedition was arranged for the four succeeding Mondays, until the whole of the 14,000 people invited will have had a trip to the Exhibition. Wives of employees are included in the invitation, and their children between the ages of nine and sixteen years. Such excursions have always been in the tradition of Lever Brothers, Ltd., and old records of the firm contain photographs of a trip to Beaumaris as long ago as 1890.

*Photograph by Farringdon.*


# Holidays on the West Coast

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### 1 SPECIAL OFFER COTTON SHEETS

Attractive Sale Offer of a number of good quality Plain Hemmed COTTON SHEETS, in either twilled or plain.

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| Size | 2 × 3 | 2 × 3½ | 2½ × 3 yds. |
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Exceptional purchase of Hemstitched COTTON SHEETS of reliable quality. These will give every satisfaction.

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### 3 STOCK OF IRISH LINEN SHEETS

Wonderful Sale Offer of superfine quality Irish Linen Hemstitched SHEETS at the following attractive prices—

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### 4 GREAT OFFER OF FINE TOWELS

The thriftily-minded will take advantage of this offer of CHRISTY'S standard quality hemmed Turkish Towels.

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Special Offer of Special Parcel of excellent quality Linen Huckaback TOWELS with red borders.

Size 24 × 40 ins.

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### 6 A BARGAIN OFFER TOO GOOD TO MISS

Sale Offer. Red-lettered All-Linen GLASS, TEA, BASIN and HOUSE-MAIDS' and PANTRY CLOTHS,

| Sizes | 22 × 32 | 24 × 34 ins. |
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### 7 IRISH LINEN DAMASK CLOTHS

Great opportunity in Irish Linen Damask TABLE CLOTHS in a charming Rose design. A quality that will give every satisfaction.

| Size | 68 × 72 | 68 × 90 | 68 × 108 ins. |
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| *Sale Prices* | 10/6 | 13/6 | 16/6 |

### 8 IRISH LINEN PILLOW CASES

Excellent quality Hemstitched Irish Linen PILLOW CASES. This offer cannot be repeated.

| Size | 20 × 30 | 22 × 32 | 27 × 27 ins. |
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*Summer Sale continues until July 19th.* *Post Your Order Now.*

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# THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE. By STRUTHERS BURT. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)

American life, as far as fiction can portray it, should be almost as familiar to English readers nowadays as that of England, seeing how many new novels come to London from the States. "The Interpreter's House"—which, by the way, is its author's firstling—is one of them. It describes New York, and America generally, as they appear to a man of thirty-five, son of a wealthy banker, and himself something of an explorer, sportsman, poet and idealist, who has spent several years abroad in military and diplomatic service. The book begins with "the return of the native," and develops through his absorption in family and business intrigues, the allurements of women, and a commercial tragedy. Through it all he considers his vast country and its people with an air of detachment. "A man," he felt, "could not grasp this immensity; it made him feel solitary and afraid. He could not love his land intimately as an Englishman loved his tiny island, or a Frenchman loves the ordered smallness of France." His countrymen, he finds, make "bad lovers and worse husbands." "Forced as the American was to think in ships and oil-fields and millions of acres of wheat, how could he think in terms of such personal things as wives or children, or God, or beauty, or sonnets, or laughter? He trembled before the smoky djinn he had created, worshipped him and hated him." The book is well written, and shows a sincerity natural in an author who chooses his title from "The Pilgrim's Progress."

NEW FRIENDS IN OLD CHESTER. By MARGARET DELAND. (Murray; 7s. 6d. net.)

The title of this volume looks English enough, but the rural scene on the "jacket" raises a doubt, and the reader soon discovers that Old Chester is, in fact, somewhere in America. The three stories that make up the book—"The Eliots' Katy," "An Old Chester Secret," and "How *Could* She?"—are novels in little, homely and intimate studies of character and domestic drama, written with much insight and sympathy. They do not strike an English reader as particularly American in spirit or in dialogue, apart from local allusions, and many of the people and incidents might equally well belong to an English countryside. Kindliness and charm are the chief qualities in these tales of simple life, whose mingled humour and pathos will appeal to all readers who prefer the real to the sensational in fiction.

THE PLASTIC AGE. By PERCY MARKS. (Selwyn and Blount; 7s. 6d. net.)

American college life, as described in this novel by "a University Professor of wide experience," presents an extraordinary contrast to anything of the kind in this country. The experiences of a freshman at "Sanford College" are more like those of a new boy at an English boarding school in the old days, when bullying and fagging were at their worst, only ten times intensified. Imagine an Oxford or Cambridge man in his first year being spoken to like this! "Hi, freshman, carry up my trunk"; or, "Go down to the station and get my suit-cases"; or, "Come up to my room, I want you to hang pictures." But these menial tasks are the mildest part of the unfortunate "Sanford" freshman's sufferings. He wears a blue cap with an orange bottom to indicate his status, and is unmercifully ragged by the senior men, who subject him to every sort of indignity, and even castigation. Mixed with this primitive brutality is a strange emotionalism. A hulking, six-foot freshman is found by another crying bitterly from home-sickness, and confessing that he wants to go home to his mother! There are more serious matters, which need not be specified here. The whole thing is amazing, and hardly credible, but a University Professor ought to know. The book is said to have raised "a considerable storm of criticism" in the United States, and well it may.

DREAMING SPIRES. By DIANA PATRICK. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

Although Oxford, "that sweet city with the dreaming spires," forms the setting for much of this story, it is not, as might be thought, a novel of University life. Oxford figures in it merely as the nearest town to a great country house, whose owner, a rich bibliophile and art collector, adopts the adventurous heroine in peculiar circumstances. Yet the charm of Oxford has its effect upon her character, and is thus a distinct factor in the development of the tale. It is a woman's book about a woman's career. A girl of twenty, nurtured in luxury, suddenly finds herself a penniless orphan, and resolves to achieve material success, regardless of romance and sentiment. How romance insists on creeping in, after risky experiments in worldliness, is recounted in the later chapters. In the symbolism of the cover design, Oxford may be said to stand for romance, and Piccadilly for worldliness, in competition for the girl's soul.

THE REASONABLE HOPE. By KATHARINE BURDEKIN. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net.)

"There is but one solid basis of happiness," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell; "it is the reasonable hope of a happy futurity." The Doctor's dictum, with its slight reminiscence of the Burial Service, is quoted as a preliminary text for this novel, and indicates that the reader must look for a "happy ending" beyond the grave. The story, however, is by no means of the religious type that might be inferred from such a quotation. The characters are mostly artists and Bohemians who, like "single men in barracks," are far from turning into plaster saints. Although they talk sometimes of deeper things, and tragedy touches them, their doings and conversation as a rule are full of vivacity. The scene is laid partly in Cornwall, and the sinister side of the Cornish temperament appears in a half-mad farmer, who "sees things" and lives in the grip of a fearful obsession. A leading motive in the book is the hero-worship of a young artist, doomed by consumption, for an older one, and the young man's refusal to part from him to seek health abroad.

THE BEST GIFT OF ALL. By ROWAN GLEN. (Collins; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a love story that will satisfy readers with a taste for plain sentiment and ordinary types of character. There is the hero whose play at first fails through the machinations of a jealous rival, and afterwards proves a brilliant success; there is the charming heroine who is kept apart from her hero by intrigues and misunderstandings; and there is the undesirable lover who is the villain of the piece. It is a new variation on the old theme that the course of true love never does run smooth. A certain Victorian atmosphere is symbolised by a picture of the Albert Hall on the cover, although it is the Albert Hall illuminated for a twentieth-century carnival. The naval officer and the Irish colleen, whose hand he is kissing, are the hero and heroine in fancy dress.

CHANCE—AND THE WOMAN. By ELLIS MIDDLETON. (Mills and Boon; 7s. 6d. net.)

There is still a public, apparently, for tales of adventure in the England of postchaises and highwayman. "Chance and the Woman" is a spirited example of its kind, with a picturesque "gentleman of the road," a full-blooded villain in the person of a bold bad baronet, a hero sufficiently heroic, and a heroine of adequate beauty. There are many exciting incidents—plots, captures, imprisonments, and fierce personal encounters between hero and villain. In short, we have all the familiar ingredients of adventurous fiction, well stirred, and made into a rich and palatable literary pudding, the proof whereof is in the reading.

## COUNT TEOFILO ROSSI.

WE are asked to state that Count Teofilo Rossi, Italian Senator and Minister of State, and his brother, Count Cesare Rossi, member for Turin, have no connection with Signor Cesare Rossi, one of those arrested after the disappearance of Signor Matteotti. In our issue of June 28 we published a portrait of Count Teofilo Rossi as one of Signor Cesare Rossi. Needless to say, we much regret this mistake.




H.Q.

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# THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "MIDSUMMER MADNESS." AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.

IT is a little difficult to say why and how Messrs. Clifford Bax and Armstrong Gibbs's musical experiment, "Midsummer Madness," fails to justify perhaps extravagant expectations and misses giving us what we have so long hoped for—a true successor to the Gilbert and Sullivan series or a modern equivalent of "The Beggar's Opera." There is wit in Mr. Bax's libretto, and his story of the love complications of Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon, and a certain Mrs. Pascal has that touch of fantasy and airiness that ought to adapt itself to comic opera. And Mr. Gibbs, on the other hand, is an accomplished musician with a gift of charming melody and a command of skilful orchestration. Yet somehow the combination has not completely "come off." Perhaps the limitation of the cast to four characters has something to do with there being *longueurs* in the action; perhaps the little artificial comedy of Mr. Bax's invention does not lend itself to the mannerisms of the Hammersmith mode of "production"; perhaps the composer, in copying archaisms and giving us snatches of song in eighteenth-century manner, has let his own musical style be too much fettered. In any case, one feels that, while Mr. Armstrong Gibbs may prove to be the new Sullivan we want, he has not in this piece found quite sufficient inspiration. It has many refreshing moments of fun, and many grateful madrigals and catches; it obtains splendidly robust singing from Mr. Ranalow, and acting delicious in its sense of comedy from Miss Marie Tempest; and once or twice, as in Miss Tempest's song to the moon, it strikes the right note. But it is a little too much tinged with preciosity, it is to be feared, to make any strong popular appeal.

### "IN THE SNARE." AT THE SAVOY.

If we cannot have drama which is a genuine reflection of life, let us by all means have the second-best thing—melodrama which tells an exciting story swiftly, and deals in picturesque incidents, costumes, and emotions. Such melodrama Mr. Leon M. Lion, adapting with the author's help a novel of Rafael Sabatini's contriving, provides us at the Savoy in the stage romance of the Peninsular War which is entitled "In the Snare." The court-martial scene, with its background of uniform and First Empire costumes, makes a fine finish to the play, packed as it is with all the regulation tear-compelling situations. Here we have a young officer falsely charged with murder, spoiling his chances of acquittal, and lying gallantly to save the honour of his Adjutant-General's innocent wife; here too the General tenders his resignation, which Wellington refuses to accept. Before that episode we have been asked to watch the Adjutant-General, in flat defiance of his Commander's anti-duelling ordinance, challenging and killing his man right in front of his wife's balcony, whereon emerges the unfortunate hero. Excellent acting from Mr. George Tully as the explosive Adjutant-General, Mr. Wilfrid Seagram as the wronged Captain, and Miss Renée Kelly as the lady under suspicion dignify the melodramatics of the tale; and Mr. Clifton Boyne wears the approved nose and manner of Wellington.

### "THE STREET SINGER." AT THE LYRIC.

Who wants to know the story of "The Street Singer," or why it was that a Duchess adopted the masquerade indicated by the title of the new musical comedy at the Lyric? It is enough that Miss Phyllis Dare figures as both Duchess and street singer, and that Mr. Frederick Lonsdale as librettist and Mr. Fraser-Simson as composer have contrived between them to provide London with a new light entertainment that ought to delight it for months and months to come. The orchestration of the score is far above the average of its kind, and there are plenty of pretty songs for the "street singer"; the love interest of the plot is of the kind our musical-comedy audiences like; there are parts for Mr. Harry Welchman, Miss Sylvia Leslie, Miss Kathlyn Hilliard, and Mr. A. W. Baskcomb; and, finally, Miss Dare has come back to her admirers, obtaining from them on the first night an ovation any Princess might envy. She seemed a little nervous on her *rentrée*, but her dancing is as dainty as ever, and she has lost none of her personal charm.


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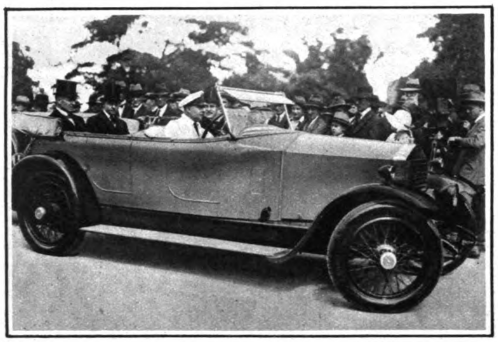
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**The Committee on Taxation.**

After something like three years of wrestling with the problems set by the Ministry of Transport, the Departmental Committee on Vehicle Taxation has reached its conclusions and made its report to the Minister. This has not been published yet, but the Minister announced in the House of Commons that a majority of the Committee are dead against a reversion to the fuel tax, on account of the administrative difficulties attendant upon its collection. There is apparently a minority report which does not altogether agree with this point of view; but as it is a case of seven against three, I am afraid it will not help us much. So it is finally good-bye to any chance of a change from the horse-power tax.

Not only so, but there does not appear to be the very smallest chance of any remission in the present rate of taxation. The Minister was asked the other day if he would favourably consider a reduction of twenty-five per cent. in the tax on cars of over a certain age. He gave a most unqualified refusal, basing it on the ground that it would give a great deal of work to the licensing authorities, and would result in a loss to the Road Fund of some three to four millions annually. Obviously, the Treasury, having tasted blood, likes it, and is not at all disposed to be content with less. The implied promise made by Sir Eric Geddes when Minister of Transport that if the revenue derived from motor taxation should exceed the eight millions originally laid down as the contribution to be exacted from the motorist the latter would receive some relief has been relegated to the place where the broken promises of politicians are consigned that they may be forgotten. It is another example of the truism that a tax once imposed is never, or almost never, taken off.



ON THEIR WAY TO THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT SYDNEY: ADMIRAL SIR FREDERICK FIELD AND REAR-ADMIRAL BRAND IN THEIR 20-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE, AT MAN-O'-WAR STEPS.

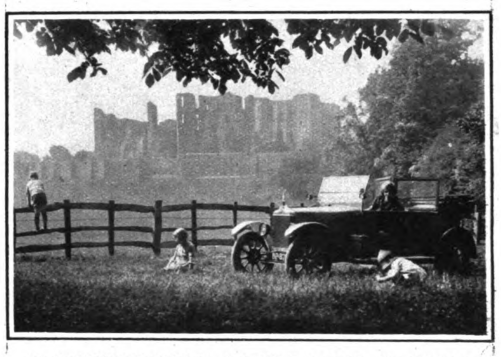
Australian motoring enthusiasts, inspired by the visit of the British Fleet, organised a procession of British-built cars, which was led by the Rolls-Royce.

**The New Lanchester.**

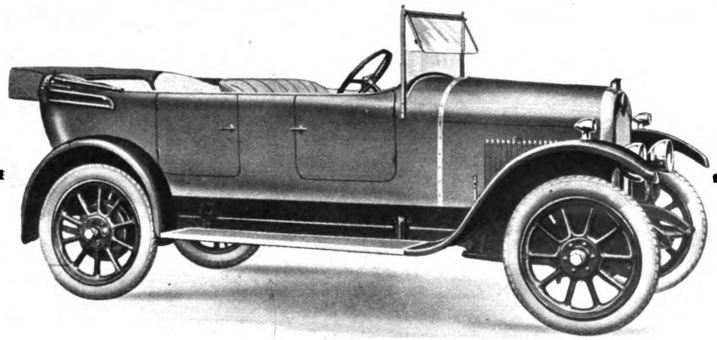
It was not until the other day that I had an opportunity of trying on the road the new 21-h.p. Lanchester, which was introduced at the last Olympia Show. In some directions this new car demonstrates some radical departures from previous Lanchester practice, particularly in one direction. As is very well known, the Lanchester Company has always remained faithful to the epicyclic gear-box; and, as expressed by them, it was a very fine system indeed, possessing certain advantages over the conventional sliding gear-change, notably in that it was impossible to bungle a change, since it simply depended upon the action of contracting brakes which were absolutely noiseless in action as well as perfectly smooth. The one disadvantage was in its greater cost, though, in the case of the larger 45-h.p. car, in which cost was a detail which received little or no consideration, this did not matter. In that of the 21-h.p. car, which is being built to compete with others in its class, the question of cost is a somewhat different matter, and in order to meet the case the epicyclic gear has given place to a four-speed gear-box of the ordinary gate-operated type. Otherwise, there are few differences which are important when comparing the model with its larger sister.

As to its performance on the road, I can only say I think it is a wonderful car indeed. I do not exaggerate when I say that I have never sat behind an engine which was so absolutely free from even the suspicion of vibration. With the motor running idle you can open the throttle until it is turning at between two and three thousand revolutions, and nowhere, right up the whole speed range, is there anything approaching a period. No more severe test can be given a motor than to speed it up light in this manner. Engine and transmission are beautifully silent when running at speed. Even at sixty miles an hour there is no sensation of any work being done—the running is just as silky as is it at between thirty and forty. The brakes are magnificent—the car is braked on all four wheels—and pull the car up dead in something like four seconds when travelling at fifty miles per hour, and that without the slightest sensation of shock or jar. As to speed and hill-climbing capacity, the

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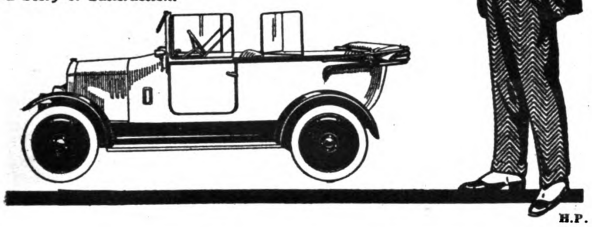
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*Continued.*]

car I tried was a heavy saloon, but I found it quite fast enough—about sixty-five was the maximum we touched—and a wonderfully good hill-climber. As a matter of fact, I honestly cannot find anything to criticise in this new Lanchester. Possibly its makers will not altogether thank me for saying so, but I really think this is the best thing they have done in all the history of the Lanchester Company. It certainly comes very, very near to one's ideal of what the perfect motor-car ought to be.

**Speeds in the Grand Prix.**

Racing enthusiasts are speculating as to what increase in speed will be shown by this year's 2-litre cars over those of twelve months ago. The average speed over a long distance gives little indication of the maximum speed ability of a car, for it is dependent to a very considerable extent on the nature of the roads over which the race is run, and, to a lesser degree, on weather conditions. Although it is known that the cars being prepared for this year's European Grand Prix are much more powerful and faster than those which ran last year, it is quite possible that the average speed at Lyons will be lower than that of the winner of the French race at Tours, and it would be false reasoning to conclude from this that no progress has been made. The practice of the Automobile Club of France of electrically timing competitors over a selected stretch of level road will enable motorists to ascertain exactly how much faster this year's cars are than those of 1923. In the French Grand Prix race last year at Tours, Pietro Bordino, on an eight-cylinder Fiat, travelled at the rate of 122¼ miles an hour, and this extraordinary speed for a tiny engine of 2000 c.c. appears to be the highest rate of travel ever attained on the road by this class of car.

W. W.

## THE COUNTRY LIFE OF THE ROMANS IN ENGLAND.

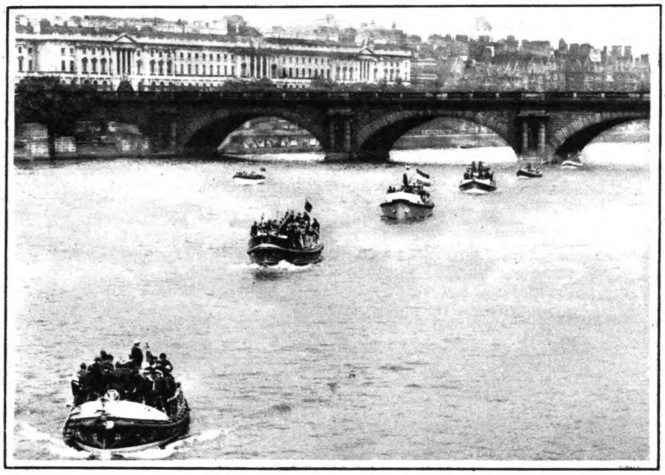
(*Continued from page 68.*)

carried on his business by a staff of mixed free and serf labour, under his overseeing partners, and perhaps some of his near kinsmen and their subordinate officials.

The few and fragmentary surviving chambers of the important southern wing have—theoretically—sometimes been described as the apartments for the slaves, or "service." We think this unfeasible, because, when uncovered, their walls were both fine-plastered and colour decorated; moreover, the greater part of the coins and rings in the Museum came from these very rooms. Among the other objects of interest found were bronze spurs, and spoons with their handles pointed for extracting from its shell the same *Helix nemoralis*, or Roman snail, that we note in these woodlands has triumphantly survived both its admiring introducers, and, incidentally, many generations of those who here fully understood its culinary value.

The visitor from some far end of the world, seeing all these signs of organised labour, of clear design, and of admirable adjustments of means to certain clear ends, showing intelligence in every direction, is filled with astonishment that the Civilisation here represented should have passed away into a mere wonder of the woodland, and have been succeeded historically by the miserable chaos of what are rightly known as the Dark Ages; and by the internecine struggles of half-savage invaders—of Hibernian hyænas, with fierce Saxon bears and ravens — for possession of the fair rich body of Romanised Britain. And he at once asks the question: How did it all come to this? To what was due the decay of the Villa? And, indeed, its end? And, in the main, the reply must be found in the causes—too long to traverse here—of the complete loss of organic authority over labour; to ensuing hopeless insecurity of life and property; and to consequent successful invasions of this island from both west and east, with total resultant ruin and extinction of its trade. Yonder lump of sixty-seven pounds of melted lead will stand well for the destroyers' deeds here; but whether these spoilers were a horde from across Severn, or from Saxons from the Thames Valley, or from Fairford, or from Bath, cannot yet be told. They did not even carry the metal away.

The National Trust still needs about £350 in order to secure this unique example for the public benefit, when further discoveries may come to enrich the entire subject.



THE CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION: FOREIGN LIFEBOATS IN A PROCESSION FROM THE TEMPLE STAIRS TO FULHAM.

The British Lifeboat Service was founded on March 4, 1824, and is the oldest in the world. Last week, when a number of foreign lifeboats were lying off the Temple Stairs, six of them went in procession to Fulham. They all came over specially for the celebrations, and will remain here for some little time, visiting several places on the coast.

*Photograph by C.P.*




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"Pall Mall" Saloon £525.

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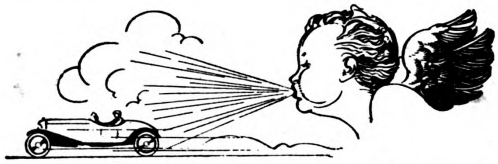
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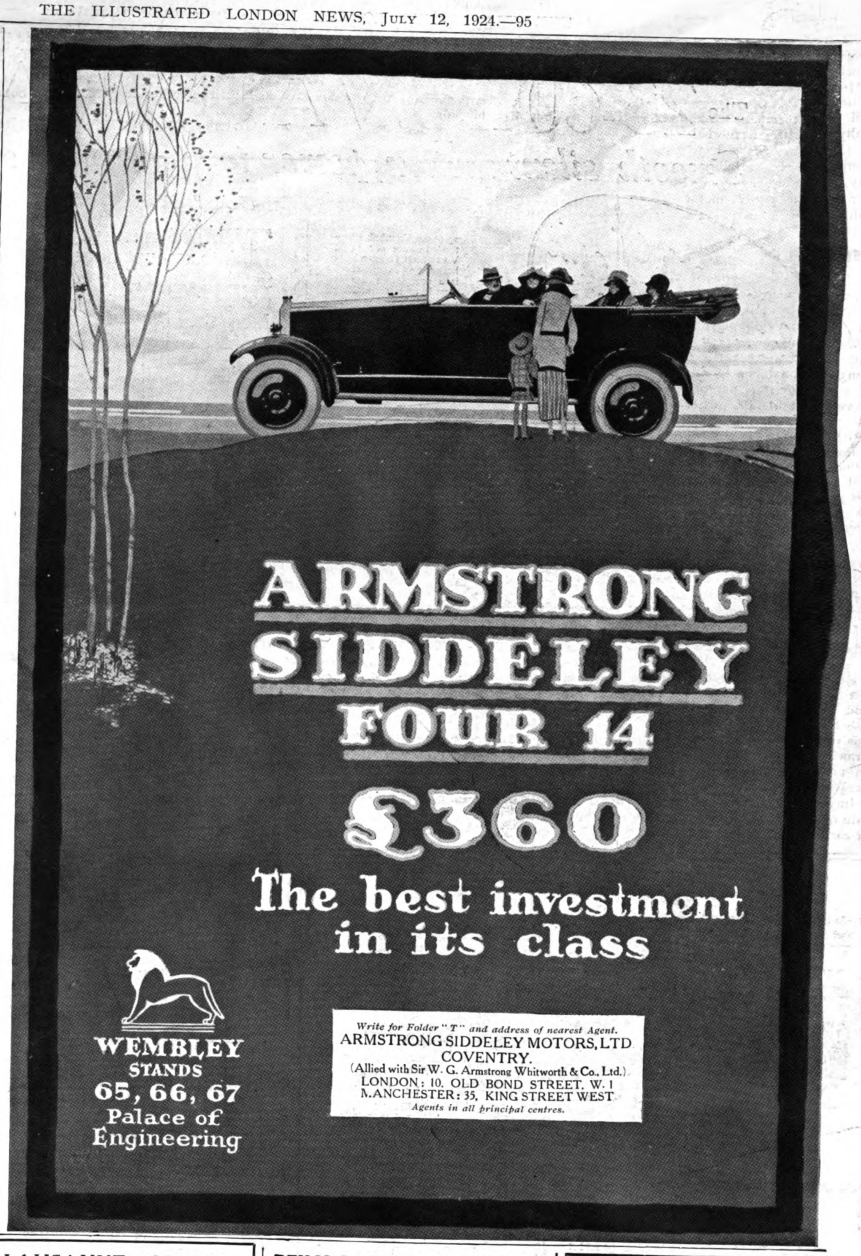
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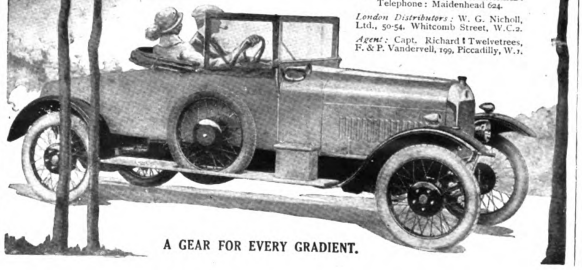
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# The 23-60 h.p. VAUXHALL

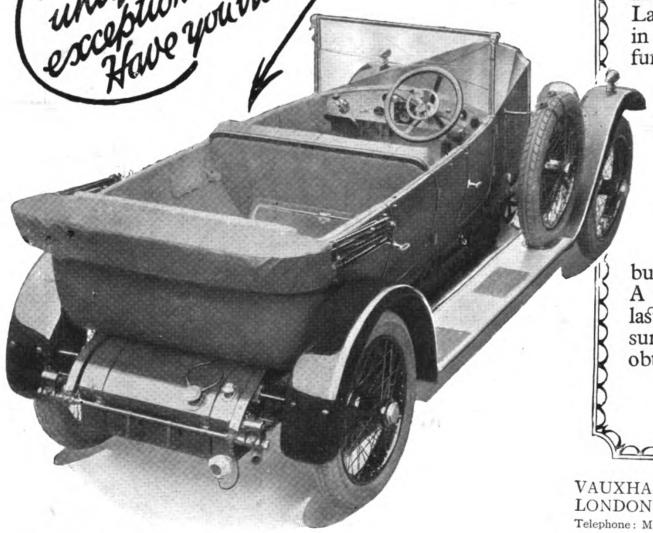
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THE design of the 23-60 Vauxhall takes into account not only power but refinement, not only speed but driving ease, not only efficiency but economy. More than 60 b.h.p. is developed by the engine at a rate of revolution not very high, and vibration being neutralised by the Lanchester harmonic balancer, solely used in the 23-60 Vauxhall, its smoothness of functioning is impressive.

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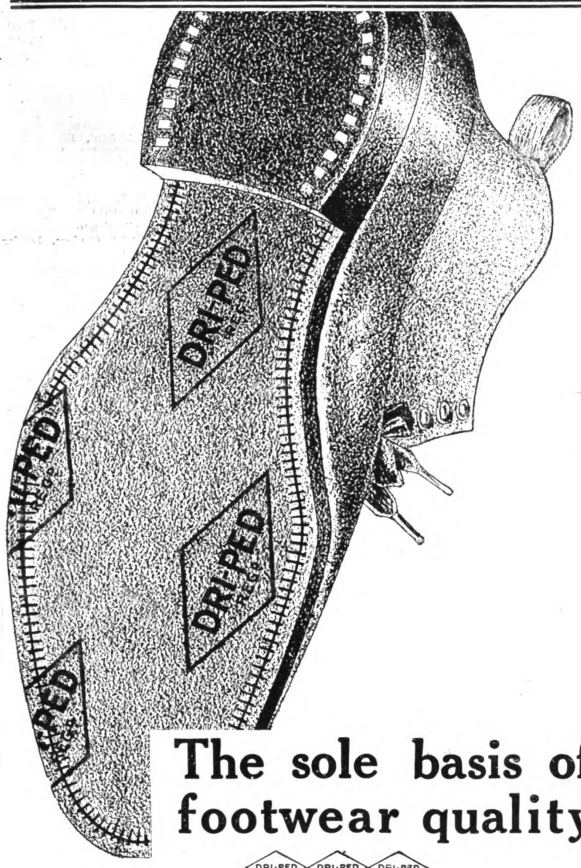
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"DRI-PED"—THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES.




# The sole basis of footwear quality

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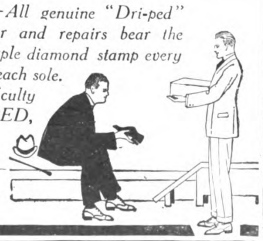
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*The Super-Leather for Soles.*

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FOR many years ladies of discernment and taste have regarded this symbol as the hall-mark of quality in Furs, because they realise that at the back of it lies the prestige and influence of over half-a-century's satisfactory service.

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This serviceable Coat of natural brown Musquash is an example of the beautiful Furs that are now being shown at The International Fur Store. It is very durable and suitable for motoring. Lined throughout with rich soft satin. Length 50 ins. ... ... Price **£53**

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TRADE MARK

## THE STANDARD BRITISH LOW PRESSURE CORD TYRE




**Copy of Letter sent to British Car Manufacturers of interest to the British Public.**

BRITISH OR FOREIGN?

DEAR SIRS,

We have received letters from Motor Car Agents asking us to make them an allowance of £1 on every new car they order if they specify "Bal-lon-ette" Tyres. It appears that a certain foreign firm who sell a low pressure tyre in this country have been to the Agents, and as a means of getting these foreign tyres fitted to British Cars they are giving £1 to the Agents who specify their tyres when ordering a new car. In consequence we have received letters from Motor Car Agents stating that if we will not give them £1 they will advise the foreign tyres to be fitted. They are not interested in which is the best tyre or giving proper advice to the person who buys a car from them, they are interested in £1, that is all. For this £1 these British Agents will advise customers to buy foreign tyres.

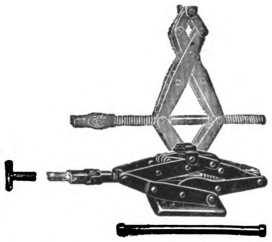
We want the public to know that when an Agent advises a foreign tyre to be put on a new car, he has an interest outside his customer and outside British workmen.

Yours faithfully,
ASSOCIATED RUBBER MANUFACTURERS, LTD.,
THOMAS WARWICK, *Managing Director.*

## 5 Sets of "Bal-lon-ettes" secure 6 Gold and 4 Silver Medals

**5 A.B.C. Cars, equipped with "Bal-lon-ette" Tyres, secured 2 Gold and 3 Silver Medals in the London to Land's End Trial. The identical Cars and Tyres, in the London—Edinburgh Trial, obtained 4 Gold and 1 Silver Medal.**

**After this performance you have no excuse for using foreign tyres.**



**THE "BAL-LON-ETTE" JACK FOR LOW PRESSURE TYRES.**

Specially constructed for use with low pressure tyres, the feature of which is that it lifts from 4 inches from the ground to 14½ inches without adjustment. This jack provides the extra lift required with low pressure tyres.

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In order to convince you of the superiority of "Bal-lon-ette" low pressure tyres over ordinary tyres we will sell you a set complete with wheels to fit your car. If you are not satisfied return them to us within 14 days and we will *refund all your money*, charging you only for the carriage incurred (if any). This is, of course, providing they are given fair wear and tear and have not been damaged by an accident.



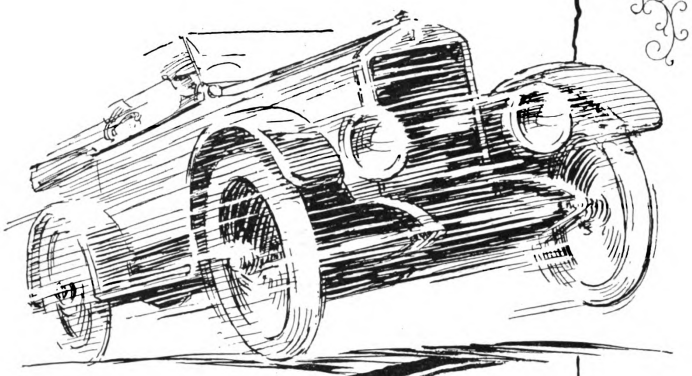

**THE "BAL-LON-ETTE" LOW PRESSURE TYRE GAUGE.**

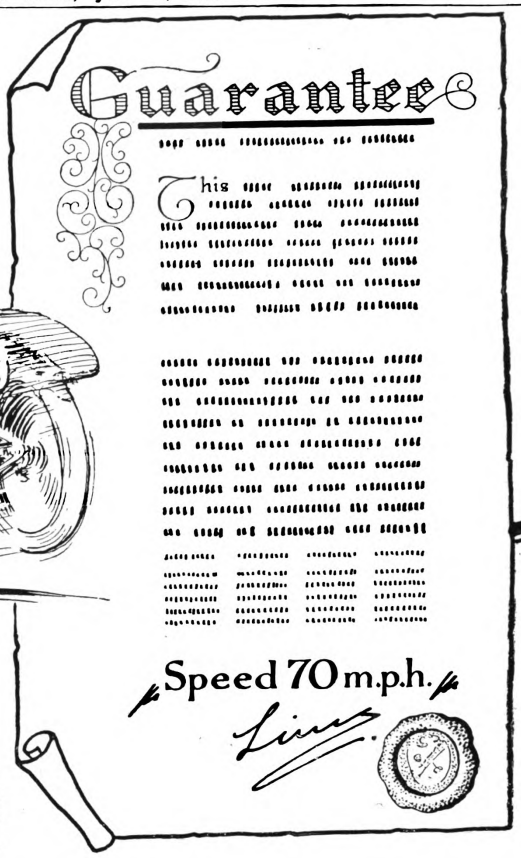
In order to obtain the best service from "Bal-lon-ette" tyres it is essential to keep them at the correct pressure. This gauge is made specifically for the purpose. Perfectly simple to use.

**Price 4/6**

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Consequently, all the highest speeds this season are being made on "BP," amongst the most recent achievements being that of Mr. J. Parry Thomas, who on May 22nd created new records for the flying 5 miles (2 min. 26.51 sec.) and 10 miles (4 min. 58.26 sec.) at Brooklands, and made a new lap record at the astonishing pace of 124.12 miles an hour.

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The fact that so many women representing ideal British Womanhood place "4711" Eau de Cologne first among perfumes is clear evidence of its leadership to whom quality is the first consideration. The call of Summer is here, yet to the refined woman with delicate skin, this season of the year is not altogether an unmixed blessing.

After a strenuous game of Tennis or other exertion a little "4711" in the toilet water will immediately freshen and invigorate you.

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(BLUE AND GOLD LABEL)
*Over 130 Years Reputation for*

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Obtainable from Dealers in High-Class Perfumes.



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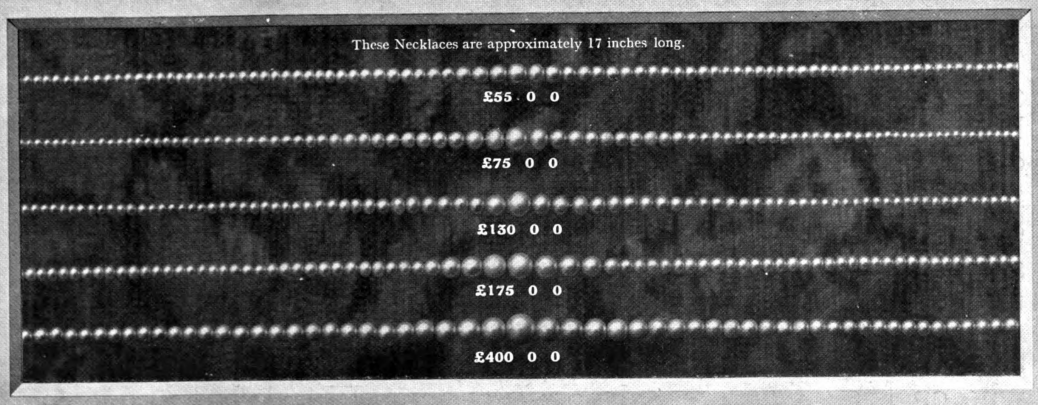
A DAILY GLASS of Lamplough's in water keeps the system vigorous, refreshed, giving a clear, healthy appearance to the skin. It entirely REMOVES HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, and SKIN ERUPTIONS, and is invaluable to those subject to change of climate and diet. Its portability makes it particularly useful to travellers and it should always be taken on holidays as its refreshing and beneficial qualities are most useful in hot or changeable weather.




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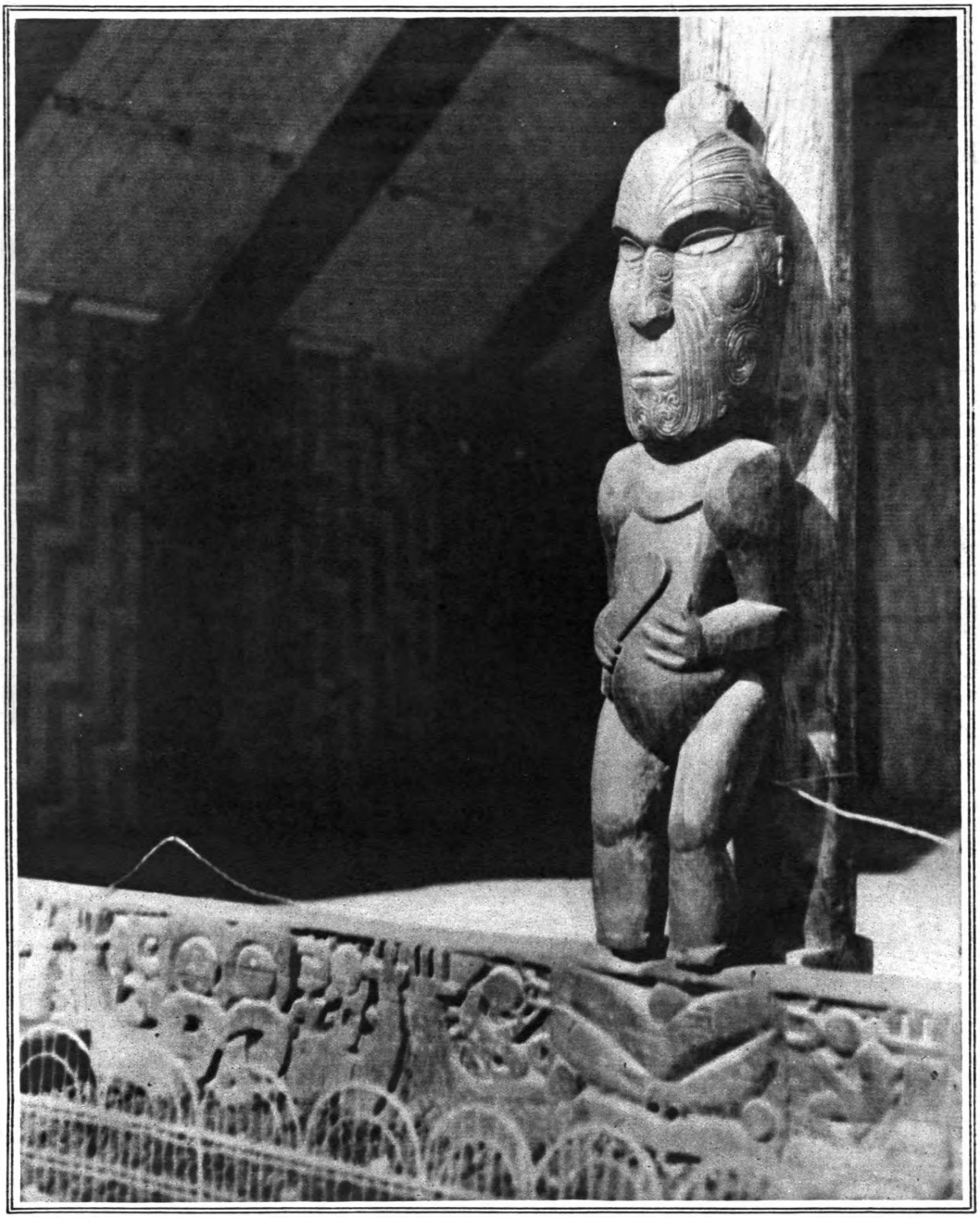
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1924.

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**A GUARDIAN OF THE DOOR: OUTSIDE "KO MATA-A-TUA," A HOUSE BUILT AS A RATIFICATION OF PEACE BETWEEN TWO MAORI TRIBES—AN EXHIBIT AT WEMBLEY.**

Hard by the New Zealand Pavilion at Wembley is a particularly interesting Mata-a-tua, or carved Maori house, built in New Zealand in 1874, as a Ratification of Peace between two Maori tribes which had been at war with one another for many years. The New Zealand Government showed the structure at Sydney in 1879, and it was then brought to London and exhibited. After that it was stored in a dry vault. South Kensington Museum has now re-presented it to New Zealand. It is eighty feet long, with notably interesting carving and unique decoration.

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BERTRAM PARK.




By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE editor of the *Mercury*, who has an enthusiasm for good buildings almost greater than his enthusiasm for good books, published, if I remember right, an expression of approval of the architectural experiments of Wembley. He at least will not misunderstand me if I say that in one sense the most impressive building at Wembley is probably the Queen's Dolls-House. He will put it down to a legitimate love of dolls-houses, and not to a despicable indifference to temples. But the sense in which I say it refers to the value of small models of big things. It seems to me that man has made things almost too great for his own imagination to measure. He is too much at home in his house, and sometimes he cannot see the city any more than he can see the earth. An exhibition, even one as large as the Wembley Exhibition, must be itself in some sense a small model of a large thing, like the Queen's Dolls-House. And it is to be hoped that people will learn to appreciate what is large precisely because they see it when it is little. It may be easier to use the copy than the real thing as a working model for real education. For about the real remains or ruins of the great art of building there is a curious paradox of popular misconception, which is not easy to describe.

Architecture is the alphabet of giants; it is the largest system of symbols ever made to meet the eyes of men. A tower stands up like a sort of simplified statue, of much more than "heroic size." A façade is rightly called a face; it has something of the character of a huge human face fading or simplifying itself into the formality of a diagram; we see it in the childish sketches of a cottage with windows for eyes and the front door for a mouth. We feel as if architecture were a simplified art of statuary or portraiture, just as the statuary and portraiture of ancient Egypt or Nineveh really were simplified and stiffened almost to the severity of architecture. It is as if a tower were a torso, as if a monolith were a headless body, or a dome were a hairless skull. Seen for a moment in this light, or this twilight, all architecture takes on mysterious lines of life and a movement as of signals. Nor is this merely fanciful, for it inheres in much of our habitual language on the subject. We say that a spire points to the sky, as if it really lifted a finger. We say that windows look over a landscape, as if windows were really eyes.

There is, then, a universal instinct that architecture has something to say; that it is, as it were, trying to say it. Some æsthetes still maintain that art is unmoral—or, in effect, that it is unmeaning. But they ought really to be pursuing the opposite line of progress, and finding more meanings instead of less. Instead of treating religious pictures as decorative patterns, they would have much better fun proving that even patterns are religious. They would have much better fun looking for their religion in the wall-paper or the Turkey carpet. But this is a digression. The point is that architecture also, like the more obvious arts of representation, has about it something that suggests a proclamation or a message; but that its speciality is the size or scale upon which the message can be given. The message is given on a megaphone; the proclamation is distributed by a loud-speaker. The size of a building is the most obvious thing to say about it; it is meant to be the most obvious thing to see in it. Mere size is meant to be self-evident, and therefore simple; a colossal commonplace. Yet, strangely enough, while this art presents its symbols on a vast scale, and staring at the sun, they remain in many ways more elusive and delicate than a drawing in silver-point or a light tracery in lace. The hieroglyphs are as huge as Assyrian bulls; but they are not hieroglyphs that everybody can read. Strangely enough, they are not only things that few can read, they are sometimes things that few can see. It would almost seem that they are too large to be seen.



EXTINCT; BUT ON VIEW IN THE NEW ZEALAND PAVILION AT WEMBLEY: THE MOA BIRD—A RECONSTRUCTION.

The Moa is understood to have been exterminated by the Maoris somewhere about the middle of the eighteenth century. It was flightless, and the largest species was some twelve feet in height. There were, however, others probably not bigger than the ordinary turkey. The living bird most closely allied is the small apteryx.

*Photograph by Realistic Travels.*

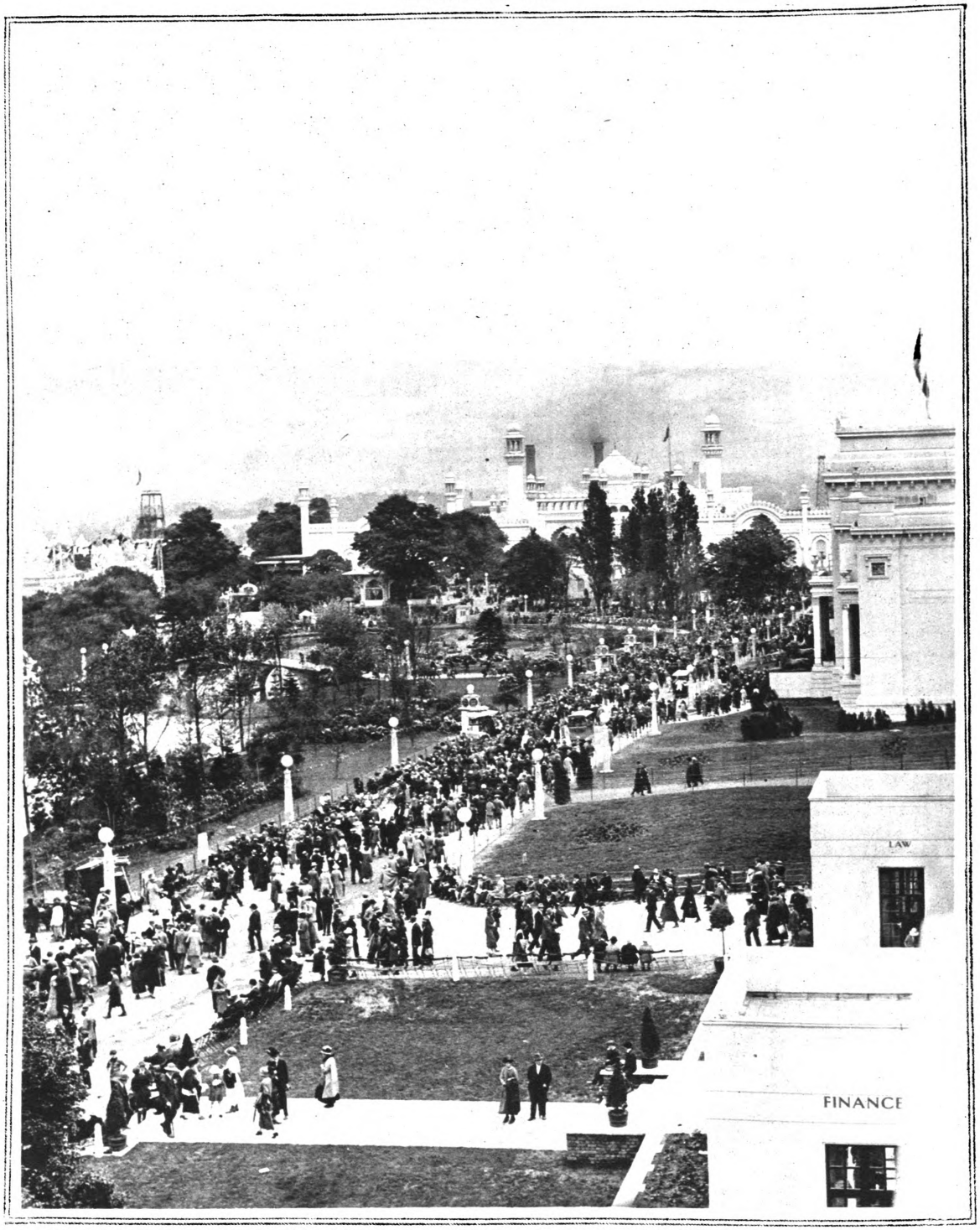
It is certainly strange that the historical lessons of architecture have not always been easily understood. Things have been dismissed as trifles when the very litter and leavings of them were terrific. Things have been neglected as naked or barbarous when the smallest scrap of them was complex and ornate. Civilisations have been loosely lumped together when the very sky-line of their cities wrote the difference upon the sky. There are probably many examples of this in the Asiatic or barbaric buildings covered by the conception of the Exhibition. The vulgar example, a very vulgar example, is that of the insular English gentleman—or still more frequently, I grieve to say, the insular English lady—who travels in India without any idea about the Indian races and religions, except that they are all one dim mob to be described as "natives." Yet one would fancy, for instance, that the difference between the Moslem and the Brahmin tradition was something almost as obvious to the eye as the difference between a wigwam and a Wimbledon villa. The one tradition prides itself on carrying through a scheme of the most complex decoration on the most colossal scale while remaining almost appallingly impersonal. All that ornament may be literally called featureless in the sense of faceless; it must contain no portraiture of man or beast or bird. We are not to look for it any more than a human figure in the most complicated figures of Euclid. This element is emphasised wherever the Moslem creed is most emphatic. Round the great Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem the most apparently florid decoration consists only of handwriting, of elaborate Arabic script, defining the unity of God. The heraldic symbol of the Caliphate does not rival the eagle of Rome or the lion of England, or even the lilies of France, except with the cold horns of the hollow moon.

It is this austerity that makes a miracle even of Moslem luxury. The magnificence of a thing like the Taj Mahal is increased by a great abnegation. The other Eastern tradition is at the very opposite extreme. It boils, one might say it bubbles, with bodily representations. There are patterns made out of interlocked limbs and torsos, of swaying figures with monstrous hips. There are gods many-headed as if everything were doubling and trebling; gods who wave wild arms to us like the numberless arms of a forest. Some have represented Asia as a nightmare of the over-population of the earth; and it would seem as if the very heavens were over-populated. Taken by itself, this would be a very superficial view of Indian polytheism. But the point is that the supercilious tourist could not see even the superficial view. He could not see even the startling contrast between the iconoclast and the idolater. Therefore, he could never see the really reconciling truth about Islam—that it was much more of a war against the gods of Asia than against the God of Christendom. But if he could not see it in India, perhaps he will see it at Wembley, where he has not any need to turn up his nose at natives.

But it is hardly surprising that the superior person could learn no history from the architecture of Asia, for he could not learn it from the architecture of England. From the Renaissance to the Ruskinian epoch he went on talking of the Middle Ages as merely benighted and barbaric. Yet in every other English village a colossal contrast contradicted him flatly. A great mediæval building stood up among the more modern buildings like a mountain among mole-hills. It stood up like a mountain; but people could not see it. They still went on saying that the tumble-down cottages had been made in an age of progress and the eternal tower had been made in an age of ignorance. Perhaps that also was too large to be seen; and perhaps that also might be seen better in a smaller space or on a smaller model. But for that we must wait for another exhibition—not of the Empire, but of the English story; and perhaps it may be even more enlightening.

# WEMBLEY THE MAGNET: EXHIBITION VISITORS IN THEIR THOUSANDS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE "TIMES."

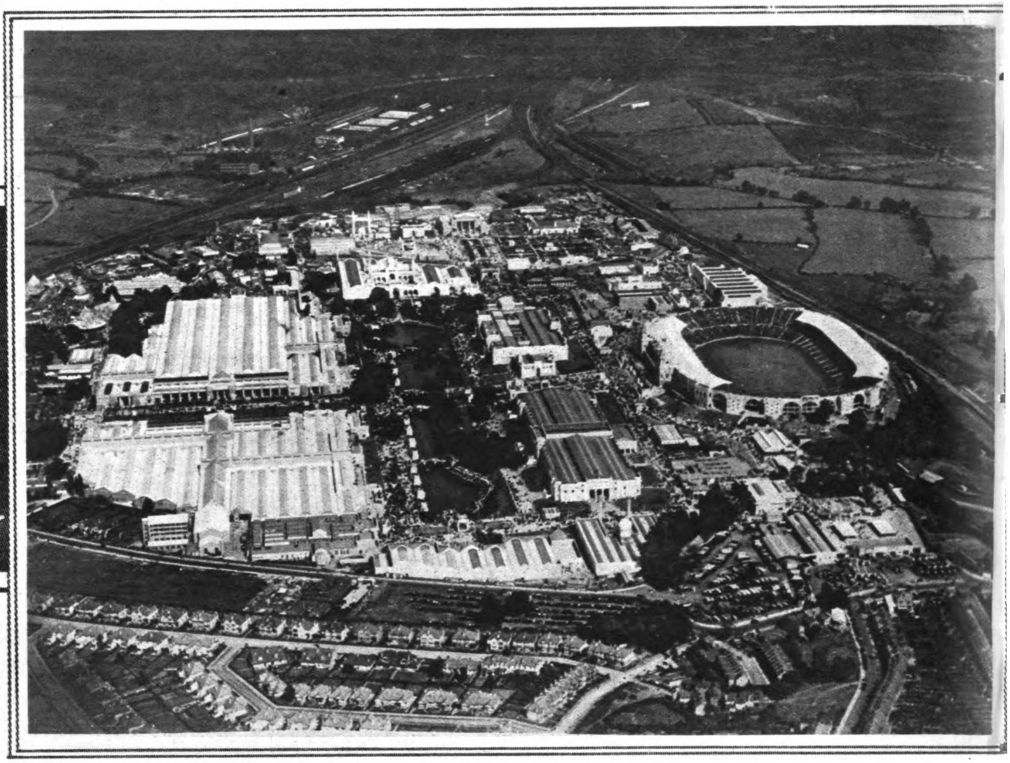



SOME OF THE MILLIONS WHO HAVE COME FROM FAR AND NEAR TO SEE THE GREATEST EXHIBITION THAT HAS BEEN: A DAILY SPECTACLE ON DOMINION WAY—THE CANADIAN PAVILION ON THE RIGHT; THE INDIAN PAVILION IN THE DISTANCE.

The British Empire Exhibition at Wembley has certainly proved a powerful magnet, and it has drawn to it not only thousands from London and from the great provincial cities and the towns and the villages, but from many countries abroad. Needless to say, many of those who go to it attend for pleasure purposes only, but that others go with business in view is amply proved. Indeed, it was stated only the other day that it had already meant a trade harvest, and that it was likely that the Exhibition would be maintained in 1925 as well as this year. By July 9 it had had 6,556,525 visitors, and it was then reckoned that the money being spent at it was very nearly a quarter of a million a day. At the end of the first week in July, £450,000 had been received in admissions alone; the Palace of Arts had taken over £20,000; and the Queen's Dolls' House, in the Palace of Arts, over £16,000. At the Amusement Park, on big days, the average aggregate takings have been between £12,000 and £15,000. The original estimate of the attendance at Wembley during the whole period was 30,000,000.

# WEMBLEY AND ITS MILLIONS OF VISITORS: THE BRITISH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL AEROPHOTO COMPANY; SUPPLIED BY



220 ACRES THAT REVEAL TO US THE WHOLE EMPIRE IN LITTLE: AN AEROPLANE VIEW OF THE COMPLETE WEMBLEY EXHIBITION.

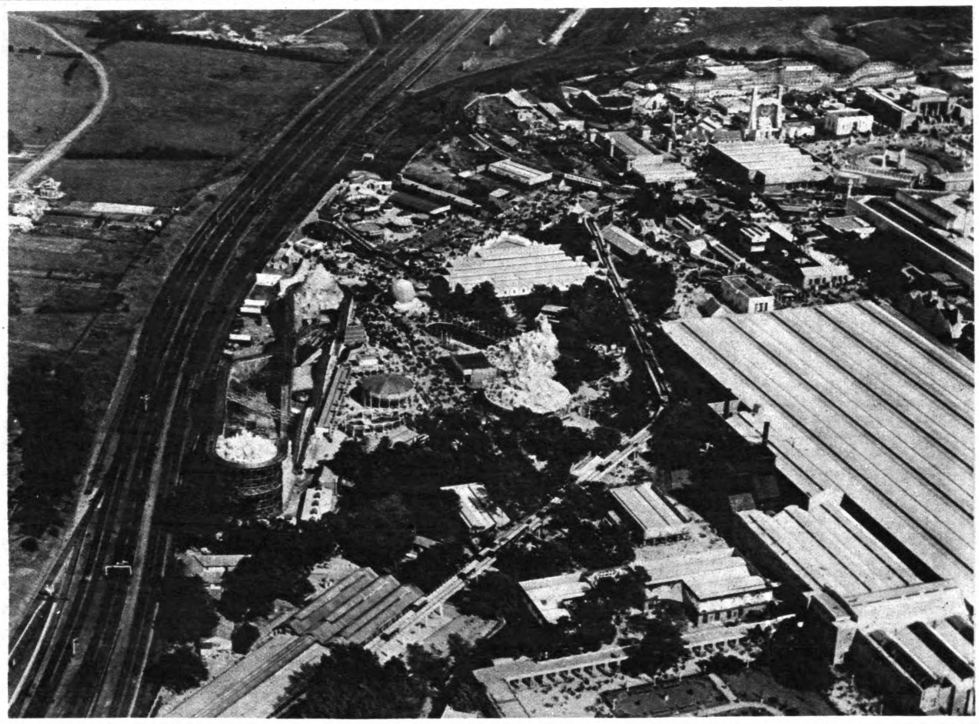


LOOKING OVER THE LAKE, TOWARDS THE INDIAN PAVILION: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING MANY VISITORS AS MOVING SPECKS ON SOME OF THE 15 MILES OF ROADS.

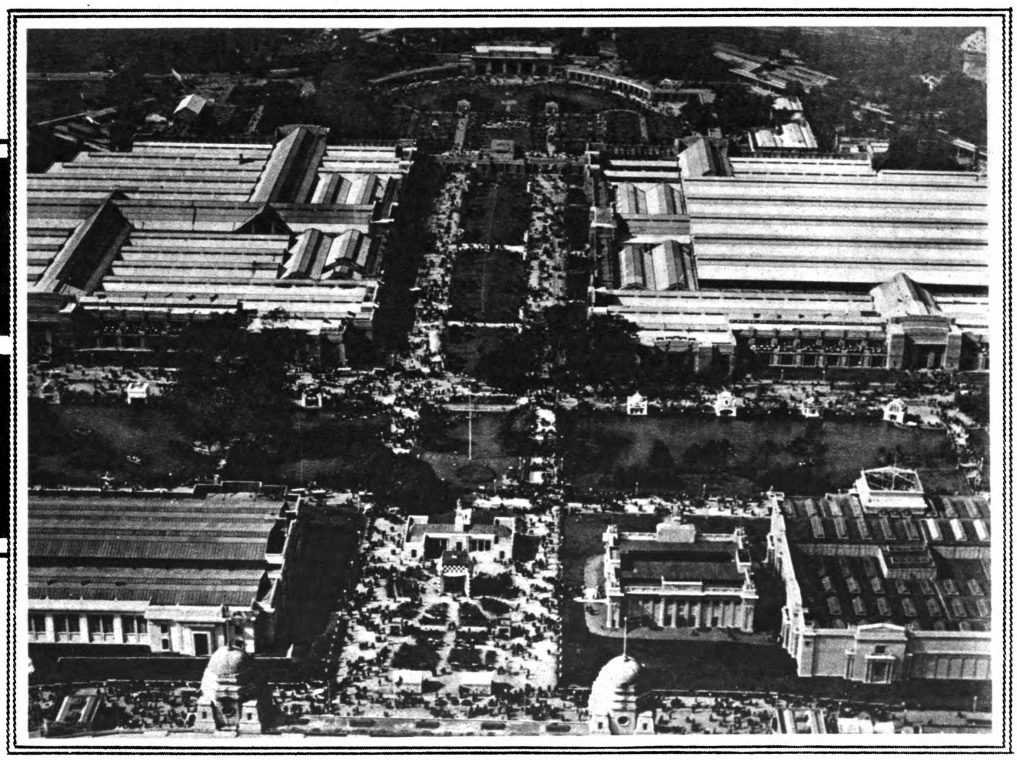
In the case of bird's-eye views such as these, it seems imperative to give some figures, and these cannot be called dull in the case of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley! As the King said when he opened it, "The Exhibition may be said to reveal to us the whole Empire in little, containing within its 220 acres of ground a vivid model of the architecture, art and industry of all the races which come under the British flag." Unquestionably it is the biggest thing of its kind that has ever been. It has some fifteen miles of streets. The Palace of Engineering and the Palace of Industry between them cover an acreage of twelve times the size of Trafalgar Square. In our first picture the Stadium is seen on the right. On the left are the Palaces of Industry (the nearer) and Engineering. The Australian Pavilion is in the middle foreground on the right-hand side of the lake, with the Canadian Building beyond

# EMPIRE EXHIBITION AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.

CAMPBELL-GRAY, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



SHOWING THE GREAT AMUSEMENT PARK, WHICH IS ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE EXHIBITION: THE LIGHTER SIDE OF WEMBLEY.



A GREAT HIGHWAY OF THE EXHIBITION, SWARMING WITH VISITORS: LOOKING TOWARDS THE NORTH ENTRANCE; AND SHOWING THE PALACES OF INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING.

it. The Indian Pavilion is seen at the end of the lake. In the second photograph, the greater part of the Amusement Park is seen on the left; while on the right is part of the roof of the Palace of Engineering. In the third photograph, on the left, is part of the Palace of Engineering. In the centre, beyond the lake, is the Indian Pavilion. The Government Building is seen towards the centre at the back, on the right. The roof of the Canadian Pavilion is at the right foreground. In the fourth photograph, the Australian Pavilion is in the left foreground, and the Canadian Pavilion in the right foreground. Behind these are the Palace of Industry (on the left), and the Palace of Engineering (on the right). In the top centre of the photograph is the North Entrance. It is estimated that £12,000,000 has been expended on the Exhibition.

# "A NUMBER OF THINGS"—AT WEMBLEY.

"THE world is so full of a number of things," sang Stevenson, who had seen a good deal of the world. But fully to realise the meaning of his verse, one must see Wembley, and not only see the Empire Exhibition in a general view—although that is impressive enough—but examine the contents of the Palaces, particularly those of Engineering and Industry, where the "number of things" on view is almost incredible, and at the first glance somewhat bewildering. Truly man has sought out many inventions, and nobody perhaps, unless he were to go every day for six weeks, can hope to see everything that Wembley has to offer; but if one goes sightseeing the right way, even a short visit will be sufficient to give the visitor an excellent idea of the things best worth attention. A Wanderer at Wembley who can now lay claim to a fairly competent knowledge of the Exhibition may at least indicate where good and striking things are to be found. From that the reader will easily fill in details for himself, and, stepping aside into this avenue and that, will discover new treasures and marvels at every turn.

**The Window of the Empire.**

Perhaps the best way is to begin with the Palace of Engineering, and to enter at the Watt Gate. Immediately you find yourself looking through the Window of the Empire. This is no mere figure of speech, for the Prince of Wales's happy description of the Exhibition has been made actual fact by a great firm of plate-glass manufacturers. Here, fronting the crowds as they enter, is the biggest sheet of plate-glass in the world. It is so flawless in its 336 square feet of area that were it not for the huge ebony frame one would not suspect that any material screen intervened between the spectator and the spacious and splendid vista of the hall in which are displayed the latest triumphs of applied science, machines and contrivances great and small for the better service of mankind. Let us step down, then, from the platform on which the window stands to the main floor of the Palace, and follow, first, the main or Eighth Avenue.



IN THOMAS MOORE'S HOUSE, WHICH IS THE BERMUDA PAVILION: THE POET'S "CORNER" WHEN HE SERVED AS REGISTRAR OF THE COURT OF ADMIRALTY AT BERMUDA.

The Bermuda Pavilion takes the form of "Walsingham," the house in which Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, lived when he was Registrar of the Court of Admiralty in Bermuda. Moore's own room is faithfully represented, although the rest of the house has had to be departed from, in order that exhibits may be shown in proper manner. The house was built in 1651.—[*Photograph by Realistic Travels.*]

**The Wonders of Eighth Avenue.**

On each hand are the exhibits of engineering firms whose names are household words, and every stand on this line is an exhibition within an exhibition. Engines of every kind, steam and electric, the latest form of turbines, together with rails, girders, armour-plates, bearing the marks of tests by heavy strains and gunfire, instruct the professional visitor and fascinate the layman.

**A Goliath of a Gun.**

Most striking of all is the 16-inch gun, weighing 110 tons, and able to throw a projectile of 2240 pounds to a distance of twenty-two miles. Every now and then an attendant puts in motion the pneumatic machinery which opens and closes the breech-block, and the spectator sees how elaborate and delicate, yet how simple in action, is the mechanism of this Goliath of Artillery. Beside it are shown field guns and quick-firers, down to a very light and elegant machine gun about the size of an ordinary rifle.

**A Mysterious "Engine."**

Not far from the great gun (take the first on the right after you pass it), you will see something that looks like a most complicated machine, in which many pistons of graduated sizes are working, with slow deliberation, evidently according to a careful system of timing. It looks mysterious, but it is not mysterious at all. Every piston is part of an independent machine; but this ingenious and most arresting group has been arranged to display all the different sizes of lubricating pumps supplied by a single firm. It is one of the cleverest devices, from an "exhibition" point of view, in the whole show. The single pump is not in itself sensational; but when every size is brought together in a graduated series, and all set in motion, the effect is that of some strange and marvellous engine of many parts, and the passer-by stops to ask questions.

**Railway-Land: The Schoolboys' Paradise.**

Returning to the Eighth or the Ninth Avenue, and following it to the end you will find yourself in one of the most popular and fascinating parts of the whole Exhibition. Here the schoolboys (and girls, for that matter) drink deep draughts of delight, and can hardly be persuaded to move on. Locomotives of every type, familiar and unfamiliar, may be boarded, and thousands of youngsters and oldsters have here attained the ambition of a lifetime—to stand on the foot-plate of an engine and see at close quarters the arrangements of the cab—or even lay a finger on the regulators, when the engineer in charge is not looking.

**Not Mere Show Engines.**

The locomotives on view, spick and span as they are in fresh paint—are not all just out of the workshop. Some of them are tried and trusty servants that were at work within a week of their arrival at Wembley. Notable among these are the locomotives shown by the L. and N.E.R. and the G.W.R. The former, the Flying Scotsman, has already run 62,000 miles; while the latter, the most powerful in Britain, has been in regular daily use with the Plymouth Express from Paddington. These and other engines are lifted a little from the rails so that the mechanism can be shown in motion.

**A Historical Relic.**

Under the wing of the Flying Scotsman engine stands a most interesting relic of the early days of railways. This is "Locomotion," the first engine of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, built by Robert Stephenson, and driven by George Stephenson at the opening of the line on Sept. 27, 1825. It was a happy thought thus to contrast the first humble beginnings of steam traction with the giant locomotive of to-day. The difference is striking enough, but still the type persists in its main features, despite modifications. In "Locomotion" and its tender can be traced the essentials, part by part, of the huge engines of to-day. The tubular boiler, however, was still some way ahead, and was not invented until Robert Stephenson built the "Rocket" for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1829, and adopted James's new type of boiler.

**Another Contrast.**

Close to the G.W.R. engine stands a model of the "Hirondelle," one of the old broad-gauge engines of that company. This locomotive, built in 1848, is not at all primitive, and illustrates how, in about twenty years, engines had got out of the early crude stage, and had come much nearer the present type. Yet, for all its elegance of outline, high power and fine finish, the "Hirondelle" model has an old-fashioned appearance.

**A Marvel of Automatic Signalling.**

Before leaving Railway-land, the visitor should make a point of seeing the automatic illuminated signalling board of the Metropolitan Railway. This is of special interest to Wembley wanderers, as it is an exact reproduction of the board in use at Wembley Park Metropolitan Station, for the information of the signalman on duty. All the station tracks are marked on the diagram, and the position of every train indicated by the extinction of lights as it enters or leaves. At the same time a written description of the train's point of departure and various destinations is lighted up. By watching the board you can tell exactly the state of traffic in the station at any given moment. The lamps are controlled electrically, not by the hand of the signalman, but by the trains themselves, as they pass the points of contact. The system is "fool-proof." The moment a train enters a section it puts the signal to "danger" for that section and clears the signal for the section just left. It is impossible for two trains to be in the same section at the same time. This safety does not depend on the driver's noting the signal, for as long as a train is in a section, no other can enter. Should it attempt to pass into the danger zone, the driving current would be automatically cut off, and the train would stop.

**More Railway History.**

Tucked away in Avenue Three, some little distance from the main Railway Exhibits, is something which visitors interested in the history of mechanical transport ought not to miss. It is to be found on the stand of the oldest manufacturer of rails, and is a specimen of the actual metals made for the Stockton and Darlington Railway. The chairs are cast in one piece with the rail, which is not flanged, and rather rough in finish. Close beside this old piece of track lies a somewhat later, but still early, rail made with the flange. There are also examples of modern points in full working order. The interest of the older curiosities is heightened by a little gallery of contemporary prints showing the opening of the Stockton and Darlington line.

**The Ball that Floats on Nothing.**

As the ancient and honourable firm just visited does not favour modern methods of noisy publicity, its exhibit might easily escape notice, but you will be guided unerringly to the place by the popularity of an exhibit just opposite. This is the magic ball which floats on the air-current of a huge electric fan, and draws crowds of youngsters, and even children of a larger growth. If the ball

[*Continued on page 112.*

# WARRIORS OF WEST AFRICA: FIGHTING-MEN MODELLED AT WEMBLEY.

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BERTRAM PARK.

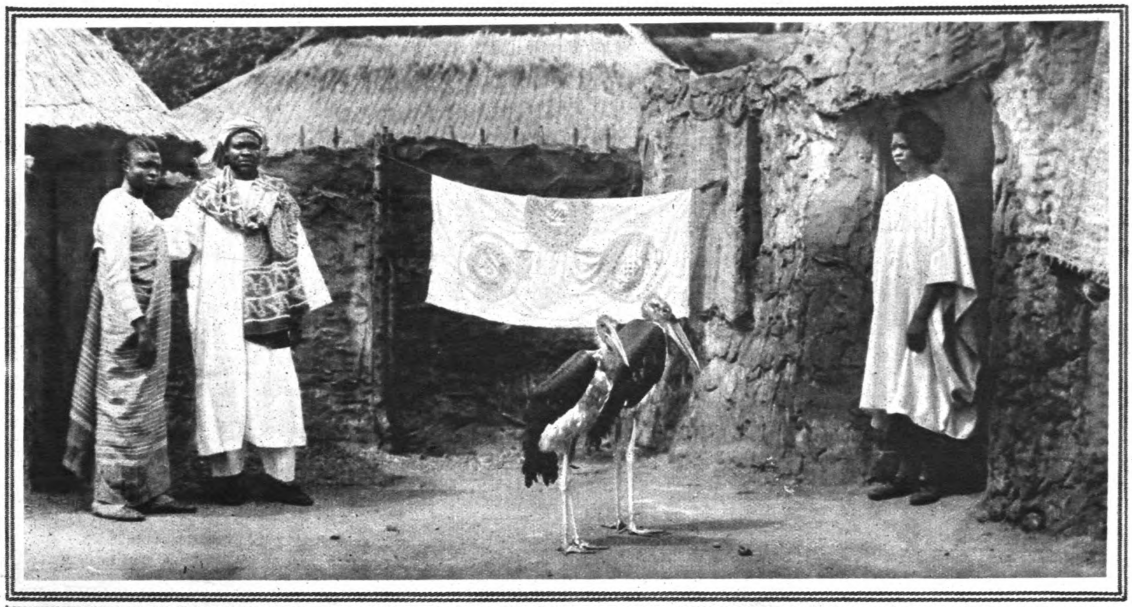


WITH A BOY TO KEEP THE HORSE ON THE MOVE: A MOUNTED CHIEFTAIN FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORIES OF THE GOLD COAST—ON THE LEFT A LOBI WARRIOR AND DRUMS.

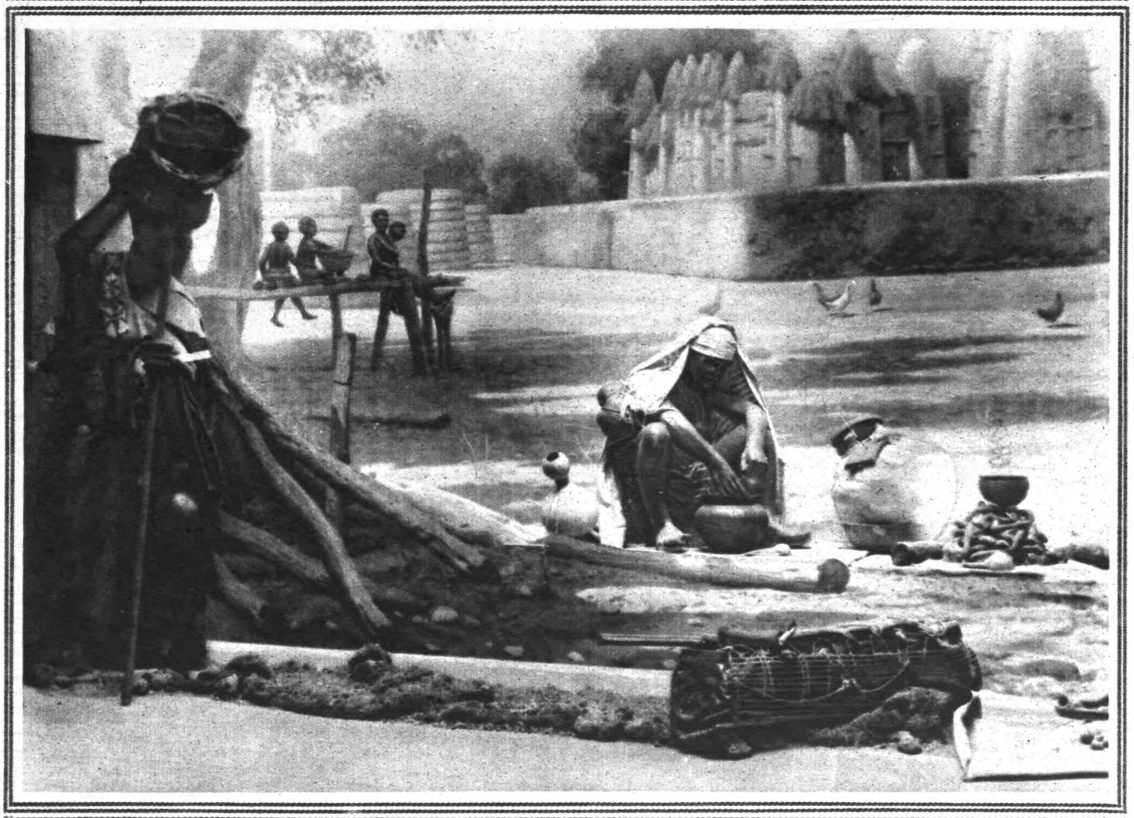
The Anthropological Section of the Gold Coast Building is one of its great features, and it is possible there to gain knowledge of such native arts and crafts as weaving, wood-carving, the making of pottery, and metal-working. Amongst the exhibits are gifts sent to Princess Mary, on the occasion of her marriage, by the people of the Gold Coast and Ashanti. These include a silver stool subscribed for by women of Ashanti. In the attached cinema, a film called "The Gold Coast of To-day" depicts the remarkable development of the country, and illustrates the habits, tribal customs, and industries of this very progressive people.

# WEST AFRICA AT WEMBLEY: NATIVES, LIVING AND MODELLED.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BERTRAM PARK. NO. 1, BY COURTESY OF MR. H. DE B. BEWLAY.



WITH MARABOUT STORKS TO KEEP THEM COMPANY: A CARVER FROM BENIN; EX-BATTERY-SERGEANT-MAJOR BELO, OF THE YORUBAS, WHO WAS IN KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH'S CORONATION PROCESSION; AND A YORUBA WEAVER.



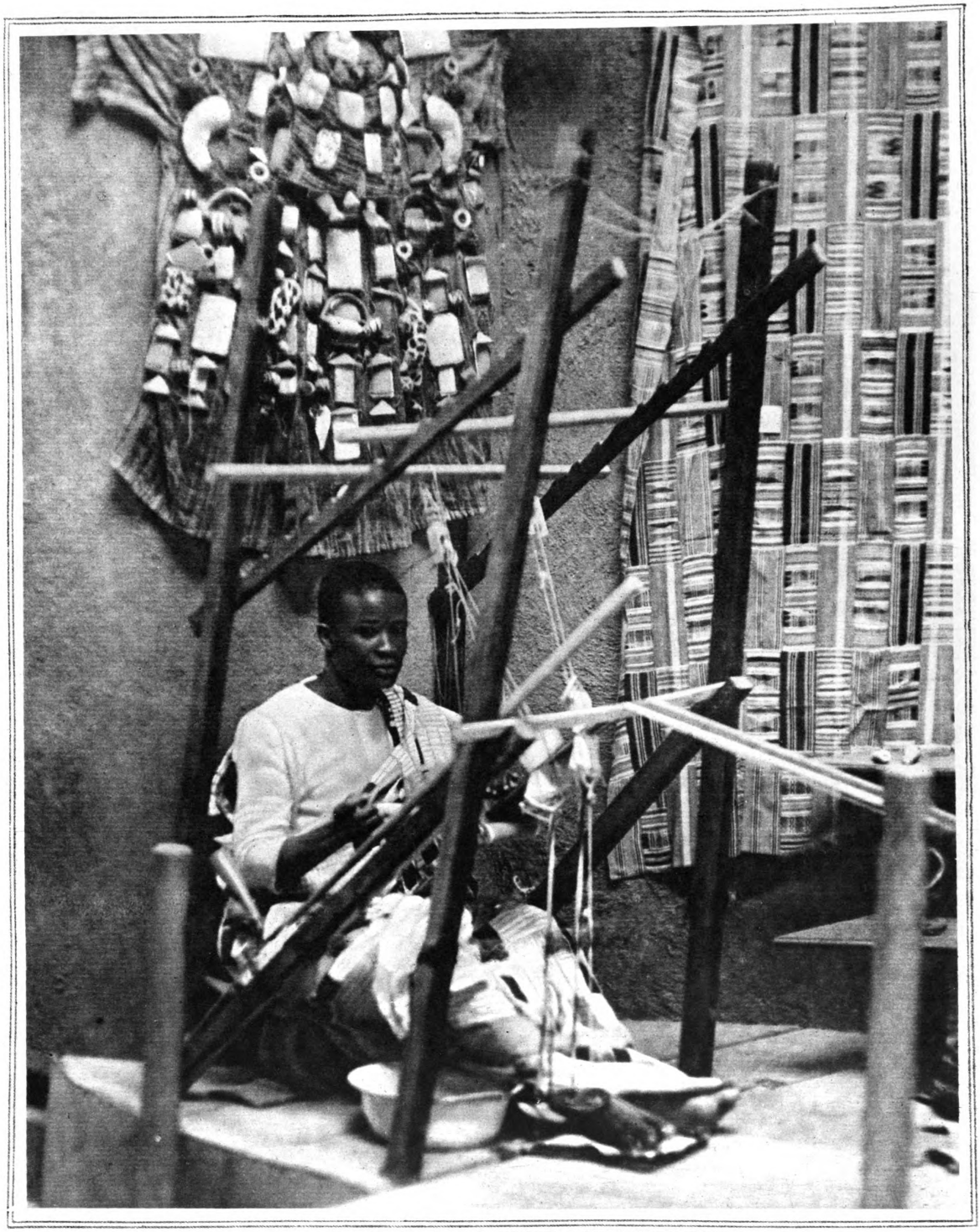
A GOLD COAST VILLAGE WOMAN COOKING, WITH HER BABY SLUNG TO HER SIDE: IN THE NORTHERN TERRITORIES OF THE GOLD COAST—THE VILLAGE MOSQUE IN THE BACKGROUND, AND A KOLA-CARRIER ON THE LEFT.

The Yorubas' country is now included in Southern Nigeria. Benin is, of course, also in Southern Nigeria, and, in this connection, it may be noted that, amongst the things shown in the Nigerian Building, which is a section of the Walled City of West Africa, is a collection of objects of art from Benin, which are in ivory, bronze, and wood, and show very distinctly the Portuguese influence. There is also a replica of the altar that belonged to the late King of 'Benin, which has been cast and carved by the present ruler of the tribe.——

The Gold Coast boasts that it was the first of the West African colonies to accept the invitation to take part in the Exhibition. The panorama courts of this Pavilion show the colony from coast to most northerly boundary. With regard to the kola-carrier, it may be noted that the kola, or guru, nut, is somewhat larger than the walnut, and distinctly bitter in taste. The African natives eat it as a stimulant; for it wards off hunger and increases endurance. It contains much caffeine, to which it owes its invigorating properties.

# THE ASHANTI OF TO-DAY: CRAFTSMANSHIP IN THE WALLED CITY.

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BERTRAM PARK.



**A PEACEFUL PURSUIT FOR MEN WHOSE ANCESTORS WERE AMONGST THE MOST WAR-LIKE IN THE WORLD: AN ASHANTI NATIVE WEAVING SILK-CLOTH IN THE GOLD COAST PAVILION.**

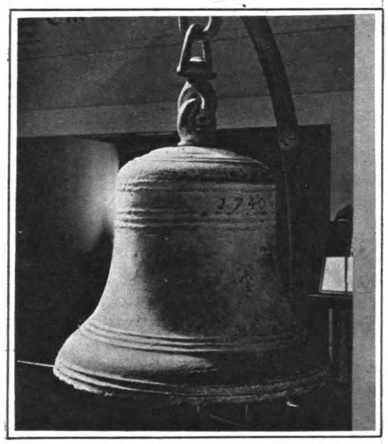
When the Ashanti of the past is recalled, with its terrible human sacrifices, its constant warring, and its bloodthirsty raids, such a picture as this of an Ashanti native weaving silk-cloth at Wembley takes on particular significance, and shows to what an extent things have changed since the notorious Prempeh was exiled in 1896, and the country was annexed by Great Britain in 1900. Ashanti now forms a district (Northern Territories) of the Gold Coast Colony, whose Pavilion in the Walled City of West Africa is very distinctive. In alliance with such work as that on which the Ashanti native is engaged in our photograph, there are shown other native arts and crafts, and it may be remarked that the doors of the Pavilion were carved by Africans at the Technical School at Accra, the capital. Likewise, the big gate that is between the Pavilion and the Cinema is of native make and of native wood.

*Continued.*]

(about four times the size of a football) floated on a *vertical* air-stream, it would not be so very wonderful, but the current is driven off from a funnel at an angle of 45 deg. One would suppose that the ball would merely be blown away, but no, the stream of air distributes itself almost equally around the sphere, and forms an air-pocket in which the ball rests and revolves. Further wonder: if the force of the blast is decreased, the ball does not fall to the ground, but returns in a slanting direction towards the mouth of the funnel.

**Among the Ships.** As we have digressed in our wanderings, we may as well hold straight along Third Avenue eastward to the most interesting section of shipping exhibits in the south-east corner of the Palace. To see this completely you must move up and down several cross gangways to right and left, and also visit Fifth and Seventh Avenues. In this section you may study in models and full-sized examples the whole question of oil-fuel for ships, or read in object-lessons the history of the great ocean liners. Great shipping centres are actually brought before our eyes in beautiful models. Here you will see the Port of Liverpool reproduced in full detail, with working models of ships, great liners entering and leaving the Mersey, or going to their berths in the eighty great docks. Only by such a model can one realise the vast and busy port of Liverpool, for it is not given to all to view it from an aeroplane, and even then "visibility" may be low. Here it is always perfect.

**"The Liner She's a Lady."** In the sections just adjoining, the Cunard and White Star Lines invite us to study their history and the facilities they offer to the voyager on the Seven Seas. Here are magnificent models of their floating palaces. The White Star shows the colossal *Majestic*, the last word in commercial naval architecture; and close at hand former days are recalled by the bell of the *Britannia*, one of the earliest of the company's ships. Note also the safety steering device which defies the helmsman to put the wheel over the wrong way after he receives an order. The



USED TO STRIKE THE TIME IN THE BERMUDA PAVILION: THE BELL OF THE "SHANNON."

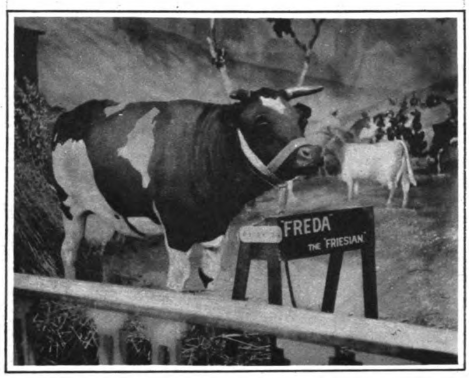
The "Shannon," it will be recalled, captured the American frigate "Chesapeake," outside Boston Harbour, in 1813.

*Photograph by Realistic Travels.*

principal feature of the Cunard exhibit next door shows in beautiful models the evolution of the liner from the company's first ship, the *Britannia* (sail and steam, and of low freeboard) to the fastest ocean greyhounds of to-day, the gorgeous and high-towering *Berengaria*, *Aquitania*, and *Mauretania*. A sectional plan illustrates the interior works and accommodation of the ships, and full-size reproductions bring before the visitor the actual luxury of passenger state-rooms.

**Other Marine Models and Reproductions.** Across the gangway is a splendid model of the Port of Bristol, and next to this the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company has erected one of its deck-houses with cabins fully equipped. You can go up the companion to the upper deck, and, resting there in a deck-chair, fancy yourself at sea. In this exhibit you may also read in a series of models the history of the company's liners from comparatively small beginnings to their present perfection. Within a few steps, on another firm's stand, is an exhibit of ropes and cordage made more realistic by an actual steamer's bridge, to which visitors are welcome. Adjoining is a great model of the Manchester Ship Canal, complete to the last detail. A little panorama near by shows the working of the steam-ship lines that ply between Liverpool and Dublin, Fishguard and Cork. Here the model vessels float on real water. These are only a few of the marvellous exhibits which combine to give one a liberal education in the British Mercantile Marine

**The Port of London.** Enter now the pavilion at the extreme eastern end of the Palace and learn something of the romance of the Port of London. In the hall on the right a cinema brings before you the processes of the London Docks. You will see the King open the George V. Dock. Thus historical events are saved from oblivion. The hall opposite is a great art gallery




THE MECHANICAL COW OF WEMBLEY: "FREDA, THE FRIESIAN," IN THE AUSTRALIAN PAVILION.

Freda once thrived as a real cow. Then she died; but, in due time, she was stuffed with straw and mechanism, so that she can now move again and moo, "chew the cud," whisk with her tail, and turn her eyes. Her controller is a man behind the scenery, an ingenious wire-puller.—[*Photograph by Shepstone.*]

illustrating from paintings and prints the wonderful story of London's shipping. On the tables in the centre are models of the docks, existing and to be. Most interesting is a peep into the future—the model of the projected passenger landing-stage at Tilbury.

**The Motor World.** Just north of the shipping exhibits, in a separate enclosure, is parked every kind of British motor vehicle. This section alone would take more than a day to examine thoroughly, but visitors in a hurry will find no difficulty in picking out any car they wish specially to see, so excellent is the system of sign-posts directing one to the proper place. As we pass out northwards we are once more in railway-land, where the Southern Railway's panoramas of sea-side resorts, and the L.M. and S.R.'s exhibits transport one to the coast and over the Border. But it is time to put the brakes on transport, and here at hand, appropriately enough, is the stand of the Westing-house Company, which exhibits much more than devices for retarding speed.

**The Marvels of the Electric Power-House.** The mention of power is not out of place, for we are now in Twelfth Avenue, and, following it westward for a little way, we reach on the right an exhibit not to be missed. It is specially remarkable, for it is not only an exhibit, but an integral and vital part of the life of Wembley. This is the Electric Power-Station supplying light and electro-motive force to the Exhibition. You may view the "purring dynamos," the transformers, and the huge switchboards from a platform running along the entire station, and then descend to the floor to inspect the lower regions, where the boilers remind you that, after all, the ultimate source of power is coal and the stored sunlight of prehistoric ages. Very amusing is the ingenious carrier-band which collects the ashes of the furnaces and deposits them gently outside the building. In the power-house you see in operation machines of which duplicates are exhibited at various stands elsewhere in the Palace of Engineering.

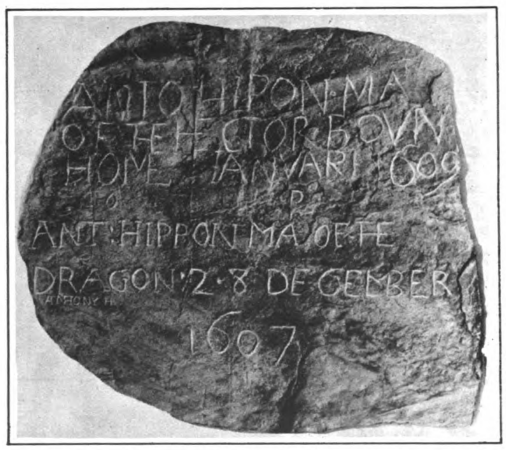
**Other Electric Devices.** A huge floor space is devoted to electrical engineering in all its branches. This will be found close to the Kelvin Gate at the north-eastern corner of the Palace. There you will see the latest devices of telegraphy in operation, together with land and wireless telephony. The rapid-printing telegraph machine is worth following from transmission to reception; but non-technical visitors, and housewives in particular, will be most deeply interested in the application of electricity to domestic processes.

**A Housewife's Paradise.** The Electric House will fill housewives with envy. They will see the ancient drudgery of kitchen, scullery, and laundry lightened or abolished by a series of clean and handy contrivances—the electric cooking-stove, the plate-drier, the iron, all operated by the turning of a switch. In the bath-room the electric geyser turns the cold water from the main into hot in a few seconds. In the public rooms lighting and heating touch the highest point of luxury and artistic arrangement. In the bed-rooms, beds and dressing-tables carry their electric lamps as fixtures, so that when the furniture is shifted the lights are still in the right position. On the bedside tea-tray both kettle and tea-pot are electrically heated. Elsewhere in the Palace of Engineering domestic electrical appliances are also to be seen at work. At the General Electric exhibit in Avenues Eleven to Thirteen, for example, there are demonstrations of cookery, washing, and ironing. Look in here at the Model Electric Shop, and be sure you ask to see one of the greatest curiosities of the whole show. This is at the north-western corner of the stand. It is the Wilton-Kramer Magnet—a device for the easy handling of scrap-iron.

**An Amazing Magnet.** A tall, thin gantry with pulleys has been erected over a pit full of scrap-iron. Down upon the miscellaneous heap of rusty junk is lowered a large soft iron cap, which is a powerful electro-magnet. As soon as the current is applied and the cap becomes magnetic, a sort of insurrection takes place in the pile of scrap. Some pieces stand up on end, and generally the mass becomes agitated. The pieces of metal in actual contact with the cap stick to it. Then the pulleys are set in motion, and the magnet rises slowly, bringing with it, in a huge cluster, the uncouth contents of the pit. Every separate piece has been magnetised by contact with its neighbour, and so the whole hangs together as long as the current continues to pass through the coils of the cap-magnet. It is possible thus to collect, lift, swing round, and deposit elsewhere, as one piece, a collection of scrap-iron weighing two tons. It is dumped where desired, simply by cutting off the current. The mass at once becomes demagnetised and falls apart with a tremendous clatter. Those who know how cumbrous and inconvenient a process the handling of scrap-iron can be, will appreciate the use and handiness of this admirable invention. Like all great things, it is perfectly simple—just an adaptation on a large scale of the familiar old experiment with a small magnet and iron filings.

**Among the Looms.** You could spend days among the electrical appliances alone, and still leave hundreds of interesting and wonderful things unexamined. We must pass on now to other departments of applied science. If you are interested in weaving you should not fail to visit a group of power-looms in the third stand from the western end of Avenues Five and Six, where one machine in particular attracts the layman. This is the loom for weaving horse-hair cloth (hair weft on a

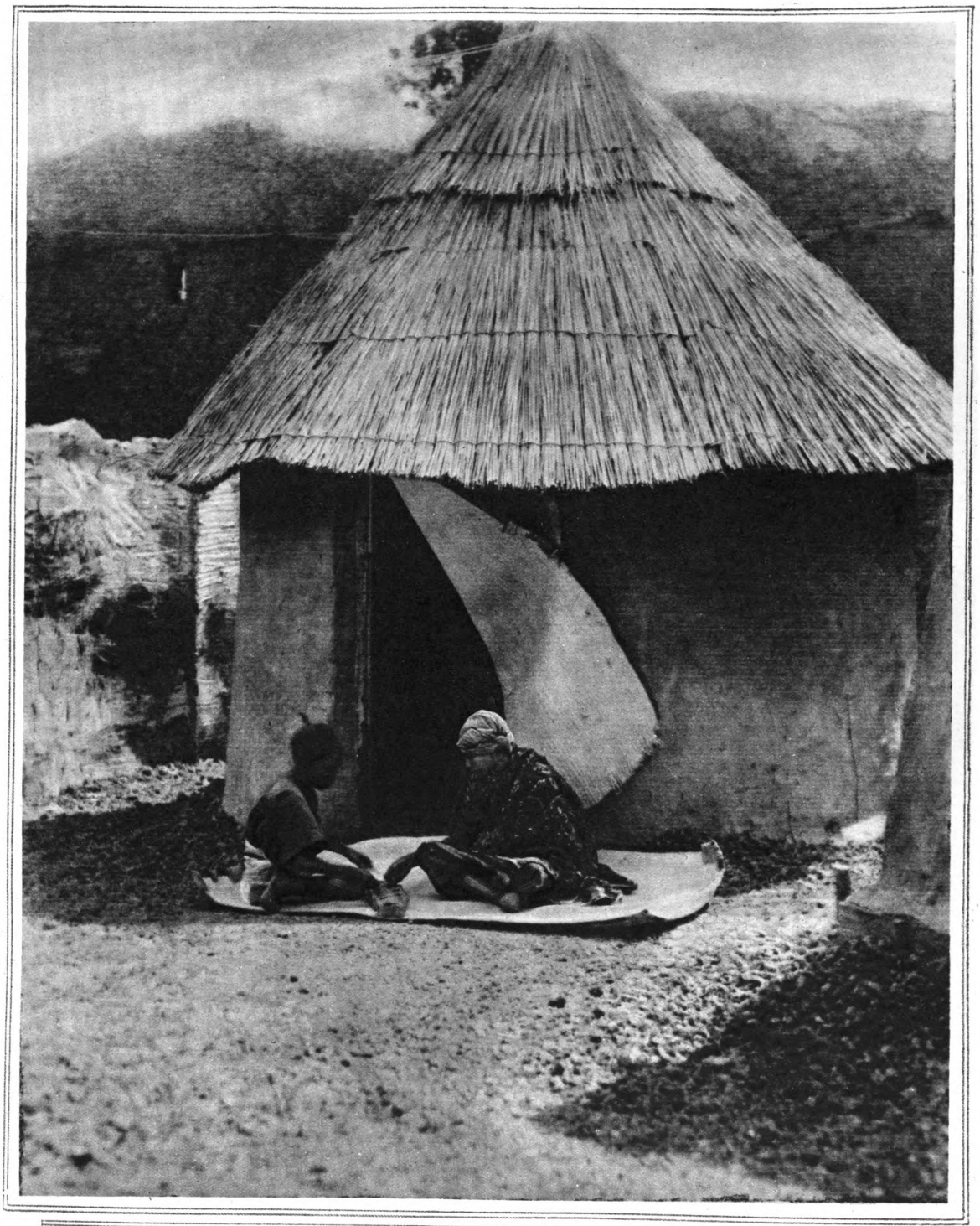
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THE "POST-OFFICE" STONE OF A MASTER MARINER OF THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: "SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE" LEFT AT THE CAPE IN 1607-1609.

Such stones told Masters touching at the Cape the movements of the craft commanded by the Masters who inscribed them. The inscription on this example reads: "Anto Hipon Ma(ster) of the Hector. Bound home January 1609.—Ant. Hippon Ma(ster) of the Dragon. 28. December. 1607. Anthony. 11."—[*Photograph by Sport and General.*]

# IN THE FORBIDDEN VILLAGE AT WEMBLEY: WEST AFRICAN "DRAUGHTS."



PLAYING DARA: "MRS." SHETU AND MAMMAN, OF THE FULANI TRIBE.

In connection with the Walled City of West Africa is an African village divided into four compounds occupied by Hausas, Yorubas, Fantis, Mendis, and other West African races, including, of course, the Fulani. The public are not allowed admission into this, and therefore it may well be called "The Forbidden Village at Wembley." In the picture here given, Mrs. Shetu, wife of Mustapha, the embroiderer, is seen with the ten-year-old Mamman, playing Dara. This, it may be said, is too elaborate a game to describe here at length, but it may be noted that it is a kind of draughts, played on a longish board divided into twelve compartments. When play begins there are four pebbles in each compartment, and as it proceeds these pebbles are redistributed one by one into the various compartments of the board. Draughts has been played in all ages, by the most primitive of peoples and the oldest-known civilisations.

# FROM RUBBER GARDEN TO BULLION-SHIP: WEMBLEY FEATURES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., SHEPSTONE, AND S. AND G.



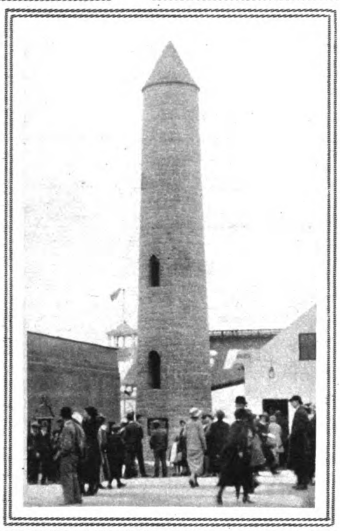
NATIVE-MADE HATS FOR SALE IN THE MALAYAN BUILDING: ENGLISH WOMEN VISITORS INTERESTED.



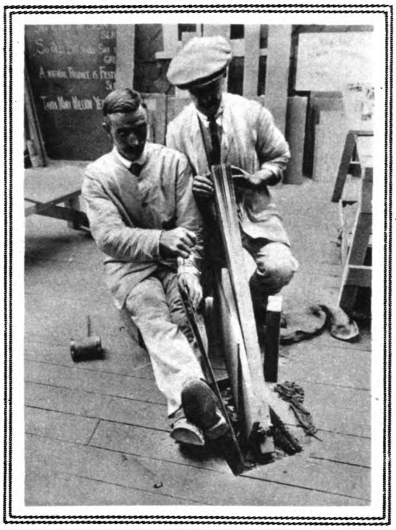

WITH PATH, GRASS, MOULD, AND FLOWERS—OF RUBBER! THE EXHIBIT OF THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY.



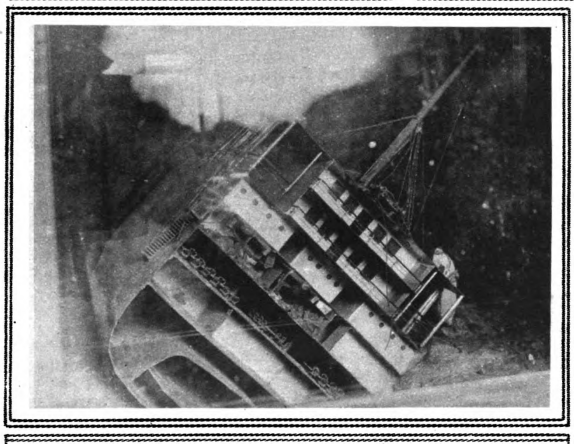
A PRIVILEGED SCHOOLBOY: TAPPING A REAL RUBBER TREE FOR ITS LATEX, AT WEMBLEY.



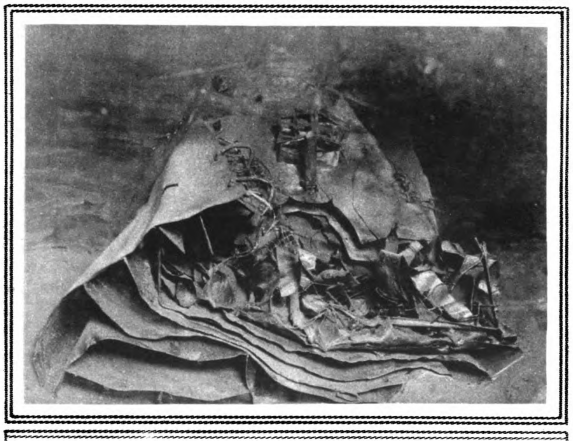
FIRST A BELFRY; THEN A PLACE OF SANCTUARY AGAINST PIRATES: A DEVENISH ISLAND TOWER.



A DIFFICULT OPERATION IN THE FESTINIOG EXHIBIT: SPLITTING SLATES WITH WEDGES AND MALLET.



A BULLION-SHIP SHOWN ON THE SEA-BOTTOM: THE "LAURENTIC" AS SHE SANK, WITH HER £5,343,000 OF GOLD BARS—A MODEL.

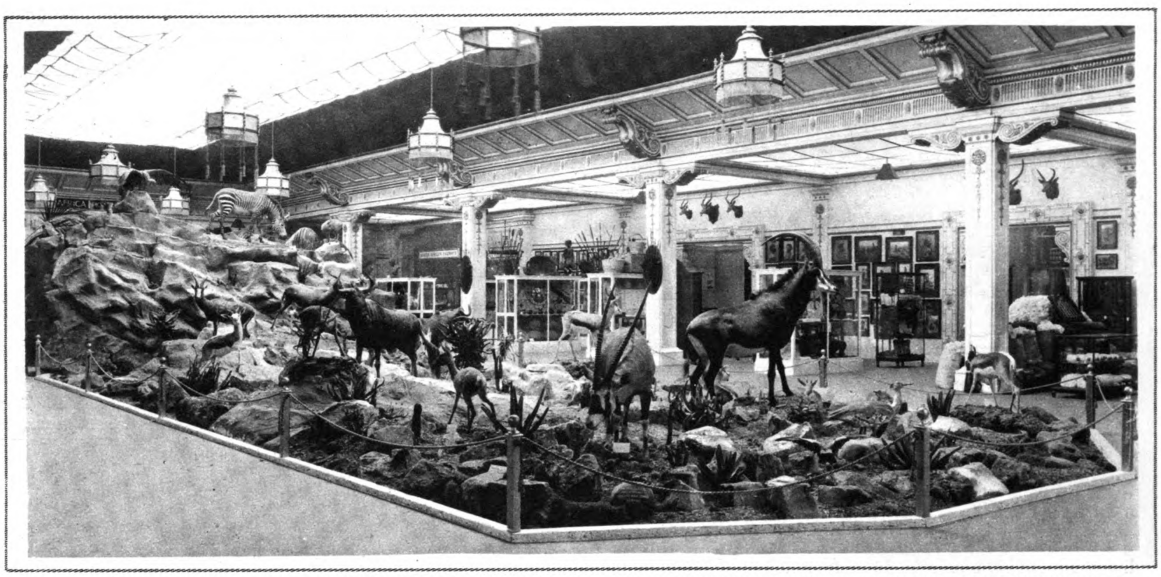


WRECKAGE FROM WHICH SOME £4,758,000 WORTH OF BULLION HAS BEEN SALVED: THE "LAURENTIC" AFTER A STORM HAD CRUMPLED HER TOGETHER—A MODEL.

The Wembley Garden of the North British Rubber Company is a much more remarkable thing than would appear at first glance. As shown in our photograph, it looks like the real thing. In point of fact, it is mostly of rubber. Paths, grass, garden mould, trees, flowers, leaves, bird-bath, are all of rubber.—— Adjoining McLintochs' Cottage in the grounds is a tall round tower, which is a replica of one to be found at Devenish Island, Lough Erne, and reproduces one of those towers, dating from the ninth century, which were originally used as belfries, and then became places of refuge from the raiding Norse pirates. That the fugitives might be safer, the first door was some twelve feet above ground. It was reached by a ladder which was pulled into the interior after the inhabitants had entered. The tower is 67 feet high, and has a diameter of 8 feet.—— Slates possess such perfect cleavage that they are readily split into thin plates. Needless to say, great skill is required in cleaving, which is done with the aid of thin, broad wedges and wooden mallets.——The models illustrating the salving of bullion from the "Laurentic" are a feature of the British Government Building. It will be recalled that we illustrated their making in our issue of February 16 last.

# BIRDS, BEASTS—AND CREATURE COMFORTS: SOUTH AFRICA AT WEMBLEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL-GRAY.



FAUNA OF SOUTH AFRICA IN THE CENTRAL HALL OF THE PAVILION OF THE UNION: A TABLEAU OF BIRDS AND BEASTS.



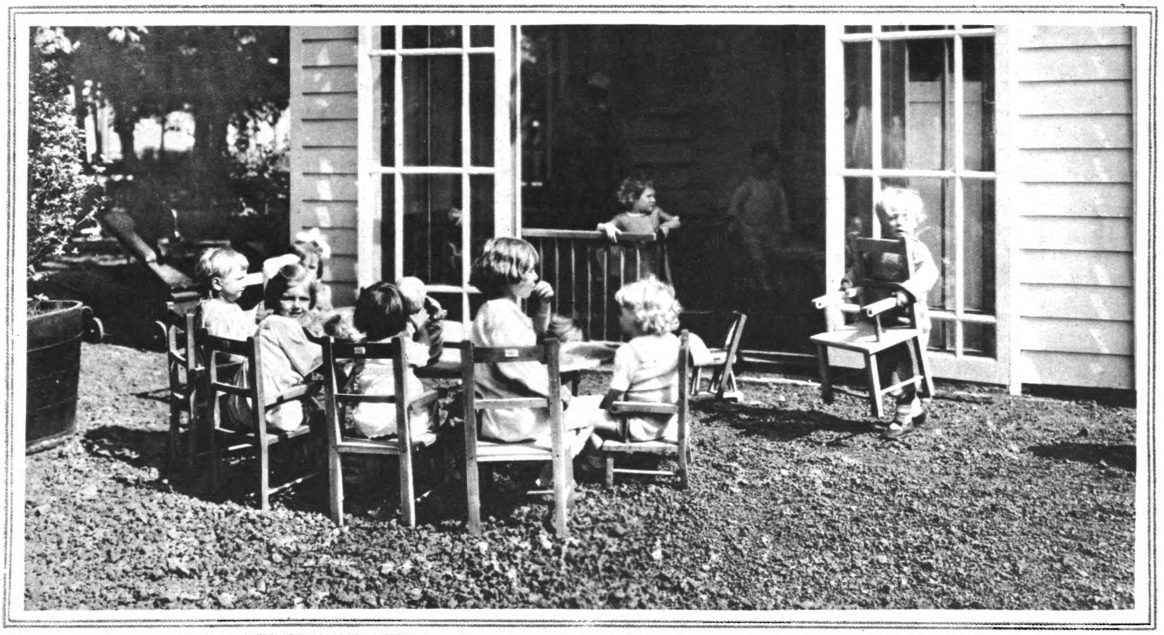
TAKING LUNCHEON IN THE DINING-CAR OF A SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAY TRAIN: A NOVEL RESTAURANT IN THE GROUNDS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PAVILION.

South Africa, which is represented by an exceptionally picturesque Pavilion built in the old Dutch style, presents an all-round show of great excellence. One of the features of this are tableaux of wild animals, which look most life-like in their settings of rock, sand, and wild aloes. In the grounds to the west of the Pavilion there is a restaurant in the form of a train of the South African Railways. This comprises a dining-car, a travelling-saloon, a kitchen, and a staff-car. South African meals are served in the dining-car. The free cinema attached to the Pavilion shows the scenery and life of the Union as seen from such a train.

# CHILDREN LEFT AT THREEPENCE AN HOUR: THE EXHIBITION NURSERY.



WHERE THE CHILDREN OF VISITORS TO WEMBLEY ARE LOOKED AFTER BY NURSES AND V.A.D.'S: IN THE GAY, TOY-FILLED CHILDREN'S NURSERY—FOR WET DAYS.

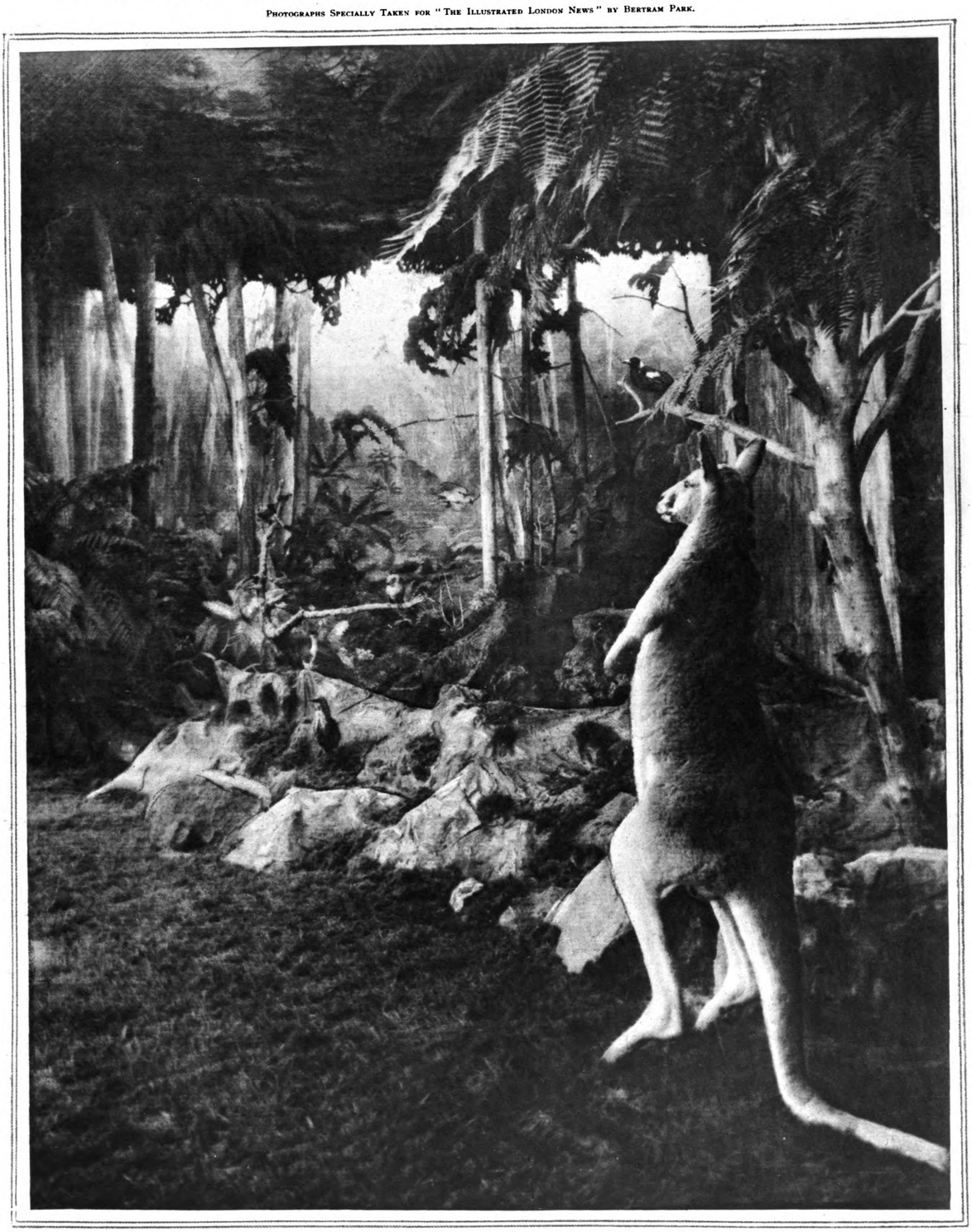


AMUSING THEMSELVES THOROUGHLY WHILE THEIR PARENTS ARE ENJOYING THE SIGHTS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION: CHILDREN IN THE OPEN AT THE SPECIAL NURSERY.

There are very many children among the visitors to the British Empire Exhibition. The majority of them, of course, are able to look after themselves, or, at all events, to accompany their parents as they make their rounds of the great Show. In certain cases, however, they are young enough to need special care. This has been recognised by those responsible, and there is, in the grounds of the Exhibition, a special Children's Nursery, under the auspices of the Central Hostel for Children's Welfare, of Carnegie House, Piccadilly. The fee for each child is a shilling for four hours, or, if the parent is in possession of a pass issued by a local Welfare Centre, sixpence for four hours. Milk and other foods can be bought, and are, of course, extras. Children from three weeks old are accepted—girls up to eight years and boys up to six years. The nursery is not for lost children, but that youngsters may be left in safety while their parents are "doing" the Exhibition.

# WITH KANGAROO AND KOOKABURRA: THE BUSH AT WEMBLEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BERTRAM PARK.



IN THAT ISLAND CONTINENT ON WHICH ARE FOUND ANIMALS LONG EXTINCT IN OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD: THE KANGAROO IN A SCENIC MODEL IN THE AUSTRALIAN PAVILION.

There is an interesting little note appertaining to this picture in the official guide of the Exhibition. It reads: "Animals that have for ages been extinct in other parts of the world, animals that belong to the epoch of the mammoth and the flying lizard, are still found in Australia. . . . The kangaroo sub-divides into a dozen types, from the great red kangaroo, which is about 5 ft. 6 in. in height, as it sits on its tripod of two legs and a tail, down to the appealing wallaby and the less delightful kangaroo rat. Less known than the emu . . . are the bower-bird and the rifle-bird. . . . The platypus is a curious survival of the primitive—a furred and amphibious animal that lays eggs and suckles its young! Other quaint and beautiful birds shown are the scrub-turkey, the gorgeous lyre-bird, the bower-bird . . . and the laughing kookaburra." The last-named is the great kingfisher of Australia, and is also called the laughing-jackass.

(Continued from page 112.)

cotton warp). To the uninitiated spectator the principle of the shuttle is a problem. He wonders how anyone could wind a bobbin with a long continuous thread of horse-hair. It is just *not* possible, and is not attempted. Instead of a bobbin running within the shuttle, a vertical steel tube filled with a sheaf of horse-hair is placed at each side of the cotton warp. From these sheaves a hook on each of the two shuttles, plying alternately from side to side, picks out, neatly and unerringly, a single hair and draws it through the warp. Weaving in any form is always fascinating to watch, but the shuttle-work of the hair-cloth loom is a curiosity by itself. Here also are to be seen tapestry and towel looms, and many other ingenious appliances for special branches of textile manufacture.

**A Curious Locomotive.** Close at hand you will see an engine of unfamiliar type. It looks like an engine with a tender at both ends and the cab in the middle. This is the geared turbine condensing locomotive. Its motive power is a combination of steam and electricity.

**The Story of the Screw-Nail.** Passing to the south-western angle of the Palace, we find ourselves in Screw-nail land, and the average man, at first sight of the panels on which screws are arranged in all sorts of geometrical patterns, realises with some bewilderment that these useful articles are as the sands of the sea in number and variety. To master the names of them all would be to acquire a new and profound branch of human learning. With the screws goes a demonstration of far heavier metal-work—girders and rails, rolled-plates, and tests of stresses on these.

**A Goods-Train as Object-Lesson.** The work of the exhibiting firm (whose name is synonymous with the screw, and is also connected inseparably with the memory of a great Colonial Secretary departed) is summed up in a most ingenious and graphic exhibit, which takes the form of a model goods-train, illustrating by the contents of its trucks the manufacturers' control of their material from the raw stuff to the finished article. The series of loads begins with coal, and passes on to coke, iron-ore, fire-clay, hematite pig-iron, ordinary pig-iron, and thence to rolled-plates, corrugated iron for roofing, strip-iron for fences, together with wire and wire-work.

**Various Exhibits.** The exhibit of the National Physical Laboratory is full of interest for those concerned with practical science. Here are most delicate instruments for making the tests of the strength of materials, and for determining the fatigue point of metals. The system of gauges for testing engineering fittings is explained by models with lucid descriptions appended. There is also one of the wax models used by ship-builders for ascertaining resistances of a vessel to water. Another marine exhibit worth studying is that illustrating the illuminating of beacons and light-buoys. It will be found close to the western end of the Palace, the treasures of which have only been glanced at in this survey. Months instead of hours would be required to see everything, but, as hours alone are possible for this flying visit, we must now leave the Palace of Engineering and cross over to its great complementary building, the Palace of Industry.

**The Palace of Industry.** The inner meaning of many exhibits in the Palace of Engineering is visible only to the technical expert, but in the neighbouring Palace of Industry, where Science is applied in greater degree to the domestic arts, the lay visitor is seldom at a loss to understand. It is perhaps as well to begin with the Staff of Life, and to enter the Palace by its central—southern—gate, known appropriately as the "Gate of Plenty." Here a few steps will bring us to the food section, but on the way we may linger for a moment at a kiosk dedicated to food for the mind, there to examine exquisite examples of colour-printing and book-illustration. Thence, entering a long corridor which runs to right and left, the visitor is in no doubt that he has reached the section of material food proper, for he is greeted by a fragrant smell of baking. If he turns to the left, he is at once in the region of luxury, and may follow out an elaborate demonstration of chocolate-making. If he holds to the right, an exhibit of similar range will set before him the whole process of biscuit-manufacture by machinery. Here the dough, in thick sheets, enters the stamping machine, and the stamped-out biscuits are caught upon an endless band and arranged automatically on trays which an attendant at once passes into the long range of ovens. Meanwhile, the residuum of the stamped sheet of dough has been separated and set aside in a receptacle, to be rolled once more into sheets and stamped. From the other end of the oven the biscuits emerge finished, and pass to the packers, who prepare them for sale.

**A Quaint Side-Show.** In one of the stalls to the left of the corridor is an amusing little side-show representing a biscuit-factory. To the central door of this advances an endless procession of cardboard figures typifying in semi-human likeness all the ingredients of a well-known biscuit. They disappear inside, and simultaneously there emerges another procession, this time of finished biscuits, grotesquely fitted with arms and legs. The exhibition is very rich in this sort of serio-comic symbolism.

**The Machine-Made Loaf.** As we turn the corner of the corridor, we look through a series of large plate-glass windows into a hygienic compartment where the first stages of bread-making are being carried out. As soon as the ingredients have been mixed, they pass automatically to an elaborate and complicated machine, which, with beautiful precision, regularity, and speed, kneads, weighs and moulds the batch into loaves. These are then carried, without the touch of a human hand, to the oven, whence they emerge, crisp and brown, upon an endless band. The last stage is the most ingenious of all—the delivery of the loaves to a small machine which parcels up each in its own wrapper, seals it, and delivers it, a marketable commodity. This system represents the last word in the baker's craft.



THE BOMBAY REVIVAL OF INDIAN ART AS DEMONSTRATED IN THE INDIAN PAVILION: IN THE INDIAN ROOM.

As we note opposite, the Indian Room owes its being to the staff and students of the Bombay School of Art, whose Principal is Mr. W. E. Gladstone Solomon.

**A War and Peace Exhibit.** Passing now on the right and left the sections of domestic utilities and British Cellulose, we enter a spacious hall devoted to the work of a firm whose name is associated, first of all, with the manufacture of explosives, but the purpose of the exhibit is more peaceful than warlike. The great model of a tract of country in the centre is designed chiefly to illustrate the application of the firm's products to the service of industry. To take but one example, it shows that our coal-mines are the largest users of explosives in the United Kingdom. A further point of peaceful utility is made in connection with fog-signals for railways, and the scheme is rounded off with many examples of the firm's by-products, some of which enter into the composition of paints for metal. The walls are decorated with trophies of every conceivable variety of cartridge known to small-arms practice, military and sporting.

**Industrial Ulster.** Emerging from the Court of Explosives, you see on the left a palace within a palace, a beautiful pavilion decorated in the style of Celtic art. Here Ulster illustrates her natural resources, and exhibits the products of her industry and art. Outside the pavilion is an elaborate model of the Port of Belfast, and to see it in the right perspective, Ulster invites you to kneel down. Thoughtfully she provides a cushion. The model is well worth the genuflexion. Anyone who knows Belfast even slightly will acknowledge the model's fidelity to the detail of landscape and architecture.

**The Queen's Table-Linen.** As one enters the pavilion, the first object of interest is the exhibit of exquisite table-linen lately presented to the Queen. Close by are equally charming specimens of Irish point-lace. From an adjoining bay comes the busy clack of a loom, and there you may watch the weaving of Ulster's staple product. In the remaining sections Northern Ireland unfolds the record of all her interests and occupations, governmental, industrial, and artistic.

**Textiles—Silken and Woollen.** The section of textiles lies just next door, and may be conveniently examined after our flying trip across the Irish Sea. The most ravishing silks, the most wonderful woollens, are here displayed in fabrics that will delight not only women, but men. Textiles demand a wearer, hence the provision of a mannequin parade, a show that is always crowded to the doors.

**Needles.** In the very heart of the textile section is a little court that no woman should pass by, and most men will consider it a place to visit. This is the exhibition of needle-making by the old Redditch firm that made needles in Queen Victoria's presence at the Great Exhibition of '51. In a case in the centre of the court you will see the actual needles made and presented to Queen Victoria on that occasion. You can watch also the methods of manufacture, old and new. The old foot drop-stamp has been brought to Wembley, and does its slower but still excellent work side by side with the latest electrically-driven machine, which turns out its 100,000 needles per day.

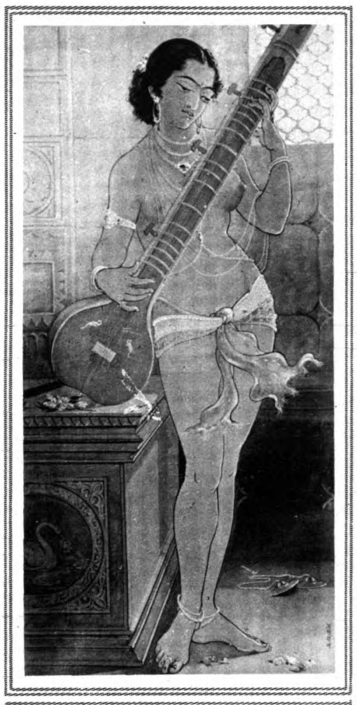
**The Great Cotton Exhibit.** To the extreme north of these sections lies an exhibit second to none in industrial importance. This is the section devoted to cotton. Its projectors claim, with justice, that they have reproduced Lancashire in an area of 31,000 square feet. The whole process of cotton manufacture is here seen in operation, and the very atmosphere of the cotton-mills has been brought to Wembley, where you can hear the kindly tongue of the Lancashire lads and lasses who tend the spinning-frames and the looms. Not a Lancashire exhibit, but closely connected with cotton, is the model of Nelson's *Victory* built up from tiny reels of black-and-white cotton thread. This, almost needless to say, is exhibited by a Paisley firm whose name inevitably suggests thread. The whole history of cotton is set forth in the adjoining cinema, of which we received appropriate advertisement in the Palace of Engineering, when we were looking at the model of the Manchester Ship Canal.

**Butterfly-Wing Jewellery.** From the textile section a single step will take you into the department of watches, clocks, and jewellery. Among the jewel-work occurs a noteworthy curiosity, a panel representing a scene from Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." The gorgeous iridescent colouring, which resembles a stained-glass window, is obtained by the inlaying of the wings of South American butterflies. The incident is that where Tyltyl and Mytyl are led by Light into the Kingdom of the Future.

**Coal-Gas and Its Uses.** From this allegory of light it is not a far cry—in fact, only across the avenue—to the exhibit of gas for domestic lighting and heating. But first let us stop for a moment outside the pavilion to examine a striking illustration of what science has now shown to be the misuse of coal by burning it in open fires. On a large panel is depicted a murky London sunset, and beside it are photographs that bring home to the spectator the horrors of smoke from factory chimneys. Graphic models show the percentage of impurity thrust into the atmosphere by open fires. The notorious damage done to St. Paul's Cathedral by coal-smoke is recorded photographically. Readers of this journal may remember that many years ago this question was discussed in our columns by the late Professor Church, who demonstrated the deleterious effect of accumulations of solid carbon on the masonry of the Cathedral. Of recent years, the progress in the application of electricity to domestic uses has spurred gas engineers to new and successful efforts in the improvement of their appliances. One apartment in the gas exhibit brings

(Continued on page 154.)

# THE BOMBAY REVIVAL OF INDIAN ART: MODERN PANELS AT WEMBLEY.



IN THE MANNER OF THE AJANTA CAVE PICTURES: "MUSIC" (G. H. NAGARKAR).



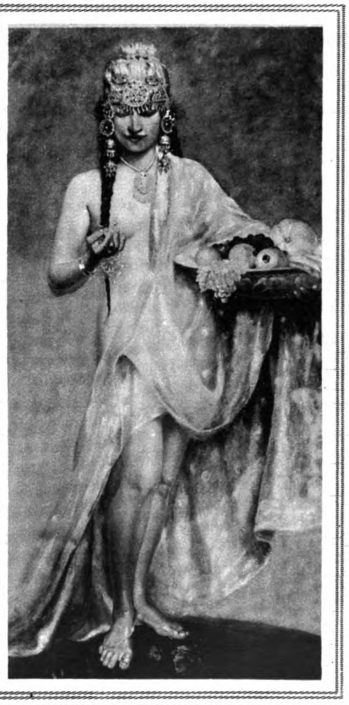
A MAHARATTA LADY ILLUMINATING A METAL PLATE: "PAINTING" (B. A. APTE).



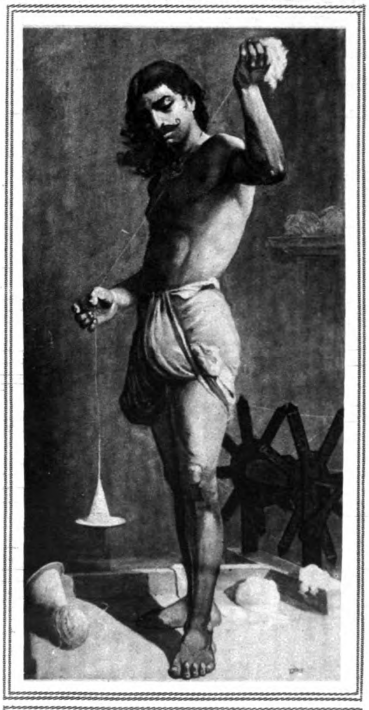
IN A STYLE OVER TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD: "SCULPTURE" (A. SAMI KHAN).



A MOHAMMEDAN FAKIR OF BOMBAY, WITH HENNA-STAINED BEARD: "PIETY" (N. L. JOSHI).



A PIECE OF BRAVURA BY AN INDIAN FROM MALVAN: "AGRICULTURE" (S. FERNANDES).

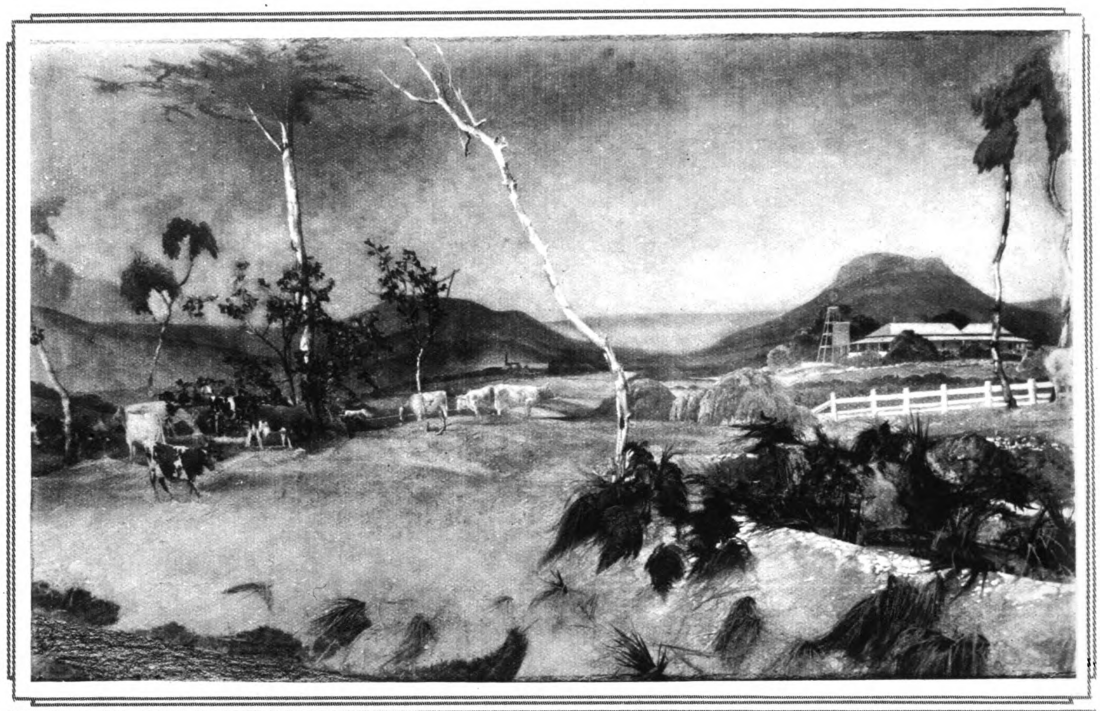


AN INDIAN SPINNER, WITH CHARKA (SPINNING-WHEEL): "INDUSTRY" (A. KAMADOLLI).

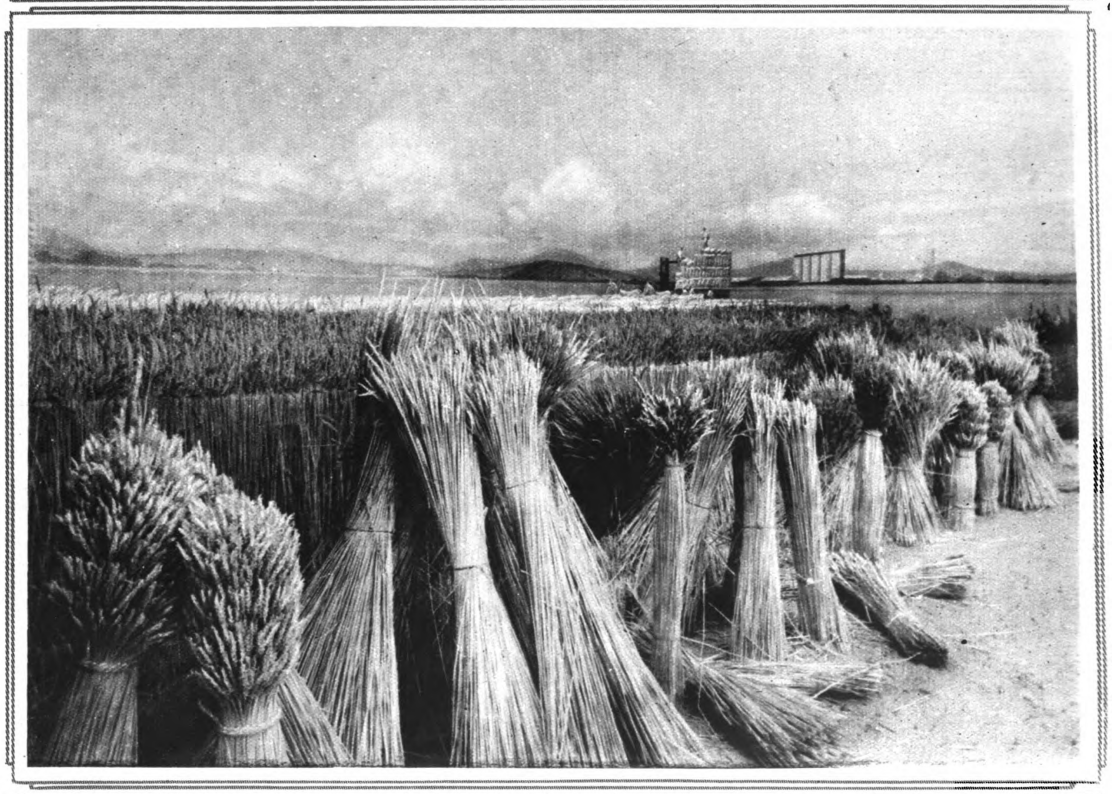
In the Indian Pavilion at Wembley there is an Indian room which is attracting more than usual attention. The staff and students of the Bombay School of Art, which is under the very able direction of Mr. W. E. Gladstone Solomon, Principal of the School, are responsible for it, and it illustrates the remarkable revival of Indian art for which they are striving, with splendid results. Our illustrations are of panels upon the walls, panels which differ considerably in feeling and correspond in only one or two cases with the general style of the frieze and the spirit of the decorations. There is reason for this: the Indian room was designed quite as much with a view of showing the versatility of modern young Indian artists as with the object of displaying distinctive characteristics of Indian decorative art. The students were left free to use their individual notions and methods of filling the spaces allotted to them; and, as a result, their works range from the realistic and the semi-realistic to the purely decorative.

# LIFE IN THE OPEN OVERSEAS: PASTORAL AND

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE



THE PASTORAL SIDE OF THE VAST ISLAND-CONTINENT: "AN AUSTRALIAN DAIRY-FARM," IN THE AUSTRALIAN PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.

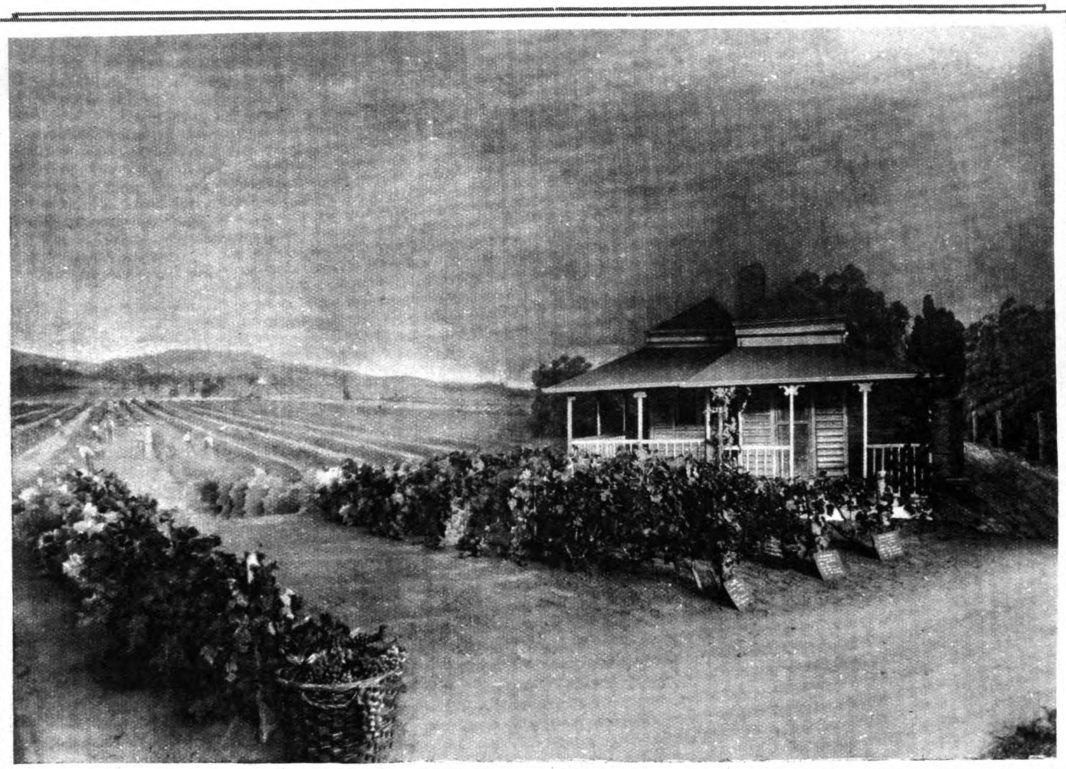


IN THE SIX ACRES OF WEMBLEY WHICH REPRESENT 2,974,581 SQUARE MILES: WHEAT-HARVESTING IN AUSTRALIA.

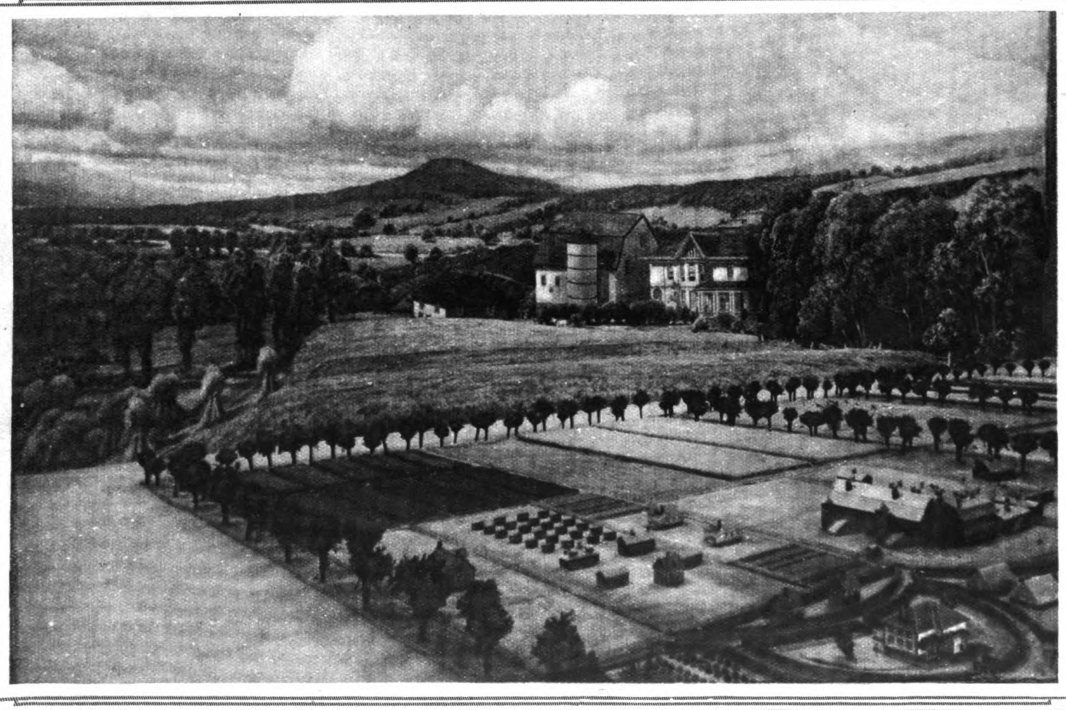
The illustrations here given show typical models which are examples of those elaborate scenes which are so great a feature of certain pavilions at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. To deal, in particular, with Australia and Canada, it may be said that both countries have set out to picture and present their resources, and have done so admirably. All the great Australian industries are in evidence, and especial stress is laid upon those which are pastoral and agricultural. In fact, the six acres of the Australian Pavilion contrive to represent, in very

# AGRICULTURAL AUSTRALIA AND CANADA IN MODELS.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BERTRAM PARK.



WHERE GRAPES FOR THE FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN WINES ARE GROWN: "AN AUSTRALIAN VINEYARD," IN THE AUSTRALIAN PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.



AN ENTERPRISE OF THE CANADIAN FEDERAL GOVERNMENT: "THE EXPERIMENTAL FARM," IN THE CANADIAN PAVILION.

thorough fashion, the history, the industries, and the interests of the 2,974,581 square miles of the island-continent. As to Canada, there, again, are numerous models, and in one way or another every phase of life in the great Dominion is dealt with. Particular attention is attracted by the Experimental Farm, and the demonstrations of the "outlay work" which is being done for new settlers by the Canadian Federal Government. Altogether, these displays cannot but quicken interest in both the Commonwealth and the Dominion.

# SIX OF THE AGES OF WOMAN—AND GAS: WEMBLEY LIVING TABLEAUX.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL-GRAY; REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION.



GAS AS "THE NURSE'S THIRD HAND": "INFANCY"—THE NURSERY; WITH GAS-FIRE, COOKER, GEYSER, AND TIP-UP BATH.



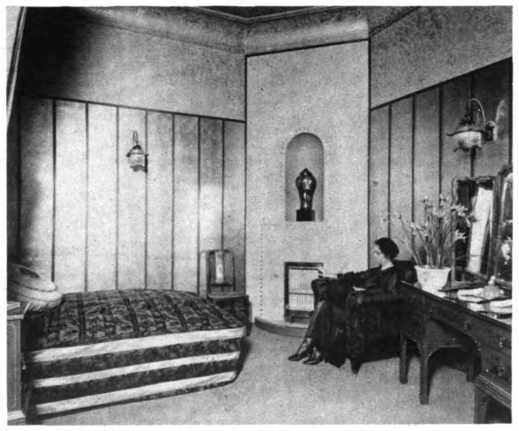
A "MESS-ROOM" FOR THE YOUNGSTERS: "CHILDHOOD"—THE PLAY-ROOM; WITH GAS-FIRE, GEYSER, GAS-RINGS, AND GLUE-POT!



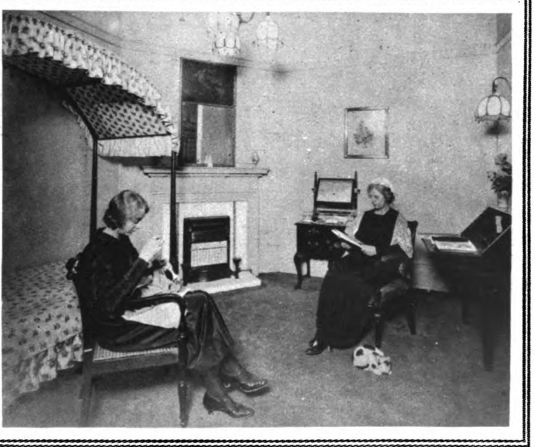

FOR THE STUDENT: "COLLEGE-DAYS."—A BED-SITTING-ROOM; WITH GAS-FIRE, GEYSER, AND GAS-RING.




GAS, THE "THIRD PARTNER": "BUSINESS-LIFE"—THE KITCHEN OF A LITTLE RESTAURANT; WITH GAS-COOKERS AND BOILERS.



THE MATRON AT HOME: "MIDDLE AGE"—A BED-ROOM; WITH "ADAM" DESIGN GAS-FIRE.

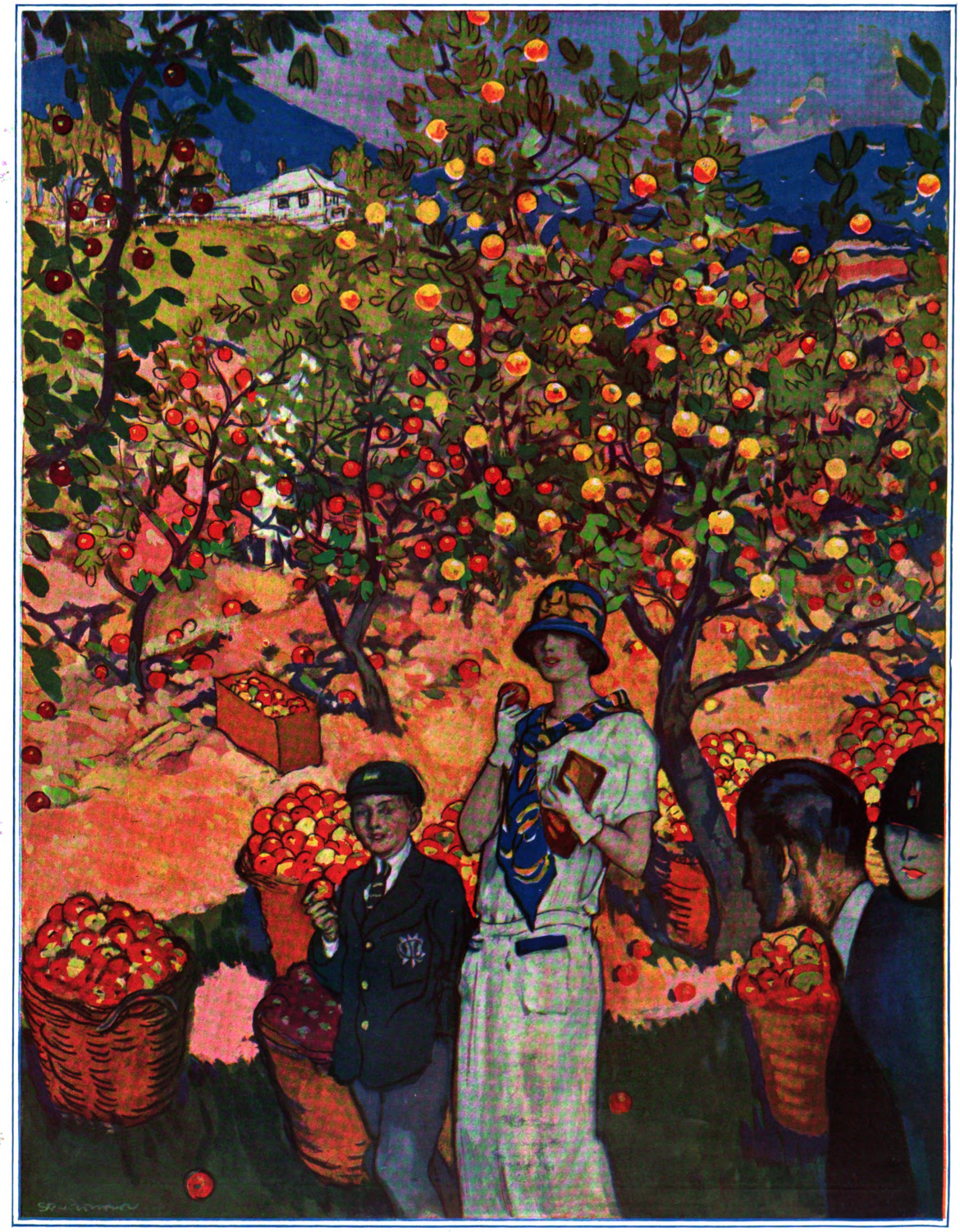


IN GRANDMOTHER'S SUITE: "THE AUTUMN OF LIFE"—THE BED-ROOM; WITH GAS-FIRE AND "LUCKY CAT."

These living pictures are six of the seven illustrating the large part played by gas in the Seven Ages of Woman. The Age not illustrated here is "School-days," which represents a corner of a Domestic Science Class-room, with eye-level cooker, geyser, and Bunsen burners for experimental work.——In the nursery is a cupboard with a tip-up bath connected with a geyser in an adjoining room. The cooker is enclosed when not in use.——The "mess-room" is not only for the children, but a place for doing the "untidy jobs of the household": hence the carpentering bench and glue-pot.——The students'-room is that of a nurse-probationer, whose hospital training is taken as representing her college days.——The kitchen is in a little restaurant started by two friends. Gas is its "Mary Ann"; even the third partner.——In every case, the lighting is by inverted incandescent burners, controlled by pneumatic switches.

# FROM AN AUSTRALIAN EDEN TO A LONDON EVE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



THE MODEL OF AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE AUSTRALIAN PAVILION: APPLE-EATING AS A WEMBLEY HABIT.

The apples sold in the Australian Pavilion at Wembley so soon proved popular that it was found necessary to erect new stands for the benefit of the "casual" buyer, and many may be seen contentedly munching the real thing as they gaze admiringly on the orchards of the scenic artist and the modeller, and realise, perhaps for the first time, that, thanks to its vastness, Australia has an astonishing range of fruits, from the products grown under tropical sun to those of the cold country of the northern hemisphere. By the end of June 7,000,000 apples had been sold, and 60,000 cases.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

# THE LIGHTS O' WEMBLEY: THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION

FROM THE PAINTING BY OUR



BY FERRY TO FAIRYLAND: VISITORS JOINING THE DANCERS ON THE

Naturally enough, perhaps, in these days of the boom of the ball-room, the British Empire Exhibition has become a great centre for dancing, and it has been necessary constantly to add to the accommodation provided for those who wish to trip it as they go, "on the light fantastic toe." One of the most popular of the amusements, in fact, is not to be found in the Park devoted to the lighter side of Exhibition-going, but at the very heart of "Wembley"—dancing on

# AS A FAIRYLAND OF LAUGHTER AND THE DANCE.

SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.

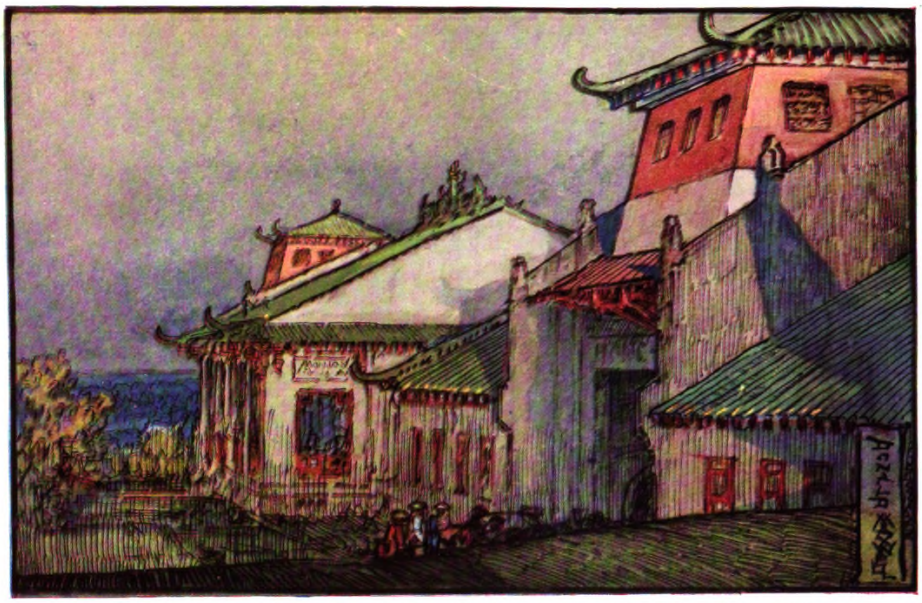



## ISLAND OF THE CHIEF LAKE—EVENING AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

the island in the chief lake, which goes on, with evident animation, from half-past seven in the evening until nine, and from nine until eleven, and is one of the open-air sights, as well as one of the delights, of the world's greatest show. Here can be seen visitors from the four corners of the Empire and from other lands, uniting in paying tribute to the spirit of gaiety.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

# PICTURESQUE WEMBLEY: FROM CHINA TO AFRICA, SOUTH

REPRODUCTIONS FROM "WEMBLEY IN COLOUR" (BY DONALD MAXWELL), BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.



A GATEWAY TO A CHINESE STREET OF "ODD, GAY SHOPS, STRANGE SIGNS, BRIGHT-COLOURED WARES, CHATTER AND 'BUSYNESS'": HONG-KONG.

1

THE colour-scheme of Wembley was certain, sooner or later, to tempt some artist to make it the subject of special study. Never before has the painter had such a chance of seeing the architectural forms and the many-hued decorations of so many countries assembled within the range of a comprehensive survey. The gorgeous East, the glowing South, the Golden West have here come together in a setting of English landscape. Into that they fall harmoniously, and, in certain lights, it is possible to imagine that even the most exotic accessories have been set down in their native scenery. This effect may require the artist's aid for its full realisation, but that it is not impossible has been proved by Mr. Donald Maxwell. The harmonising of the foreign with the home element in the scenery of Wembley is best illustrated in that section of his book which he has entitled, "Lights of Asia." Particularly happy is his sketch, "Evening in Malaya," where he shows the minarets of the Malay Pavilion (that exquisite arabesque) silhouetted against a saffron sunset-sky. Into the foreground he has worked the Wembley lake, so cunningly that it seems some twilight river of the Malay Peninsula. The sketch is not mistitled. The suggestion is not so much that of evening in the Wembley Malaya, as evening in far-distant Malaya itself. A similar perfection of illusion has been attained in the daylight vista of the Malay Pavilion forecourt, and in the "Nocturne of India," which will preserve, when the Exhibition is only a memory, the night effect on the Indian building as it appears, on a starlit evening, from the bridge across the lake. It might almost be some scene during a Feast of Lanterns.

No less magical is the nearer daylight view of "A Gate of India," a glimpse of the outer court of the pavilion under an English summer sun that seems to burn on the architecture with Oriental intensity. "Sunny Ceylon," too, strikes the true note of Cingalese native atmosphere. Although we know that the glimpse of blue distance that contrasts so delicately with the brilliantly picked-out colour of the Ceylon Pavilion is the English landscape between Wembley and Neasden, we accept it without question for a vista of the Scented Isle of the Indian Ocean. The palms in the foreground heighten the illusion.

In another key the artist translates and transports the atmosphere of China. Here, in his "Hong Kong," the tone is more subdued, but the contrasting colours of the Chinese buildings, the greens and reds and whites of roof and wall, are still lively and faithful to the original. And once more the distant English countryside, subdued to a deeper blue, strikes a harmonious note that is carried through the whole design. It recurs, like a musical *motif*, in the tone of a window, and again in the strong shadow on the nearer wall. But our reproduction conveys all this far better than words, which are, at the

[*Continued in Box 2.*

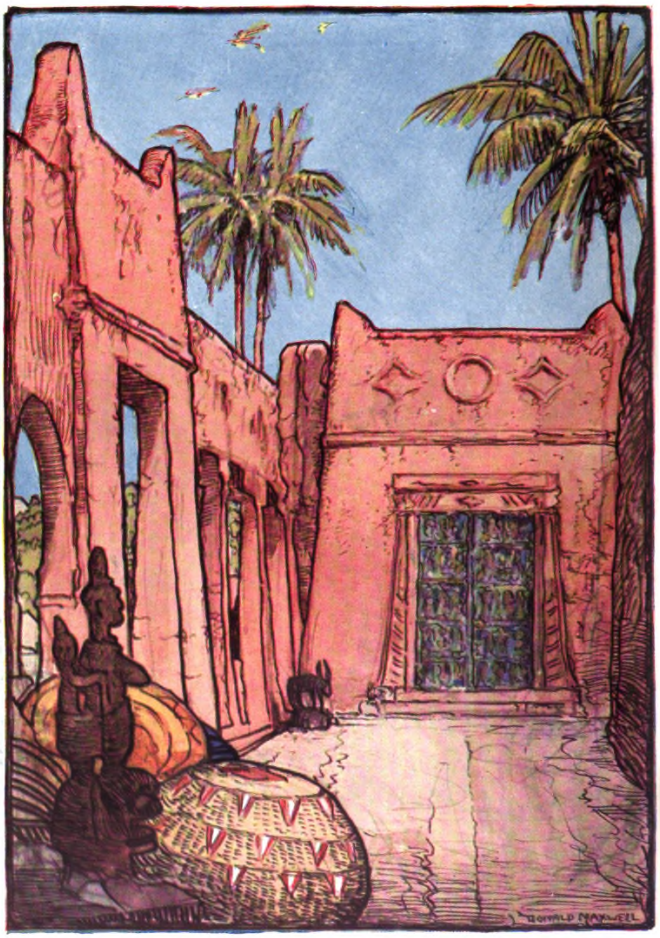
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[*Continued.*

best, but futile interpreters of pictorial art.

If there is one detail in the colour of Wembley that impresses the visitor with a sense of barbaric splendour, it is the red-walled city of West Africa. Outside the effect is telling enough, but it is not until one enters the Courts of the Gold Coast, with their massive, dull-red pillars, their faint golden glow of swinging lanterns, dim cathedral-like atmosphere, and heaped-up treasures, that the wonder and mystery of West Africa can be realised in its ultimate *bizarrerie*. In two drawings, "A Glimpse of Nigeria" and "The Courts of the Gold Coast," Mr. Maxwell has communicated the essential spirit of the place, external and internal. He has caught, too, the very character of

[*Continued in Box 3.*




SIMULATING A BUILDING IN AN IMPORTANT EMIR'S COMPOUND: A GLIMPSE OF NIGERIA; ARCHITECTURE COMMON TO THE GREAT MOHAMMEDAN CITIES OF THE WESTERN SOUDAN.

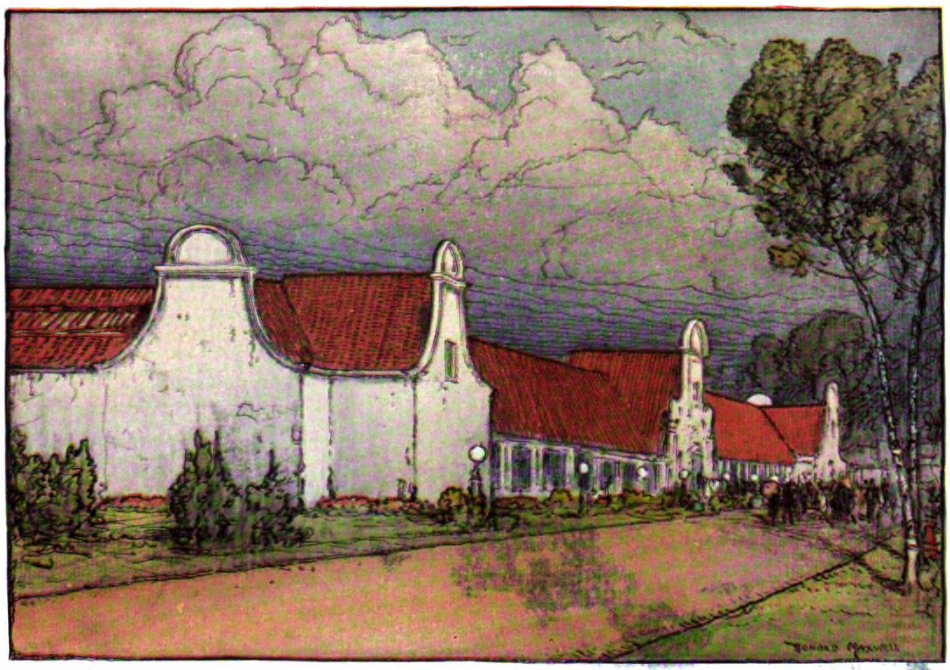
# AND WEST.

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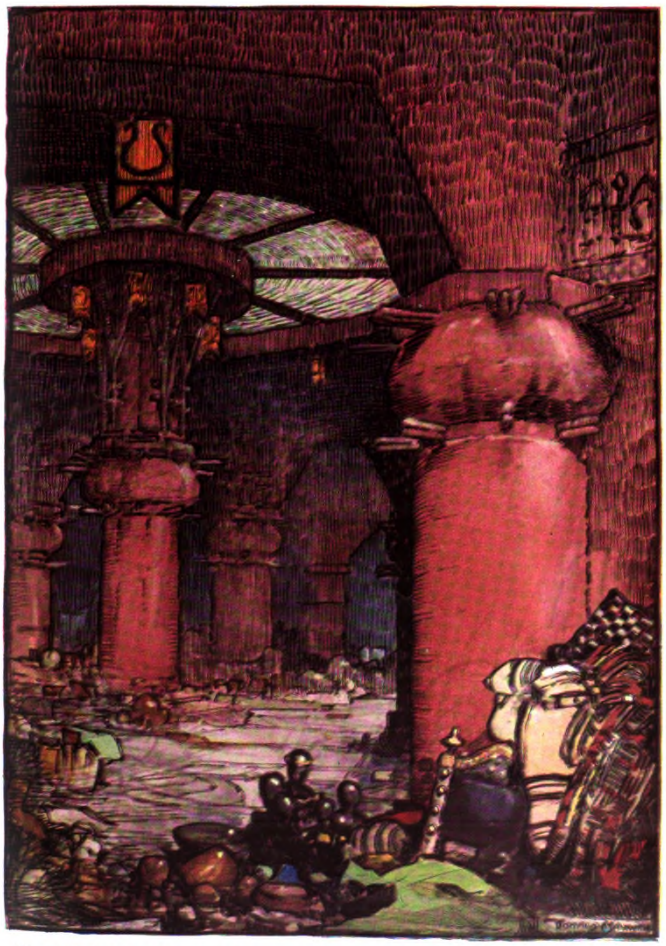
*Continued.*] the Gold Coast merchandise that fills his foreground of the hall. And in the outside court how cunningly appropriate are his accessories! If their presence just there may not be literal truth, it is something still truer, poetical truth, that skilful generalisation of art which is more enduring than any literal picture made by lens, sun, and chemistry.

From West to South Africa the artist carries us with one stroke of his pencil. Few will disagree with him when he claims in his text (for he has written as well as drawn his descriptions) that the South African Pavilion is the most beautiful piece of architecture in the Exhibition. Apart from its perfect outline, this reproduction of old Cape Dutch building has a deep Imperial

[*Continued in Box 4.*



IN THE OLD DUTCH STYLE, WITH THE CHARACTERISTIC WHITE WALLS, RED ROOF, GABLES, STOEP AND LOGGIA: THE SOUTH AFRICAN PAVILION.



IN A PAVILION MODELLED ON THE CASTLES BUILT ON THE SHORES OF THE COLONY BY THE DANES, THE DUTCH, AND THE PORTUGUESE: THE COURTS OF THE GOLD COAST.

4

*Continued.*] significance, for it commemorates the transplanting to the Dark Continent of an ancient and very gracious European civilisation—the culture of the Netherlands, the exchange and mart of the world in the days of Rembrandt. To enter those rooms of the South African house which enshrine the spirit of old Dutch domestic life, and to examine the rich, yet sparing, elegance of furniture and decoration, is to be carried back in imagination to the times of shrewd burgomasters, learned scholars, supreme artists, and accomplished women who made the Holland of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a vital centre of the world's intellectual, industrial, and social life. It recalls the interiors in Pater's "Imaginary Portrait" of Sebastian Van Storck. And they looked beyond the fireside, those Netherlanders; hence their South African adventure, and all that its legacy means to the British Empire of to-day. One could wish that Mr. Maxwell had given us also an interior view, preferably of that charming *salon*, with its wonderful furniture and subdued tones; but, after all, the exterior was the right thing to commemorate, for it is, as he says, "of all the pavilions the most in keeping with the colony it represents."

For some of the illustrations to his chapter, "The Golden West," Mr. Maxwell has found happy inspiration in the scenic models which are so attractive a feature of the Canadian Pavilion. These he has treated as if he were drawing from actual landscape, and his picture, "Stage-Model of a Grain Port—Night," adds yet another success of *chiaroscuro* to his series of Imperial Nocturnes. As for the *direct* impression of the Canadian building, "Canada over the Water," Mr. Maxwell must be allowed to speak in his own words. No others could so well explain his picture. "I should like to suggest to my readers that they should make a point of seeing at least one sunset over the lake, because the fine buildings of Canada loom out in their most impressive form when seen against the evening sky. It was upon an evening of great beauty, when piling clouds chequered the sky, that I made the sketch, and I hope, when you have seen this view in life, this picture will bring back happy memories, perhaps in some far-off part of the Dominion itself, of this wonderful aspect of the great Exhibition. I would fain have painted the subject on a ten-foot canvas, but this will have to do at present, a song of the Golden West, of 'sunset and her gorgeous ministers.'"

Perhaps the ten-foot canvas may yet appear, still further to strengthen Mr. Maxwell's service to the cause of Imperial Unity and Brotherhood. His book is, in its world-wide appeal, a demonstration of the power of Art as a Link of Empire.

# WEMBLEY PRESENTS THE CASE FOR AIR-RAID DEFENCE: A

FROM THE PAINTING BY OUR SPECIAL




## HOW AN ILL-DEFENDED LONDON MIGHT BE BOMBED AND WRECKED BY ENEMY AND THE ABBEY IN RUINS AND ABLAZE—A

Those visitors to Wembley who are fortunate enough not to have been under bombardment by enemy aircraft at the Front or at home, and therefore can have no adequate idea of what an air raid may mean to a great city, will find enlightenment, as well as thrills, in witnessing the dramatic spectacle, "The Defences of London," which is staged in the Government Building by the War Office in conjunction with the Air Ministry. Nothing could illustrate more realistically what might happen to London were it inadequately defended in time of war. The play opens with a film which shows how a foreign Power declares war on England, and immediately despatches attacking air-squadrons. Then the scene changes, and we have Westminster on a calm evening—

# DRAMATIC OBJECT LESSON, IN THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

ARTIST. STELLA SPURRIER, R.O.I.

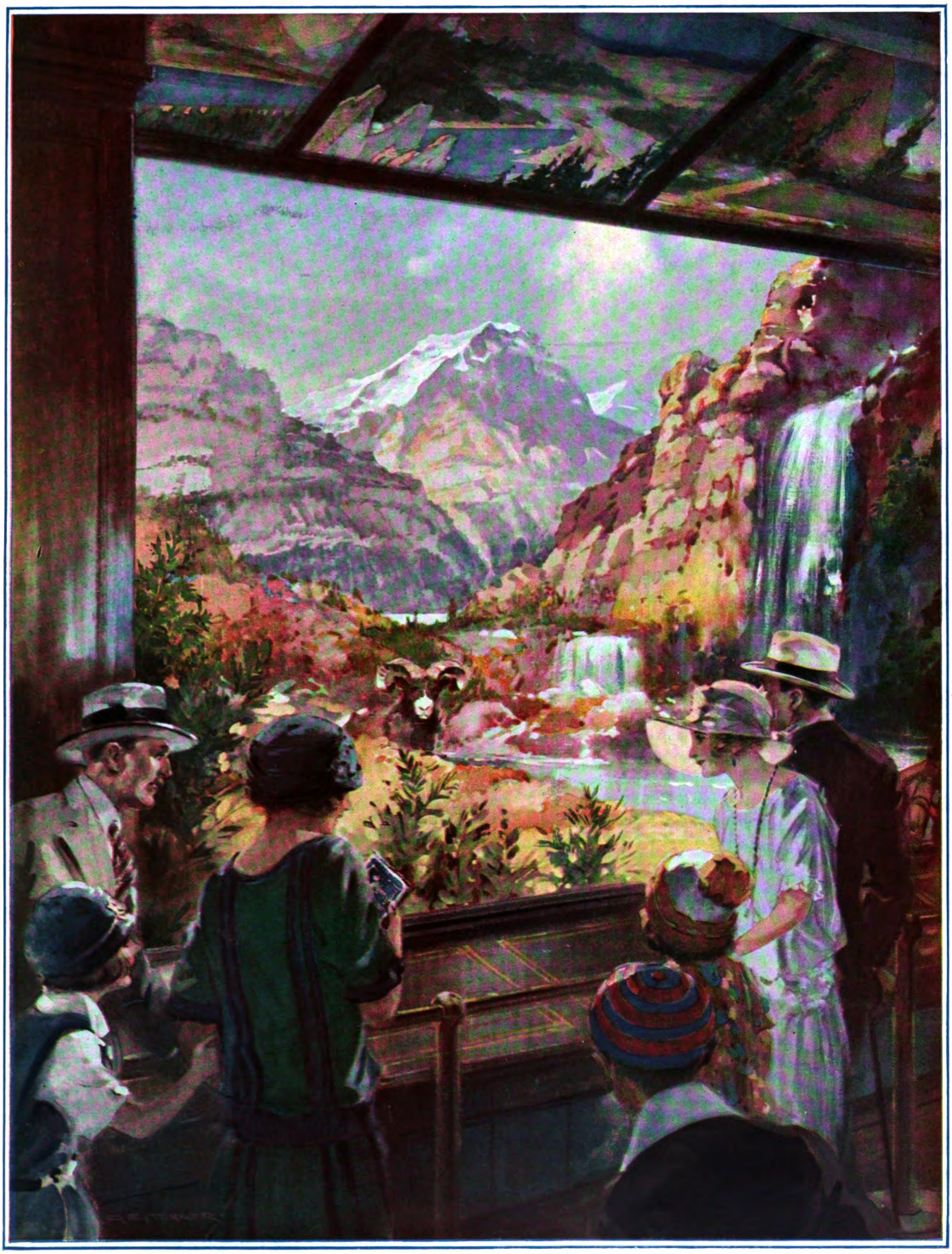


## AIRCRAFT: THE BATTLE OF WESTMINSTER; WITH THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT WAR OFFICE AND AIR MINISTRY SPECTACLE.

Westminster in miniature, as seen from the L.C.C. Hall ; with the Houses of Parliament, the Abbey, the Central Hall, and the other famous buildings. Lights go up in the House of Commons. A moment later there is a faint rumble, and there are strange flashes in the sky. Raiders are coming, and they are already dropping bombs. With little to hinder them—nothing but a few anti-aircraft guns, position-revealing searchlights, and fighting aeroplanes in insufficient numbers—they sweep and swoop over the city, and their bombs still the heart of the Empire, leaving it a blackened, shrivelled, useless thing. Then the other side of the picture : how an aerial attack may be met by a proper system of defence.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

# A VAST CANADIAN "PEOPLE'S ESTATE"—AT WEMBLEY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



## WITH REAL WATER TO ADD VERISIMILITUDE: IN THE ROCKIES, IN THE CANADIAN PAVILION.

One of the most attractive exhibits in the Canadian Pavilion is that which takes the form of elaborate reproductions of scenes in Canada's wonderful national parks—those vast "People's Estates" which are so great an asset to the Dominion. The particular view in our picture is given additional verisimilitude by a real waterfall, and thus outdoes the model of Niagara Falls, near by, for they have to rest content to be reproduced in paint! It may be added that these Canadian parks are virgin reserves of magnificent natural beauty. Some idea of their extent may be gathered when it is said that each covers some thousands of square miles, and that Jasper Park, for instance, is half the size of Wales. So comparatively accessible are they that it is possible to step from the train into the wild.

*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*

# THE TUDOR YEOMAN—HIS HOUSE: OLD ENGLAND AT WEMBLEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. MAPLE AND CO.



AS THE BUILDING ONCE STOOD IN A SUFFOLK VILLAGE: THE OLD YEOMAN'S HOUSE, TYPICAL OF SUCH BUILDINGS IN THE EASTERN COUNTIES.

BY no means the least picturesque of Wembley's numerous exhibits is the old Tudor Yeoman's House, for which Messrs. Maple & Co. are responsible. The original structure stood in a Suffolk village, and is a typical timber-framed plaster building of the Eastern Counties, set on a brick-work base and with oak timbers wrought by hand and tenoned together. Our readers will note the post and panel treatment, the overhanging upper storey, the gable with elaborately fretted and carved barge-boards, and the wood mullions and transomes which frame the leaded window lights. Also the wide fireplace in the hall, with its cast-iron fire-back and its "dogs." The furnishing has been done in a practical manner, with a view to utility alone, and not as though it were part of a collector's gallery. The building is not, of course, the original one; but a considerable part of the old house has been incorporated in it.



WITHIN THE TIMBER-FRAMED AND PLASTER BUILDING OF THE OLD YEOMAN'S HOUSE: THE HALL.

# AN INDUSTRY THAT MAKES INDUSTRIES.

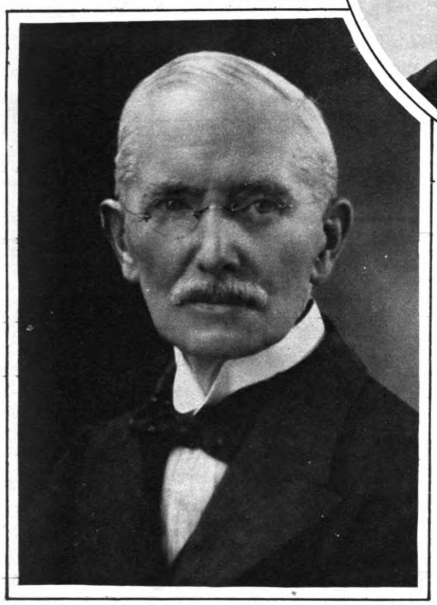
*The Twentieth Annual Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, opened on July 14 by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, at the British Empire Exhibition, is a gathering of Advertising men of all nations, convened for the first time in London. The significance of this event is discussed below by Mr. Thomas Russell, President of the Incorporated Society of Advertisement Consultants.*

WHEN some three thousand of the very busiest men in the world can be induced to forsake their work and travel all the distances necessary, that they may assemble and meet together in conference, as they have done in the great Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World opened by the Prince of Wales this week, it would be idle to doubt the compelling importance of the interest which brought them together. A similar convention is held every year, but hitherto it has been at some point in the United States. The selection of London for the scene of this year's gathering is due to the influence of the Thirty Club of London, to its late and present Presidents, Mr. John Cheshire and Mr. C. Harold Vernon; and also to that of Sir Charles Higham and other leading advertising agents who attended the Atlantic City Convention last year, and the Vice-Presidents, the Lord Mayor of London, Viscount Burnham, and Viscount Leverhulme.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATED ADVERTISING CLUBS OF THE WORLD: MR. LOU E. HOLLAND.

Mr. Holland has served two terms as President: he was elected to the post in 1922 and 1923. He owns the Holland Engraving Company, of Kansas City, Missouri.



CHAIRMAN OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE, BRITISH EXECUTIVE COUNCIL: MR. JOHN CHESHIRE.

Mr. Cheshire, a Managing Director of Messrs. Lever Brothers, was for many years Director of Advertising for that famous firm. He arranged to speak at the General Session on July 17.



CHAIRMAN OF THE BRITISH EXECUTIVE COUNCIL: MR. C. HAROLD VERNON.

Mr. Vernon, who is the Manager of Messrs. C. Vernon and Sons, Ltd., is Chairman of District 14, of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.

To many people, even including some in the business world, the term "Advertising" is a vague expression, not very well apprehended. Its implications require for the public at large a certain amount of exposition—I will not say defence.

**Classical Advertising.**

Advertising, if it shared the felicity of nations that have no history, might in some respects be better justified of its progenitors. Announcements in Greek or Latin that have come down to us from the classical period are sometimes the reverse of edifying, and some inscriptions found in 1858 at the temple of Demeter in Cnidus, deposited in the British Museum, were termed Καράδεσμοι, or *diræ defixiones*. These, the precursors of modern "Lost and Found" advertisements, called down imprecations upon the finder of missing property who omitted to return it. Even the town-crier, that rare survivor of the Middle Ages (when his paid services were regularly invoked by commerce), had his precursors in ancient Greece. He was there accompanied by a musician, that his tones might not offend. Anticipating the functions of the modern advertising man, the crier combined salesmanship with publicity, for the Golden Ass of Apuleius was not only cried, but put up to auction, by this functionary.

**The Father of Printed Publicity.**

But the father of modern Advertising was honest William Caxton, and the earliest printed announcement relates to a religious service-book. Macaulay has a trenchant denunciation of booksellers' puffs in the essay on Robert Montgomery's poems, in which he says—

> The puffing of books is now so shamefully and so successfully carried out that it is the duty of all who are anxious for the purity of the national taste, or for the honour of the literary character, to join in discountenancing the practice. All the pens that ever were employed in magnifying Bish's lucky office, Romanis's fleecy hosiery, Packwood's razor strops, and Rowland's Kalydor, all the placard-bearers of Dr. Eady, all the wall-chalkers of Day and Martin, seem to have taken service with the poets and novelists of this generation.

Thus in the Victorian era Advertising was fully launched, and the Bon Gaultier Ballads contain several squibs parodying the rhymed advertisements of contemporary tradesmen, including—

> Pears's liquid Bloom of Roses,
> Cakes of his Transparent Soap.

This was revived by the late T. J. Barratt, an ingenious exploiter of public attention. One of his schemes had the effect of banishing the French *sous*, once commonly accepted as the equivalent of our own copper coinage. He imported a few tons of ten and five-centime pieces, stamped them "Pears' Soap," and put them into circulation. Anticipating a modern development of doubtful taste, he offered to supply the Government with census papers free, for the privilege of printing an advertisement on the back. This economy, being scornfully declined, somehow got into the papers, and Barratt, far from affecting the sham innocence of Mr. Vincent Crummles, was heard to remark that the offer had almost served its purpose. As he probably never expected that it would be accepted, this was doubtless most true.

**Giants in Those Days.**

The lavish expenditure of the old advertisers became a legend that enhanced its effect. Probably the most liberal spenders of the mid-nineteenth century disposed of appropriations which a modern advertiser would deem mediocre. An early example of the slogan, or catch-phrase, dear to American advertisers gave notoriety to a builder of strong boxes: "Who 's Griffiths? The Safe Man." Beside the best work of these early practitioners it must be admitted that some samples of sloganeering by mass production from the United States sound a little flat; and, indeed, the merits of Transatlantic advertising have been rather foolishly exaggerated. It may be doubted whether America has produced anything so good as "Take a peg of John Begg," "There 's worth in Kenilworth," "That Kruschen feeling," "D'ye Ken John Haig?" or "The Domes that made Silence famous." The last recalls an American example. Mr. Pabst, a brewer of lager beer, in the old wet days before the Eighteenth Amendment, advertised his product as "The Beer that made Milwaukee famous." A competitor in another town countered this with "The Beer that made Milwaukee jealous." This is on all accounts better than the effort of an English soap-boiler who answered an unforgotten slogan of the 'nineties with "Yes; but —— Soap is better. Good evening."

**The Modern Period.**

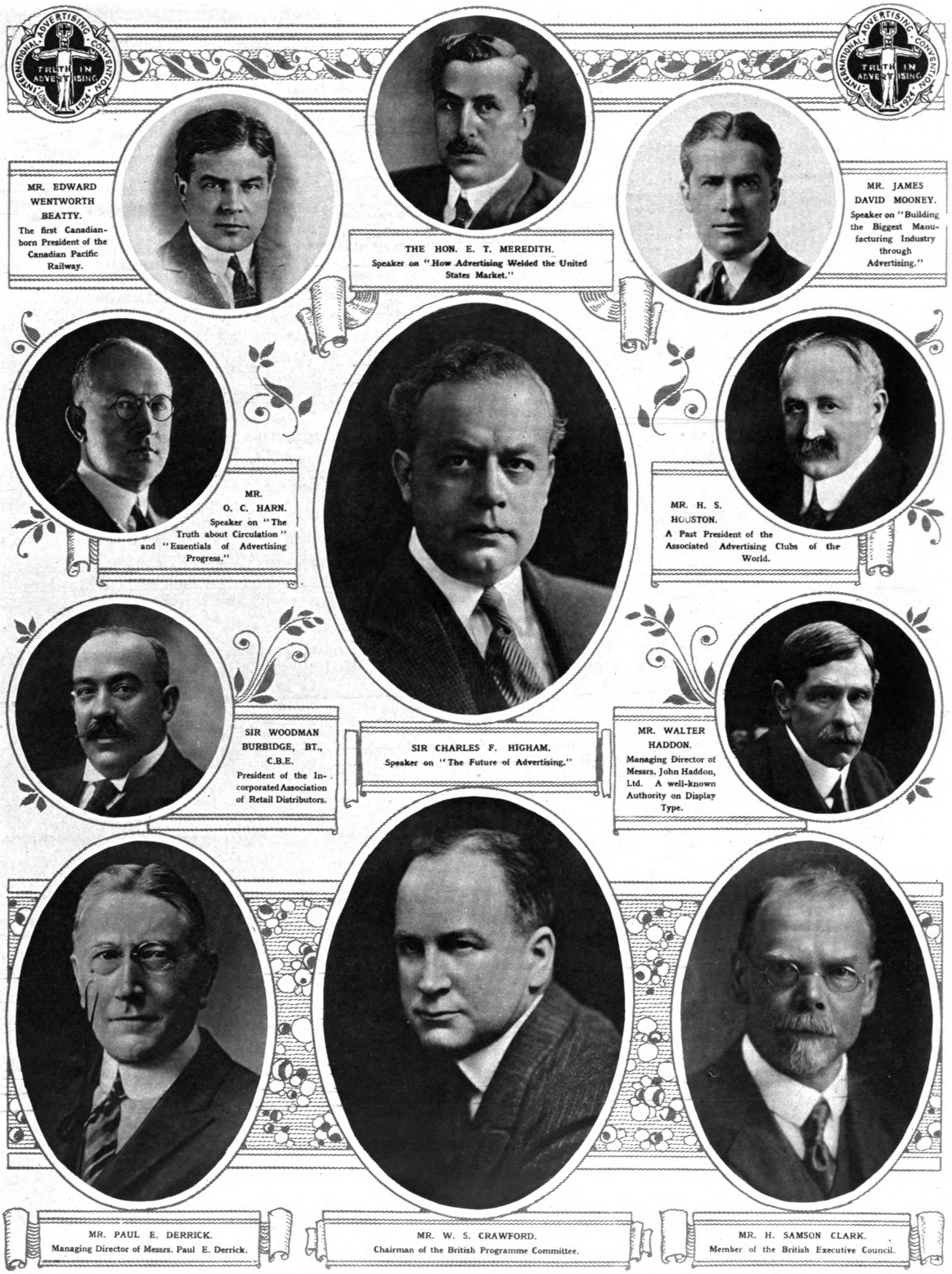
The extension of Advertising in modern times is an unquestionable product of the factory system; but, as is common with British institutions, it evolved by a slow process of guess and trial rather than through any ordered philosophical policy. In the old days of the handicraftsman and artificer, goods were turned out no faster than consumption absorbed them, and something much more like what is called a seller's market existed than at any recent date. When production was speeded up by the growing use of machinery, customers had to be found, and found at a distance from the place of manufacture. No longer was a watch made in the room behind the jeweller's shop where it was sold, or a chair on the premises of the upholsterer. To market their goods, factory-owners began to advertise them; but, disliking the exaggeration and vulgar clap-trap of the tradesmen who previously employed the arts of publicity, they tended to announce the name of the special article offered, and nothing more. A parasitic growth of less reputable Advertising attached itself to this perfectly legitimate publicity, but after the early 'seventies, and especially after the inception and rise of the great advertising agencies—Mitchell's, Sell's, Crossley's, Clarke, Son, and Platt's, and, later, Benson's, Crawford's, Higham's, and the London Press Exchange, assisted by the development of the Incorporated Advertisement Consultants—the whole trend of the business was towards sincerity and really eminent literary and artistic presentation, with Truth in Advertising as the motto whose exposition culminates in the great convention of this year.

**A Mighty Industry.**

Advertising is a big industry indeed, and (as this Convention helps to show) a very useful one. But for its powerful aid, many indispensable manufactures would with difficulty be distributed, and certainly

[Continued on page 136.

# AN INDUSTRY THAT MAKES INDUSTRIES.




Mr. Beatty arranged to speak on "Building a Nation with Advertising."——Mr. Meredith is a United States ex-Secretary of Agriculture. He is a Past President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.——Mr. Mooney is President of the General Motors Export Company. He was a Captain in a Divisional Ammunition Train, with the American Expeditionary Force, in France, during the War.——Mr. Harn is President of the Audit Bureau of Circulations and Advertising Manager of the National Lead Company, New York.——It was Sir Charles Higham who suggested that the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World should hold their Convention in London this year. He has been President of the Thirty Club twice. He was knighted for his war services, in 1922; and was M.P. for South Islington, 1918-1922.——Mr. Herbert S. Houston is the publisher of "Our World," of America.——Sir Woodman Burbidge is the Chairman and Managing Director of Harrod's, Ltd., and is Chairman of Dickins and Jones, and Chairman and Managing Director of Swan and Edgar, and also Gath and Chaves.——Mr. Walter Haddon is a well-known authority on type, as well as Managing Director of his firm.——Mr. W. S. Crawford has been President of the Thirty Club and Vice-President of the Publicity Club, as well as European Vice-President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World for four years. His firm is W. S. Crawford, Ltd.——Mr. Samson Clark is Chairman of Samson Clark and Co., and is Examiner in Advertising to the Royal Society of Arts.

# "ENTERPRISE MADE VISIBLE AND VOCAL": T

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CA




**THE WELCOME SESSION, AT WEMBLEY: DELEGATES ASSEMBLED IN THE MAIN**

THE twentieth Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, held in London from July 13 to July 17, began with Sunday morning services at Westminster Abbey and Westminster Cathedral, and there were other religious services during the day. On the Monday came The Welcome Session, in the Main Conference Hall, in the Palace of Industry, at the British Empire Exhibition, Wembley. The Prince of Wales declared the Convention open and said: "You have come from every corner of the British Empire, from the many countries of war-scarred Europe, from the great Republic of North America—and even from distant Asia—to give to each other, and to receive from each other, information and advice regarding the many problems that arise in your profession. . . . You show in this Convention that you realise the value of the principle, 'Each for all and all for each'; for if it succeeds in these objects each individual here must profit from this great effort to increase universally our knowledge of the theory and practice of advertising. Little as I know of the science and the art of advertising—it is certainly both a science and an art—I appreciate in a way this much: Its general aim is to provide

[*Continued opposite.*



DECLARING THE CONVENTION O

# THE ADVERTISING CONVENTION DECLARED OPEN.

AMPBELL-GRAY (TOP) AND L.N.A.




CONFERENCE HALL, IN THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY—THE PRINCE SPEAKING.




OPEN: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

*Continued.*]
throughout the world a more free exchange of commodities and a lower cost of distribution. The attainment of this aim would undoubtedly result in the elimination of unnecessary waste, and in the consequent reduction of prices and unemployment. If you were to succeed in it you would go far towards solving some of the social and economic problems with which the world is confronted to-day. This is the first time, I think, that an International Advertising Convention has been held in Europe, and I am told that this Convention surpasses all its predecessors in size, scope, and in the number of nations represented by its delegates. Well, we are certainly very proud in London and England, and the British Empire, that we have thus established a record in this regard; and it seems to me particularly fitting that this world congress of advertisers should meet in this particular square mile of that Empire where are gathered together the products . . . of its great Dominions and Colonies." In all, there were accredited to the Convention 3000 British; and 1600 representatives from America; 300 from Canada; 15 from Australia and New Zealand; 40 from France; 40 from Sweden; 12 from Germany; to say nothing of those from other countries.

*Continued from page 132.*]

with a considerable increase in cost: for Advertising is to commerce what coal is to production—a very expensive commodity, but one that saves a great deal more than it costs. The outlay for Advertising, in the British Isles alone, is estimated at more than £175,000,000 every year, when all that is ancillary to Advertising in the general sense of the term is taken into account. In magnitude, therefore, Advertising ranks with some of the largest industries. It furnishes a vast amount of employment, which does not end with the direct services of Advertising itself.



THE FIRST ADVERTISEMENTS PUBLISHED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS": A PAGE FROM OUR ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 10, 1842.

The first issue of "The Illustrated London News" bore the date May 14, 1842.

In all parts of the Empire and in all civilised countries, notably the United States, Advertising is not less important. Delegates to the assemblage of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World have come to the Conference Hall of the British Empire Exhibition from places as distant as to include New Zealand, Australia, Japan, Canada and the Pacific States of America, as well as France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia. London, and the particular spot in London, were selected by open vote for this gathering because the British Empire Exhibition is itself, in a sense, the greatest advertisement ever created. It advertises the resources of an Empire, by making them known: and this, in its etymological and classical sense—the sense in which it occurs in Shakespeare and the Authorised Version—is precisely what Advertising means: making known.

**Advertising and Its Ideals.**

Obviously a thing "made known" is a fact: and here an important feature of the Convention at Wembley comes into play. Misapprehension exists concerning the moral and commercial implications of Advertising, and it is expedient that the ideal which every year brings together a large assemblage of its leading exponents should itself be "made known." The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World form a permanent body, with a considerable salaried staff, employed both directly and indirectly for a single purpose—the effective promulgation of one ideal, expressed in the motto "TRUTH IN ADVERTISING." The constituents of the Associated Clubs are local associations in various districts, distinguished by numbers. Britain is District 14, and in Britain, twenty-eight clubs and societies are affiliated to the parent body. Similar affiliations exist in all Dominions of the British Empire, and in foreign countries. In America, where the movement had its origin, the Associated Clubs were instrumental in procuring the enactment by a majority of the United States Legislatures of a law known as the "Printers' Ink" Statute. This imposes penalties for the publication of any false or misleading statement by way of advertisement, and readers unacquainted with the history of Advertising may be surprised to learn that it is actively enforced. Many bodies constituent of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World employ their own vigilance officers: any abuse of Advertising is promptly checked, and the public service rendered often goes far beyond the suppression of actual fraud. Thus, in one recent instance, for example, the sale of mattresses stuffed with unclean and insanitary rags was stopped; in another, where a clearance sale had been advertised in misleading terms, the guilty parties were compelled to publish an explicit retractation in the same amount of space as the original falsification. Similar disciplinary action is always going on in a quiet way for the vindication of honest Advertising and the protection of its exponents from unfair competition.

**Advertising as an Economic Force.**

To many this must mean a reversal of preconceived ideas, derived from knowledge of a past now happily remote, when the chief apparent purpose of Advertising was to deceive, either by direct misstatement or, what is more difficult to correct, by exaggeration. With deception and over-statement the forces represented by this week's Convention at Wembley are grappling. It is unfortunate that old evils produced so great an impression that the removal of them is half unnoticed: but if the newspapers of half a century ago are compared with those of our own day, the effects of the cleansing process will be self-evident.

To the modern advertising man, his craft is not an agent for the promulgation of exaggerated claims, nor yet an instrument of vulgar business-snatching, but an economic force whose function is to facilitate the distribution of merchandise and the expense of this, to standardise the quality of manufactures, and (what may seem most remarkable of all) to enable commodities to be sold more cheaply than they could be without its aid. The economic defence of Advertising relies upon all three of these functions, and it may be well to recount briefly the facts which sustain it.

**Advertising as the Handmaid of Distribution.**

The assistance which Advertising lends to the distribution of merchandise will be understood by considering the position of a manufacturer who has produced a quantity of goods in bulk, which he purposes to market through retail dealers. Let it be supposed, for the sake of argument, that his product is laundry soap. Having manufactured a convenient quantity of it, he must seek his outlet through shopkeepers. To establish contact with them he must employ commercial travellers who carry samples and solicit orders. But soap is no novelty, and only one consideration will induce shopkeepers to have anything to do with it, even if they are not already possessed of a sufficient stock. This consideration is that the new soap-boiler shall sell them soap at a lower price than his older rivals. As the expense of travellers has to be recovered in the price obtained, and as they will have difficulty in finding buyers, it will constitute a considerable percentage. Our soap-boiler has difficulty in distributing his goods at all: and, as slow sales obviously mean high selling expense, he will either have to go without profit or else use cheaper materials, and make worse soap, in order to keep his shutters down.

Compare his position with that of a competitor who has stamped a brand on his soap, and by extensive Advertising caused housewives to desire it. No longer need his travellers wear out sole-leather in soliciting orders from shop to shop. The retailer, pestered by his customers for the new soap, will be glad to order it, and may send telegrams to the manufacturer for supplies. Thus, selling expense is low, business brisk, and trade scarce.

**Advertising the Protector of the Public.**

But, having stamped his brand on the soap, the advertising soap-boiler must take great care that the quality of it shall bring continued trade: as his soap can be recognised at a glance, inferiority would be quickly punished. It must be of standard merit—the same from Perth to Plymouth, yesterday and to-morrow. Bad soap without a brand may find a market with unskilful or unscrupulous retailers: and when found out in one place, it may try its luck in another. Not so the advertised article. Thus the public is protected; and so important are this protection and its consequences to the advertiser, that he will continually strive to make it better still. As his sales increase, his plant will be more fully employed, and his permanent charges, like rent and taxes, smaller in proportion to his output. Knowing that even a trifling reduction of price invariably increases demand, and having so great an interest in volume of production, the advertiser profits by selling his goods more cheaply; for not only are his factory costs reduced thus, but the path of competition is made harder.

**If There Were No Advertising!**

Thus it cannot be denied that the vast expenditures of Advertising have a sound economic character, and the fact implies that Advertising is of public utility. At the present stage of our civilisation, the withdrawal of Advertising (which some advocates of the Socialist State have demanded) would create enormous unemployment, and this not only directly, but indirectly. The cessation of labour directly employed in Advertising would, of course, have no economic significance, since labour employed unproductively necessarily creates more unemployment than it saves. But it has been shown that Advertising is a creative force, procuring the employment of many times the labour that it consumes. As an example of this, it may be pointed out that the Press, in its modern state, is the child of Advertising. No daily paper could be published without the revenue from advertisements: few, if any, could earn a profit on the cost of paper and printing, even if news, telegrams, and the work of editors, contributors, and reporters were obtained for nothing. *The Times* in 1800, when the price was 6d., contained no more news than would go upon a couple of its pages to-day. But in 1800 Advertising was a by-product of the Press: in a sense, and with all possible respect for the magnificent public service of the modern newspaper, it may be said that journalism has become a by-product of Advertising. It is the revenue from advertisements that, for a great daily, maintains correspondents in all parts of the world, employs the best intellects and most distinguished reputations in the editorial and contributing services, and, in the case of illustrated journals, enables the world of facts to be ransacked for photographic news and the world of art to be laid under contribution for works of beauty and interest.

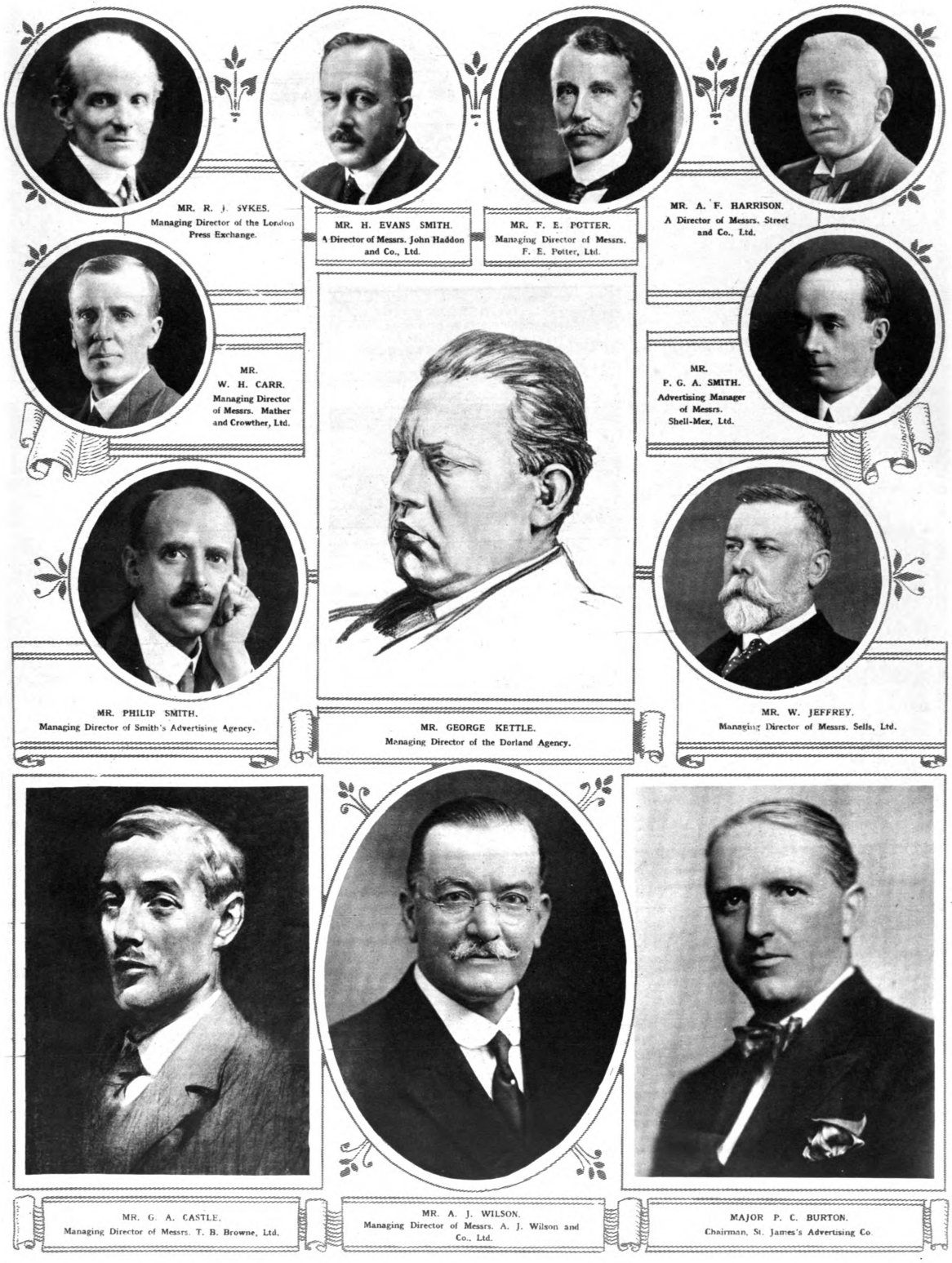
But, apart from the shattering blow which would be dealt at political intelligence by the destruction of journalism in its modern sense, and its inevitable supersession by wireless news-services, hardly any function of civilisation could be carried out if there were no Advertising. The housewife in need of a parlour-maid would be at the mercy of registry offices: for if there were no commercial advertisements they there would be no place in which to publish what

[*Continued on page 108.*




TYPICAL OF THE ELABORATE ADVERTISEMENTS OF TO-DAY: A PAGE FROM A RECENT ISSUE OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

# AN INDUSTRY THAT MAKES INDUSTRIES.



MR. R. J. SYKES.
Managing Director of the London Press Exchange.

MR. H. EVANS SMITH.
A Director of Messrs. John Haddon and Co., Ltd.

MR. F. E. POTTER.
Managing Director of Messrs. F. E. Potter, Ltd.

MR. A. F. HARRISON.
A Director of Messrs. Street and Co., Ltd.

MR.
W. H. CARR.
Managing Director of Messrs. Mather and Crowther, Ltd.

MR.
P. G. A. SMITH.
Advertising Manager of Messrs. Shell-Mex, Ltd.

MR. PHILIP SMITH.
Managing Director of Smith's Advertising Agency.

MR. GEORGE KETTLE.
Managing Director of the Dorland Agency.

MR. W. JEFFREY.
Managing Director of Messrs. Sells, Ltd.

MR. G. A. CASTLE.
Managing Director of Messrs. T. B. Browne, Ltd.

MR. A. J. WILSON.
Managing Director of Messrs. A. J. Wilson and Co., Ltd.

MAJOR P. C. BURTON.
Chairman, St. James's Advertising Co.

We give here some more portraits of well-known men who follow advertising, that great industry that makes industries; advertising, which, to use the expressive words of Mr. W. S. Crawford, is "enterprise made visible and vocal." Of the delegates who were at the Convention, some three thousand are British. This is of particular interest, for advertising grew slowly in this country, through a good many years. In fact, it was not until after the early 1870's, and, especially, after the inception and rise of the great advertising agencies and consultants, that the trend of the business as a whole was, to quote Mr. Thomas Russell, "towards sincerity and really eminent literary and artistic presentation, with 'Truth in Advertising' as the motto, whose exposition culminates in the great Convention of this year." To such pioneers and to their successors the profession owes its present high and honourable status.

# MOSQUITOES TO ROYAL MAILS: UNUSUAL EXHIBITS AT WEMBLEY.



BEFORE THE BATTLE WITH THE MALARIA-BEARING MOSQUITO WAS WON: AN EXPLORER SICK WITH FEVER IN THE AFRICA OF 1899.



AFTER MEDICAL SCIENCE HAD DONE ITS PART IN CONNECTION WITH TROPICAL HEALTH: A SETTLER IN AFRICA IN 1924.



IN THE GOLD COAST PAVILION: REMARKABLE ASHANTI GOLD WEIGHTS, IN THE FORM OF FIGURES.



WEIGHING ABOUT 200 LB.: A PERFECT OCTAHEDRON OF POTASSIUM-ALUM.



MASKED AND BEARING A DISINFECTING CANDLE: A DOCTOR DURING THE GREAT PLAGUE.



ALWAYS OPEN TO WORSHIPPERS AT WEMBLEY: THE CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE, IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

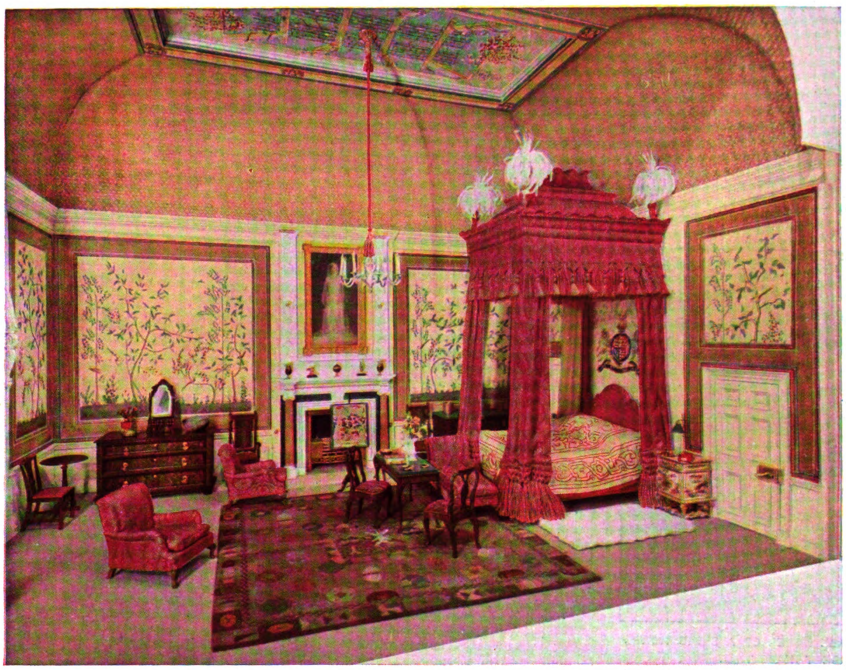


THE BRITISH POST-OFFICE SECTION: A G.P.O. TUBE; WITH ITS AUTOMATIC MAIL-VANS—IN MODEL FORM.

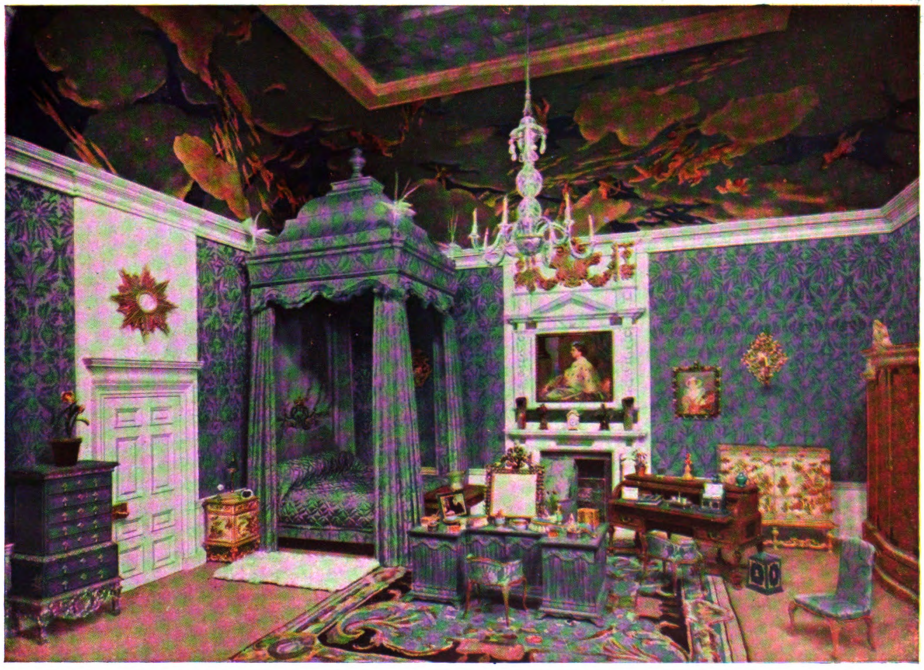
The medical exhibit in the British Government Building at Wembley is not always calculated to leave the squeamish unmoved, but such tableaux as the two here given illustrate even better than specimens the magnificent work that has been done with regard to tropical health. Not very many years ago most of Africa was a death-trap to Europeans, thanks chiefly to the mosquito and the malaria it bore. Now it is healthy, and there is no difficulty in settling in it.—— The alum octahedron is probably the largest single artificially-grown crystal in the world. It weighs about 200 lb., and was obtained by slow growth from solution over a period of three or four years. The slight difference of angle between potassium and ammonium alum crystals, both of which were employed in the early stages, has prevented the formation of a wholly perfect crystal.—— The G.P.O.'s own tube railway has been built between Paddington and Whitechapel, about 6½ miles. It is to accelerate distribution of mails. The tunnel is 9 ft. in diameter. The whole is worked electrically and automatically. Each waggon carries 10 cwt. Its "stations" are Paddington, Liverpool Street, and six of the big sorting-offices.

# MEASURED IN INCHES: QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE ROOMS.

REPRODUCED FROM "THE BOOK OF THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE," BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO.



WITH A CEILING-PAINTING OF ROSES IN THE MUSICAL NOTATION OF "GOD SAVE THE KING": THE KING'S BED-ROOM. (SCALE: 1 INCH TO THE FOOT.)



22 INCHES HIGH: THE QUEEN'S BED-ROOM; WITH A PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY'S MOTHER AND A PAINTING OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

On the ceiling of the King's bed-room, Mr. George Plank, who is also responsible for the walls, has painted a pergola of roses in which the flowers are placed in a musical notation that reveals them as the score of "God Save the King." The portrait of Princess Mary is by Mr. Ambrose McEvoy, A.R.A. The Queen's Bed-Room, which is 22 inches high, has a ceiling by Mr. Glyn W. Philpot, R.A. The picture of the Queen's mother (above the fireplace) is by Mr. F. O. Salisbury, and the Mary Queen of Scots is by Mr. Gerald Kelly, A.R.A.

# One Inch to the Foot: Wembley's Most Popular Exhibit.

## "THE BOOK OF THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE."*

IN an entrancing chapter with a prosaic title—"The Effect of Size on the Equipment"—Colonel Mervyn O'Gorman recalls the story of the pretty Japanese who shrank till she was a foot high, and of the dainty home her husband built for her, that her perfections might not be overshadowed by the disproportion of her surroundings. There were vicissitudes; but there was a happy ending.



ACTUAL SIZE: A BRONZE MODEL OF A SHIRE HORSE, BY HERBERT HASELTINE.

The inscription is: "Field Marshal V. Shire stallion bred by and the property of H.M. the King. Sandringham Stud. Foaled MCMXVII. Winner of the Championship at the Shire Horse Society's Show, MCMXX and MCMXXI.

So with the Queen's Dolls' House, which is half the size of the dwelling of the dwindled lady of the legend—in the words of the precise, in the scale of one inch to the foot, as, curiously enough, was the Lilliput Swift created for Lemuel Gulliver, who, after stepping into the courtyard of the Royal Palace, recorded: "Lying on my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle storeys and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined." There were many difficulties to be overcome, but the end was happy indeed and "This House . . . made with devotion and the utmost possible skill as a loyal gift to the Queen," will endure as a symbol of the poetry and beauty of the home, and "a just mingling of tradition and invention, of a delightful deference to the greatness of our greatest, Sir Christopher Wren, joined with a sharp perception of the convenience that to-day's science has showered upon life"; no palace of pomp and circumstance, no ceremonious residence with "Queen Anne front and Mary Ann back," but "essentially a home, a family mansion belonging to a Monarch who seeks relief from cares of state in a quiet family life and a comfortable rather than luxurious routine."

In due time it will be a historical document; say, in two hundred years. "Perhaps by that date," hazards Mr. A. C. Benson, "we shall be inhabiting houses in which the powers of nature, subdued by science, will do all we need, in silent and patient diligence. . . . But whatever improvements and devices the future may bring, the Queen's Dolls' House will remain as a thing of marvellous beauty and grace."

Will any then appreciate the craftsmanship that went to the building?

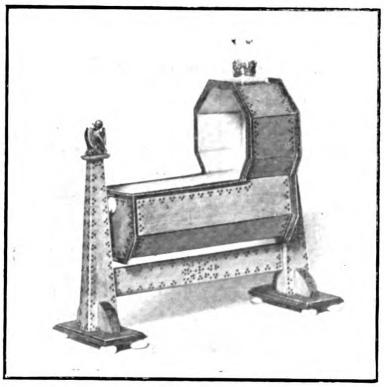
Think of the knowledge that contrived so much in so little! Realise that the whole structure is only 102 inches long on its main north and south fronts and 58½ inches from east to west at ground-floor level." Remember some facts. "It stands on a base 116 inches by 72 inches and 39 inches high. This base is divided into a sub-base 24 inches high, containing 208 interchangeable drawers, half on the north, half on the south, covered by falling flap doors. . . . The upper fifteen inches of the base serves various purposes. In the middle of the north front is a machinery basement, its ceiling supported by two columns. Here we find the lowest stage of the lift-shafts, and observe the electric transformers, which whittle down the voltage of a normal electric circuit to the four volts appropriate to the lighting circuit of a doll's house. Handy to the transformers are the main switches of the house supply. As we remember that the water arrangements of the house are complete, it is natural to discover the tank which receives the bath wastes. Here, too, are the main electric switches of the lighting gear, employed not by the doll inhabitants but by the Brobdingnagian owners." At one end of the south front basement is the wine cellar. The western basement is the garage, formed in a drawer, inspection-pit and all. At the eastern end, in a drawer which extends on double runners, is the garden, a charming affair of tall trees two feet high—and folding—of plants and gay flowers—all of metal; and of green velvet grass.

"The problem of revealing the inside of the house, without treating any of its walls as a door, was finely faced and solved. The walls form an outer case which fits closely over the inner fabric, and can be raised and lowered by a highly ingenious electrical contrivance, which is in effect a lift."

Then imagine the oil paintings on canvases measuring a few inches; the ceiling and wall decorations; the water-colours, drawings, and etchings, each the size of two postage-stamps; the books of the same size; knowing the labour that must have gone with the love, even though the writers did not indulge in micrography and emulate those who set down the Lord's Prayer in a circle the size of a three-penny bit, and that Mr. Peters whose machine could write the whole of the Old and New Testaments in a little less than one-twenty-seventh of a square inch.

. . . . . .

And so to things "curiouser and curiouser," as Alice would have had it. Some items had to be rather over scale; otherwise they could not be made workable; and that they should function was vital, for everything is real—a unit in a sort of Crummles's pump, "real water"! "Certain properties of matter do not scale down comfortably when size is altered; thus, the stiffness of a steel rope would not be diminished sufficiently to work round the small pulleys of the lift. So also we shall find that the clothes, the linen table-cloths, the bed sheets, etc., of the Dollomites, though exquisitely made, of the very finest known materials, are liable to behave as if they had been—from the point of view of these little people—slightly starched. . . . So, too . . . where liquid is poured from minute toy bottles . . . it is most reluctant to flow. . . . The properties of liquids here in play are viscosity and capillarity, 'physical constants' not affected by the scale change to one-twelfth of full size. . . . When the Dollomites rise to toast his Majesty the King of England . . . their smallest glasses, if filled with liqueur, could certainly be turned upside down without a single drop being spilt. Water-pipes are rather larger than one-twelfth full size to allow for similar retardation of flow. In full-size houses the drain from all basins, sinks, etc., is bent up into an S shape or syphon, so as to prevent the return of sewer gas into the house. In the Queen's Dolls' House some of these syphons are omitted for a singular reason. When the inside of a very small pipe is dry, it is difficult to wet it, and until it is wet, water will not flow at all. Hence when you turn on the tap, water flows at once whenever the pipe is full of water up to the tap—but the drain pipe is certainly empty and probably dry, and if dry, the basin will overflow into the room rather than empty itself through the proper drain. The syphon would make it very difficult to initiate the wetting of the drain—and is therefore omitted."



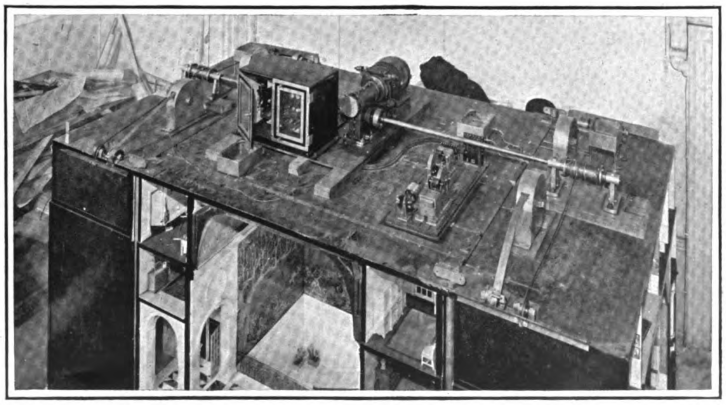
HALF SIZE: THE CRADLE OF UNPOLISHED APPLE-WOOD AND INLAID AND BOUND WITH SILVER.

For kindred reasons, the electric lighting is too powerful; the wires for the electric current are oversize; the switches are bigger than one-twelfth; and certain other fittings follow suit. All this, of course, without in the least diminishing the wonders.

One more point, made by Professor George Saintsbury, writing of the bottles of wine in the wine-cellar: "I do not think that many people would guess what was the greatest difficulty in completing this miniature fleet of receptacles for the gifts of Bacchus. I am told that it was neither making nor labelling, nor corking—they are all honestly corked—not anything but the actual filling of them. A moment's thought will, of course, suggest that if you poured the stuff in after any ordinary fashion the air inside would resist re-issue through such tiny throats. . . . The method actually adopted, I understand, was based on a sort of syphon-reversed principle, a still smaller tube being introduced through the gullet of the bottle and the liquor rising from below and expelling the air."

Thus one might quote innumerable phases of interest from "The Book of the Queen's Dolls' House." Let it suffice heartily to recommend both volumes—"The Queen's Dolls' House" and "The Library of the Queen's Dolls' House." Each is a treasure in itself: the first for its admirable chapters on the house, its furniture, decorations, and fittings, indeed, all that has gone to its making; the second for its publication of the works written for its Library by famous authors; both for their excellent illustrations in colour and in monochrome, not only of "domestic" items, but, better still, of the paintings and drawings specially contributed by distinguished artists.

E. H. G.



MECHANISM WHICH RAISES THE OUTER WALLS AND EXPOSES THE INTERIOR OF THE DOLLS' HOUSE: THE TOP OF THE HOUSE.

The machinery shown not only raises the outer walls, but works the electric lifts, which are a unique feature.

*Reproductions from "The Book of the Queen's Dolls'-House."*

* "The Book of the Queen's Dolls' House": Vol. I. "The Queen's Dolls' House"; Vol. II. "The Queen's Dolls' House Library." (Methuen; Price £3. 3. 0. net for each volume.)

# TRUTH in ADVERTISING

## by SIR CHARLES HIGHAM




ABOUT two years ago I was entrusted with the pleasurable task of informing the public of the merit of Dunlop Tyres. My clients told me that the Dunlop Cord was the best Tyre that money could buy—that it gave longer average mileage than any other Tyre—and that it was as near perfection as a Motor Tyre could be.

With these facts in front of me I told you of Dunlop Tyres, and to-day I can assure you that from my own *experience*, I have found these claims correct in every detail, as I expected them to be. On my own car, a heavy limousine, the Dunlop Cords on the two front wheels did 19,380 miles without a puncture, and the two Dunlop tyres on the rear wheels did 17,480 and 18,301 miles respectively. I took them off six months ago to fit straight sides, which have so far run over 8,000 miles without even perceptibly wearing the tread!

Therefore, wherever I see the slogan '*fit Dunlop and be satisfied,*' I feel a keen pride in the fact that I originated it. I feel that here is additional evidence of the fact that advertising can justify itself, in telling the truth, interestingly.

No Britisher should ever have a foreign tyre on his car when he can get a better tyre, made by his own people, in his own Empire—therefore—

Get a copy of the new

**DUNLOP**

(All British)

**ROAD GUIDE**

*Complete coloured Atlas. Town Plans.*
*Hotels. Golf Courses. Repairers.*
*Parking Places. Ferries. Speed Limits.*

**Of all Booksellers and Garages.**

Large Type **5/-** No Hieroglyphics

*fit Dunlop and be satisfied*

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, LIMITED, BIRMINGHAM. BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

C.F.11

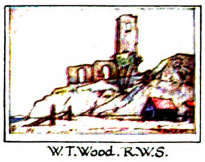
# "BEAUTY IN SMALLNESS": PYGMY PICTURES IN THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE.

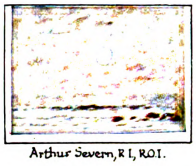
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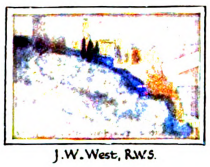

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Frank Dicksee, R.A., R.I., H.R.O.I.

ACTUAL SIZE—THE SIZE OF TWO FOSTAGE-STAMPS! WATER-COLOURS "SEEN THROUGH THE WRONG END OF A TELESCOPE."

"There is great beauty in *smallness*" comments Mr. A. C. Benson in his introduction to "The Book of the Queen's Dolls' House." None will say him nay, and they will agree especially when they see the remarkable little paintings in oil which decorate the walls of the house, and the pygmy water-colours which fill cabinets in its Library. The paintings in oil vary in size, although, obviously, they are all on a miniature scale. The water-colours, drawings, and prints are each about the size of two postage-stamps—"tiny gems which are so surprisingly characteristic that they look like Exhibition works seen through the wrong end of a telescope."




THIS OLD BUILDING, erected in the fifties, was moved half a mile overland, placed on a barge and towed five miles down the Allegheny River. To get it under a low bridge the barge was sunk, pumped out, floated again, and moved on down the river to Pittsburgh, where it was placed in the centre of the Heinz plant.

# Where the "57" began

## *The* LITTLE HOUSE *that was floated down the* RIVER

If you should visit the "Home of the 57," you would see the little "House Where We Began"—surrounded, overshadowed by large modern buildings. To the visitor the Little House may seem but an interesting relic. To us this homely little brick building stands as a symbol—a constant reminder of the ideals on which the Heinz business has been built.

It was because of what the Little House meant to us all that we moved it from its original location and placed it where its inspiration would be most manifest. Loyalty to the standards which the Little House represents is reflected in the spirit of service, care in preparation and pride in workmanship which characterise the whole Heinz organisation.

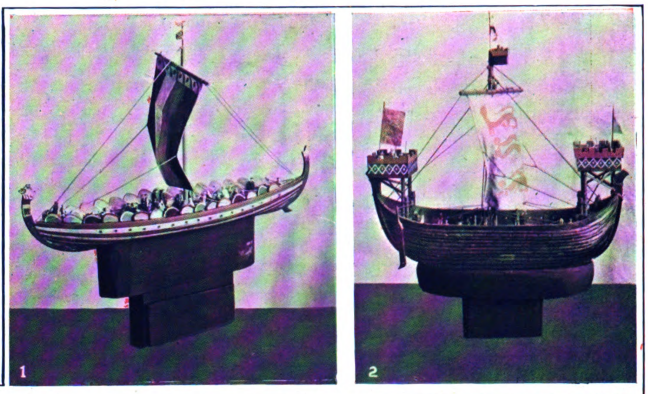
HEINZ 57 VARIETIES

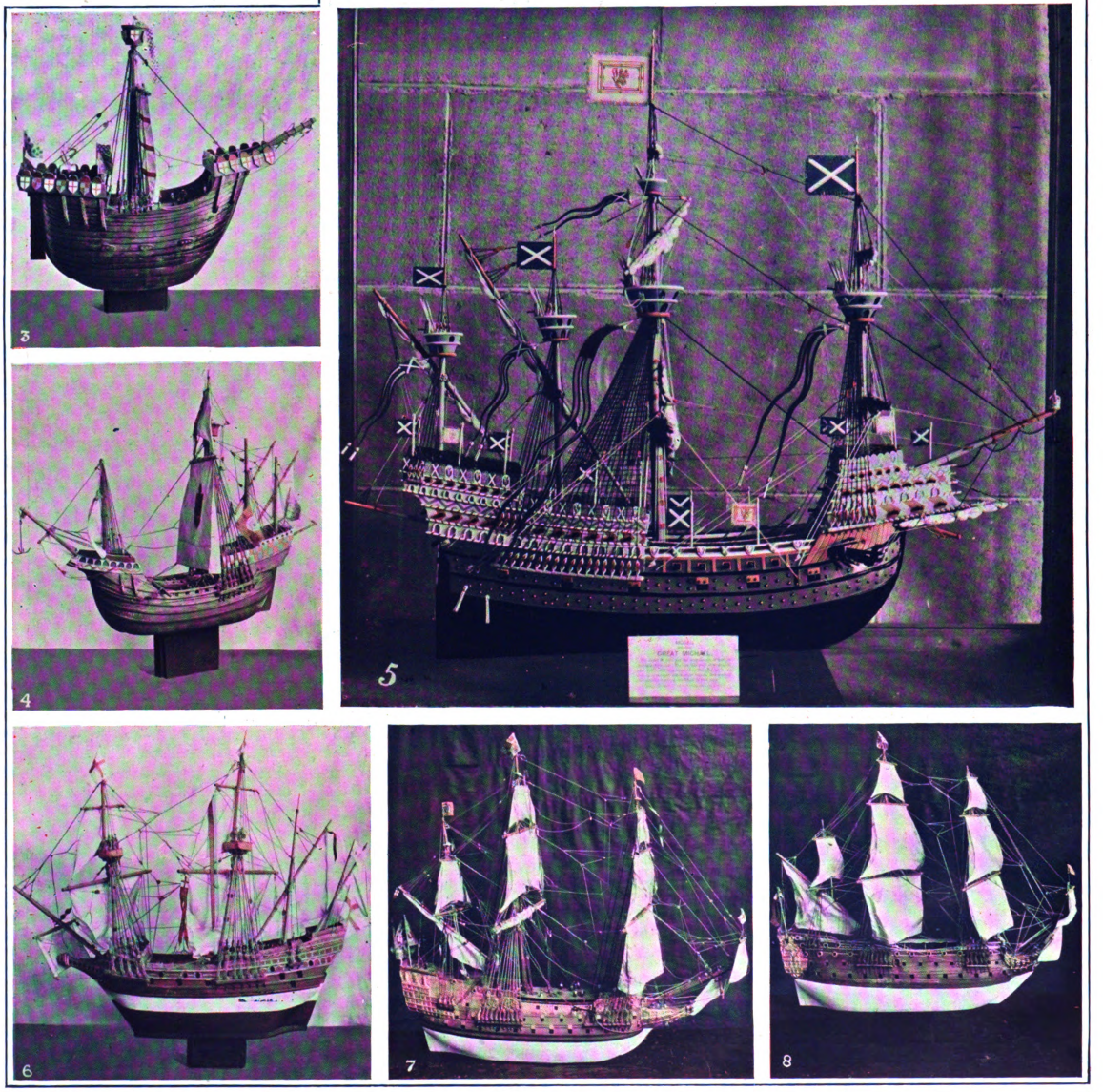
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON

# WEMBLEY MODELS ILLUSTRATING THE EVOLUTION OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

"Each age in turn has had its own reflection at sea in its shipping, and ours could be no exception, but while we have constant proof that sea adventure is not incompatible with plates, castings, rivets, pipes, cranks and levers, turbines, motors, wireless apparatus and the rest, we all feel that this complex hardware is little suggestive of it, and that the romance of the sea is better expressed by the harmony of line and contour that has always been present in the traditional ship, formed of the kindly and tractable timber, hemp, and canvas of tradition, and designed not to ride roughshod over the elements, but to turn them to her service. Failing to find such symbols of sea-life in being, we are naturally driven to seek them more and more in records of the ships that have gone, and of these the most complete that we have are the models that give us not only the one aspect of a pictured ship, but the whole variety of her lines and curves, and the most intimate acquaintance with all her characteristics."

*From "Sailing-Ship Models," by R. Morton Nance (published by Halton and Truscott Smith, Ltd.; Price £3 13s. 6d.). A full review of this beautiful publication will be given in a subsequent issue.*




1. 1066: THE "MORA," OF THE REIGN OF WILLIAM I.
2. 13TH CENTURY: A SHIP OF THE REIGN OF HENRY III.
3. 14TH CENTURY: A SHIP OF THE REIGN OF EDWARD III.
4. 15TH CENTURY: A SHIP OF THE REIGN OF RICHARD III.
5. 16TH CENTURY: THE "GREAT MICHAEL" THE MOST FAMOUS SCOTTISH WAR-SHIP—LAUNCHED 1511.
6. LATE 16TH CENTURY: A SHIP OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.
7. 17TH CENTURY: THE "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS," OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.
8. 17TH CENTURY: THE "BRITANNIA," OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

Amongst the many fascinating exhibits in his Majesty's Government's Building, by no means the least interesting are those beautiful models which illustrate the history of the British Navy, and show the evolution of the war-ship from the days in which it was merely a converted merchant ship to those in which the Mercantile Marine and the Navy became separate services, and those of the present in which the war-ship is a "sure shield" that is the main defence of the homeland and the Empire. With regard to the "Great Michael," it may be added that she was built near Leith, and that in size and armament she far exceeded any other vessel.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." PHOTOGRAPH NO. 5 FROM THE MODEL MADE AND LENT BY MR. R. PATTERSON, OF LASSWADE.



*Friction—the Unseen Enemy of Power*

# Friction's Playground

The length of time your car will give satisfactory service rests mainly with you. Successful and economical service and long life on the one hand, and on the other inefficient and costly running and the early disposal of your car at a greatly depreciated value; either depends principally on lubrication—your responsibility.

About ·003 of an inch of oil is all that separates the piston and cylinder walls of your engine. With thousands of revolutions per mile you have to depend on the oil to prevent disastrous metal to metal friction. In the same way every moving part of the entire chassis demands Correct Lubrication.

Is it not worth while, then, to ensure Correct Lubrication by insisting always on the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified in the Chart of Recommendations—the oil that is scientifically correct for your particular car?

When you ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil you secure oil which is made from crude stocks chosen primarily for their lubricating qualities—not for their motor spirit content.

This distinct specialisation in lubricating oils has won for the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., its enviable recognition as the outstanding authority on Correct Lubrication.

*Remember:*

*Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say, "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.*

*If you purchase Gargoyle Mobiloil "loose," see that it is drawn from a container bearing the trade mark shown in this advertisement. A fair average price for Gargoyle Mobiloil from bulk is 1/9 a quart.*

GARGOYLE

REG° TRADE MARK.

**Mobiloil**

*Make the Chart your Guide*

HEAD OFFICE: *Caxton House, London, S.W. 1*

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*Belfast* *Dublin*
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*Bristol* *Manchester*
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*Newcastle-on-Tyne*

## VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD



The woman who uses Lux need never worry about her hands. Lux is as mild as the finest toilet soap: it leaves the hands white and soft.



# *Lux for everything you wash yourself*

Use Lux for everything you wash yourself. It is just as easy as washing your hands. The filmy Lux diamonds are made to melt instantly into a rich foam of almost magic cleansing power, which yet is gentle to the frailest fabric.

Therefore, use Lux to wash all your precious possessions—silk stockings, silk and woollen underwear, blouses, frocks, jumpers, all dainty things that have to be washed often—equally all valuable things that have to be washed seldom and with the greatest care. Lux won't shrink woollens, nor will it harm a single silken thread.

Be sure you get Lux—in the familiar carton. So-called substitutes, sold loose, are thick shreds of ordinary soap. Lux is unique: make sure you get Lux.



*1. Toss Lux into hot water: whip into lather.*



*2. Add cold water to give required temperature.*

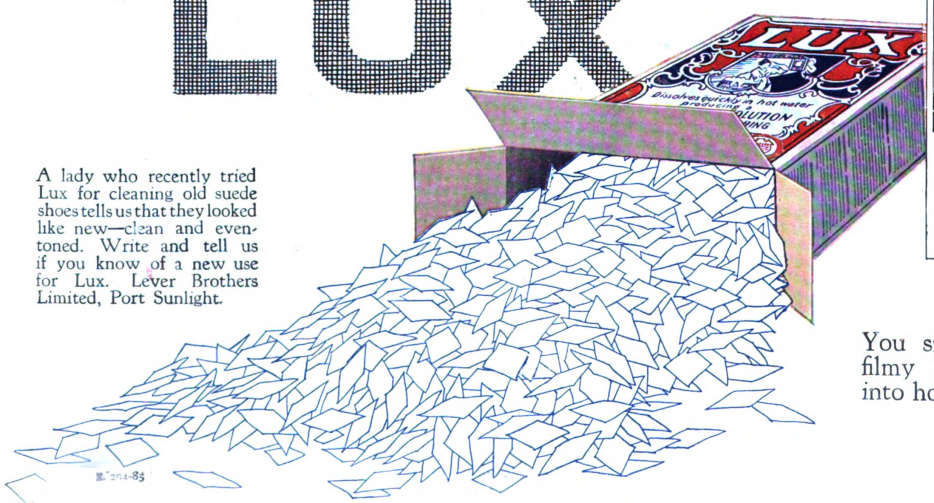


*3. Dip and redip in this pure, rich lather.*



*4. Rinse in clean water. Squeeze water gently out, without wringing.*

LUX



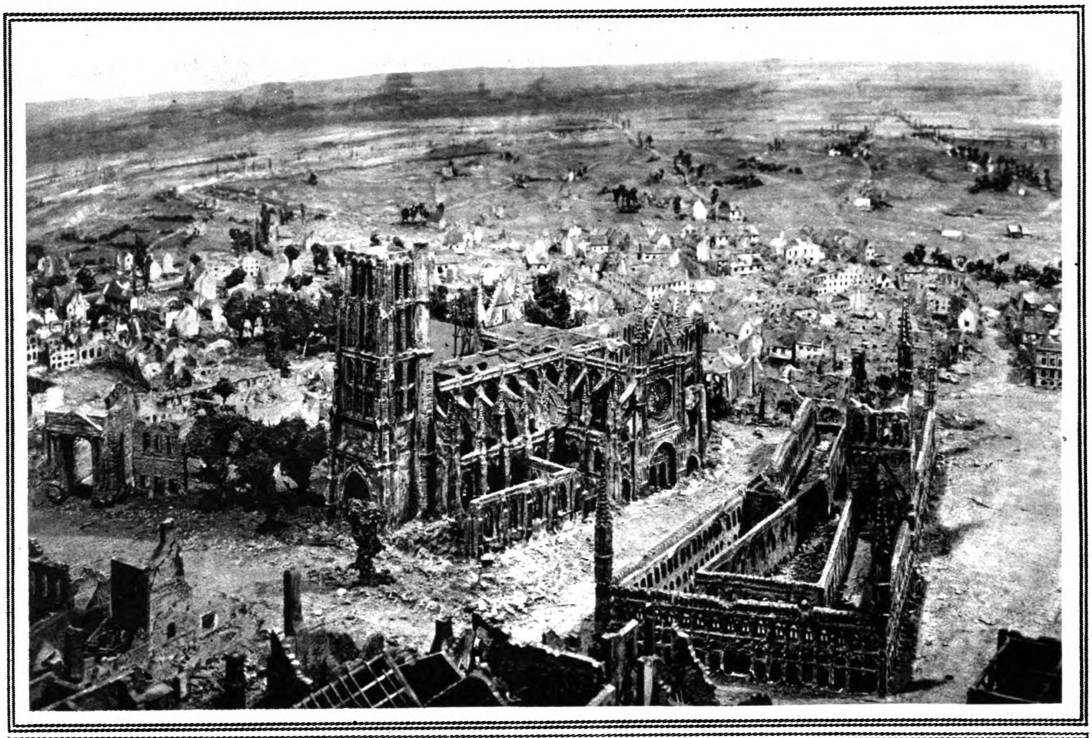

A lady who recently tried Lux for cleaning old suede shoes tells us that they looked like new—clean and even-toned. Write and tell us if you know of a new use for Lux. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

You simply toss the filmy Lux diamonds into hot water.

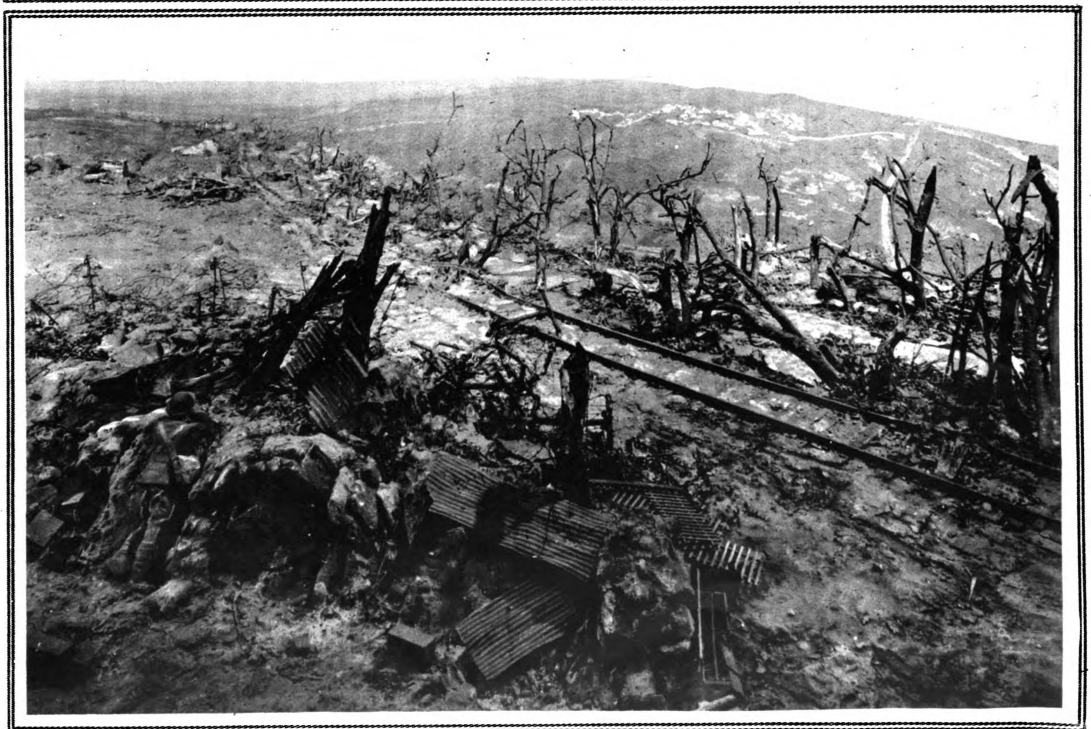
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# TEN YEARS AFTER: MODELS RECALLING THE GREAT WAR "FRONT."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL-GRAY.



A PLACE OF TRAGIC MEMORIES: "YPRES, 1915"—THE CLOTH HALL ON THE RIGHT; ST. MARTIN'S CATHEDRAL IN THE CENTRE.



A TYPICAL BATTLEFIELD, WITH ITS TRENCH-SCARRED HILL, SHATTERED RAILWAY, DUG-OUTS, AND STRICKEN TREES: THE SOMME, 1916.

In the British Government Building, the War Office has a gallery devoted to the history of the Army from the Battle of Hastings to the Great War. Allied to panoramic models of incidents in typical campaigns are cases of relics, and there are also full-sized figures in uniforms of various periods. The fine models here illustrated are in another gallery, with similar scenic representations of Messines Ridge, in 1917, and of aeroplanes co-operating with artillery and pack-artillery on the N.-W. Frontier of India. In the same gallery are depicted actions of the war—recalling ten years ago

# MILESTONES OF DOMESTIC ART:
## PERIOD ROOMS AT WEMBLEY.



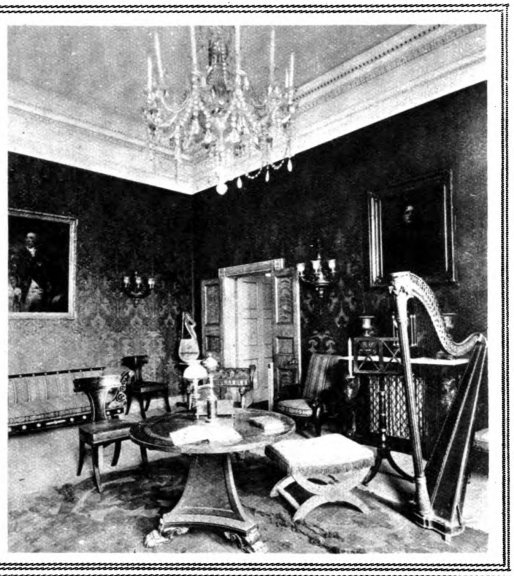
1750: A PANELLED ROOM, AFTER ONE IN A HOUSE AT BATH, BY ABRAHAM SWAN.



1852: A TYPICAL MID-VICTORIAN INTERIOR, ILLUSTRATING BOTH FURNITURE AND DRESS.



1924: A BED-ROOM OF THE PRESENT YEAR OF GRACE; DESIGNED BY MR. W. J. PALMER-JONES.



1815: A "WATERLOO" ROOM ARRANGED BY AN AUTHORITY ON LATER CLASSICAL ARCHITECTURE.



1888: A ROOM FROM THE RED HOUSE, TO WHICH WILLIAM MORRIS TOOK HIS BRIDE.

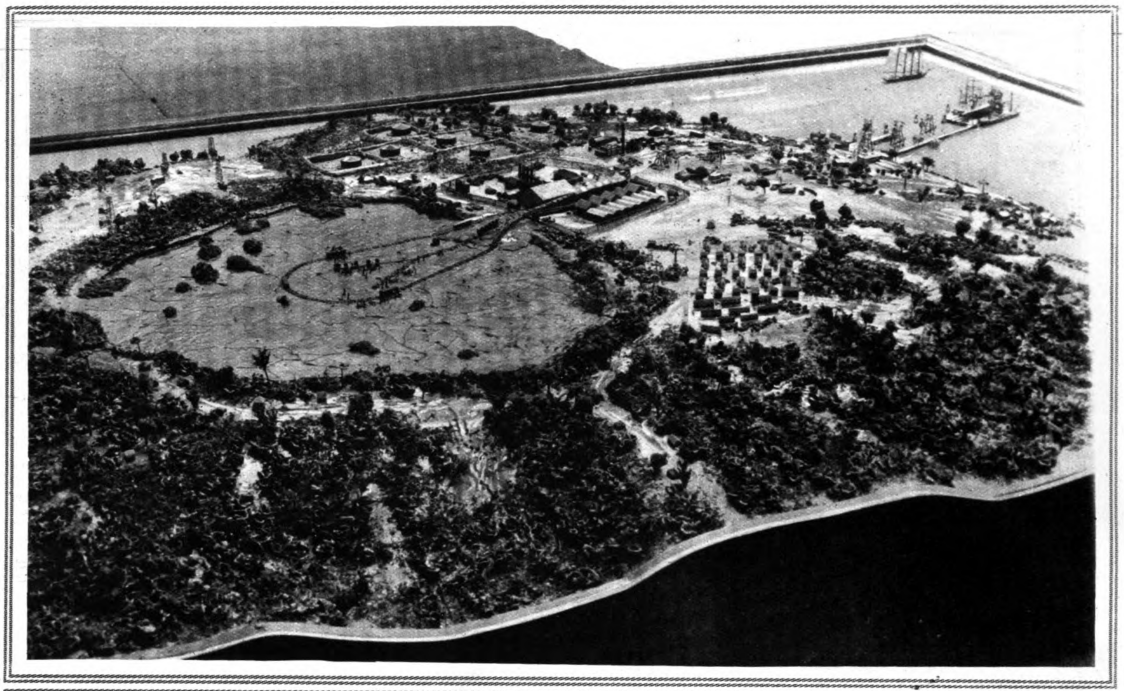


1924: A DINING-ROOM OF THE ULTRA-MODERN STYLE; DESIGNED BY LORD GERALD WELLESLEY AND MR. TRENWITH WILLS.

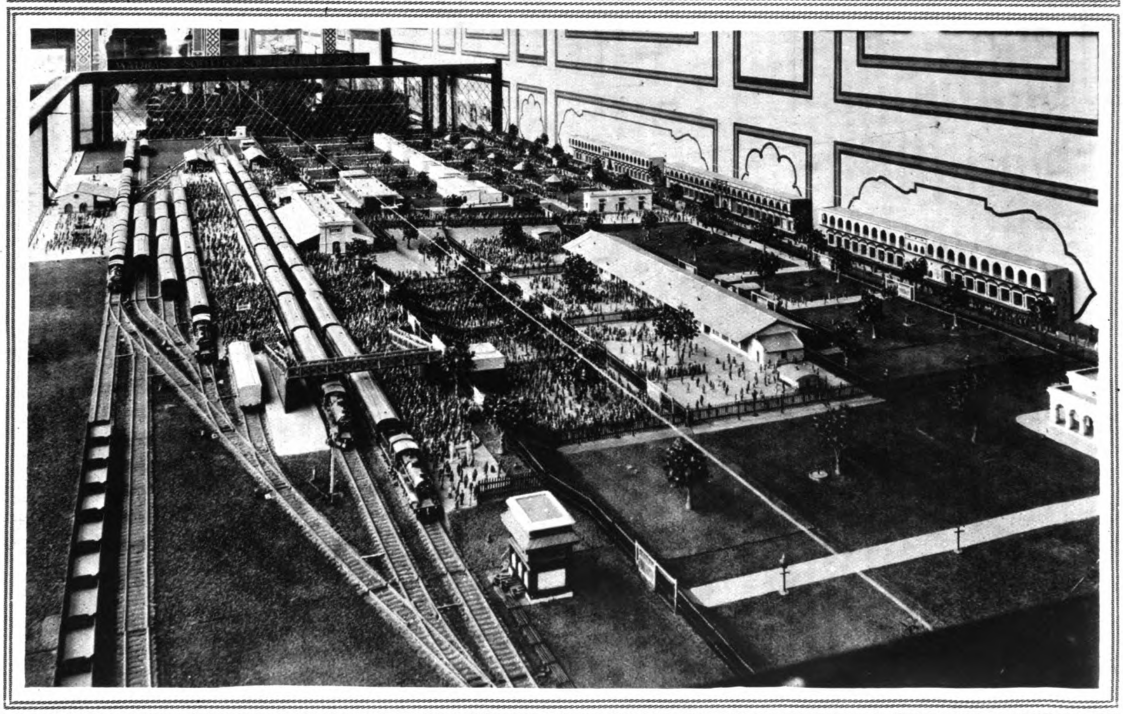
The Palace of Arts contains, amongst a large number of attractive exhibits, a series of rooms illustrating Domestic Art at five periods—from 1750 until the present day. The Abraham Swan Room is an imitation of one in a house near Bath, and has a carved and gilded mantelpiece and Chippendale chairs. The Waterloo-period room was carried out under the direction of Professor [illegible], an authority on this country's later classical architecture. For the 1852 room, the King and Queen lent a gilt and inlaid small table and a gilt arm-chair used by Queen Victoria. The furniture also includes a chair used by the Prince Consort at the inauguration of the Exhibition of 1851. The 1888 room is from the Red House, which was designed by Philip Webb, and shows, also, the influence of Morris. Included in its decoration are William de Morgan and Martin pottery.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL GRAY.]

# WEMBLEY MODELS: A WORKING PITCH LAKE; AND A "U.P." STATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ASPHALT COMPANY, AND CAMPBELL-GRAY.



A WORKING MODEL: THE PITCH LAKE IN TRINIDAD, WHICH YIELDS THE CHIEF SUPPLY OF ASPHALT.



ILLUSTRATING THE ADVANCE IN RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION IN INDIA: A MODEL OF THE BUSY RAILWAY STATION AT HARDWAR, UNITED PROVINCES.

The Pitch Lake in Trinidad is an extraordinary deposit of oil and asphalt which is unique in the world. In our photograph it is seen to the left centre. Pitch, it may be noted, is a complex mixture of hydrocarbons and their derivatives found naturally, or left when tar, oils, or fatty acids are distilled.——

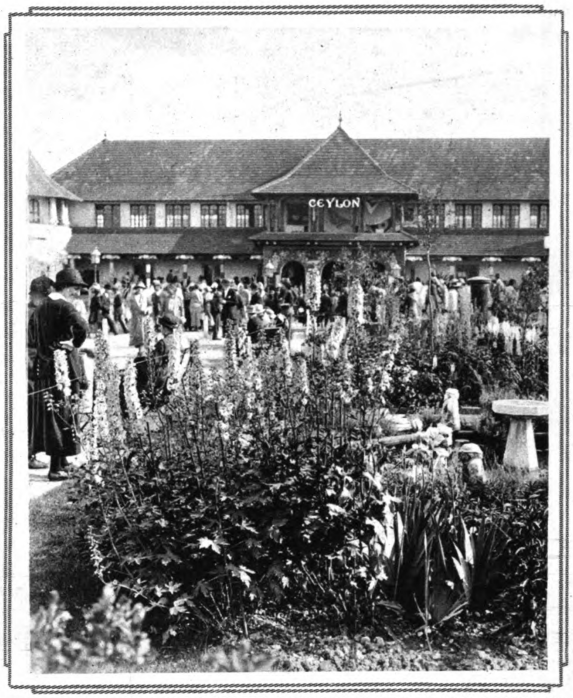
Hardwar is an ancient town in the Saharanpur District, on the right bank of the Ganges. Between two and three hundred thousand pilgrims visit its bathing ghats and the Temple of Ganga-dwara each year, and every twelfth year is an especially sacred festival. Its horse fair is also of much moment.

# FOR—WEMBLEY—IS A GARDEN: FLOWERS OF THE EXHIBITION.

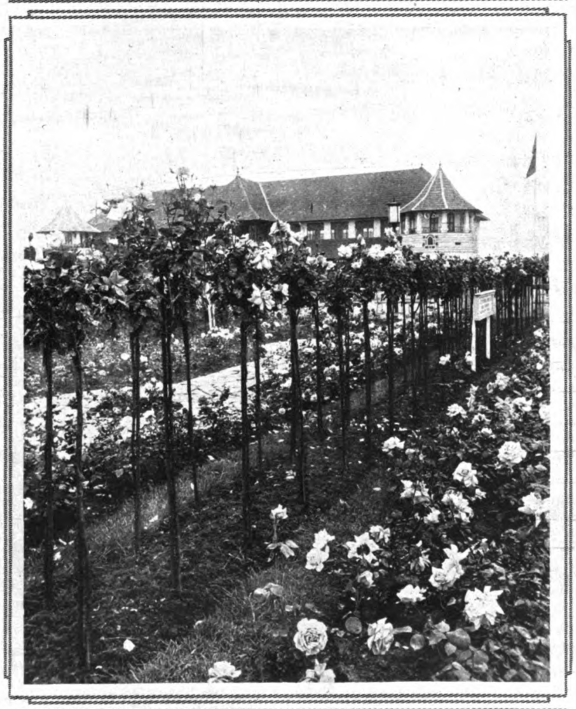
PHOTOGRAPHS BY REALISTIC TRAVELS.



ENGLISH BEAUTY AND A LANDMARK OF OLD ENGLAND: THE GARDEN OF THE BATH CITY PAVILION; LONDON BRIDGE BEHIND IT.




IN FRIENDLY RIVALRY WITH THE SPECIALISED GARDENS OF THE DOMINIONS AND COLONIES: AN ENGLISH GARDEN FACING THE CEYLON PAVILION.



ENGLAND'S FLOWER AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION: A GARDEN OF ROSES IN ALL THEIR GLORY.



IN THE THIRTY ACRES OF GARDENS: FLOWERS IN FRONT OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

There are at the British Empire Exhibition somewhere about thirty acres of gardens, not including the special ones, and great care has been taken that there shall always be flowers blooming. Indeed, as the official guide has it: "The roadways, the banks of the lake, the islands, and the borders of flower-beds flanking the main Exhibition buildings, all combine in a most fascinating landscape scheme. . . . The gardens of the various Dominions and Colonies have been planned in friendly rivalry, and each Pavilion has a most characteristic setting. The majority of these gardens are tropical or sub-tropical, but the variation in each is astonishing." The Horticultural Section proper, reserved for exhibits by leading British nurserymen, covers three-and-a-half acres.

# MAKING CHEROOTS—NEITHER WHACKING NOR WHITE: AT "BURMA."

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BERTRAM PARK.



FROM THE LAND OF THE "WHACKING WHITE CHEROOT," BUT MAKING CHEROOTS FOR SALE IN FOREIGN MARKETS: BURMESE GIRL TOBACCO-WORKERS AT THE EXHIBITION.

THE tobacco used for the famous Burmese cheroots is grown on the banks of the rivers after the floods have subsided and have left an alluvial soil which is excellent for the purpose. The leaf is cured in various primitive ways, and here it may be noted that the cheroots smoked by the natives—that is to say, the "whacking white cheroots" of Kipling—are entirely different from those made for sale in other countries. The Burmese girl-workers in their own country make the cheroots at the rate of 700 to 1000 per day, and are paid from 4d. to 6d. per 100. Burma tobacco differs somewhat from that grown in most other tobacco-growing countries. It is rather heavy in texture. The leaf is

[*Continued opposite.*



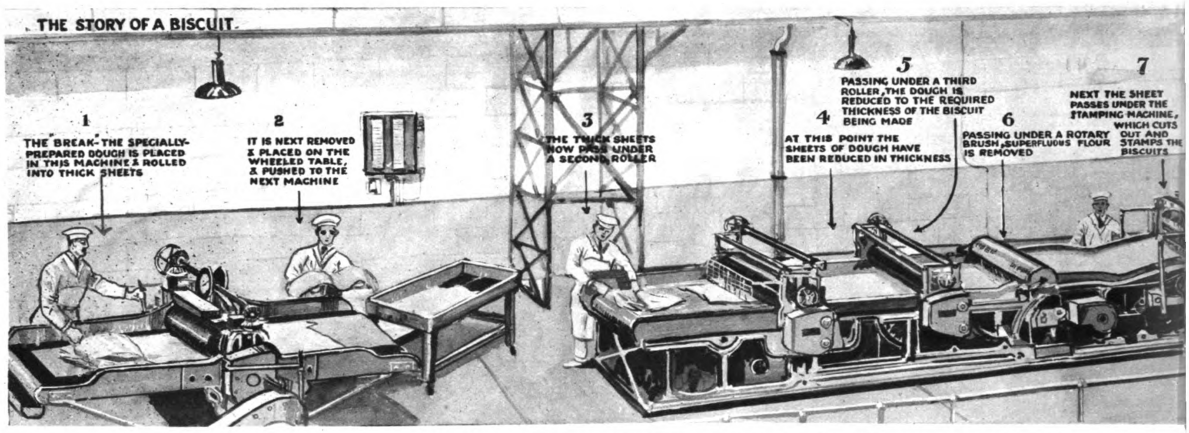
AN EXPERT CHEROOT-MAKER: A WEMBLEY WORKER.

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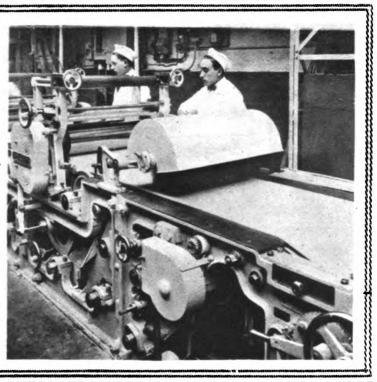
not so delicate as is that used for Cuban and British-made cigars. It is on the whole, however, admirably adapted for cigar-making. Its toughness and strength make strong wrappers. As a rule, the Burmese women cheroot-makers sit down on the floor *à la Turque*, and their work-bench is only a few inches from the floor-level. When the cheroots have been rolled, the ragged ends are lopped off cleanly by a hand-lever working a knife. Every day these Burmese women can be seen industriously making the cheroots, and a succession of onlookers proves that their efforts are not lost. There is another result. The demand for Burma cheroots, always steady, has been greatly stimulated since the opening of the Exhibition.

# FROM DOUGH TO BISCUITS AND BREAD: EXHIBITS

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"



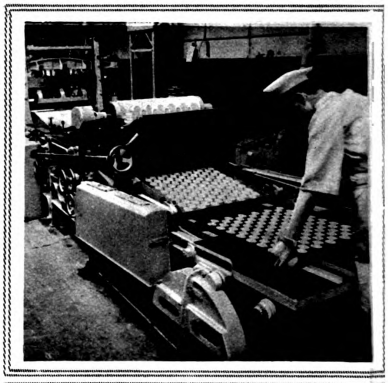

THE STORY OF A BISCUIT—MACHINERY WITH SKILLED LABOUR IN ALLIANCE: FROM THE



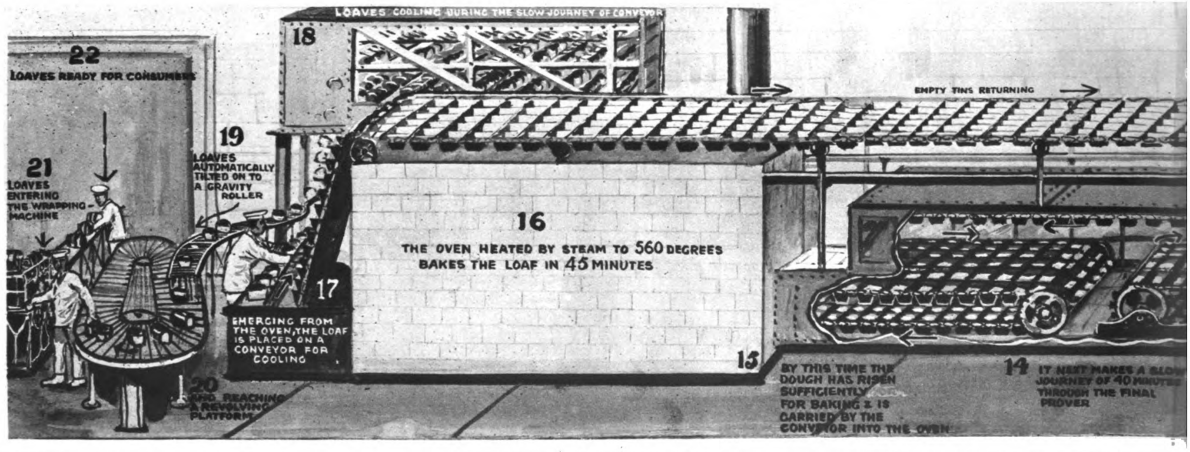
BISCUIT-MAKING: ROLLERS REDUCING THE SHEET OF DOUGH TO THE THICKNESS REQUIRED—THE SHEET OF DOUGH ON A TRAVELLING BELT.



BISCUIT-MAKING: CUTTING-OUT AND STAMPING—THE SHAPED BISCUITS ON THE TRAY BELOW THE MAIN SHEET OF DOUGH.



BISCUIT-MAKING: THE STAMPED BISCUITS TRAVELLING DOWN ON THE BAKING-TRAYS, READY TO BE PUT INTO THE OVEN.

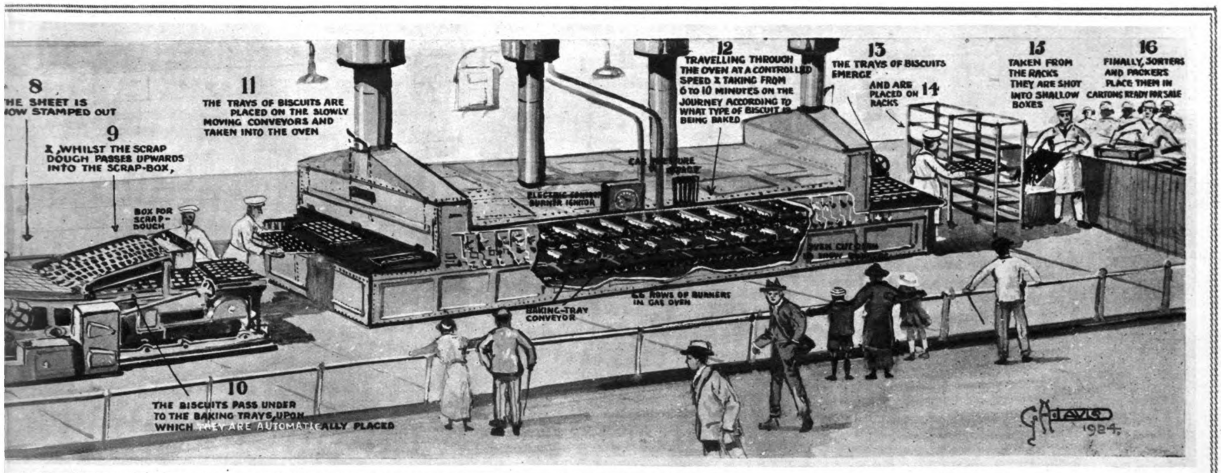



THE STORY OF A LOAF: FOUR MAJOR OPERATIONS—MIXING THE DOUGH, PACKING, WRAPPING, AND DELIVERY—

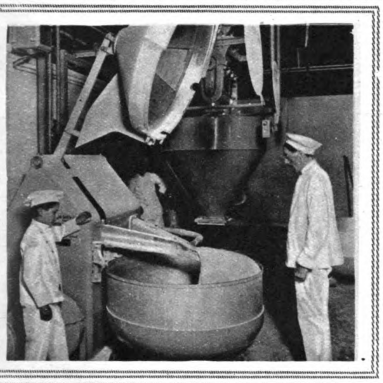
Two of the most interesting exhibits in the Palace of Industry are those of Biscuit-making (for Messrs. Peek Frean, Huntley and Palmer, and W. R. Jacobs), and the making of Nevill's wrapped bread.—— In the first photograph the reducing rollers are seen on the left. The sheet of dough is travelling towards the stamping-machine. In the next, the scrap dough is seen in the form of a sheet; with stamped biscuits on a tray below. In the next, the stamp is on the extreme left and scrap dough is seen on the roller to the left-centre, whence it falls into a tin. On the trays are the shaped biscuits.—— In the first photograph dealing with bread-making, the mechanical arm is seen mixing the dough, the trough revolving slowly the while. After this, the

# ATTRACTING ATTENTION IN THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY.

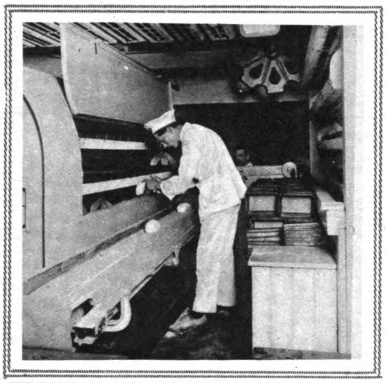
BY REALISTIC TRAVELS; DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.




ROLLING OF THE DOUGH TO THE STAMPING-MACHINE, THE OVEN, AND THE PACKERS.



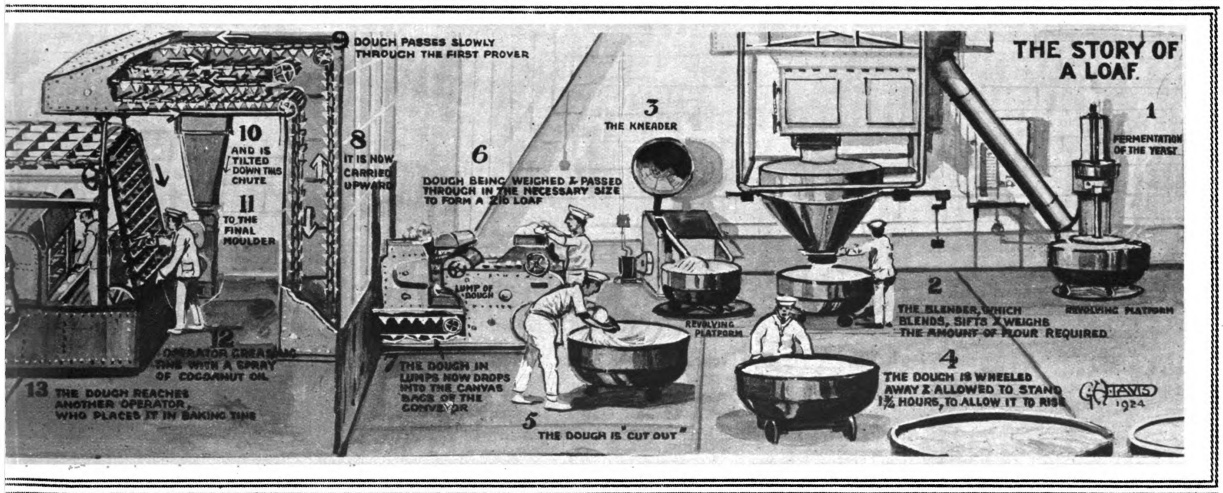
BREAD-MAKING: A MECHANICAL "ARM" MIXING THE DOUGH FOR BREAD AND WORKING UP AND DOWN IN IMITATION OF THE HUMAN ARM.



BREAD-MAKING: THE SHAPED DOUGH PLACED IN TINS ON A SLOWLY MOVING CHAIN WHICH PASSES THROUGH THE OVEN.—NOTE SIZE OF LOAF.




BREAD-MAKING: THE BAKED LOAVES COMING OUT OF THE OVEN (RIGHT) AND FROM THE COOLER (IN THE BACKGROUND).—NOTE SIZE OF LOAF.




WITHOUT TOUCH OF HAND: FROM THE FERMENTATION OF THE YEAST TO BLENDER, KNEADER, AND MOULDER, AND TO WRAPPING.

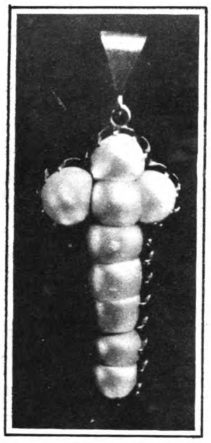
dough is allowed to stand for about 1¾ hours, to rise. In the next, the shaped dough is seen on a travelling belt. It is then placed in tins which are put on a slowly moving chain which passes through the oven. The size of the shaped dough as compared with that of the completed loaf should be noted. In the next the loaves are seen coming from the oven. They are then placed on a travelling belt which conveys them to the cooler. After cooling, they come down the chute on the left and proceed to the wrapping machine. It may be added, in connection with the biscuit-making machinery, that the firms making biscuits in the Palace of Industry take it in weekly turns to use the machinery—Messrs. Peek Frean, Huntley and Palmer, and W. R. Jacobs.

*Continued from page 118.*

home to the consumer the latest advances in the sensible and economic use of gas, together with the beauty and cleanliness of the gas-fire in every form, whether for the living-room or the kitchen. In a fully-equipped kitchen, cookery demonstrations are in progress. The application of gas to industrial processes is illustrated in connection with artistic pottery fired in a gas-heated kiln.

**The Seven Ages of Woman.** As this subject is pre-eminently interesting to women, the projectors of the exhibit have arranged a series of tableaux entitled "The Seven Ages of Woman"—Infancy, Childhood, School, College, Womanhood, Middle-Age, and Old Age. In each of these a living representative of the age indicated appears in an appropriate stage-setting, equipped with the latest inventions in the branch of calorific and illuminant science under review. The exhibit illustrates the advantages that women in particular derive from these up-to-date methods.

**Building and Slate-Splitting.** The question of the home is so closely related to the question of building construction that it is appropriate to find the Building Section the next-door neighbour of the exhibit last described. Among many wonderful and interesting details, the most novel and attractive is the demonstration of slate-working given by the Portmadoc slate quarries. The demonstrator lectures on slate, and tells its geological history, describing also the manifold uses to which it can be put in building construction. With him are two expert quarrymen, who give a fascinating exposition of slate-splitting. It is the unique property of the Portmadoc slate, from the Festiniog quarries, that it is absolutely straight in the grain, and can be split with a mallet and chisel into sheets of perfectly uniform thinness. As the plate became detached under the blow, the lecturer reminded his audience that the fresh surface newly-made visible was now exposed to the light of day for the first time in a million years — of such antiquity are the Festiniog slate-beds, formed from deposits of primæval volcanic dust. After the slate has been split it is trimmed under the knives of the dressing-machine. Four cuts make each slate ready for roofing purposes.

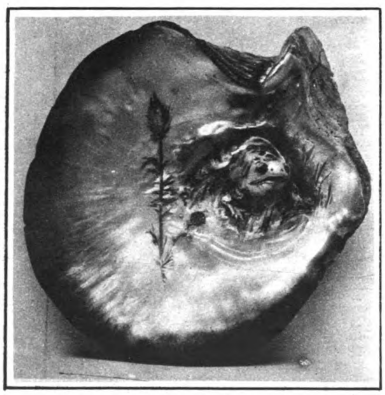


CLAIMING TO BE THE MOST ORIGINAL GEM AT THE EXHIBITION: THE SOUTHERN-CROSS PEARL, SHOWN IN THE AUSTRALIAN PAVILION.

This cluster of nine pearls is natural. The upright is 1¼ inches in length. The pearl was found in 1874, in Western Australia, and is now the property of Mr. C. Peto Bennett, who values it at £10,000.

*Photograph by Shepstone.*

**Kitchen Grates.** In the department of ironwork for grates and furnaces, the most curious detail is historical. The up-to-date appliances are, of course, of the chief practical interest here, but a glimpse into the past affords a pleasant variety. This is given by the exhibit recalling the invention and evolution of the kitchen range, which was first designed a century ago by Flavel. Like every other invention, it sprang from modest beginnings, but at the time of the Exhibition of 1851, it had developed more or less on typical lines. But what a portentous thing was the range of 1851! The specimen shown at the first of all Exhibitions is almost fearsome in its ponderous bulk and extent. Its reappearance at Wembley in all its original massiveness, with its cumbrous fittings and awkward flues, is, however, most useful, for it emphasises by contrast, as nothing else could, the convenience, handiness, comfort and utility of its present-day descendant, which seems a dwarf beside the unwieldy yet venerable old giant, its progenitor. Seventy years ago women did not pretend to be athletic, but it seems as if only an athlete could have coped with the kitchen range of our grandmothers. Women of to-day will look with a kindlier eye at the elegant and handy modern ranges here displayed, now that they know from what heavy-handed practice they have been saved by the ingenuity that has devised recent improvements.



A NATURAL PEARL-FORMATION TURNED INTO A PICTURE BY MEANS OF PAINT: A FROG IN AN AUSTRALIAN PEARL OYSTER.

This pearl oyster picture is one of a number shown. The natural pearl-formation is such that it was easy to make it into an extraordinary representation of a frog, with the aid of a little paint.—[*Photograph by Courtesy of the Owner, Mr. Frank Spencer.*]

**Music.** From this consideration of pure utility, it is pleasant to pass into a section closely adjoining, to find ourselves in the domain of the divinest of the arts. Music, heavenly maid, is well housed and well represented at Wembley. Here you can see every kind of instrument, wood, brass, wind, string, and the instruments of percussion, and can follow the details of their manufacture. In a long range of rooms is shown a series of connected exhibits entitled, "An English Piano in the Making." You will not fail to note, as you look at the iron frame of the most modern instruments, how the original type of the harp, the piano's great ancestor, still persists. No matter how the frame may be braced and adapted to withstand the tremendous strain of the wires in the "iron overstrung grand," the harp is still plainly traceable. Working models of actions heighten the interest and instruction of this exhibit, and visitors are allowed to touch the key of these dumb models in order that they may trace in detail the whole working of hammers and dampers. We are apt to forget what a lot of complicated things happen between the pressure of the key by the finger and the striking of the string by the hammer. And a great deal happens, too, before the mechanism falls back into its original position ready for the next touch. But it is all over in a fraction of a second. Really, we take the piano so much for granted that we seldom stop to inquire into its mechanism, and so fail to realise what a wonderful thing it is. But not after we have traced its working at Wembley.

**Mechanical Music.** That great feature of modern life, the mechanical reproduction of music, is, needless to say, magnificently represented at the Empire Exhibition. A large hall is devoted to the productions of one of the leading manufacturers, whose instruments are continually demonstrating the finest of all "records." Here you may enjoy an endless concert in luxurious comfort, or, if you wish to test instruments or "records," you have at your disposal sound-proof rooms and the services of skilled experts. Part of the hall is fitted up like a library, but the shelves are filled not with books, but with "records." This is one of the most remarkable features of the Exhibition.

**The S.W. Corner.** The south-west corner of the Palace, which we are now entering, contains a very rich and extensive variety of exhibits. Its main avenue is known as the South-West Walk, and as we follow it in a southerly direction we have first, on the right hand, the exhibit of Scientific Instruments, and on the left the Section of Lace and Embroidery. A great attraction in this part of the Palace is the exhibition of Nottingham and Ayrshire lace. From this we pass to the Stationery, with which is included many magnificent specimens of artistic printing and book-binding.

**Paper-Making.** The basis of all this is paper, and the leading paper-makers have combined to demonstrate their art and craft by a complete installation of paper-making machinery. The various firms exhibit their processes in rotation, and a large sign informs the public what firm is represented on any particular day. One of the most beautiful processes to watch is the making of the delicate tissue paper. At one end of the machine the highly diluted pulp pours out upon a flat trough, and is thence carried to a travelling wire-web where the moisture soaks away. The partially drained pulp is then caught upon blankets and is carried forward to be gradually dried between a series of heated rollers, during which process it turns from pulp to paper, and so on until the finished fabric—in this instance of a beautiful golden colour—is wound into a great web upon the roller at the far end of the machine. To the uninitiated observer the making of paper has in it something magical, so sudden and surprising is the transformation of what looks like muddy yellowish liquid to the firm texture of the finished paper.

**The Approach to Chemistry.** Our tour has now brought us back to the neighbourhood of the food section, where you may, if you care to do so, make a more detailed examination of the chocolates and sweetmeats manufacture, or, instead, following the next parallel avenue to the north, visit the section of carpets and linoleum, and pass from there into the very interesting section of furniture and decorative textiles. Still keeping in an easterly direction, you may traverse the gallery devoted to pottery and glassware, and so reach once more the East Walk, where, leaving the Ulster Pavilion and crossing the North Walk, you will reach that most important part of the Palace of Industry, the north-eastern enclosure devoted to the illustration of theoretical, commercial, and industrial chemistry.

**The Soap-Bubble Fountain.** First take a walk right down the avenue, noting, as you go, the soap-bubble fountain, like a great pillar of snow. Look closer, and you will find that here you have probably the biggest lather ever made; the frothing soap-bubbles pour slowly over from the top of the pillar, and another cascade, is constantly descending from a girdle half-way down.

**Dyestuffs.** The important dyestuff industry has for its sign a golden pillar surmounted by a block of coal which turns, every now and then, to a rich series of colours. The meaning of this is obvious—that coal-tar is the basis of all modern dyes. We have moved a long way from the days of indigo and ochre, and still further from those of Lydia, St. Paul's friend—the seller of purple dye—whose



AN AUSTRALIAN LUBRA: "JUANJU": A CARVING IN WOOD, IN THE AUSTRALIAN PAVILION.

Lubra is the aboriginal name for a native girl. The carving is by Robert Prenzel.—[*Photograph by Campbell-Gray.*]

wares were derived from the *murex*, or purple fish of the Mediterranean. The dyer of the present is first of all a chemist, who works cunningly with retorts and talks to you of Paranitraniline or Schaeffer salt. Outside his booth at Wembley he shows you a beautiful little model of a typical dyestuff manufacturing shed, with all the apparatus represented in miniature.

**Germ-Killers.** In the section of disinfectants you may watch the process of emulsifying a famous germicide, or take salutary warning from a microscope slide, enlarged many hundred diameters, and showing the horrible results of a sneeze. Not less frightful, although more familiar, is the slide that tells the truth about a drop of water; but there is comfort in the neighbouring exhibit revealing the air purified by a well-known disinfecting fluid. This will enable you to gaze with equanimity on the fearsome magnified model of the common flea, *Pulex lectuarius*. The wares in attractive vials and packings represent the long results of science. Something may be learned of the patient processes of the laboratory by a visit to the Scientific Section. Here the ways of the invisible molecule are made visible in a series of models illustrating the latest theories of the structure of crystals. Close by, you may study the vitamin, or trace the preparation of beneficent anæsthetics, and specifics for the alleviation or cure of ills.

**The Palace of Art.** Into the attractions of this treasure-house space forbids us to enter. The art exhibits can only be commended in the present article. The separate show under the same roof, the Queen's Dolls' House, has proved one of the most popular of the Wembley exhibits. It is described in detail elsewhere.

# WEMBLEY, PLACE OF PICNICS AND FUN: THE AL FRESCO SIDE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL-GRAY, AND TOPICAL.



PICNICKING ON THE GRASS AT THE 'BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION: VISITORS AT THEIR EASE ON THE AUSTRALIAN LAWN.

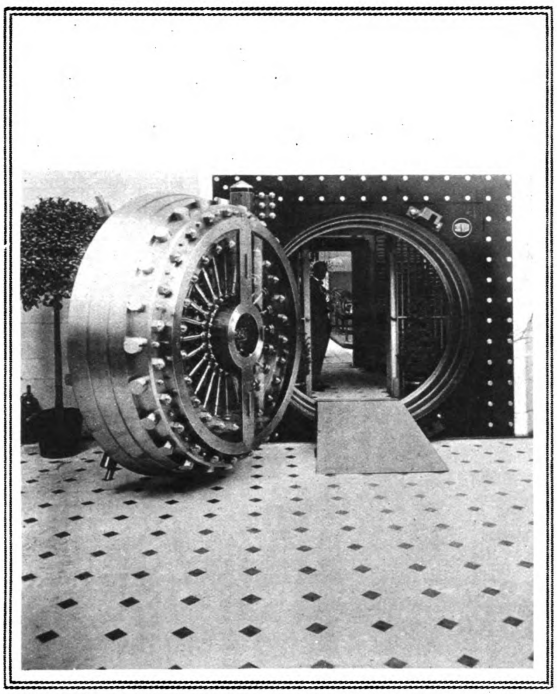



THE FUN CENTRE OF THE EXHIBITION: IN THE MAIN ROAD OF THE GREAT AMUSEMENTS PARK, ON A BUSY DAY.

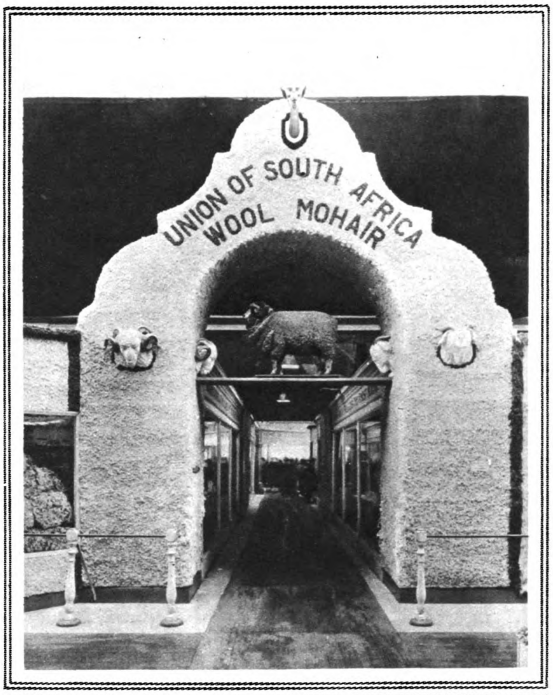
The Wembley Exhibition is exceptionally well supplied with restaurants and cafés of all classes; but so many are the visitors that this does not prevent quite a number of them taking their own food with them and picnicking on lawns in the grounds. This *al fresco* side of the Exhibition is, indeed, becoming one of its sights. As to the Amusements Park, that, of course, is thronged, and in it are to be found attractions representative of all such great show-grounds, from the most elaborate switchbacks to the simplest of pence-drawing "stunts." This section of the Exhibition—our readers will recall—has been visited by royalties on quite a number of occasions, and the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York, especially, have enjoyed the switchbacks and similar items.

# FROM BANK STRONG-ROOM TO ALTAR-PIECE: WEMBLEY EXHIBITS.

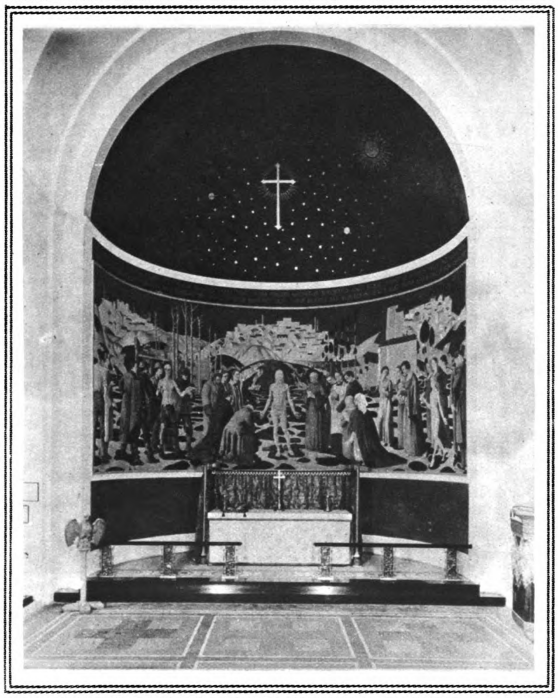
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL-GRAY AND I.B.



WITH LOCKS THAT CAN BE SET AT OVER TWO MILLION COMBINATIONS: A 30-TON STRONG-ROOM DOOR.




THE WOOL INDUSTRY OF SOUTH AFRICA: SHEEP'S WOOL AND MOHAIR AS A DISPLAY.



THE BASILICA FOR THE EXHIBITION OF ECCLESIASTICAL ART, IN THE PALACE OF ARTS: THE ALTAR, "SERVICE AND SACRIFICE."




THE WONDERS OF MODERN WEAVING: A LOOM WITH ITS JACQUARD AND ITS "WARP" AND "WEFT," IN THE COTTON SECTION.

The circular strong-room door illustrated on this page is by Chatwood. It weighs nearly thirty tons, yet is so perfectly balanced that a man can swing it shut with one hand. It is 20 inches thick, and is fitted with two letter locks which can be set at over two million combinations. There are, in addition, four-movement time locks, which make it possible for the door to be locked so that it cannot be opened by anybody until the pre-arranged time.—— Mohair is the wool of the Angora goat.——Ecclesiastical art plays an important part in the Palace of Arts, and is to be found in a basilica which can hold some 400 people. The fine altar-piece illustrated is entitled "Service and Sacrifice," and is by Mr. Lawrence.——The Jacquard loom is world-famous, and was invented by Joseph Marie Jacquard (1752-1834). It may be adjusted to any loom, obviates guidance by hand, and thus revolutionised weaving.

# The Times

## THE GREATEST POWER IN MODERN ADVERTISING

FOR nearly a century and a half *The Times* has been the outstanding national newspaper of Great Britain. Its great history combined with an enterprising modern outlook; the authority with which it speaks, and the superb quality of its printing and production, maintain it in an unassailable position as the leader of the British Press.

And as it is the greatest force in journalism, so it is the greatest power in advertising. It is the one indispensable medium for all announcements intended for the wealthy, official, professional and business classes.

Each day's issue speaks for itself. Both the volume and the character of the advertising carried by *The Times* prove how indispensable it is to the advertiser seeking an entrance to the British Market.

Advertising men visiting England this year will be able to test these facts on the spot. But *The Times* is at any time happy to supply further information. If you desire to know more of Britain's greatest advertising medium, get in touch with

**VISITORS**

*to England for the A.A.C. of W. Convention or the British Empire Exhibition will find a welcome either at the Times Office or at The Times Building at Wembley. The latter occupies a magnificent site facing the main entrance gateway, and contains a Reading Room and Lounge. All The Times publications are available there, and every assistance is offered to visitors.*




# The Times

**Printing House Square**
**London, E.C.4, England**

# Fashions and Fancies.

**Bargains at Gorringe's.** It is superfluous to talk about the treachery of our English summer, for so much has been said and written on this subject. The woman of discernment sees that her wardrobe contains clothes suitable for both hot and cold days during the summer months, for a hot July day may herald in a chilly day that savours of October, and catch the unwary unprepared. A coat and skirt should always be included in the wardrobe of every woman, and one that is ideal for cold summer days or early autumn is the light grey velours suit on page 160, for which Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., is responsible. It is obtainable in both grey and mole, and the mole fur collar adds to its warmth and comfort. The coat has long revers, and fastens in front with one button, and the skirt is quite plain. It is a real bargain, and one that should not be missed, for it has been reduced from 10½ guineas to 7 guineas.

**A Useful Coat.** Gorringe's are also responsible for the useful velours coat with a coney fur collar. This is also greatly reduced in price, from 6½ guineas to 98s. 6d. It is half-lined with fancy polonaise, and is ideal for motoring. This coat is obtainable in many shades, such as tan, brown, mole, etc.

**The "Rogart" Woollen Cardigan.** Unique value is to be found in Gorringe's sports department, as everything has been greatly reduced regardless of cost. Among the many notable bargains is the "Rogart" woollen cardigan, which is effectively woven to represent the Fair Isle design. Made in a variety of artistic colourings, including brown and blue, almond and fawn, powder-blue and gold, etc., it seems incredible that the sale price of this useful cardigan is only 15s. 9d.

**Fashionable Shoes.** There is nothing that can so easily make or mar the *tout ensemble* of the well-dressed woman as her footwear, so particular care should be taken in choosing this. From Hanan and Son, 203, Regent Street, W.1, come the shoes illustrated on this page. In the centre is a pair of white ooze, with tan calf straps, they are ideal for summer wear, be it at the races, on the river, or at garden-parties, etc. These shoes are also supplied in patent and black ooze, and in blue ooze with blue kid straps. The photograph on the left shows a pair of grey kid river shoes with grey ooze straps. Beautifully modelled and of perfect fit, these are obtainable also in black ooze and patent, and black satin and gun-metal. It is unnecessary to draw attention to the fascinating little boudoir mules on the right, for no true daughter of Eve can fail to notice and covet these. The ones illustrated are of pink satin embroidered with sprays of flowers. Many other pastel shades are available, and they are also carried out in a variety of rich brocades. A fully illustrated catalogue will be sent on application to the above address.



*Hanan and Son, 203, Regent Street, W., have created these shoes for the fashionable plages. They are of white ooze strapped with tan calf.*



*Grey kid and grey ooze are seen in happy alliance in the shoes above, which hail from Hanan and Son.*



*Every daughter of Eve will revel in these pink satin mules that owe their origin to Hanan and Son.*

**Expanding Suit-Cases.** The holiday season is now in full swing, and lucky possessors of a "Revelation" expanding suit-case realise the manifold advantages of the same. This suit-case is obtainable from the Revelation Expanding Suit-Case Company, 169, Piccadilly, W.1. It has fourteen locking positions, and is rigid and not of the concertina type, so that once locked in any one position it cannot expand. Accommodation is provided for the contents of two suit-cases when fully extended, or, again, it will contract to meet the needs of a week-end visit. Should a visit to the salons in Piccadilly be impossible, a fully illustrated catalogue will be sent gratis and post free, together with the name of the nearest agent.

**Remnants Made Up.** Many who have taken full advantage of the summer sales, and have been fortunate enough to secure bargains in remnants, will now be faced with the problem of where they can get them made up. On receipt of a postcard we shall be pleased to furnish the name and address of a dressmaker who will undertake to do this. She is likewise exceedingly clever in the matter of renovations, and will convert a coat and skirt into a coat-frock in a satisfactory manner.





*SUNSHINE and VENTILATION*
*—the best tonics for the hair*

The old-fashioned French hair-dressers' dictum.

Sunshine you can get occasionally. Aeration you can always have if you use the right hair brush. Such a brush you have in the MASON PEARSON, the *original* pneumatic rubber cushion brush.

Its patent spired tufts of wild-boar bristles *(the only really efficient hair-brushing material)* sweep pleasantly through the hair, cleaning and untangling it, separating the strands and allowing them to fall back lightly on one another, in that full-looking condition of aeration, which is the primary necessity for healthy and beautiful hair.

*Made in four grades: 'Junior' 7/6, 'Popular' 10/6, 'Standard' 15/-, and 'Extra' 18/6, in both 'Handle' and 'Military' Styles.*

*You can obtain from:*
*Boots', Harrods', Barkers', Selfridge's, Army & Navy Stores, Civil Service Stores, Lewis & Burrows', Timothy White's, and all High-class Hairdressers, Stores and Chemists, or direct (post free) from:—*
**Mason Pearson Selling Agency, 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.**

**MASON PEARSON**
**London — England**



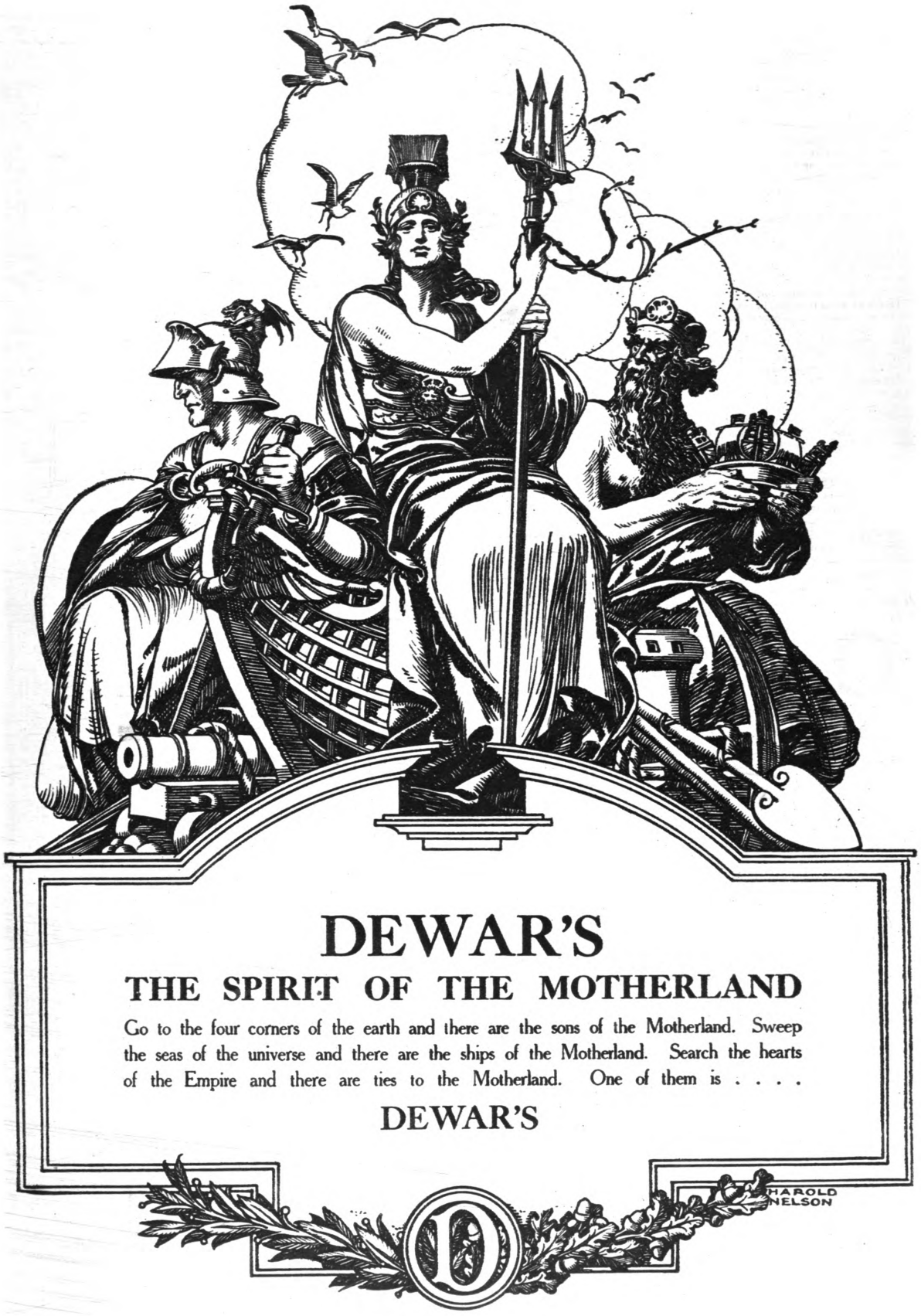
SHOES are a man's most pardonable vanity. A man would rather you thought his excellent neck-ties and his remarkable socks were an accident. But he will freely admit he's particular about the shoes on his feet.

WHY? Because shoes aren't millinery. They're leather. They're related to saddles and cricket balls and proud masculine things like that. Leather's got to be leather or it isn't the thing in the masculine code.

THE Lotus and Delta boots and shoes are made for the man who, for his feet, wants first things first. The two first things are perfect dryness and perfect comfort and ease. And the third? The third is shapeliness and style and the Lotus and Delta shoes give this also. Richly!

*Lotus & Delta*
SHOES OF STANDING
*Prices from 25/- to 45/-*

LOTUS, LTD., STAFFORD & Northampton. *AGENTS* EVERYWHERE




# DEWAR'S

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MOTHERLAND

Go to the four corners of the earth and there are the sons of the Motherland. Sweep the seas of the universe and there are the ships of the Motherland. Search the hearts of the Empire and there are ties to the Motherland. One of them is . . . .

## DEWAR'S

## THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE KING and Queen had more personal presentations made to them at the second Garden Party at Buckingham Palace than at the first. To every one of the presentees there were some kindly words spoken, and, apart from these individual introductions, their Majesties moved about separately among their general guests for over an hour, speaking to someone at every few steps. The Queen looked as beautiful and stately as ever, but a little tired, which is not to be wondered at, as she has never spared herself. The Queen of Spain looked what she has become—a really beautiful woman who knows how to dress. She was in silver-grey crêpe-de-Chine, with long silk and chenille fringe falling from a low girdle of raised embroidery in a similar shade of grey. A hat of silver gauze was worn, with a brush of grey ostrich feather jutting out over the left ear. A dainty silver-grey suède bag embroidered in silver was carried, and no sunshade. Possibly Queen Victoria Eugénie thought our English sun was not powerful enough to call for protection. Our own Queen had a sunshade, but did not use it. It was amusing to hear some of the guests, probably from far away, guessing at the identity of the royal party. A fair-haired Maid-of-Honour was acclaimed as Princess Mary. The Queen of Spain was said to be Lady Patricia Ramsay, but not by Canadians, who knew their some-time royal Governor-General's daughter better than anyone. Mr. Hansell, the tall and good-looking tutor to the King's sons when boys, was certainly a very flattering representative of the Prime Minister in turn-out as in looks. Many other shots were made at identifying celebrated individuals—some nearer the mark than those I mention.

Lady Wavertree was obliged to have her tennis for the Hackney Branch of the Invalid Children's Aid Association on Sunday, because some of the exhibition players had to leave sooner than they expected for Paris to take part in the Olympic Games, and so were unable to play on the Monday, as originally intended. It was, as Lady Wavertree's functions usually are, a success, in which the weather graciously consented to play a principal part. King Manoel was there with Queen Augusta Victoria. He wore a grey striped flannel lounge suit and a soft grey felt, and his neat little Queen was in navy-blue satin, and wore a small hat to match with some white in it. King Manoel is himself very good at tennis, and watched the games with interest, helping to get the net right when it sagged. Princess Helena Victoria was present, also



*Velours is used for the coat and skirt on the left, as well as for the wrap-coat on the right. At Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.*

(*See page* 158.)

dressed in navy-blue, and attended by Miss Du Cane. Lady Wavertree's dress was a charming one of fuchsia red crêpe Romaine finished with fringes the same colour. A hat of pink crinoline straw was worn, finished with velvet and flowers the colour of the dress. Her Chow dog's chestnut hair was tied up with ribbon matching its mistress's dress.

Looking on were Lady Linlithgow in black, with her two pretty little daughters in green; Lord Albemarle; and Lord and Lady Bury. Lady Ludlow (whose very long and handsome feather boa, shaded from flame colour to nut-brown, rude Boreas would insist on nearly smothering her in, until she had it tucked down against the back of her chair and leant against it) was beautifully dressed in brown, and had a very small and most consequential-looking buff Pekingese dog with her, very anxious to fight his big compatriot the Chow. He was, however, not so valiant or alert when the burglars visited Bath House. Next night, however, he barked loudly, to his mistress's distress, for her nerves were quite naturally on edge. There were many others present of light and leading in the social and tennis circles.

It is a long time since there has been a big frolic in the Albert Hall; happily, our Overseas visitors were not allowed to go home without having the opportunity for seeing what one is like. The Heart of Empire Ball was a remarkably good specimen too. The Queen of Spain was present, and the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Helena Victoria, and Princess Marie Louise. The feature of the occasion was the number of processions symbolic of places and things of note in the Empire. Lady Diana Cooper made a fine Britannia; and the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, in a robe of red almost flame colour, represented Deidre, a legendary Queen of Ireland, and was surrounded by a little Court as picturesque as herself. Lady Kylsant, who was on the committee, and with whom Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise dined before the ball, arranged the Welsh group, in which her handsome young daughters took part. Viscountess Curzon was a representative of dear old England; about her, however, there was nothing old and everything beautiful. Miss Cook, daughter of the High Commissioner for Australia, and Lady Cook represented that continent; and Canada, a very fine daughter of Empire, had a fitting representative in our Canadian Countess of Minto, in gleaming silver and snow-like white fur, her head-dress set round with stars, and in her hand a bunch of gloriously coloured maple leaves. The Overseas visitors must have loved the representatives of their various home places, for they were all charming. A. E. L.


# OSTEND

*Why not go to Ostend for your Holiday?*
*It is the Seaside Resort de Luxe.*

**Horse Racing on 63 days for Four Million Francs in Prizes:**

July 27th, Grand Prix ... Frs 100,000
August 31, Grand International Frs 500,000

## ALL CASINO ATTRACTIONS

**Roulette, Trente et Quarante — Baccarat.**

## SPECIAL GALA NIGHTS

**As on the Riviera.**

Engagements include HARRY PILCER, MAURICE and LEONORA HUGHES, RAQUEL MILLER, DOLLY SISTERS, the SAKHAROFF and the well-known ITALIAN BALLET.

## AT THE CLASSICAL CONCERTS:

YSAYE, JACQUES THIBAUT, RUBENSTEIN, &c.





## A Hint on Gear Changing—IV.

NEVER use force on the gear lever when things go wrong, as sometimes they will, and do not hold the clutch out when you are in difficulties. With the lever in neutral and the clutch IN it is easy to prepare for the silent engagement of any gear by glancing at the speedometer and adjusting the engine speed to suit the speed of the car.

It is, in fact, possible to engage the gears silently without declutching, and no experiment will demonstrate more thoroughly the essential theory of gear changing.

**B.S.A. Cars (Daimler Engines)**

| OPEN CARS | SALOONS |
|---|---|
| 14 hp. £385 | 14 hp. £415 |
| 16 hp. 470 | 16 hp. 500 |
| *Six-cylinder "Sixteen."* | *Four-cylinder "Fourteen."* |

BY APPOINTMENT

THE Daimler COMPANY, LTD. COVENTRY

Q.K.103



*By Appointment.*

# Street's
## 94 Years'



*By Appointment.*

# Advertising Experience.

A LARGE number of British Manufacturers have yet to learn about the power of Advertising and its capacity for Goodwill building.

The fact is, Great Britain has always been an exporting nation, and while scientific manufacture has been developed to the highest pitch, the science of selling, which embraces advertising, has lagged far behind.

This is the probable explanation. In pre-war days, with stable exchanges, it was comparatively easy to ship goods on Merchants' indents, and there, so far as the manufacturer was concerned, the matter ended, the merchandising being left to the importing Merchant. War's aftermath produced an entirely new set of conditions, in which salesmanship is of first importance for the regaining lost markets, the opening new ones, and, above all, in the development of the Home Market.

American Manufacturers are very highly organised on the Sales side, because ever since Industry developed in the U.S.A. American Manufacturers have been competing fiercely in their Home Market, and only those manufacturers whose selling organisation was as perfect as their manufacturing side could hope to survive. Admittedly the American Market differs in many particulars from the British, but the guiding principles are similar, and to American Manufacturers Advertising is the sheet anchor.

What is advertising? It certainly is not the issuing of a few pieces of 'copy,' a few posters, and an heterogeneous collection of showcards and literature—such a proceeding merely invites failure. Advertising is a serious business; there must be a definite purpose behind each and every advertising scheme, and the closest possible link-up with the Sales policy.

**Without Knowledge of Basic Facts and Advertising Values, you cannot Advertise successfully, however Brilliant the Ideas you may have formulated.**

Street's Agency has been established for 94 years, but in outlook and viewpoint it is fresh and vigorous. It fully realises the necessity of close co-operation between Sales objectives and Advertising, and seeks to work intimately with its clients. These latter are many and varied, and embrace the names of many world-wide known articles. For instance, among others, Street's advertise the best-known Nursery Soap, a rapidly progressing Cigarette, the best-known Brandy, the best-known Empire Wine, a popular Lime Juice, a Cocoa that is a household word, a business Educational Establishment of International repute, the Floor Polish that is making history, a world-famous Nursery Medicine.

In addition to manufactured articles, the publicity of many leading British and Overseas Banks, Finance, Shipping and Transport Companies is entrusted to Street's.

In the course of a year the Press Arrangements for a very considerable amount of Capital emissions are carried out by the Agency. In a word, Street's Agency is organised to carry out any kind of Advertising in any part of the world.

## Seek Advice from those who Know.

If you have never Advertised, if you have an unsolved problem, get in touch with Street's Agency. Preliminary interviews are gladly given, and no obligation is incurred by the fact that one or more interviews take place. Street's Service is the Service of brains, not cut rates. They compete for business when so invited, not otherwise, on the basis of Service only.

## G. Street & Co., Ld.,

*Incorporating*

**Leathwait & Simmons.**

**6, Gracechurch Street, E.C. 3.**
*'Phone:* Avenue 5311 (3 lines).

**34, Throgmorton Street, E.C. 3.**
*'Phone:* London Wall 2664.

**8, Serle Street, W.C. 2.**
*'Phone:* Holborn 2808 (3 lines).

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

*By J. D. SYMON.*

To chase a story round the world and through the ages is a sport that can be enjoyed in its full zest only by the accomplished folk-lorist, but even the less deeply informed may play the game with pleasure, if more superficially. There are books, intended in the first instance for the student, which have yet a powerful fascination for the general reader. The text of the ancient stories forming the foundation of such books provides excellent pastime for those whose taste lies towards knowledge of that sort. The layman in folk-lore and ethnology may read for the legend alone, and may take as much or neglect as much as he pleases of the scientific commentary. But so engrossing is the commentary that very likely he will be won at length to examine the whole question more critically, and so become *malgré lui* a serious student of folk-lore.

. . . . . .

There is plenty of opportunity for pastime or for minute study in a very remarkable work of which the first volume has just appeared. It bears the enticing title, "THE OCEAN OF STORY," and is a translation of a famous Sanskrit collection of legends, the Katha Sarit Sagara, or "Ocean of Streams of Story," dating from the eleventh century of our era. The English translation, the work of the late Mr. C. H. Tawney, was first published in Bengal between 1880 and 1884. It is, however, practically unknown in Europe, and its appearance in its present sumptuous form makes a most valuable addition to the literature of Folk-lore, Anthropology, and the Comparative History of Literature. The work will extend to ten volumes in a limited edition of 1500 sets, privately printed for subscribers only by Messrs. Charles J. Sawyer, Ltd., Grafton House, London, W.1. This edition has been edited, with Introduction, fresh explanatory notes, and a terminal essay by Mr. N. M. Penzer. There is also a Foreword by Sir Richard Carnac Temple, Bart.

. . . . . .

The author of "The Ocean of Story" was Soma or Somadeva (*deva* is a mere suffix to the names of Brahmans), who wrote his stories for the amusement of Suryavati, wife of King Ananta of Kashmir, at whose court Somadeva was poet. The history of the royal house of Kashmir was at that period troubled and tragic. Ananta abdicated in favour of his eldest son in 1063, and was restored only to be again attacked. In despair he killed himself, and Suryavati threw herself on the funeral pyre. This was in 1081. Between these two crises it is believed that Somadeva compiled "The Ocean of Story," probably to take the mind of the queen off her troubles. This tragic history forms as dark and grim a background for the setting of Somadeva's tales as did the plague of Florence for Boccaccio's "Cento Novelle" nearly three hundred years later.

In this collection the reader will recognise familiar tales. The student of Indian literature will find well-known stories from the Hindu classics. A main thread runs through the recital, but Somadeva and his characters constantly digress to tell other stories suggested now by this, now by that, turn of the narrative. Whole cycles of myth appear, often to the almost entire obscuring of the main theme, and the result to Western readers who have neither the patience nor the memory of Orientals is somewhat confusing; but the editor has devised a careful system of numbering and lettering, so that the reader may easily pick up the thread of a story long suspended.

. . . . . .

Among the well-known motives that appear are a kinsman of the story of the pound of flesh, the familiar old theme of importunate lovers befooled by virtuous ladies, and the innocent man wrongly suspected of intrigue. The last *motif* will be found in the incident of the artist Vararuchi, who, being commissioned to paint the portrait of a queen, guessed by intuition "all her lucky marks," and so incurred the wrath of the king, Yogananda. He was ordered for execution, but saved himself by proving to the chamberlain that he had a Rakshasa, or malicious demon, for a friend. The name of these superhuman monsters means "harmer" or "destroyer"; their appearance is terrifying; they prowl about burying-grounds at night, but have the power of bestowing riches on those they favour.

. . . . . .

A story that has variants in all languages is that of the Cunning Siddhikari, who plays a trick that occurs in the old West Highland tale of the shifty lad. It is the same ruse whereby "Punch" outwits the hangman. Siddhikari had hired herself as serving-maid to a rich merchant, whose hoard of gold she stole and decamped. She was pursued by a Domba, one of a low caste whose members officiate as executioners. This fellow intended to rob her, but when he came up with her at the foot of a Nyagrodha tree, she said in a plaintive manner: "I have had a jealous quarrel with my husband, and I have left his house to die, therefore, my good man, make a noose for me to hang myself with." Then the Domba thought: "Let her hang herself. Why should I be guilty of her death, especially as she is a woman?" and so he fastened a noose for her to the tree. Then Siddhikari, feigning ignorance, asked the Domba to show her how the noose was to be slipped round the neck. Obligingly he stood on the drum which Dombas carry, and put the rope round his neck, whereupon Siddhikari kicked the drum to atoms and the Domba hung till he was dead.

. . . . . .

Now arrived the merchant in pursuit, but Siddhikari climbed the tree. One of the merchant's servants followed her, but the wily lady protested that she had always loved him, and, inviting him to kiss her, bit off his tongue. He fell bleeding and uttering indistinct syllables which so terrified the merchant, who believed that a demon had seized his servant, that he fled. Then Siddhikari went home in peace with her plunder.

. . . . . .

No story is apparently so new that it has not its parallel in ancient literature. Some years ago an anecdote went the round of the Press about a little Glasgow newsboy who by an adroit move built up a prosperous business on a halfpenny of capital. It was in the days of halfpenny evening papers. The boy bought a single copy, sold it immediately at the door of the publishing office, and, running back to the counter, said to the publisher, "By-the bye, it 's three papers for a penny," at the same time planking down his other halfpenny. He thus put himself in the way of profit and so prospered. Here in "The Ocean of Story" is the tale of "the Mouse Merchant," who, by a series of clever business moves, founded a fortune on the body of a dead mouse.

. . . . . .

The story of Rupinika, who loved a poor youth, to her mother's displeasure, has a parallel in Lucian, and in some of its later ramifications it recalls at least two well-known incidents in Boccaccio and the Squire's Tale in Chaucer It is also akin to stories in "The Arabian Nights." An allusion in this story to one of the oldest and most curious of religious customs has given Mr. Penzer opportunity to write one of his most valuable notes, the exhaustive excursus contained in Appendix IV., where he discusses the "sacred women" of the temples. Evidently Mr. Tawney did not understand or affected not to understand the precise nature of Rupinika's duties in the temple. He says, "Such people dance in temples, I believe," but Mr. Penzer remarks that what was glossed over in Victorian times may now be dealt with frankly as a branch of knowledge. He treats the subject with profound learning, as he treats every point he handles—marriage customs, demonology, social and sacred rites, and the persistence of *motifs* in story-telling

. . . . . .

The "Ocean of Story" is nearly twice as long as the Iliad and the Odyssey together. It is a "mirror of Indian imagination," an ocean full of stories of every conceivable description—"tales of wondrous maidens and their fearless lovers, of kings and cities, of statecraft and intrigue, of magic and spells, of treachery, trickery, murder and war, of blood-sucking vampires, devils, goblins, and ghouls, of beggars, ascetics, drunkards, and gamblers." Such is the wonderful medley of romance sprung from the great source of all story-telling, India, whence it passed to Persia and the Arabians, and so to Constantinople and Venice, to appear in the pages of Boccaccio, Chaucer, and La Fontaine. And even before they found literary expression these tales had permeated the world, and are part of the essential texture of all mythology, all folk-lore. To all who are interested in these questions, whether as romance or science, "The Ocean of Story" opens up a new and entrancing world.

*[Continued overleaf.*


# *Holidays on the West Coast*

**Abergele**
**Aberystwyth**
**Amlwch**
**Bangor**
**Barmouth**
**Beaumaris**
**Bettws-y-Coed**
**Blackpool**
**Carnarvon**
**Colwyn Bay**
**Conway**
**Criccieth**
**Deganwy**
**Fleetwood**
**Grange**
**Isle of Anglesey**
**Isle of Man**

The healthiest Holiday places in Summer and Autumn are on the West Coast of Great Britain.

**THE PREVAILING WINDS THEN ARE FROM THE WEST,**

and holidays spent on the West Coast mean ozone-laden breezes direct from the open sea, unblemished by city dust or smoke.

*Take your Holiday on the West Coast—there are many Resorts to choose from*

**Llanberis for Snowdon**
**Llandudno**
**Llanfairfechan**
**Llanrwst**
**Lytham Saint Annes**
**Menai Bridge**
**Morecambe**
**Nevin**
**Portmadoc**
**Prestatyn**
**Pwllheli**
**Rhosneigr**
**Rhyl**
**Southport**
**Trefriw Spa**
**Cumberland Coast**

*Illustrated Guide at any L M S Station or Town Office, or on application to the Passenger Commercial Superintendent, Euston Station, London, N.W.1.*

**TRAVEL**
**"The Best Way"**
**L M S**

PIONEER FOUNDERS OF AN OVERSEAS EMPIRE



*Drawn for Lever Brothers Limited by F. Gardner*

*The Romance of Trade*

Sunlight Soap, in the space of a few short years, has reached and maintains the largest sale in the world. Sunlight Soap has the largest sale because it is the best soap in the world; because it is made from the finest materials, manufactured by exacting methods, by happy workers in ideal surroundings; because its supreme standard of purity is jealously guarded; because the makers of Sunlight Soap realise that their first and last aim must ever be: the highest service to the public. These are some of the reasons why

# Sunlight Soap

**HAS THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD**

S 459—85

*Continued.*]

A problem that has of late years set ethnologists by the ears is the connection between the folk-lore of Asia and Egypt and that of Central America. Some time ago Mr. W. J. Perry's "The Megolithic Culture of Indonesia" and "The Children of the Sun" threw a flood of new light on this question, and in 1915 the researches of that author, of the late Dr. Rivers, and of Professor Elliot Smith had satisfied these authorities that there was "no longer any room for doubt as to the reality of the diffusion across the Pacific of the essential elements out of which the Pre-Columbian civilisation of America had been built up. They were met with a solid phalanx of opposition on the ground that "the field of inquiry was so wide and the bulk of the evidence so formidable as to render useful discussion impossible."

. . . . .

Thus the position is summarised by Professor Elliot Smith in his "ELEPHANTS AND ETHNOLOGISTS" (Kegan Paul; 15s.). He remarks that his opponents' argument is "a very strange excuse to be put forward in a scientific age that has just passed through the experience of arguing Charles Darwin's claim for half a century." He goes on to say that when this plea was so fully exploited at the Manchester meeting of the British Association in 1915, it seemed desirable to focus the discussion on one sharply defined issue, and to select a topic for argument that would eliminate all the stereotyped forms of criticism. Accordingly, Professor Smith wrote a letter to *Nature* calling attention to the fact that upon a stone monument at Copau, in Honduras, a sculptor, working several centuries before Christopher Columbus set out to discover the New World, had carved the picture of an unmistakable Indian elephant ridden by an equally characteristic turbaned *mahout*.

. . . . .

This claim raised "a clear-cut issue." It excluded the customary hostile argument of "the similarity of the working of the human mind." No reasonable man would believe that the profile of an Indian elephant and a turbaned rider could have been "independently evolved" in America by people who had never seen an elephant." The elimination of the Egyptian factor from this specific instance of the theory of cultural diffusion removed a disturbing element. But still the battle raged. The compromising elephant had to be got rid of somehow. Certain opponents denied that it was an elephant at all. Some said it was a tapir, others a tortoise, others a parrot—to wit, the Blue Macaw of Central America.

In "Elephants and Ethnologists" Professor Elliot Smith discusses in detail the problem he outlined in his letter to *Nature*. Taking the Copau sculpture as his starting point, he illustrates his subject with a multitude of instances drawn from the art of Indo-China and the Maya art of Central America. The author demonstrates that Indo-China was not only the chief source of the cultural inheritance of America, but also the chronometer that enables us, if not to determine the date of the Maya culture, at least to check and decide the merits of the rival proposals of American chronology. His conclusion is that it "can confidently be claimed as a demonstrable fact that the stream of Western culture that was effecting such profound developments in Cambodia during the centuries from the fourth to the twelfth A.D. was not stopped at the Asiatic littoral, but spread to Oceania and America."

. . . . .

Criticism of these two profoundly interesting works is a task for the expert. All that the present writer can do is to commend these treatises for their intrinsic interest to those who, without scientific knowledge, appreciate such curious records of human fantasy and art. Both books are notable contributions to the proper study of mankind.

. . . . .

Literature of the moment, even the latest, is often touched with mysticism suggestive of the Oriental rather than the hard, practical world of to-day. A recent example will be found in Mr. J. D. Beresford's new novel, "UNITY" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), a mondaine tale through which runs a strong vein of other-worldliness. It is the history of a North London girl who was a mystic—a curious account of the influence of soul on soul. The book, once begun, compels one to read to the end, although many—and those not necessarily utter sceptics—will feel that, in places, it strains credibility almost to the breaking point.




LENT TO THE WEMBLEY EXHIBITION BY THE KING: THE GOLD CASKET PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY AT THE OFFICIAL OPENING.

The sphere is hinged and rests upright on the finely modelled lions, so that it may be used as a receptacle. A feature of the design is the showing of the Dominions and Dependencies in different-coloured gold from the rest of the globe. The King has permitted the casket to be placed on view for the duration of the Exhibition. Souvenir models in gold, silver, electro-plate, bronze, and china are to be sold, any profits to go to the Exhibition.

*The casket was designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, W.*




SPENCER MOULTON

CORD TYRES

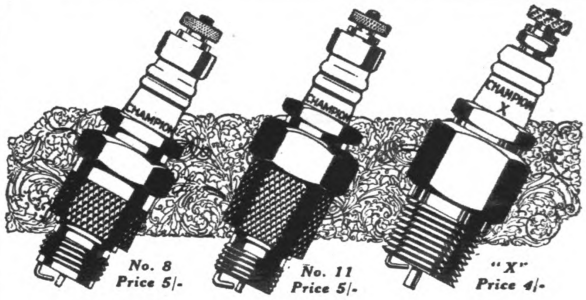
DUMB-BELL TREAD

*Dumb-bells give Grip & Strength*

NONE BETTER

*Write for full descriptive pamphlet to:—*

George Spencer Moulton, & Co., Ltd.,
2, Central Buildings, Westminster, S.W.1.




*More Power*

The nearest hill will prove to you how Champions give more power—if you install a full set.

Pickup is faster. There is greater speed. Oil and petrol are saved.

Motorists everywhere are learning that it is real economy to install new Champions at least once a year.

More than 40,000,000 Champions are in daily use. Champion makes two-thirds of all sparking plugs produced. They are outselling throughout the world.

CHAMPION X

*Champion X is the standard sparking plug for Ford cars and lorries and Fordson tractors. Recommended by dealers and owners for 12 years as the most economical and efficient sparking plug. Sold by dealers everywhere.*

*You will know genuine Champions by the Double-Ribbed sillimanite insulator. They are fully guaranteed. Sold by dealers everywhere. Champion X is 4/-. The Blue Box 5/-.*

Champion Sparking Plug Co. Ltd., 83, Pall Mall, London, SW.1

CHAMPION

*Dependable for Every Engine*

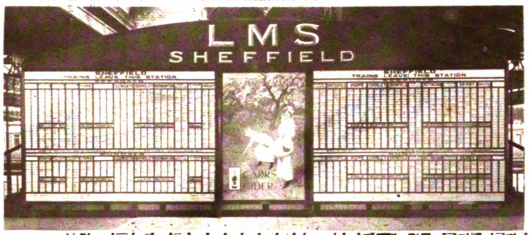
# Train Time Indicators










TRAVELLING by train plays an important part in the lives of most people. The Railways maintain efficient services, travelling is comfortable—far different from what it was even thirty years ago—and in every way they endeavour to assist the travelling public.

One of the greatest boons which have been conferred upon Railway travellers during the past few years, is the Benn & Cronin Train Time Indicator. Here is something which is filling a long-felt want; here is shown in compact and simple form the times of train departures to every station served by the Railway on whose station the Indicator is placed.

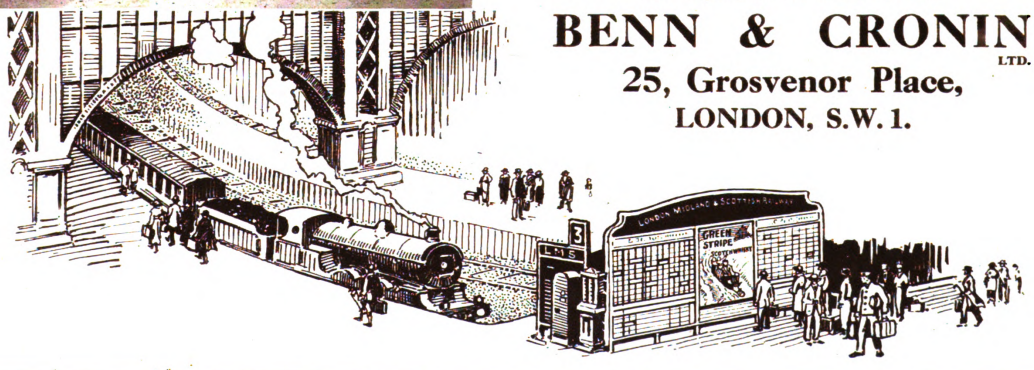
The centre portion of each Indicator is arranged to accommodate an advertiser's announcement, and just as the Indicators themselves are an original method of presenting a time-table, so also is the advertising side something different from what has previously been attempted.

Every advertisement is a picture painted in oils on canvas by a well-known artist, which is exhibited at one station for one month and then moved to another station.

This method of publicity is unique in itself, one that is attracting enormous attention and which cannot fail to interest every national advertiser.

Further particulars can be obtained from

**BENN & CRONIN** LTD.
**25, Grosvenor Place,**
**LONDON, S.W. 1.**



## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

ON the first performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's fairy opera, "The Golden Cockerel," which has not been heard in London since the War, the British National Opera Company had the pleasant experience of a crowded house. The majority of those who had heard "The Golden Cockerel" during the famous Beecham season of 1913 would naturally want to hear this curious work again, and reconsider their impressions, for of all the Russian operas produced at that time, "The Golden Cockerel"—or "Le Coq d'Or"—seemed to the average opera-goer the weirdest and most fantastic.

Fortunately, the B.N.O.C. has in some way managed to secure the extraordinarily stimulating and effective scenery and costumes of Mme. Goutcharova, designed for the original London production. One can hardly imagine Rimsky-Korsakov's "Golden Cockerel" without this setting, which is a delight to the eye, and fits the opera with amazing success. In fact, it is the only setting in the B.N.O.C. repertory which deserves to be considered as the work of a first-rate scenic artist, and its exhilarating effect upon the audience is a lesson in the value of *décor* in the staging of opera. Unfortunately, it is still the custom to consider this side of opera production as of minor importance, and operatic companies of standing will not hesitate to produce operatic masterpieces in settings which no ordinary theatrical manager or play-producer would look at for a moment. It is not a question of money, but of taste, and there is always more money than taste available for every theatrical production, whether in the West End or the provinces.

The music of "The Golden Cockerel" is particularly difficult for the light soprano who has to take the part of the Queen of Shemakha, and for the Astrologer. It lies mostly in the highest register of the voice, and Mr. Frederick Davies was only able to suggest the very peculiar timbre which is desirable in the tenor who takes the part of the Astrologer. Miss Sylvia Nelis sang her extremely florid and chromatic music with pleasingly pure intonation, but she was rather lacking in the vivacity which one feels natural in this fantastic Queen of the fairy pavilion. On the other hand, the acting of Mr. Robert Radford as the absurd King Dodon, and of Mr. Sydney Russell and Mr. William Michael, as his two sons, Guidon and Aphron, was excellent. The buffoonery of the witless sons is extremely amusing, and even more telling on the stage is the vacant, fatuous solemnity of old Dodon and General Polkan (Mr. Norman Allin). Mr. Eugene Goossens conducted, and secured a moderately good performance, but the choruses were all a bit ragged, and the orchestra seemed to lack sonority. Nevertheless, "The Golden Cockerel" is one of the best of the B.N.O.C. productions, and it is to be hoped that it will now be kept in its repertory.

The B.N.O.C. has certainly added to its reputation by its present season, whatever the financial results may have been. Good performances of "The Mastersingers," of "Figaro," and of "Parsifal" have been given, while several English operas have been produced, including Sir Alexander Mackenzie's one-act, "St. John's Eve." Dr. Vaughan Williams's "Hugh the Drover" is still to come, and will have had its first performance by the time these lines are in print. The B.N.O.C. deserves praise for its enterprise, and for the extent of its repertory, although I still consider it would do far better not to endeavour to put its whole repertory into a single season. I am sure this is a bad business policy, as well as being artistically disastrous. The London public is so large and inaccessible that it takes a long time to make it widely known what is happening in any single theatre. With such an extended repertory as we have had this season from the B.N.O.C., it is a matter for careful investigation and elaborate calculation to discover what opera is being performed on any given night, and for any ordinary business man to hear the particular opera of his choice is a matter of considerable arrangement. Moreover, there is no opportunity for the spread by report of the excellency of any one show.

For example, I am sure that the B.N.O.C. could have run their production of "Figaro" at His Majesty's Theatre for the whole of the present season with far more financial success than their vast repertory has achieved. Every night "Figaro" would have drawn bigger houses as the general public learned what an entertaining show it was. The B.N.O.C. makes a great mistake if it settles down to depend upon its regular special opera public. There is a much vaster body of people capable of appreciating such operas as "Figaro," "The Mastersingers," "Seraglio" (only we want a better production than the present one), and "The Golden Cockerel"; but this public can only be tapped by giving time for an opera to become known. Unless the B.N.O.C. taps this wider public, it will never find itself on a sound financial basis. We have the lesson of the Promenades before us. In spite of the Promenades at the Queen's Hall having been a permanent feature among London entertainment for more than a quarter of a century, both the Promenades and the Queen's Hall itself are to-day unknown to the majority of Londoners. Yet the Promenades are successful, and are now crowded nightly from August to October because, although not universally known, they are now known to sufficient numbers. Every season the B.N.O.C. gives is in itself an advertisement, and its ultimate financial success is merely a question of being able to go on regularly for long enough. The only hope for any theatrical or musical enterprise in London is to pursue persistently for a great number of years a consistent policy. Slowly in that way its existence becomes known, and its reputation is achieved.

An example of this is to be seen in the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, which, from being an obscure suburban place, unknown to anybody, has been raised by Mr. Nigel Playfair and his fellow directors into one of its leading and, perhaps, the most interesting of London theatres, with a reputation in Europe and America. A first night at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, is a theatrical event of first-class importance. This reputation has been practically made by the excellence and the extraordinarily long run of "The Beggar's Opera." The management showed cleverness in following this with a Shakespeare production, which did not take away from, if it did not add to, their laurels. To this succeeded Congreve's "Way of the World," which earned a *succès d'estime* and a fair measure of popularity. Naturally, the management at this point was fearful of losing the renown it had won. It had collected a special public, which came to the Lyric Theatre from all over London, and it had got a certain snobbish intellectual prestige which prohibited the production of the mere commercial play. It has momentarily solved its difficulty by the production of a modern comedy with music, "Midsummer Madness," the libretto of which is by a well-known young *littérateur*, Mr. Clifford Bax, while the music has been written by a young Cambridge musician, Mr. Armstrong Gibbs. In intention, the production of "Midsummer Madness" was excellent. It is certainly about time there was a new development of English light opera. The intense and prolonged popularity of Gilbert and Sullivan, as well as the success of "The Beggar's Opera," proves that there is a large public for it, but, so far, the necessary authors and composers have been lacking. And I am afraid that "Midsummer Madness"

[Continued on page VI.




WISDOM

With much knitting of brows and repeated gnawings at pencil ends, young people strive painfully to acquire wisdom from books.

The process can be carried to excess. Care of the mind must be balanced by care of the body; and in matters hygienic good soap plays an indispensable rôle. There is something more precious than wisdom to be acquired from good soap and a tub of steaming water—the exhilaration of a glowing skin and the sense of well-being that is the right of every youngster.

*The Wright's Coal Tar Soap habit is a habit that clings.*

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

*The* Ideal Soap for
TOILET & NURSERY USE.
So refreshing!



TAYMOUTH CASTLE SCOTLAND'S HOTEL DE LUXE
KENMORE, via ABERFELDY, PERTHSHIRE.
*The former Residence of the Earls of Breadalbane*
A MAGNIFICENT HOTEL AND ESTATE OFFERING ALL THE FACILITIES OF A PERFECT HOLIDAY RESORT AMIDST PALATIAL SURROUNDINGS.

PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE. TENNIS

Situated on the shores of Loch Tay amongst the most beautiful scenery in the Highlands, in a favourable, sheltered position, with sunshine and low rain records unequalled by any other Scotch Resort.
AN IDEAL MOTORING CENTRE. Extensive garage accommodation with 50 lock-ups.
HORSE-RIDING (resident riding-master and own horses).
ORCHESTRA : : DANCING
Unexcelled Cuisine and Service

SALMON AND TROUT FISHING. SHOOTING

*Station : ABERFELDY - - - - (Hotel Motors meet trains)*
*Tel. Add. : "Taymouth Castle, Kenmore." Tariff from Manager.*

The "Belsair" Hat
*(Patented)*



The joys of motoring, golfing or fishing are often spoilt through the discomfort of an unsuitable hat. This neat little Cap will solve all difficulties. It is made in straw in any colour, and **weighs 1 oz. only.**

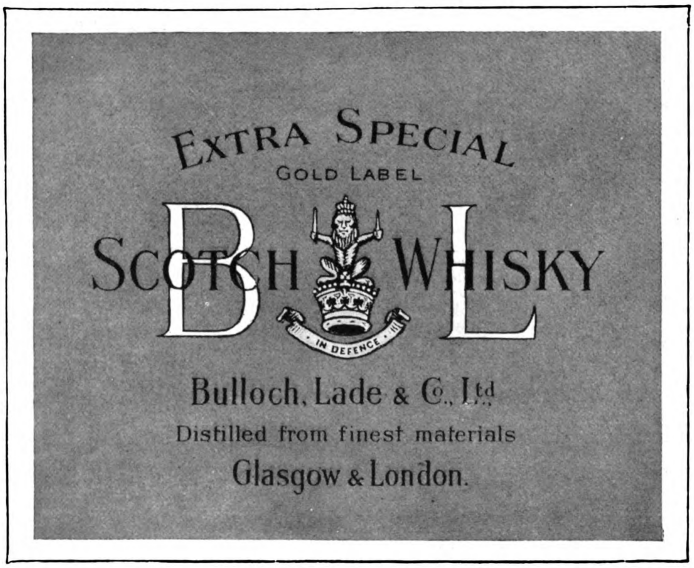
**25/9**

The success of this invention is due to the fact that the base of the head measures less round than the crown. Made to measure for each customer, but exact measurements at A and B (lower sketch) must be sent.




**Also made with brim and straw bows.**
*Goods on approval on receipt of trade references.*

BELSAIR
8, MONTPELIER STREET,
BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. 7




# 15/- *per bottle**

ANYBODY who knows the inside history of the Whisky changes of recent years knows that many brand names, while retaining some of their old-time prestige, no longer retain their old-time assurance of quality.

And wisely the claims made in selling these Whiskies are indefinite in form.

It is nearly impossible to-day to buy pre-war Scotch Whisky, and very few Whiskies bottled since the War may justly be claimed to represent the pre-war standard. One of the highest priced Whiskies retailed in the United Kingdom is B.L. Gold Label Scotch Whisky. It readily commands 15/- a bottle, because it is literally up to the Bulloch Lade pre-war standard of quality and strength. Every bottle maintains the finest traditions of blending established by Bulloch Lade in pre-war days.

## *BULLOCH, LADE & CO. Ltd.*

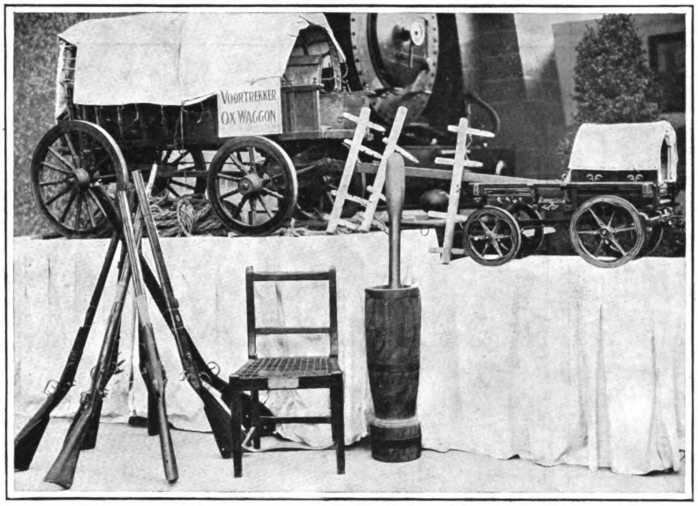
*LONDON* *GLASGOW*

* "B.L." is pre-war quality and pre-war strength—i.e. 25 u.p.

Gp20

*Continued from page 136.*

newspaper-men call "smalls." The manufacturer or the merchant in need of workmen and travellers would not know where to look for them—you cannot announce "Situations Vacant" by wireless! The tourist would have to go the rounds of shipping offices to learn the dates of sailings; and the playgoer must find some new source of theatrical information. Parted lovers could breathe their affections in no Agony Column; and Kensington Gardens might see its trees covered with the *affiches* of some new Orlando, hymning his Rosalind. The lost dog or the pocket book dropped in a train must be mourned in vain; and distressed beauty would never hear of delightful bargains at the mercer's, the modiste's, or the departmental shop. Every one of us must acquire an unheard-of expertness in the appraisal of commodities. We shall be at the mercy of the shopkeepers, and the maxim *caveat emptor*, which Advertising has done much to silence, will be loud in the land. What is more, we must pay dearer for all these desirable objects, for the cost of distributing them without the aid of Advertising will have to be borne by all who consume.




THE VOORTREKKERS: RELICS OF THE PAST IN THE PAVILION OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA.
*Photograph by S. and G.*

**Advertising and Competition.**

The service of Advertising to mankind might be less conspicuous if the Socialists had their way and there were no such thing as competition. But Advertising creates no monopoly, and the fact that anything identified with its producer must needs be of uniformly good quality, on pain of being easily discarded, makes it more, and not less, necessary to take care that what is advertised is fairly described. No aspersion on the motives of the Associated Advertisers need be read into the statement that "TRUTH IN ADVERTISING," their motto, is the best possible policy. But that this is true must surely be accepted as evidence in favour of Advertising and of advertised goods. One very interesting and quite modern development of Advertising, however, is uncompetitive as regards the trade in which it is used, though it may be very competitive indeed against rival industries. This is the Advertising known as "co-operative," where a whole industry, or a considerable part of it, combines to advertise its product generically. Such co-operations may, perhaps, be discussed with less invidiousness than the proceedings of the single advertiser. An interesting example is the Advertising of gas as an illuminant, a domestic and an industrial fuel, and a source of power. In the face of enormous developments and improvements in the distribution of electric current for all these purposes, the consumption of gas has increased in consequence of this Advertising. Incidentally, the economic value of publicity is once more illustrated here, since the price of gas is regulated by Statute, and the savings consequent upon the cheaper production of large quantities is passed on to the public. The much-abused therm may obscure the saving, but the fact is that Advertising has reduced the price of gas.

Thus it is seen that the great Convention, whose usefulness is recognised by the patronage of the Prince of Wales, represents an industry of importance and public utility. It is well that its scene should be the Exhibition which is itself, in a sense, the greatest advertisement in history.

## "THE MAGPIE."

THE *Magpie* is out and about again, and in perfect form. With a Summer Number—just published at one shilling, not two—it beats its own record for distinguished contributors. Amongst these, on the literary side, are Ernest Raymond, William McFee, Lewis, R. Freeman, Aldous Huxley, Victor MacClure, and Vicente Blasco Ibañez; while on the artistic side are G. E. Studdy, London, Bert Thomas, Will Owen, Starr Wood, Webster Murray, Wilmot Lunt, G. S. Sherwood, Fred Pegram, William Ablett, Miarko, Lewis Baumer, Gilbert Rumbold, Suzanne Meunier, W. Smithson Broadhead, Warwick Reynolds, S. H. Sime, Arthur Watts, Steven Spurrier, G. L. Stampa, W. R. S. Stott, Wallis Mills, John Kettelwell, J. A. Shepherd, Alfred Leete, and J. H. Thorpe. A number of the pictures are in colours, and many of the rest are in photogravure. Altogether, the issue is one to buy—and to keep.





APPROBATION

SHELL-MEX, LTD. SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY, LONDON

**£530**
IN PRIZES

**Ask your garage for free coloured booklet giving particulars of Competition for Prizes amounting to £530, for the best names submitted by motorists for the motoring character depicted in the above series of advertisements.**




"Meet me at the Waterman Stand No. 32 Canadian Pavilion"




Make use of the Waterman Stand when visiting Wembley—for meeting your friends, for writing your letters, for refilling your Fountain Pen. No charge, no obligation. We are pleased to render such service—and in any case, the Exhibit is *well* worth a visit. Here is what you can see:

1. The largest and smallest Fountain Pen in the World.
2. How Waterman's Ideals are made—views showing the various processes of manufacture, and specimens of the materials used at every stage, from the raw materials to the finished product.
3. A Model of the Montreal Factory.
4. A complete range of styles of Waterman's Ideals and of Waterman's Pencil—(Rigid Point)—the LIGHTEST and STRONGEST made.

**Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**

Three Types: "Regular" Type, from 12/6; "Safety" Type, from 17/6; "Self-Filling" Type (with Patent Lever, as illustrated), No. 52, 17/6; No. 54, 22/6; No. 55, 27/6; No. 56, 32/6; No. 58, 42/-. Clip-cap, 1/- extra. Presentation Pens in Silver and Gold. Nibs to suit all hands. Every Pen fully guaranteed. Of STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS. "The Pen Book" sent free on request.

**L. G. Sloan, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2**

# Dunville's




BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.
VISIT THE
ULSTER DISTILLERS' EXHIBIT
IN THE
ULSTER PAVILION.




DUNVILLE & CO., LTD.,
Royal Irish Distilleries, Belfast.
LONDON OFFICES:
239 - 241, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2
S.V. 26A.





*"The Major"*

# He knows

CAVANDER'S are right, and Cavander's maintain that Bronze Powder and Printer's Ink are best not inhaled. Cavander's roll the matured, golden Virginia Leaf in pure ***Ribbed Rice paper,*** *unspoilt by the addition of* ***Bronze Powder or Printer's Ink.***

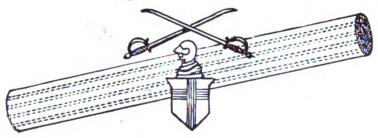
Cavander's say-don't smoke Ink-

*smoke*

Cavander's

# "Army Club"

Cigarettes



***Free from the contamination of Printer's Ink and Bronze Powder***

*(CAMBRIDGE SIZE)*

**20 for 1/3**

Cavander's Limited, Manchester and London.
The Firm of Three Centuries. Established 1775.



# BURBERRYS



*Illustrations of Models & Patterns of Solgardine Post Free.*

THE

# SOLGARDINE BURBERRY

An airylight, self-ventilating Weatherproof that protects the daintiest frock and its dainty owner from rain or wind, dust or sun.

# SOLGARDINE

offers a range of twenty-four delightful colourings, and in addition, Burberrys are showing a very fine collection of models, especially designed for this charming material, for the fashionable Summer functions.

*Every Burberry Garment bears the Burberry Label.*

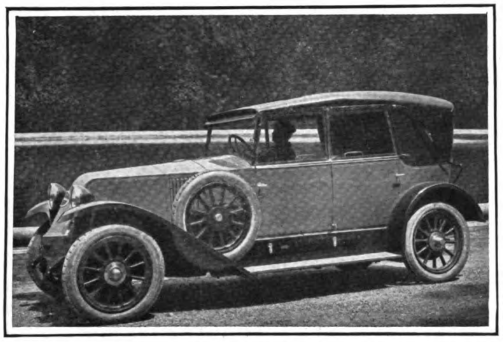
# BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON
Bd. Malesherbes PARIS ; & Provincial Agents.
*Burberrys Ltd.*

## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**The Automobile Association : Annual Meeting.**

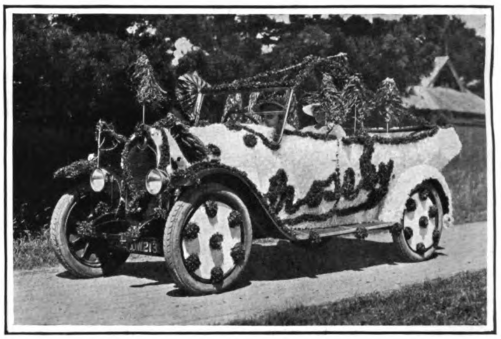
The Nineteenth Annual Meeting of the A.A. was held at the Savoy Hotel on July 9. The Right Hon. the Earl of Lonsdale, President of the Association, presided. In moving the adoption of the Annual Report, Lord Lonsdale stated that on Derby Day the A.A. reached the wonderful total of 200,000 members, and on the morning the total membership stood at 207,092. The growth of the Association was one of the most remarkable things which ever happened in the history of motoring. Fourteen years ago, when he had the honour to become President, the Association had 28,000 members, and the A.A. patrols were to be found on most of the main roads then frequented by motor-users. In 1920 they obtained a record membership, among motoring organisations of the world, of 100,000. To-day, only four years later, that huge membership has been more than doubled. In common with all important institutions, the Association received its share of criticism. Suggestions were always being received from well-wishers as to how it should be conducted. He thought, however, that even friendly critics would admit that the active support of over 200,000 motorists proved that the Association is satisfying their reasonable requirements.



WITH ALL-WEATHER BODY BY MANESSIUS: A 13.9-H.P. RENAULT.

The road patrol organisation of the Association had been considerably increased, and would always be subject to extension, in accordance with the influx of additional members. During the period under review the total mileage of the patrol in the service of members exceeded nine million miles. Starting with the Easter holiday of this year, a number of Night Road Service Outfits were put into commission, and although only three dozen of these vehicles were working during the Whitsuntide holiday, they rendered assistance during the holiday in connection with eighty-three breakdowns, gave roadside information to 1022 members, and obtained running supplies—in the way of oil, petrol, etc. — for ninety-six members.

The Association was still fighting the motorist's battle against the present unjust system of motor taxation, under which a lump sum was levied annually on vehicles, irrespective of use, so that the motorist who travelled only five hundred miles per annum paid just as much as another motor-user travelling five, or even ten, thousand miles on a similar car. The Association believed that real, fair justice in taxation would mean that the person who used the road most, and who used the most petrol, should pay most. Horse-power was not the proper way to tax motorists, therefore the tax should be based on mileage instead of horse-power. For nearly three years a Departmental Committee had been inquiring into this matter, and the Association was represented on that committee by Mr. Stenson Cooke, the Secretary of the A.A. The Report, which had just been presented to Parliament, showed a majority against a petrol tax, and a minority—consisting of the Association's representative and those of other motoring organisations—in favour of it. It was now for Parliament to decide whether they would act upon the Report of the majority or the Report of the minority. If Parliament decided to adopt the majority Report, the Association would not "throw up the sponge," but would do everything in its power to obtain what it believes to be in the best interests of members.



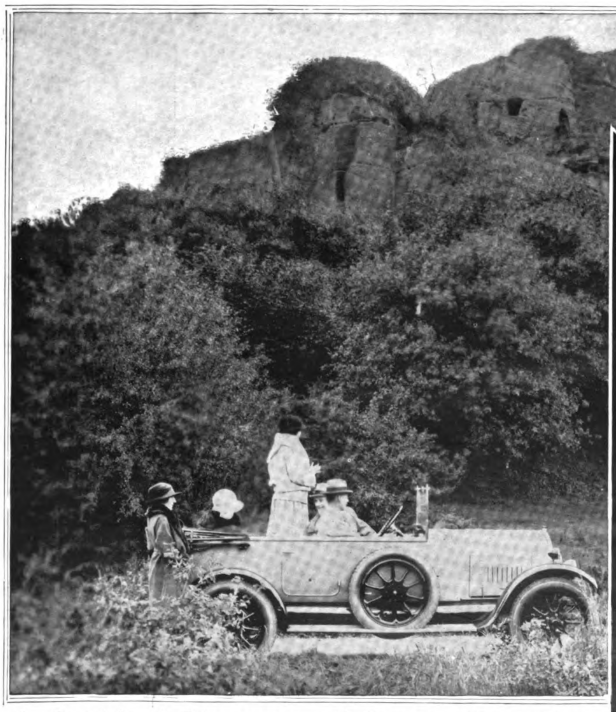
DECORATED FOR THE JUBILEE OF THE TOWN OF FIELDING, NEW ZEALAND: A 14-H.P. CROSSLEY, DECORATED AND DRIVEN BY ITS OWNER, MRS. PERRY.

The Report was carried unanimously. Mr. Charles McWhirter, Chairman of the Association, also Chairman of the Finance Committee, in presenting the accounts, stated that, as a result of the past year's proceedings, they had an excess of income over expenditure of £53,254, while the amount received for subscriptions totalled £352,765. On the expenditure side, they had spent "on the road" nearly a quarter of a million, while the second largest item was £66,402, expenses on Provincial and Continental branches.

**The Future of Trials.**

I have heard a good deal of complaint on the ground that the Press took but little notice of the recent Small Car Trial carried out by the R.A.C. In justice it should be pointed out there was really very little interest of a public nature in the trial itself. The conditions set by the R.A.C. were of such a character as to have very little attraction for the

[Continued overleaf

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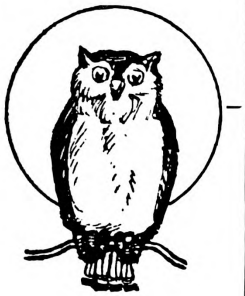
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# The Essence of Wisdom

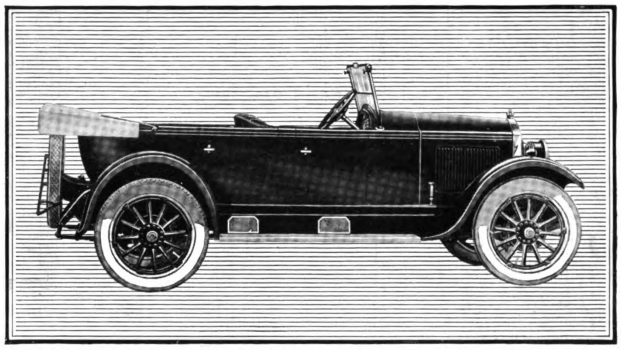
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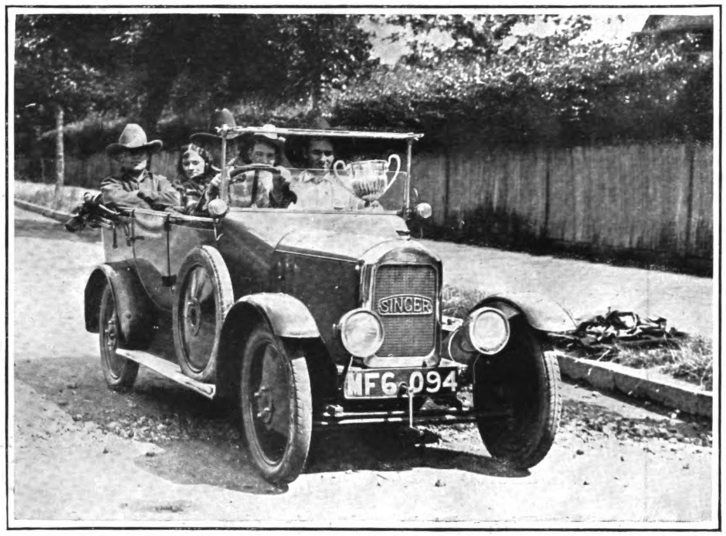
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(Continued.)

trade, to whom they were addressed and from whom support for the trial must be forthcoming. The fact that only eighteen cars started is eloquent of its want of appeal. Obviously, such an entry could not encourage the Press at large to spend time and money in giving detailed reports of each day's doings, as used to be the case years ago when anything up to fifty or sixty cars of all types competed. Let me say that the R.A.C. is not in any way to be blamed for the small entry. It set out to run a trial which should be as informative as possible to the buying public, and to be as searching as it could be of weaknesses in design and construction. It was not a trial like any other—merely a joy ride under onerous conditions, with an almost certain gold medal at the end. None of the R.A.C. trials are like that. On the contrary, no trouble or expense is spared to make them what they purport to be—a real test of reliability and performance.

The conditions, then, were certainly drastic and as tightly drawn as the wit of man can conceive. Having to be drawn up well in advance, it was inevitable that they should shut out certain cars in which detail alterations of design had been made between the issue of the conditions and the actual date of the trial. This alone reduced the entry. Again, the drastic character of the trial kept others out from very fear of what might happen to their cars, and consequently to their reputations. Nor do I blame them, knowing something of the luck of such tests. The whole thing seems to boil down to the question of whether or not it is advisable to hold such trials in the future. For myself, I am a profound believer in their value; but if they are not going to be supported any better than the one under discussion they had better be dropped. It is of no avail to hold them with sparse entries, and then to blame everybody because they are deficient in interest.




WITH THE CUP HE WON FOR BEING THE CHAMPION COWBOY IN THE BRONK-RIDING CONTEST AT WEMBLEY: HOWARD TEGLAND IN A 10-H.P. SINGER.

**A Crossley Victory at Brooklands.**

A 20-70-h.p. Crossley won the 90 miles per hour Short Handicap at the Brooklands Meeting on Saturday the 5th inst. The car was driven by L. Cushman, his average speed for the distance (approximately 5¾ miles) being 79¼ miles per hour, and his speed for the second lap being 88 miles per hour. It should be noted that the car was fitted with a standard type four-seater body. As is well known, the Crossley 20-70-h.p. Sports Model is sold with a guaranteed speed of 75 miles per hour, and certainly the results obtained on Brooklands more than justify the claims made for this model.

**The 200 Miles Race.**

Although entries for the Junior Car Club 200-Miles Race do not close at ordinary fees until Aug. 7, 1924, twelve entries for the race have already come to hand. Since the event was instituted, the Club has never before experienced such keenness to enter, and they naturally draw the conclusion that this year's race is going to be supported even to a greater extent than last year's, when over fifty entries were accepted. Each year there is quite an exciting competition amongst entrants to be the first to send in their entry forms after the regulations have been issued; for the individual who is quick enough in this direction is entitled to carry the coveted No. 1 on his car during the race. No. 1 car this year will be the Horstman entered by Mr. T. L. Edwards.

The Club would like to point out that in order to compete or enter a car for this event on Sept. 20, 1924, entrants and drivers must be elected members of the Club prior to Aug. 30, 1924. Entries close at ordinary fees on Aug. 7, 1924, or at double fees on Aug. 21, 1924. The Junior Car Club are organising a charabanc service from London to the track on the day of the event. Full particulars regarding hours of departure and price of tickets will be announced later.—W. W.





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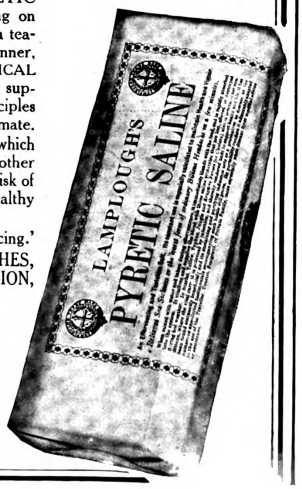

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SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1924.

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**WHILE THE REMEMBRANCE CLERKS KNELT: THE QUEEN SIGNING THE DEED OF CONSECRATION IN LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL.**

After the religious side of the impressive consecration ceremonial had been completed at Liverpool Cathedral, the practical and secular took place. The Bishop of Liverpool, having traced the cross of consecration on a pillar to the south of the sacrarium, came with his attendants to the western end of the choir, near their Majesties' stalls. Five "remembrance" clerks (seen kneeling) bore in a table of silvery oak wood on which were a gold inkstand, a white quill, the ladle for the seal, and the sand for drying the ink on the parchment, as was done in olden times. When the Chancelior of the diocese had read the "Sentence of Consecration," Dr. David inquired whether all was in order, and then signed the Deed of Consecration. The King signed next, and he was followed by the Queen. The other witnesses were the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Lord Derby, Sir Frederick Radcliffe, Sir William Forwood, and the Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE "TIMES."

# THE ROYAL VISIT TO LIVERPOOL: WELCOME AND DEDICATION.

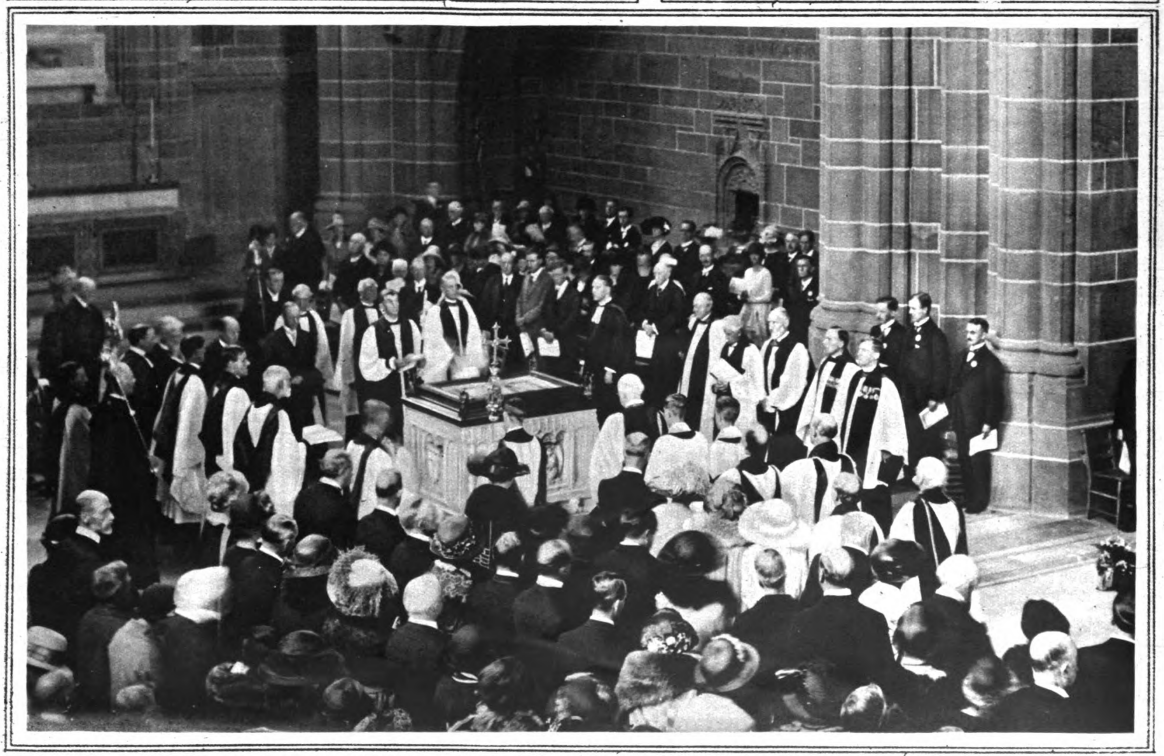
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., AND THE "TIMES."



ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL FOR THE CONSECRATION OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL: THE CITY'S WELCOME TENDERED TO THE KING AND QUEEN BY THE LORD MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL, IN ST. GEORGE'S HALL.



AFTER THE CIVIC WELCOME AND THE KING'S REPLY: HIS MAJESTY LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S HALL WITH THE QUEEN: AND FOLLOWED BY LORD DERBY, MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON, AND OTHERS.

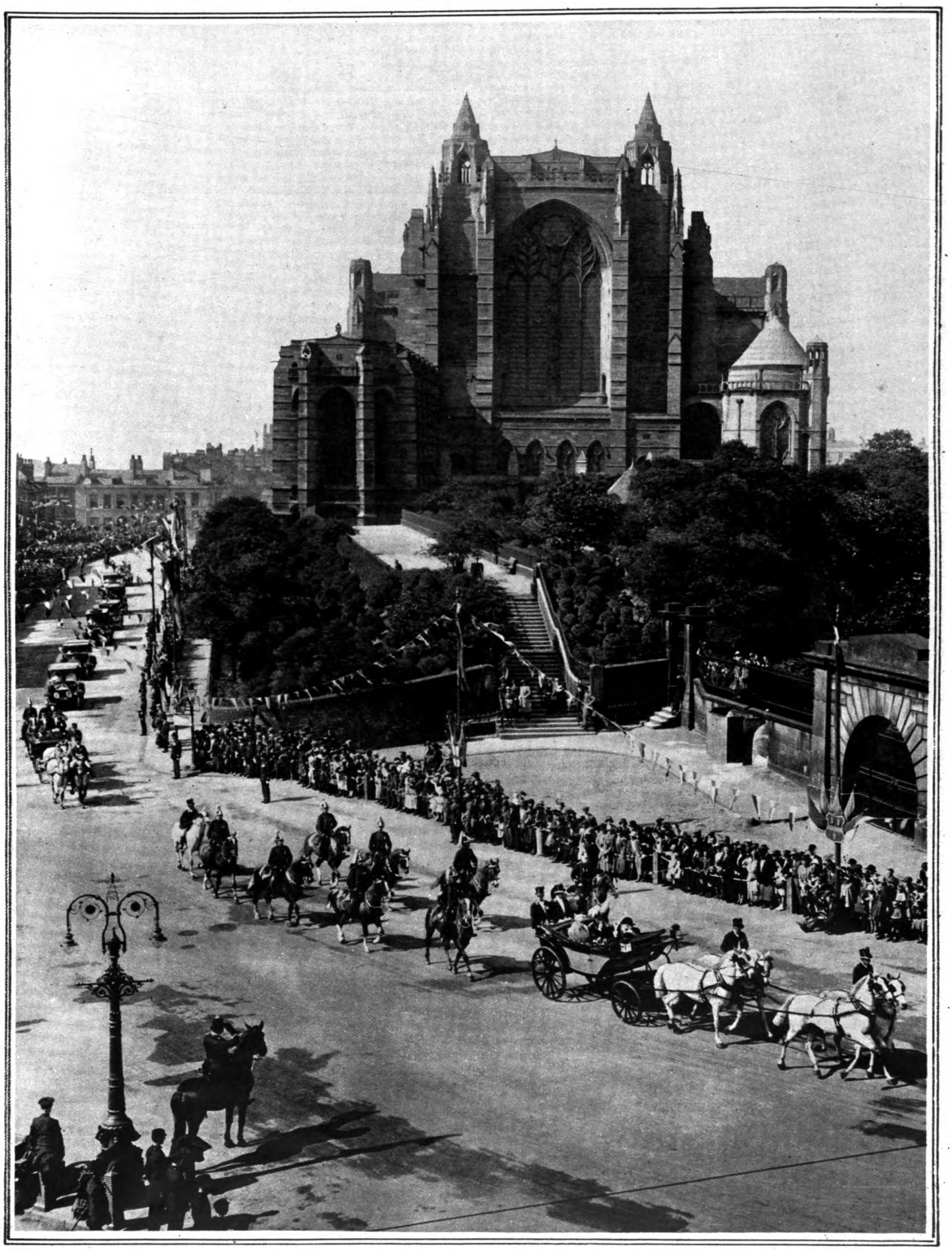


THE CONSUMMATION OF THE CEREMONY OF CONSECRATION ON THE PRECEDING DAY: THE DEDICATION OF THE NORTH TRANSEPT OF THE CATHEDRAL AND THE CENOTAPH, ON SUNDAY, JULY 20.

When the King and Queen arrived at Liverpool on July 19, for the consecration of the new Cathedral, their Majesties went to St. George's Hall, where the Lord Mayor of Liverpool voiced the city's welcome. The consecration of the Cathedral followed in the afternoon. On the Sunday their Majesties again visited the Cathedral, that they might attend the dedication of the North Transept, as the Liverpool and District Memorial to sailors and soldiers who gave their lives in the Great War. In the transept in question is a Holy Table, carved and lacquered, and below a simple reredos adorned with statues of a sailor and a soldier. In the centre of the transept is the Cenotaph, and, on the top of this, framed in bronze and protected by glass, is an illuminated roll, with the names of the 42,000 men of the Diocese of Liverpool and the Wirral there commemorated. The silk Union Jack which was upon the Cenotaph was withdrawn by Sir Arthur Stanley, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, and the Bishop of Liverpool then dedicated the transept and Holy Table and the Archbishop of York blessed the Cenotaph.

# AFTER TWENTY YEARS: THE CONSECRATION OF LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



**AFTER THE CEREMONIAL CONSECRATION OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF CHRIST, IN LIVERPOOL: THE KING AND QUEEN DRIVING FROM THE BUILDING IN PROCESSION.**

The Cathedral was solemnly dedicated on July 19th, on the twentieth anniversary of the day on which King Edward VII. laid its foundation stone. The building itself, as our readers know from the photographs we have published from time to time, is very fine, and his Majesty was certainly not in error when he called it "This great and splendid achievement of modern architecture." Its architect is the newly knighted Sir Giles Gilbert Scott. He was twenty-one when he won the competition for the best design for the Cathedral. The structure as it exists was not made according to the original plans, for in 1910 the architect produced an entirely new design for the main building. Indeed, as he said to an interviewer: "One's ideas are constantly changing, and the building is created gradually, much as coral insects build a coral reef. I have been influenced by Spain—a country, oddly enough, which I have never visited."




By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ONE thing that stamps a man as being really among the uneducated is the fact that he has a contempt for the illiterate. It is one unmistakable mark of insufficient education, and for obvious reasons. It denotes the dunce who has stuck at the alphabet and never really got beyond it—or at least never got over his surprise at getting beyond it. A.B.C. stands for Abracadabra; it was at first a mystery, and has at last become a spell or charm. But it is still a mystery in the sense that the man never gets behind it—never even thinks of getting behind it.

What is literacy? What are letters? They are a system of signals or arbitrary signs for conveying information by an accepted code, like semaphore signalling or the ancient art of heraldry. A mediæval military commander might be badly defeated through mistaking the colours and dispositions of blazoned pennons or feudal liveries. A modern military commander might be badly defeated through mistaking the messages sent by the waving of flags or the flashing of mirrors. A modern wage-slave in an industrial town would be very badly benighted and cut off if he had no printed messages to tell him of the world outside, from which everything comes and goes; where all his work goes and whence all his food comes; what are the wars for which his tea and tobacco are taxed, or what is happening in the countries from which his tea and tobacco come. It may be remarked that the simile of a signal, and the parallel with Morse or mediæval heraldry, is confirmed by the tendency to be more and more conspicuous and strike the eye from a distance. As shields and pennons were very boldly simplified and brightly coloured, that they might be seen across the battlefield, as modern signalling is abrupt and staccato, to be obvious when seen from afar, so our journalism is tending more and more to be a thing of posters and headlines, which a hurried people can appreciate at a glance and even at a distance. But a man is not a fool or a savage merely because he cannot blazon a shield or read a message in Morse. Anyhow, this is what reading and writing are—or what they are to men in a labyrinthine prison like London. They are big black-and-white signals standing up like railway-signals on the remote horizon, to tell people something about the world. The Londoner sees a hundred milk-cans delivered at Paddington Station. So far as the mere life of Paddington is concerned, he might have forgotten even what milk means. He might imagine the milk was manufactured with the can. Far away on the fringe of his horizon the cow, that fantastic animal, might have faded into a fabulous animal. Therefore, the alphabetical signals have to arrange themselves in certain angles and attitudes, and hail him from afar with the information that there is such a thing as a cow—C O W, cow. If he did not know something about where his milk came from his baby might starve or be poisoned. He does not know much about it at best; but at least if he rose in revolt over his starved or poisoned baby he would rush about looking for a cow and not for a milk-machine. In short, the modern townsman is only a part of a complicated system—or, as was more unkindly said of the ancient tailor, he is only one-tenth of a man. He does not understand a tenth or a hundredth part of his own life, his own livelihood, his own world. *He* would certainly be very ignorant if the newspapers told him nothing. As it is, he is only fairly ignorant, for many newspapers tell him lies.

In short, the man who makes the hundredth part of a pin needs newspapers to explain his own life to him. He has to be informed (or misinformed) about what he is doing and why he is doing it, and what is going to become of it. But the man with three acres and a cow does not need this information, at least in this sense. The man can milk the cow, and can, if necessary, drink the milk. He does not need a code of signals in the distance to tell him where milk comes from or where it goes to. He may be all the better for culture for other reasons, and he often has a fine culture of arts and crafts and songs and stories. But he possesses his whole life, as he possesses a whole cow and not the hind-leg of a cow. He does not need elementary education; he knows all about the foundations of life; and that great poet who wrote "Happy is he who knows the causes of things" added, concerning the farmer on his own farm, "Him shall not the clubs of the mob or the purple of the Kings appal," for he is free of all that tangle of tyranny and trickery; he governs himself. He deals with things and not merely with words; and when he does not read about things or write about things, it is because he does them. But he does a good many other things besides milking cows, as all the elaborate peasant arts of the world are there to testify. And the final outcome of all our own reading and writing, the last phase of our own literary and academic culture and good taste, has sent all the artists and æsthetes in the world dancing after the last rags of peasant embroidery and the dying echoes of the folk-song.

I was moved to meditate on these rather obvious truths by a correspondence in the *Westminster Gazette*, in which I disputed with others to whom they did not seem to be obvious. It arose indirectly out of the remarks of a very distinguished writer concerning religious education, which he seemed almost to identify with insufficient education. As a matter of fact, of course, all education is religious education—and never more than when it is irreligious education. It either teaches a definite doctrine about the universe, which is theology; or else it takes one for granted, which is mysticism. If it does not do that it does nothing at all, and means nothing at all, for everything must depend upon some first principles and refer to some causes, expressed or unexpressed. There is really nothing problematical in the problem of what was called a religious atmosphere in schools. There is a religious atmosphere of some sort in all schools, including the school in which the aged Jew taught the Artful Dodger the elements of his art. There is a religious atmosphere in every rabble in the street, for every practical traveller knows there will be differences between a Moslem mob and an Irish mob and a Puritan mob in the Middle West. There is always an atmosphere, for neither the soul nor the body can breathe in a vacuum. But the relevance of this religious education to the question of reading and writing is really rather close. The point of the parable of the man with the cow is that he sees the whole round of human life, in however simple a form. For instance, he sees the whole economic process—land, labour, production, consumption, saving, capital, production again. But what is true of the science of livelihood is also true of the science of life. People say that such a peasant has a narrow sphere, that he lives in a small social circle. Oddly enough, they do not notice that the very mathematical metaphor they use involves the answer to what they say. In a sense there is no such thing as a narrow sphere or a small circle. One sphere is as infinite as another sphere. A small circle is quite as circular as a large circle. And in a very real sense this is true of the scale or smallness of a human life. A simple life may be compared to the infinite circle or the universal sphere, exactly in so far as it does contain the essential and eternal elements of human life; in so far as it sees clearly the beginning and the end and the centre—birth and death and the purpose in our creation. The point about the mere proletarian of the towns is that he does not see his life as a circle, but only as a segment of a circle—or rather, as the segment of a curve which he does not even know is a circle. He does not even see the whole of his own life. He does not know where the lines of his own life go to, or whence they come. Hence he has not half so much chance of being a philosopher as if he were a ploughman. His philosophy of life cannot be a philosophy of experience, but only of the reports of experience. He tends to depend more and more upon those printed reports—that is, to depend more and more upon being able to read. He cannot afford to be as illiterate as Homer or as indifferent to books as St. Francis. He has to depend on newspapers as a commander at headquarters has to depend on code telegrams, and for the same reason—that he cannot be on the spot. But few will maintain that the wits of Homer and St. Francis were not very much on the spot. They, in their different ways, certainly managed to see life steadily and see it whole; they knew something of the first and the last things. The alphabet is very useful, but it is an error to identify the alphabet with that Alpha and Omega which is the beginning and the end.



THE CONSECRATION OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF CHRIST, IN LIVERPOOL: THE KING AND QUEEN AFTER THE CEREMONY; WITH LORD DERBY AND MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON.

The King and Queen drove to Liverpool from Knowsley accompanied by Lord Derby and Mr. Arthur Henderson, and followed by carriages containing the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Lord and Lady Salisbury, and other notables.

*Photograph by Central News.*

## *OUR ANAGLYPHS.*

***Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 173, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.***

# *Won by a Nineteen-Year-Old Canadian: The King's Prize, at Bisley.*



THE YOUNG WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE: PRIVATE DESMOND BURKE, CHAIRED AFTER HIS SUCCESS AT BISLEY.



THE KING'S PRIZE-WINNER: PRIVATE DESMOND BURKE, OF CANADA.



THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH THE WINNERS OF THE KOLAPORE AND MACKINNON CUPS: THE SOUTH AFRICAN TEAM, WHOSE TOTALS WERE 1115 AND 1074.

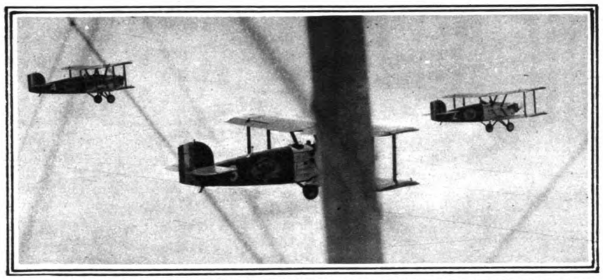


"IT WAS A REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE": THE PRINCE OF WALES CONGRATULATES PRIVATE D. BURKE (DECORATED WITH MAPLE LEAF).

The sixty-first annual rifle meeting of the National Rifle Association produced the astonishing victory of the youngest competitor on the range, Private Desmond Burke. The King's Prize-winner, a youth of nineteen, is a student in chemical engineering at Ottawa, and has only been shooting for two years. He is a member of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, one of the leading Canadian volunteer regiments. There were several remarkable features of this year's "shoot": Private Burke was the first to win Bronze and Gold Medals at the same meeting; the first who, in winning the Empire's most coveted shooting prize, won the only first prize he has ever won. Not only this, but he is the youngest man who has ever won the King's Prize.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, AND PERSONALITY PHOTOS.

# *After Flying 18,000 Miles: The U.S. World-Flight Airmen at Croydon.*



ON THEIR WAY TO CROYDON—AND A GREAT RECEPTION: THE THREE UNITED STATES WORLD-FLIGHT AEROPLANES CROSSING THE CHANNEL



RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE WIFE OF A FRIENDLY RIVAL: MRS. MACLAREN GREETS LIEUTENANT LOWELL SMITH ON HIS ARRIVAL.



RECEIVED WITH CHEERS AND AN OFFICIAL WELCOME: THE THREE DOUGLAS WORLD-CRUISERS ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE CROYDON AERODROME AFTER THE FLIGHT FROM LE BOURGET.

Arriving at Croydon from the neighbourhood of Paris, the United States Army airmen received a hearty welcome from a large crowd. The international courtesy of escorting the visiting aviators over the Channel fell to the London-Paris machine of Imperial Airways. Official greetings followed from officials of the Air Ministry, the Royal Aero Club, and the Director of Civil Aviation. Mrs. MacLaren, the wife of the leader of the British world-flight, took the occasion to thank Lieutenant Smith, as representing the United States, for the help given to her husband in transporting his spare machine from Tokyo (see page 193).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.P., AND AITKEN.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## CONCERNING THE SAND-MARTIN.

*By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.*

I HAVE managed to escape, for a brief space, from the seething turmoil of London, always irksome to me, to the quiet of the country. My sanctuary, a Norfolk "broad," is too small to be worth the notice of the ordinary holiday-maker, who seems to find boating on the Broads impossible without the distractions provided by a gramophone! Hence, for a while, I am in paradise! Being jealously guarded, birds reckoned "rarities," as well as more common species, can be kept under observation here all day long. Among the "common" species, I expected to find both the swallow and the house-martin, which, with the sand-martin, are just now much in my mind. But, to my sorrow, there are no house-martins here, and but two pairs of swallows are nesting in an outhouse. The rapid falling-off in the numbers of the swallow is a noticeable feature all over the country. It has been a matter for grave concern for some years, but no satisfactory solution of this lamentable state of affairs has yet been found.

The aspect in the life-history of the swallow-tribe which just now particularly interests me is that which concerns their nesting habits. As everybody knows, the swallow-tribe are, typically, builders of mud nests. Why, then, does the little sand-martin depart from the custom of his tribe, and laboriously drive tunnels into cliffs and sand-banks? When did this changed habit begin—and why? It is the more remarkable because it would be difficult to find a bird seemingly less fitted for such a task. And this because it has but the slenderest of feet and the smallest of beaks for such work.

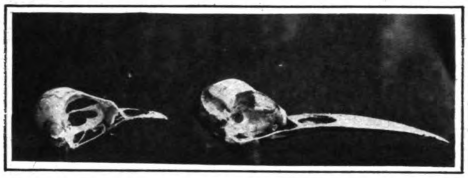


FIG. 1.—BEAKS USED FOR DRILLING BURROWS: SKULLS OF THE SAND-MARTIN AND THE BEE-EATER.

The digging instruments of these two birds are not adapted to the purpose by Nature, and are often worn to the bone. In the sand-martin (left), the only portion of the beak to be seen is that which lies in front of the nostrils, shown by the oblong hole. In each case, only the bony supporting skeleton is seen.

*Photographs by Mr. E. J. Manly.*

Nevertheless, this engineering feat is performed with surprising skill. Choosing the vertical face of a bank of sand, gravel, or clay, the little sapper contrives to get a grip of the soil with his claws, and, supported by his tail, commences his task by pecking a circular depression. Presently this is enlarged to enable a more secure foothold to be possible, when progress is more rapid. As the material hewn away falls down, it is removed by the feet, and the work goes on till a tunnel, ranging from three to as much as nine feet, has been drilled, when a circular chamber is formed, some six inches in diameter, to form the nursery (Fig. 2).

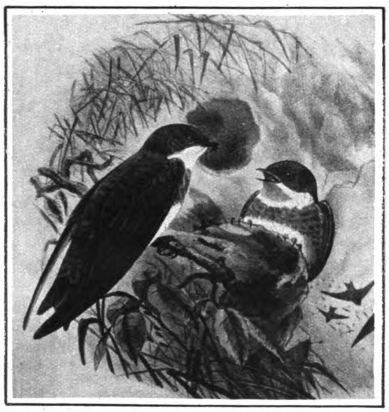


FIG. 2.—WITH A NESTING-HOLE DUG OUT OF A BANK: A SAND-MARTIN'S "NURSERY."

Though possessing the slenderest of feet and the tiniest of beaks, the little sand-martin drives a tunnel, six inches in diameter and from three to nine feet long, into a vertical cliff. The nesting-chamber thus formed is padded with dry grass and a few feathers on which the white eggs are laid.

This is always at a higher level than the tunnel, for drainage purposes. Sometimes a big stone is encountered when the work is half-way through. If this cannot be loosened and thrown out, the task must be abandoned and begun afresh. According to some accounts, the tunnels are longest where stones are most abundant. But this is a point demanding further observation.

There is another aspect in the life-history of the sand-martin which is worth noting. It would be quite impossible, from a mere inspection of its beak and feet, to find any evidence that it was a burrower. The rabbit affords a parallel case, for its feet disclose no evidence of this power of digging. The mole and the armadillo, on the other hand, are obviously animated digging machines. Their curiously modified feet and enormous claws proclaim this at sight. These differences we may put down to the fact that these creatures must dig for their very lives—thus only may they eat. But with the little mouse-brown sand-martin and the rabbit, burrowing is but an episode in their lives.

There is only one other bird which can really be regarded as being an even more skilled burrower than the sand-martin, and that is the bee-eater. For this bird can, and commonly does, drive shafts into the level ground, almost vertically; though where possible, it will use a steep bank, like the sand-martin. Both alike have to kick out the débris dislodged by means of the feet; but how does the bee-eater contrive to do this, when the direction of the shaft is practically vertical?

The beak of the bee-eater, at first sight, would seem to be more suitable as a digging instrument than that of the sand-martin; for it is long and curved, rather like a pick in shape; but its legs are as short, and its toes as feeble, as those of its rival. Nothing less like efficient digging tools could well be imagined. That the beak is by no means as suited to the task of digging as it would seem to be is shown by the fact that it is often worn down to the bone by such labours. In the above photograph (Fig. 1), the skulls of these two birds are shown. But here, in the dried skull, the beaks look longer than they really are. All that is seen of this, in the sand-martin, is the portion which lies in front of the oblong hole which marks the position of the nostrils: though the mouth extends as far backwards as the level of the eye. But the tip of the beak is all that can be used in digging.

Save the sand-martins, the swallow tribe build nests of mud. This rather unpleasant material is gathered by the beak and formed in the mouth into pellets, which, mixed with the sticky secretion of the salivary glands, gradually complete the nursery, much as a house is built, brick by brick. The choice of a site for such nests, however, is by no means uniform; neither is their architecture. And still more striking is the fact that the natural building-sites are forsaken wherever man appears on the scene and erects dwelling houses or barns, the eaves and rafters of which seem always to be more to their liking than the rocky ledges of cliffs. This choice may in part be due to the fact that man, invading their fastnesses, generally brings domesticated cattle with him, and these, in their turn, bring a plentiful supply of flies. Thus it is of advantage to migrate towards the source of the food supply.

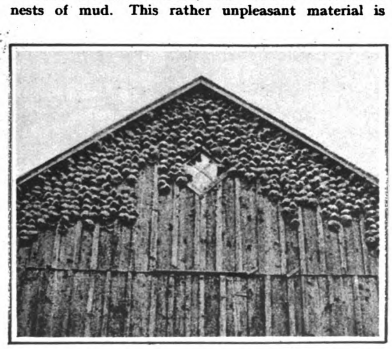


FIG. 4.—EAVES OF A SHED PREFERRED TO NATURAL SITES: HUNDREDS OF NESTS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CLIFF-SWALLOW.

The flask-shaped nests of the North American cliff-swallow are affixed to the faces of cliffs until the white man comes with his buildings, when the natural sites are deserted for them. The photograph is of a shed in Saskatchewan.

As touching the architecture of the nest, our swallow, as everybody knows, builds an open nest, which is placed upon some rafter in an outhouse or cowshed. The house-martin, on the other hand, builds outside the house, under the eaves, making these a roof for the nest, which is entered only by a small hole in its rim. Here and there, kindly people, who like to encourage these useful birds, nail laths to the side of the house, and provide mud for the builders. So readily do they respond to such invitations that rows on rows of nests will often be clustered together. On the Bow River, Saskatchewan, the American cliff-swallow, belonging to the genus *Petrochelidon*, used to build their nests on the faces of immense boulders scattered about on the plain; masses of nests covered their surface. Then came the white man, with his houses and out-buildings, and the natural sites were speedily deserted. The accompanying photograph (Fig. 4) shows a shed in Saskatchewan which has thus been taken possession of.



FIG. 3.—WITH REMARKABLE TUBULAR ENTRANCES BUILT AGAINST A CLIFF-FACE: INDIAN CLIFF-SWALLOWS.

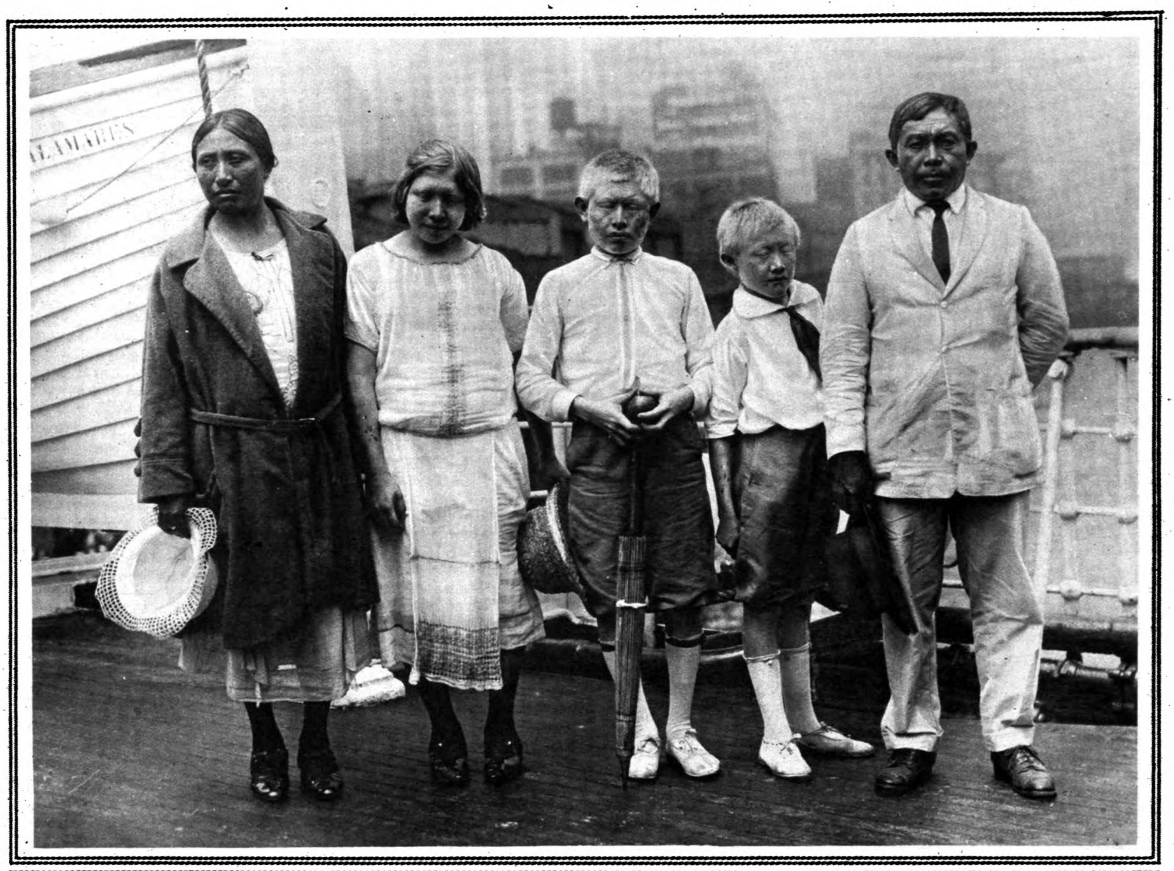
This species of swallow, the *Petrochelidon fluvicola*, builds peculiar nests like partially inverted flasks sticking to the faces of a cliff.

But the cliff-swallows, of which there are many species, build quite peculiar nests, inasmuch as they are bottle, or rather, flask-shaped, with long, tubular shaped entrances, such as may be seen in the above photograph (Fig. 3) of the Indian cliff-swallow (*Petrochelidon fluvicola*), which is here nesting on a cliff-face, after the ancestral fashion. But here, in England, the house-martin will sometimes choose the face of a cliff, in preference to the more usual eaves of a house.

Finally, there is one member of the swallow-tribe which has fallen from grace. This is the South American tree-martin (*Progne tapera*), which, wherever possible, usurps the huge mud nests of the little oven-bird, driving out the rightful owners. In course of time, one would have supposed, they would have had to return to more honourable ways owing to the extermination of their dupes, and the consequent absence of nests. But success does not always attend the efforts to drive out the builder of the nest, and thus the housing-problem is solved for them! Where there are no oven-birds they build in holes in trees, or sandy banks, or under the eaves of houses; but they seem never to miss an opportunity of playing the parasite.

# WHITE INDIANS OF PANAMA: A MYSTERY OF THE DARIEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



PRESENTING A PROBLEM AS YET UNSOLVED: THE WHITE INDIAN CHILDREN BROUGHT BACK BY MR. RICHARD O. MARSH; WITH DARK-SKINNED INDIAN ADULTS.

EXCEPTIONAL interest was aroused recently by the statement that Mr. Richard O. Marsh, leader of an expedition to the Darien district of Panama, had found there a race of blonde Indians. Wiring from Colon, Mr. Marsh said, as reported in the "Times": "I visited Ina Paguina, Chief of Chiefs, or King of the Darien. . . . At my request, Ina Paguina called a conference of all the chiefs of Darien. . . . I told them I wanted to see the White Indians that have existed in the Darien from time immemorial, long before the coming of the Spaniards. . . . The chiefs called in the White Indians. They came from the mountains, from secluded valleys and isolated islands. . . . They are numbered by the hundreds, if not by the thousands." Mr. Marsh took back with him the three White Indians seen in our photographs. The boys and the girl have golden hair, blue eyes, and white, tender skins. The boys are marked with "liver spots,"

[*Continued opposite.*



WITH MR. RICHARD O. MARSH: THE WHITE INDIAN CHILDREN—THE BOYS "LIVER-SPOTTED"; THE GIRL CLEAR OF COMPLEXION.

*Continued.*]

but the girl is comparatively clear. Their gums are pink and their skulls are unusual in size and shape, being round and decidedly different from the typical San Blas Indians. The latest reports from America discuss disagreement as to the origin of these White Indians and the cause of their whiteness. At least three explanations have been advanced. One is that the children have a disease akin to the form of leucodermia known in the West Indies; another is that they are abnormal race types; and another is that their condition was brought about by endocrine disturbances; that is to say, by disturbances of the secretion of one or more of the ductless glands. Mr. Marsh's own idea is that they may be examples of a type of pseudo-Albinism. They are not pure Albinos—that everyone seems to agree in acknowledging. "The very important fact remains," he adds, "that in Darien we have a white race arising out of a brown."

# From "Chaos" to Gas: A "Spirit" in Subjection.

IN the old, old days observers who were familiar with inflammable gas escaping from the earth, often bubbling from springs and streams, conceived it as a wild, untamable "spirit" or "breath"; and as "spiritus silvestris," gas of all kinds was known down to the days of Paracelsus (1493-1541). It was J. B. Van Helmont (1577-1644) who first appears to have inquired into this phenomenon, and to have given the "spirit" the name which persists to-day and is more specifically applied to a great and progressive industry—the Gas Industry. Van Helmont writes in one connection: "I have called that vapour Gas, being not far severed from the Chaos of the Ancients"; and again he says: "The live coal, and generally whatsoever bodies do not immediately depart into water, nor yet are fixed, do necessarily belch forth a wild spirit or breath. . . . I call this Spirit, unknown hitherto, by the new name of Gas."

These men of earlier days believed the "wild spirit" to be the same as atmospheric or "common" air, and Van Helmont, adopting the Greek word *chaos*, the atmosphere, gave the *ch* a pronunciation similar to the Dutch *g*, for he was a Dutchman. Hence *chaos* became, by a sort of corruption, "gas"; but the word did not come into popular use until between 1795 and 1808—some 150 years after Van Helmont invented it, and almost at the time of the introduction of gas lighting.

Not until the latter half of the seventeenth century was attention turned to the distillation of coal for the production of coal-gas. It was the Rev. John Clayton, Dean of Kildare, who, observing that the water in a ditch near Wigan "would seemingly burn like Brandy, the Flame of which was so fierce that several strangers have boiled eggs over it," dug down and found coal near the surface. Some of this he carried away and used in "an experiment concerning the *Spirit of Coals*" which was published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society," 1739-40. The historically interesting manuscript in which he communicated to the chemist Boyle the first record of the actual distillation of coal is in the British Museum. Clayton records how he collected the gas in bladders, which he used to prick with a pin and light for the diversion of strangers and friends, who were overwhelmed with surprise, "because no one could discern any Difference between these Bladders and those which are filled with common Air."

But though Clayton amused himself in this way, and though J. P. Minckelers, a professor at Louvain University, had in 1785 lighted his lecture-room with gas as an experiment, and Lord Dundonald in 1787 had illuminated the hall of Culross Abbey, it was left




A CARTOON THAT WAS A SEQUEL TO AN EXPLOSION AT THE GAS-WORKS: "THE BLESSED EFFECTS OF GASS" (1813).

When Winsor founded the Gas Light and Coke Company in 1813, he stated that the plant was constructed upon principles which were constant and unerring in their operation. Shortly afterwards, however, there was an explosion at the works, with the result that an ignorant public became hostile, and looked upon the gas-makers as trafficking with the infernal powers.

to William Murdoch (whose bust may be seen in the Gas Exhibit at Wembley), an Ayrshire lad engaged in business in Cornwall, to demonstrate at Redruth between 1792-1802 the practical possibility of making *on a large scale* as an illuminating agent the gas distilled from coal. Murdoch's work, which ultimately enabled him to light his firm's premises at Soho, near Birmingham, in 1802, is a familiar story; but though, about 100 years after the discovery that gas could be distilled from coal, he demonstrated that it could be harnessed for the industrial and domestic needs of the world, he derived no benefit from his activities.

In 1802 a Frenchman, Lebon, exhibited in Paris an invention, patented in 1799, for making illuminating gas from wood; and F. A. Winsor, a German, vastly




WHEN GAS WAS UNPOPULAR: "THE GOOD EFFECTS OF CARBONIC GAS!"—A CARTOON OF 1807.

This cartoon was published shortly after F. A. Winsor, a German, had introduced gas-lighting into London, and had illuminated part of Pall Mall. He promised gigantic profits for the suppliers of gas-light, but, as the cartoon shows, there were then two opinions as to the enterprise!

impressed, tried to buy the secret process for Germany. When Lebon refused to sell, Winsor set to work and soon discovered how to make lighting gas from wood, peat, and coal. He came to England to exploit his invention, and demonstrated his methods at the Lyceum Theatre in 1804. Winsor then sought to secure sanction from Parliament to form a company to light the whole of England; but on the opposition of Murdoch and Watt the Bill was thrown out.

Winsor, however, was a persistent fellow. In 1807 he set up a few public street lights in Pall Mall to demonstrate his sytem, and, again approaching Parliament, secured in 1812 a charter to light a portion of London. The company formed for the purpose was called the Chartered Gas Light and Coke Company, which was the forerunner of the present Gas Light and Coke Company—the largest gas undertaking in the world.

Westminster Bridge was lighted in 1813, and parts of Westminster in 1814, and in 1816 gas became common in London. The outlook in many ways was brighter: one big town after another saw the manifold advantages of gas, and made haste to erect gasworks. Chemists and inventors began to turn their attention to gas, and it was not long before it was in general use in all the principal towns in the kingdom for lighting streets, shops, and public buildings; and the invention in later years of the Bunsen burner secured for gas a definite use as a heating agent.

Even the invention and development of the humble gas-meter, the subject of so much jest and object of so much solicitude, has a romance, for in the earliest days of gas lighting the quantity and cost of the gas supplied to the public were estimated, so an authority reminds us, by the number of hours during which it was consumed through burners of a certain size; and inspectors were appointed to make a round in certain districts at stipulated hours of the night to see that lights were extinguished according to contract—a method of charging which was very unsatisfactory and, as it is mildly put, "led to many complaints and disputes."

It is not strange, perhaps, that gas was only slowly adopted in private houses. Its very novelty made people timid; they thought the pipes were full of flame and feared explosions, and doubtless the careless fitting of many of the early supply pipes caused much discomfort and some danger. But the feeling of opposition to gas in the home steadily disappeared, and undoubtedly its desirability for domestic lighting was established towards the close of the nineteenth century, when Baron von Welsbach's invention of the incandescent "mantle" came into use—a time that may be fresh in the memory of many of us.

The gas industry, starting from the humble beginnings here outlined, though it suffered many early trials, never looked back—and it is growing still.

Here in round figures is the position in the United Kingdom to-day: There are nearly 1500 gas supply undertakings, representing £162,000,000 invested capital, and employing 150,000 men. They make 270,000,000,000 cubic feet a year, from 16,000,000 tons of coal, and 46,000,000 gallons of oil; and they supply 8,407,000 consumers. There are in use 5,134,000 cookers and grillers, and 4,499,000 slot meters.

Though the ordinary consumer thinks mainly of gas from the point of view of domestic use and convenience, it must not be forgotten that gas has extensive industrial applications. Some 3000 trades in which gas is used for manufacturing processes are listed by the British Commercial Gas Association, of 30, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1; and this body is always willing to place its extensive experience of the use of gas in particular processes freely at the disposal of any manufacturer or works manager.

The magnitude of the Gas Industry is not to be judged solely by the supply of gas. The manufacture of gas results in valuable by-products—coke, ammonia, and tar being the most familiar to all of us. But these so-called by-products are products on which great industries have been founded: sulphate of ammonia for the farmer, benzol for the motorist, tar for the road-maker, and coal-tar and its derivatives for the dye-manufacturer and for explosives—are all sufficient reminders of the Gas Industry's steady contribution to national prosperity.

There are strenuous days in which we do our best to "take life easy." The busy housewife sees that she gets gas in her house because it *abolishes* early rising to make fires; cinders, soot, and ashes; smoky chimneys and sweeps; the big coal bill; filling scuttles and climbing dark cellar stairs; constant dusting; draughty rooms; cleaning and black-leading grates and ranges; uncertain cooking; cold baths; bad lighting; and many other things that make trouble for her. She keeps her youth because gas *provides* a cosy fire at once, and easily regulated heat for aged people and invalids; soft light, too; hot water as desired; easy cooking with even temperature—gas cooks everything from a boiled egg to a roast chicken or a birthday cake—and *so* easily, with no waste.

No longer is Gas the "untamable spirit." In the Palace of Industry at Wembley the Gas Exhibit



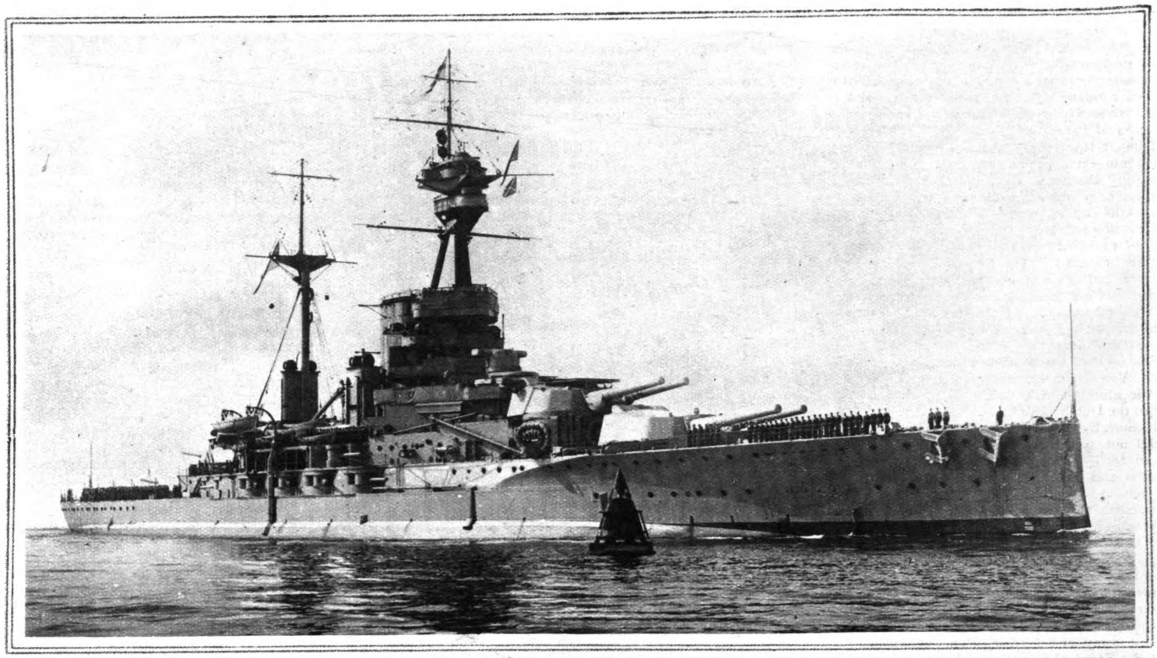

ONE OF A SERIES OF CARTOONS ON "LONDON NUISANCES": "ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF GAS OVER OIL" (1822).

Here, again, is a cartoon showing with what fear, mixed with sarcasm, gas was regarded when it was first used for lighting purposes. This particular cartoon, which is one of a series of "London Nuisances," by Richard Dighton, published in 1822, satirises the use of gas, and shows a tremendous explosion in the window of a chemist's shop.

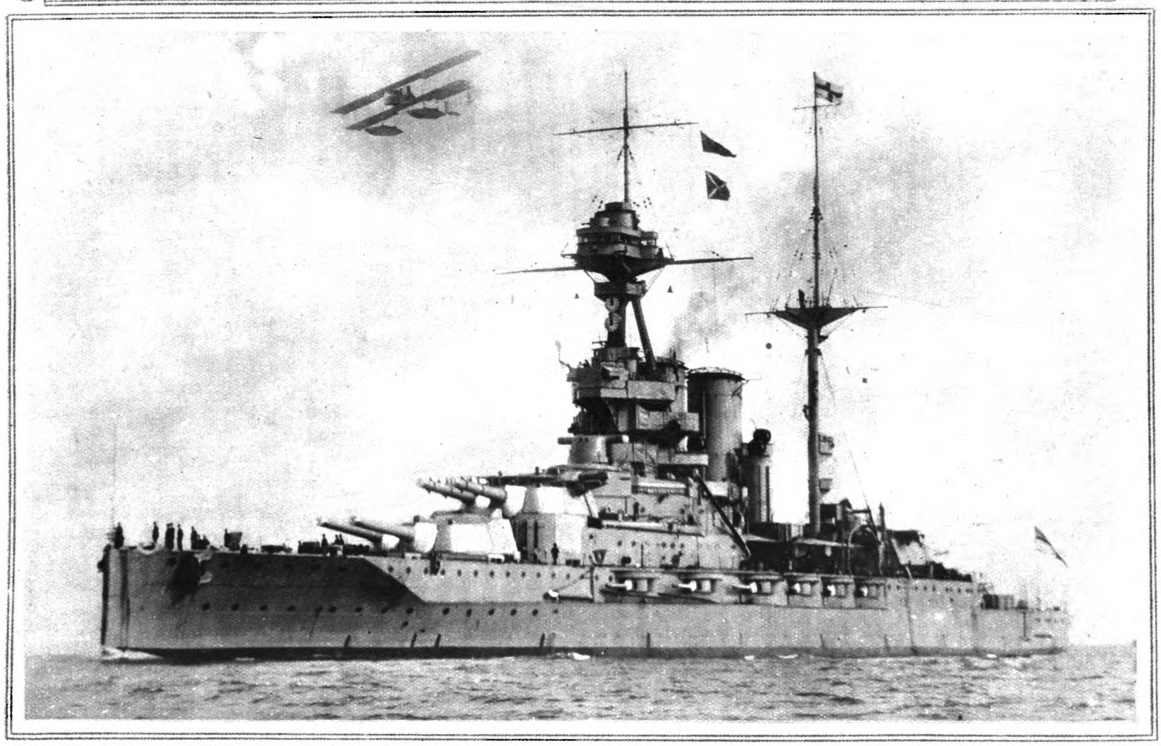
admirably demonstrates the domestic and industrial uses of gas, and under the same roof, too, twenty-six other exhibitors rely on gas. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co. alone consume some 80,000 cubic ft. an hour, and the Amusement Park is brilliantly lighted by gas. Over 750,000 cubic ft., the consumption of a small town, is used in the Exhibition every day.

# THE REVIEW OF THE FLEET: FLAG-SHIPS OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 BY ABRAHAMS; NO. 2 BY CRIBB.



TO SUCCEED THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" AS FLAG-SHIP OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET: THE BATTLE-SHIP "REVENGE."



THE PRESENT FLAG-SHIP OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET: THE BATTLE-SHIP "QUEEN ELIZABETH"; COMBINING THE ESSENTIALS OF BATTLE-SHIP AND BATTLE-CRUISER.

The King is due to review the Fleet at Spithead at two o'clock this afternoon (July 26). Practically all classes of ships in the Navy are represented, with a personnel of some 30,000 officers and men. The Atlantic Fleet is under the command of Admiral Sir John M. de Robeck, Commander-in-Chief, with Rear-Admiral William W. Fisher as Chief of the Staff. The Reserve Fleet is under Vice-Admiral the Hon. Victor A. Stanley.——The "Revenge," the thirteenth ship of the name since 1577, belongs to the "Royal Sovereign" class, and it is reported that after the review she is to take the place of the "Queen Elizabeth" as Flag-ship of the Atlantic Fleet. She was in the main battle-line at the Battle of Jutland, and, after the "Marlborough" had been torpedoed, the Second-in-Command of the Grand Fleet transferred his flag to her at sea. The "Royal Sovereign" class marks a reversion to the battle-ship pure and simple. She burns oil only. The vessels of this class are fitted with bulges on their sides, to afford protection against torpedoes.——The "Queen Elizabeth," which has armour almost equal to that of a battle-ship, and a speed almost equal to that of a battle-cruiser, saw active service in the Dardanelles shortly after she was first commissioned, and later joined the Grand Fleet, with which, for the last two years of the war, she flew the flag of the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir David Beatty. It was in the Admiral's cabin on board her that the German officers signed the surrender of the High Seas Fleet in November 1918.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

*By J. D. SYMON.*

IN the Ages of Faith (not the Middle Ages, but the Middle Age of the nineteenth century) serious young persons who belonged to "mutual improvement societies" used to concern themselves with what they called "courses of reading." They thought that every subject had its heaven-predestined "course" of books suitable to a complete understanding of any given question, and it was a favourite sport of these students to write to some more or less eminent authority praying him of his charity to prescribe them "a course of reading." At least one distinguished literary man's life used to be made a burden by these unknown petitioners. He always refused, for he held "courses of reading" of this artificial sort to be a delusion and a snare. He was right.

For the dread purpose of examination, it is true, prescribed books are inevitable. But for independent reading the healthy plan is to let one book lead to another. A subject, gamely tackled, is its own best guide. The inquirer has not gone very far before he finds that all roads lead to Rome. Everything he takes up begins to contribute to the matter in hand, and the work, instead of being a dull and irksome grind along a marked-out track, becomes a sporting event. As sport Horace Walpole regarded it, and he found a name for the pastime, "serendipity."

The game takes many forms, and sometimes insists on playing itself even when the player has not any definite object in view. Books that may at first sight seem to be only slenderly connected, or not connected at all, have an odd way of throwing up passages mutually illustrative, so that a little out-of-the-way group declares itself and is scheduled in the reader's mind for future reference and use in a surprising and sometimes pleasing way.

To take a case in point: here are four books of which two might conceivably have something to say to each other, and might be considered, in a wide sense, as parts of a single subject; but the other two, read in close succession and more or less at random, came in, as it were, on a side wind of relevancy, all the happier that it was unexpected. The books are a history, a biography with a firm background of history, a novel, and a play. All these make good parallel reading because they are bound together by several connecting links of time, place, character, and subject-matter. These do not, of course, run consistently through the whole four; the biography and the history, although complementary rather than coincident in period, make the closest touch; but the historical and campaigning ground-work of the play finds a place and even detailed discussion in the history; while the play and the novel count kin in their portrayal of two women who, separated by five centuries, are symbolical of the spirit of France at a moment of national crisis. Severe critics may object that these links are too fanciful to be of any real value, and in an academic view the objection may be upheld; but our present purpose is anything but academic, and this tracing of resemblances, contrasts, and harmonies may give as much pleasure to some reader as it has given to the present writer. It may even lend an additional charm to books in themselves delightful.

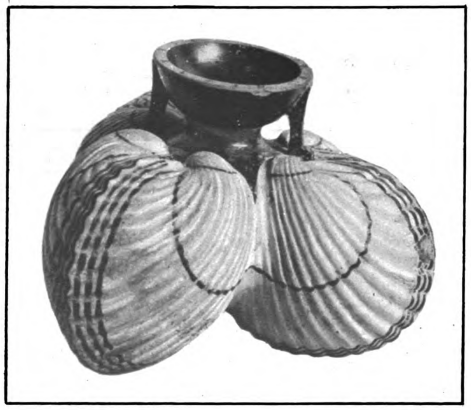
The history has been noticed already on this page, but not so fully as to make a return to it superfluous. My present purpose is not, however, so much general as particular, and will refer only to those sections of the work which form an appropriate introduction to the biography, and, as that is the keynote of this article, I may as well name it without further preamble. It is "VAUBAN, BUILDER OF FORTRESSES," a translation from the French of M. Daniel Halévy, by Major C. J. C. Street (Geoffrey Bles; 6s.).

The father of military engineering came to his work when the horizons of research were widening. "The function of explosives in war," says M. Halévy, "was discovered and perfected throughout the sixteenth century. Walls were breached and disappeared, towers fell and were not replaced. In their place rose bastions of angular form with narrow angles to cover with their field of fire the widest possible space. Instead of building lofty battlements, to dominate the assailant, attack him from above and overwhelm him, there sprang up a dexterous method of calculating distances, trajectories, and tangents which left its mark in deep ditches and gradual *glacis*. Mathematics gained ground. . . . For this new profession a knowledge of all existing practice and science was essential."

For Vauban's forerunners let us turn to the history. The Barons of the Middle Ages did not take the field without their Master Artisans—their "Artillerists" they called them. These artillerists invented guns and gunpowder, and the Master-Artisan of the armies became, in process of time, the engineer. The latter title was known to Shakespeare in the familiar passage which has become proverbial for the recoil of an artificer's device upon himself. To the work of the Master-Artisan in the Middle Ages there can be no better guide than the history already mentioned—Sir Charles Oman's "HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR IN THE MIDDLE AGES," of which the revised and enlarged edition appeared earlier in the present year (2 vols.; Methuen; 36s.). In this fascinating work, the sections which deal with fortification, siege-craft, gunpowder and cannon, put the reader in possession of the old system of military engineering which Vauban's work superseded. From the fourth century to the ninth A.D., Sir Charles Oman reminds us, military architecture in the West had fallen into neglect, but between 850 and 950, under stress of the concentric attack from Viking, Magyar, and Saracen, all the peoples of Latin Christendom had been compelled to avail themselves, to the best of their power, of the resources of fortification. Hence the patching-up of countless Roman walls in every region between England and Apulia; hence, too, the erection of the palisaded *burhs* and *burgs* of Edward the Elder and Henry of Saxony, and the fencing in of the innumerable private strongholds of the feudal aristocracy of Europe.

But down to the eleventh century, stone-work was the exception and palisaded earth-works the general rule in all places where Roman works were not already in existence. These were utilised at London and Chester; but frequently they were too far gone for repair, and the tenth-century builder had to start afresh. In many cases mere ditches and palisades surrounded what had once been a city possessing a regular Roman *enceinte*. In the ninth century York and Lincoln were defended only by earth-works and stakes, not by solid masonry. Castle-building was not unknown in earlier ages, but the art had retrograded between 550 and 800, and it was long before stone castles came into general use.

In England the private fortress did not exist until the coming of the Conqueror. The great castle-building age of the Normans was the twelfth century, to which belong such splendid examples as the keeps of Rochester, Dover, Porchester, Castle Headingham, and Norwich. In all of them the square keep, even if originally the main or only fortification, became in time part of a system of outer works. Far more usual was another type, the shell-keep, consisting of a ring of fortification surrounding an open court. It is a regular evolution from the old palisaded mound-castle which had gone before it. Of this evolution Berkeley and Arundel are good specimens.



A CONCEIT OF THE EARLY FIFTH CENTURY B.C.: A GREEK COCKLE-SHELL VASE.

This terracotta vase in the form of three cockle-shells "dates from the best period of Athenian vase-painting; for the mouth and handles are covered with black glaze of good quality, and around the top of the lip is the familiar inscription, ὁ παῖς καλὸς ναί, 'handsome youth indeed.'" The shells are astonishingly naturalistic, with the ridges and markings beautifully rendered, and the preservation is excellent, which adds to its attraction. A similar piece with a different grouping of the shells was found at Eleusis and is now in the Museum there. Only the top of it is preserved, and this bears the signature of the potter, "Phintias." Possibly this was also made by him.

*Photograph by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.*

When the Crusaders came to study the splendid fortresses of the Eastern emperors, they brought back to the West the idea of double and triple defences round the core of the fortress, with towers set at intervals in the curtain of the walls. Cœur de Lion's Château Gailliard owed much to the East; but Richard introduced several details of his own invention. These features of mediæval defence persisted until gunpowder made the fall of strongholds a matter of days rather than months. In the fourteenth century the change began; in the fifteenth it was fully developed; in the sixteenth the feudal stronghold had become an anachronism.

The sixteenth century was fifty-one years dead when Sebastian Le Prestre Vauban began his service at the age of seventeen. He was the son of Urbain Le Prestre, lord of Vauban, whose commercial and legal ancestors had come by the title of esquire through purchase of land. "Vauban," said Saint-Simon, "was a typical country squire of Burgundy, and with regard to his ancestry, nothing could be shorter, newer, duller, or of less importance." Until he was seventeen, Sebastian had never left his native village, but in 1651 he became a cadet in Condé's regiment, having, as he himself says, a fair smattering of mathematics and fortification, and being at the same time a passable draughtsman. These accomplishments Condé detected at once, and set the young cadet to work on the fortifications of Clermont-en-Argonne. Vauban was not long in showing his mettle, not only as a builder, but as a bold campaigner. An exploit—the swimming of the Aisne under fire—brought him the offer of an ensign's commission, which he was too poor to accept. Later he was taken prisoner by the Royalists, but managed his surrender so cleverly as to wring good terms from his captors. This feat brought him under the notice of Mazarin, who sent for him, and won him easily to the Royal cause. From that day Louis XIV had no more faithful or brilliant servant than Vauban.

If the great engineer's ancestry was "dull," his career certainly was not. Louis, a hard taskmaster, never gave Vauban a moment's repose. For twenty years he seldom saw his home. The King grudged his officer even the leisure to be ill. Vauban's health, like Marlborough's, was often poor, but he fought on indefatigably—always on the move, north, south, east, west—and, being tough of constitution he survived by one year the three-score-and-ten. In those busy years, during which he made France one vast stronghold, "he fortified the Pyrenees and the Alps; Catalonia and Dauphiné are impressed with his seal; his plans completed the Canal des Deux Mers. His works have survived the passage of two centuries. His bastions overlook the plains of Flanders; they are reflected in the waters of the Mediterranean." From Huningue to Dunkirk (Dunkirk was the apple of the engineer's eye; his masterpiece) France retains the lines of Vauban. But in these days of high explosives and long-range guns, it may be asked, are not his works obsolete? His actual defences of towns, it is true, are no longer impregnable, but he still prevails. M. Halévy reminds us in how interesting a manner this is true.

"Is it," he asks, "generally known that Vauban was one of the defenders of France in the late war? As builder and Governor of Dunkirk, Vauban had designed his sluices to inundate the low lands of Nieuport and Dixmude. His scheme was employed after the lapse of two centuries. The engineers of 1914 made use of the sluices of 1680, and the frontier was closed. In more than one spot the works of Vauban, built on the edge of the floods, were the targets of German shells, and their venerable bricks and grassy slopes protected the soldiers of France."

M. Helévy gives not only a vivid account of Vauban's tremendous labours, but also a broadly human picture of the man. The creator of the Corps of Engineers had a blunt yet most attractive personality. "Never," said Fontenelle, when he pronounced Vauban's eulogy before the Academy, "never have the traces of Man's Pure Nature been better marked than in him. . . . His nature was like a happy instinct, so prompt that it forestalled argument. He despised that superficial politeness which pleases the world and which often hides so much harshness, but his kindness, his humanity, his liberality, made for him another and rarer politeness which was entirely of his heart." In his old age his concern for the growing misery of the French people—Vauban saw with a prophetic eye the causes that were leading on the Revolution and the Terror—led him to write a book that cost him his favour with the King. That broke him, but he died sticking to his guns. This book, like its subject, is wholly admirable—a great and worthy romance of practice.

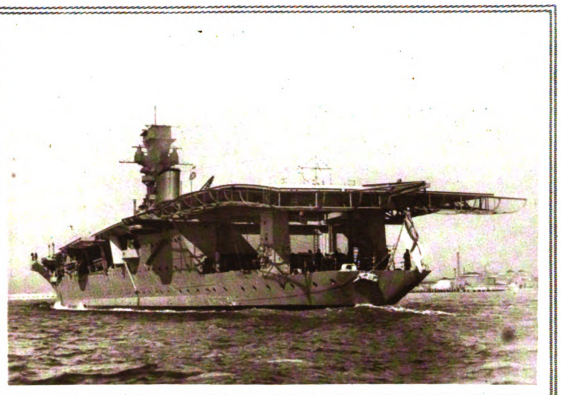
The same is true of our play and our novel. In the preface to the play we read of the heroine: "She was the daughter of a working farmer . . . she talked to people of all classes . . . without embarrassment or affectation and got them to do what she wanted when they were not afraid or corrupt. She could coax and she could hustle, her tongue having a soft side and a sharp edge. She was very capable: a born boss. . . . She was a thorough daughter of the soil in her peasant-like matter-of-factness and doggedness, and her acceptance of great lords and kings and prelates without idolatry or snobbery, seeing at a glance how much they were individually good for. . . ."

With very slight modification, nearly every word would apply to the heroine of the novel. For "great lords," etc., read "army officers and public officials," and allow some of these with whom the girl got her way to be both afraid and a little corrupt, but otherwise the two heroines answer to the description. Madeleine Vanderlynden in the novel could use means of persuasion to which the other girl would never have condescended. But they are alike in this—Madeleine "did not want any Englishman or anything English." "Joan objected to foreigners on the ground that they were not in their proper place in France." Both were Nationalists, the earlier of them a pioneer of that enthusiasm, before it had found a name.

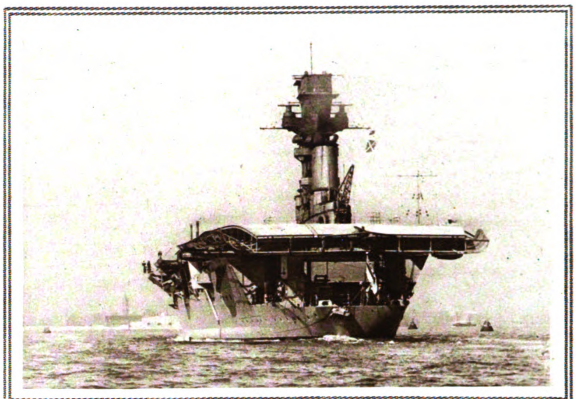
These two types of French womanhood (nay, of France), though widely separated in time, march curiously abreast in their imaginative presentation. The one is "SAINT JOAN," by Bernard Shaw (Constable; 6s.); the other, the Flemish girl who makes so strong an appeal to our interest and sympathy in "THE SPANISH FARM," by R. H. Mottram (Chatto and Windus; 7s.). It is a war-novel unlike any other war-novel and a work of extraordinary merit, alike in idea and in handling.

# "FREAK" SHIPS OF THE SPITHEAD REVIEW: NAVAL AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS.

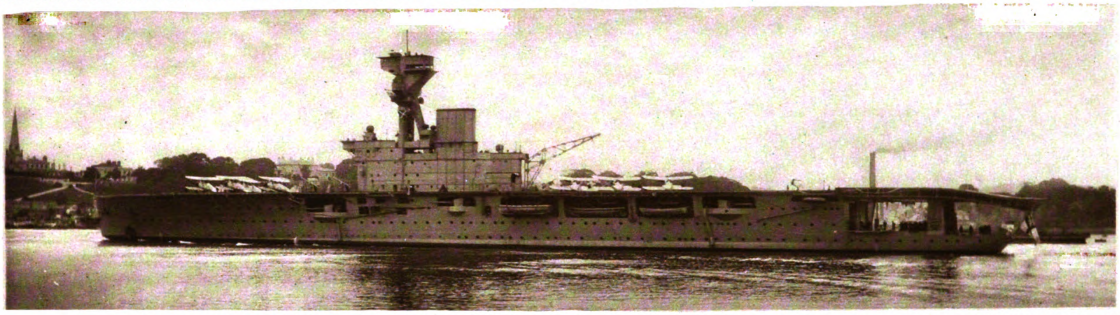
PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1, 2, AND 4 BY CRIBB; NO. 3 BY ABRAHAMS.



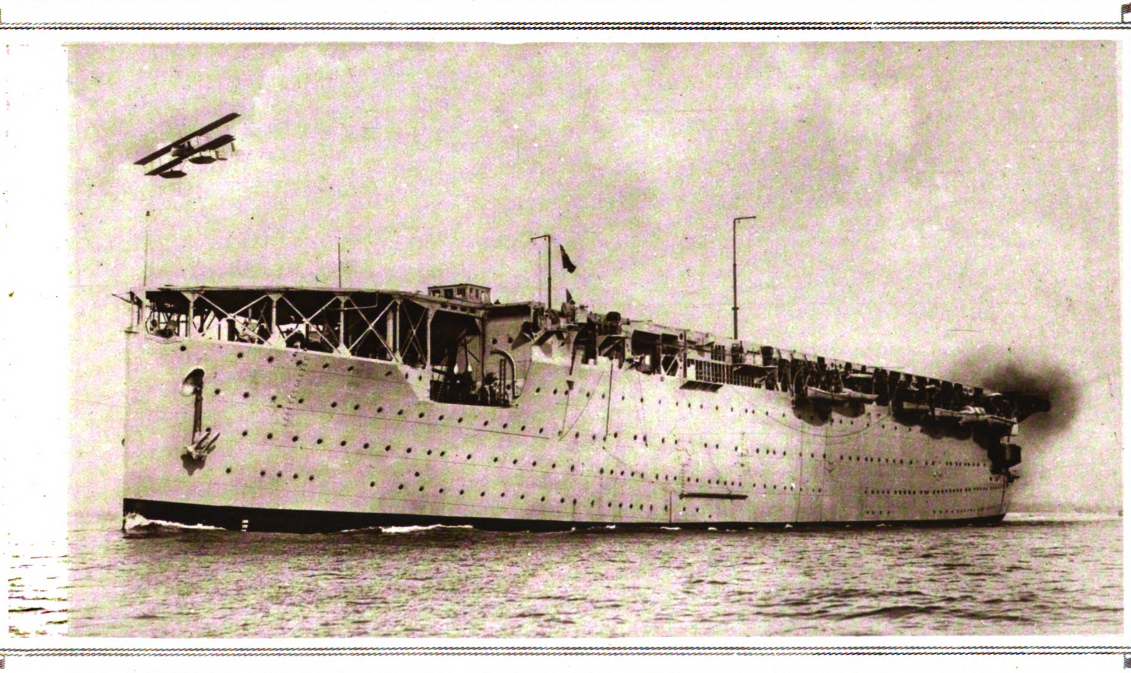
NEWLY COMMISSIONED: THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "HERMES"—THREE-QUARTER STERN VIEW.



WITH A CLEAR LANDING-DECK: THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "ARGUS"—A STERN VIEW.



WITH NINE SEAPLANES ON HER FLIGHT DECK: THE "HERMES"; WITH BRIDGE AND FUNNEL ON ONE SIDE OF THE SHIP TO ADMIT OF A CLEAR DECK.

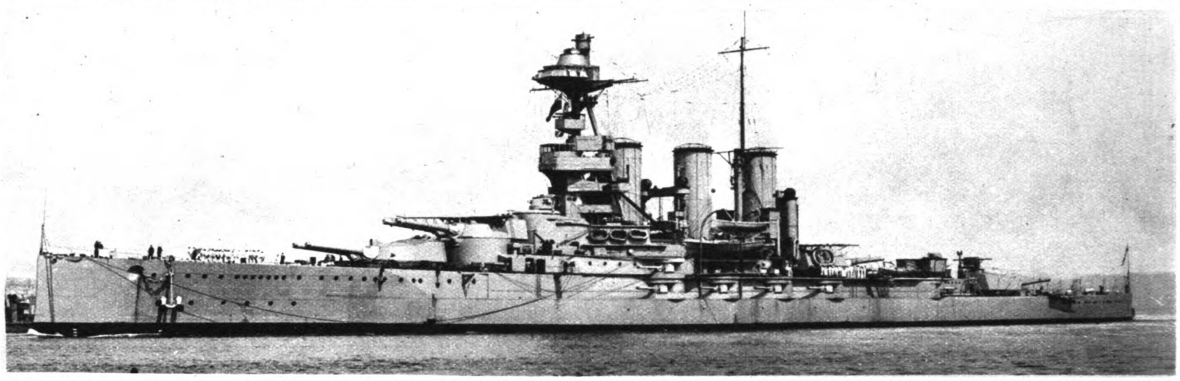


WITH A LANDING-DECK CLEAR OF ALL IMPEDIMENTA, THE FUNNEL SMOKE BEING EMITTED AFT, UNDER THE FLYING DECK: THE "ARGUS."

The Aircraft-Carrier "Hermes" is a newly-commissioned ship of high speed. The fact that her bridge and funnel are on one side of her, in order that she may have a clear deck for the taking-off and landing of aeroplanes, gives her a most curious appearance. —— The "Argus" Aircraft-Carrier has a landing deck entirely clear of impedimenta. Her funnel smoke is emitted aft, immediately under the flying-deck. It is intended to hold a series of aircraft manœuvres over the Fleet while his Majesty is at sea. The "Hermes" is the fifth naval vessel of her name since 1798; the first "Argus" dated from 1799.

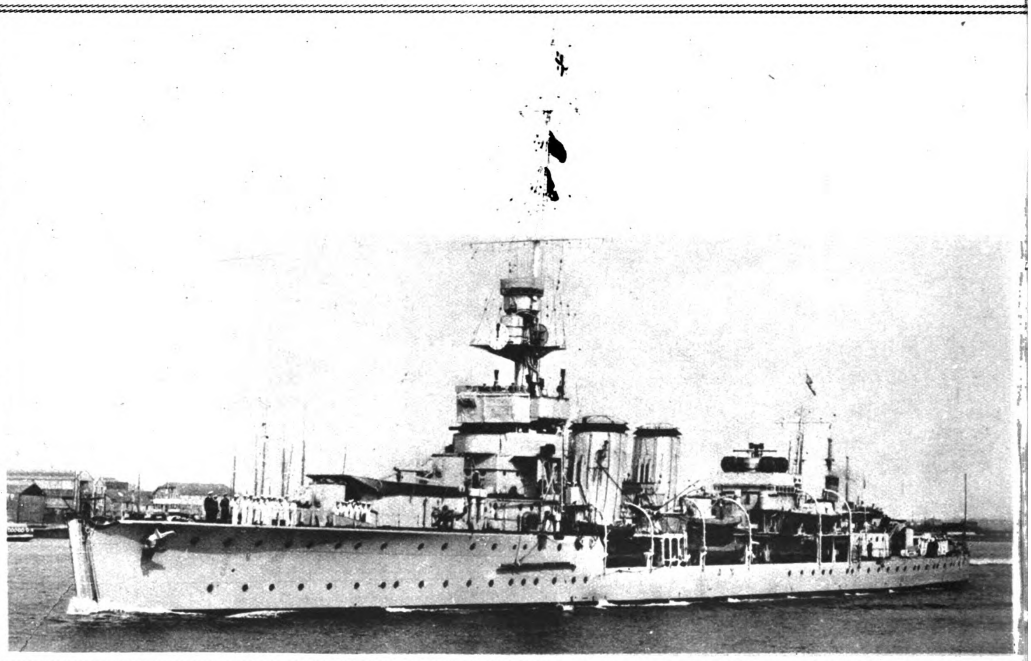
# THE FLEET IN BEING AT SPITHEAD: SHIPS OF

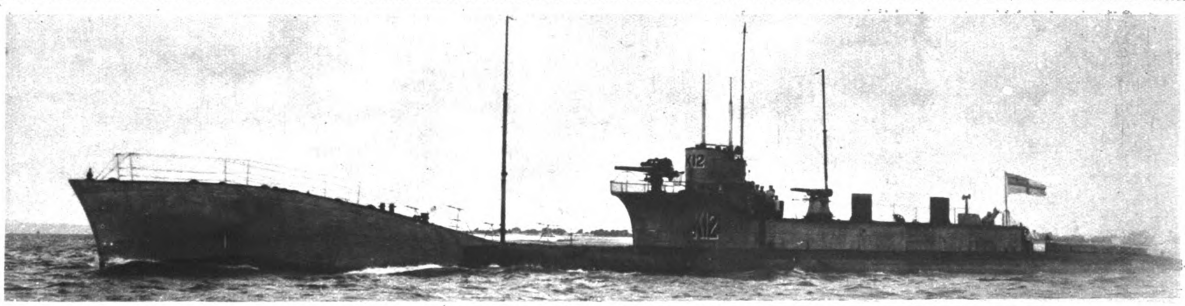
PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1, 2 AND 4



A FIGHTER AT THE BATTLES OF JUTLAND AND THE DOGGER BANK: THE BATTLE-CRUISER "TIGER."

FLAG-SHIP OF THE REAR-ADMIRAL COMMANDING THE DESTROYER FLOTILLAS: THE LIGHT CRUISER "COVENTRY."



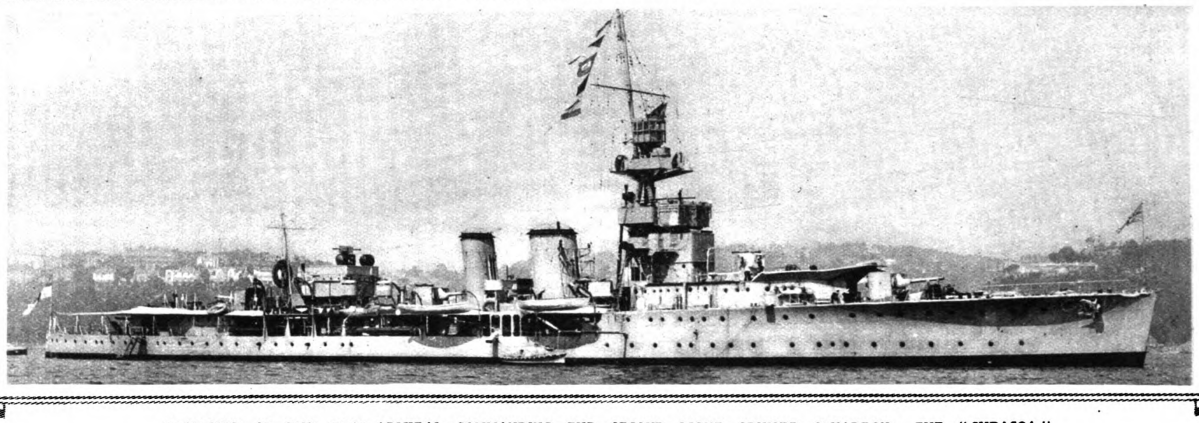


WITH HIGH SPEED, ENABLING HER TO WORK WITH THE FLEET: THE SUBMARINE "K 12."

The battle-cruiser "Tiger" served during the war in the Battle-Cruiser Force, and suffered many casualties in the Dogger Bank and Jutland battles.——The "Curacoa" is drawn from the vessels of the "C" class light cruisers. During the last year of the war, she flew the pennant of the Commodore, Harwich Force; and she took part in one or two small destroyer engagements and struck a mine in the Baltic after the war—in June 1919.——The "Coventry" is a light cruiser of the same class as the "Curacoa," and was with the Harwich Force during the latter part of the war.—— The destroyer "Westcott" is

# THE "SURE SHIELD" REVIEWED BY THE KING.

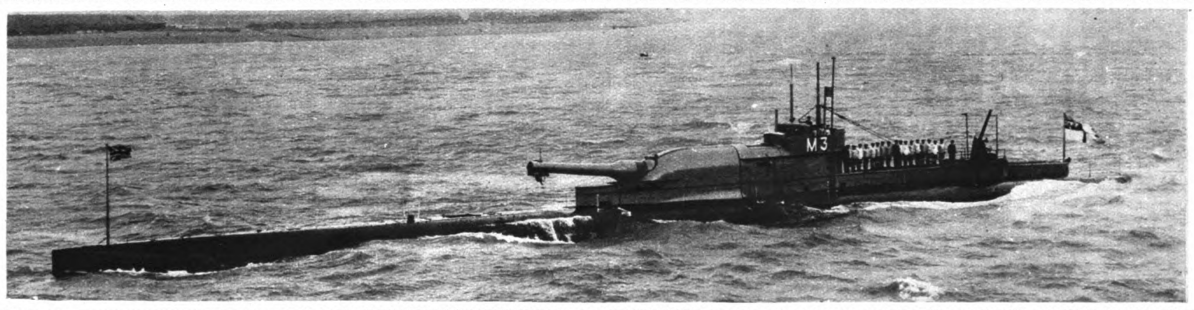
BY ABRAHAMS; No. 3, BY CRIBB.



FLAG-SHIP OF THE REAR-ADMIRAL COMMANDING THE SECOND LIGHT CRUISER SQUADRON: THE "CURACOA."




OF THE SIXTH DESTOYER FLOTILLA: THE "WESTCOTT," WHICH JOINED THE GRAND FLEET TOWARDS THE END OF THE WAR.




WITH A 12-IN. GUN; FOR BOMBARDING OR ENGAGING LIGHT CRUISER OR DESTROYER: THE SUBMARINE "M 3."

one of the Atlantic Fleet destroyers which joined the Grand Fleet a few months before the end of the war.——The "K" class of submarines have a high speed which enables them to work in company with the Fleet. Their high bow gives them extra sea-worthiness on the surface, and helps in diving.——The "M" class are fast under water, but their surface speed is not sufficient for them to keep company with the Fleet. Each is fitted with a 12-in. gun, taken from a ship of the old "Edward VII." class. They can be used for bombarding, or for engaging a light cruiser or a destroyer.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



## "THE BARN."—THE EMPIRE AS VARIETY THEATRE.

THAT little "Drawing-Room Theatre," which I outlined in this page some months ago, is going to materialise—in fact, it does already exist—at 40, Hamilton Terrace, the domicile of the well-known architect Mr. Morley Horder. His daughter, Miss Barbara Horder, and her friend, Miss Loti Ford, both young and clever actresses full of ambition, had the happy thought that a garage in the back garden would be eminently suited for turning into a miniature theatre. So the master-builder set to work; there was planning and planning; walls were pulled down, and presently the garage became a fully-equipped little theatre, to seat about eighty, with a stage suitable for one-act plays, or greater works of small compass, such as "Ghosts," "Aimer" (by Géraldy), "The Mollusc," etc. The dressing-rooms are on the first floor; the curtains slide sideways; the lighting apparatus is perfection in a nutshell; the spinet in front of the stage brightens the *entr'actes* with duets of old English songs. Miss Barbara Horder does all the scenic work herself, and, by a clever combination of curtains and backgrounds, she knows how to create the right atmosphere. She does not paint her scenes, but with great skill she cuts them from coloured paper; and so striking is the effect that in the Strindberg play, "The Stranger," which was the *pièce de résistance* of a triple bill the other day, we had a typical vision of a moonlit Scandinavian village. It was as idyllic as if it had sprung from a Nuremberg toy-box. The other two plays on that occasion were a duologue by Mr. Clifford Bax and "Trifles," an American rural drama by Miss Susan Gaspill. In all three Miss Horder and Miss Ford took the leading parts, and proved that they are versatile and endowed with the gift of characterisation. There was a distinguished audience, which followed the performance with keen interest, and such was the success that then and there it was decided to form a new club, probably to be called "The Barn Theatre," for the production of new plays, English and foreign, that would perhaps not find their way to the regular stage, yet be well worth doing.



THE STUDIO SCENE IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY OF BOHEMIAN LIFE AT THE LYRIC: MR. HARRY WELCHMAN AS BONNI (FIFTH FROM LEFT), AND MISS PHYLLIS DARE AS YVETTE, IN "THE STREET SINGER."

"The Street Singer," the successful musical comedy at the Lyric, is set in the Quartier Latin, and tells the story of Bonni, the unsuccessful artist, who is loved by Yvette, the street singer. Yvette, however, turns out to be a duchess in disguise.—[*Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]



FRANÇOIS AND VIOLETTE IN "THE STREET SINGER": MR. A. W. BASKCOMB AND MISS JULIE HARTLEY MILBURN.

Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, the admirable comedian, is seen to advantage in the rôle of François, the mysogynist, in "The Street Singer," and has had a great success with his entertaining song, "'Ow I 'ate Women."

It so happened that Mr. Gilbert Chesterton was among those who crowded the little house, and, as no well-ordered dramatic society starts without a shining name in its pennant, he was approached on behalf of the two directing spirits to be the patron saint of "The Barn." He said: "I am not a saint, but I will be the patron." So the new enterprise had found its corner-stone, and the plan of campaign and the recruiting of members could begin. It seems a promising start. The name of Mr. Chesterton will attract members, and the enthusiasm of the two young promoters promises the rest. They are constantly reading plays, and are willing to scan more. There will be no ponderous committee, so no laborious formality to get a play accepted. They have a few good counsellors among their friends, who will help in the formation of the repertory; they have their eye on an expert producer; and, as for actors—well, as usual when there are good parts going, the young generation is ready in such force that it becomes almost an *embarras de richesse*.

So much for the organisation. Now comes the practical side. Here is, at last, a theatre where pioneering work can be done with the smallest possible outlay. Miss Horder will do the scenic work as before; furniture and props can be borrowed from friends; costumes, if need be, can be made upstairs on the premises by a needle-woman. If there will be seventy-five members at a guinea each—and more the place will not hold, except by standing-room—there will be enough and to spare for four performances in the winter season. It sounds like the Millennium—four artistic performances complete, and all for less than a hundred pounds! It reminds one of the good old days in Paris, when Antoine, then an employee in the gas-works of the city, started his Théâtre Libre at 96, Rue Blanche, also a kind of barn, with results that have become theatrical history.

Of course, "The Barn" will be faced by two possible difficulties—the smallness of the stage and of the auditorium. The former can be met by careful selection of plays: the spectacular must be avoided, the "*intime*" cultivated. It seems easy; the world is full of good plays of few characters that have never been heard in England. The latter—the limitation of the audience—seems rather an advantage than an obstacle. If the work is worthy of the cause, the best advertisers of "The Barn" will be those who have to remain outside, because they elected to wait and see, and found that the members' roll was closed. Nor do the directors wish to make their little theatre modish: a fashionable thing for people who have no real love for the theatre, but would subscribe in order to be "mentioned" among "those present." Their aim is to reach the many through the few. If they succeed by their efforts to pilot a good play to the regular stage, well and good; if not, they will be content to deserve well of the drama by their unswerving fealty to Art for Art's sake.

. . . . . .

The reopening of the Empire as a Variety Theatre is a sign of the times. A few years ago it was said that the music-hall was on the wane; that there was lack of talent; that the revue, at large or in tabloid form, would overwhelm the "turn" and absorb it and executants; lastly, that the embargo on artists of late enemy countries led to attenuation of the programme. There was not enough talent to go round, in fact, and competition in the form of Co-Optimists and such-like threatened a further decline of the time-honoured music-hall. To some extent these arguments held water: for a period there was undoubtedly stagnation, and the quality of the programmes showed a certain decline. The old "turns" kept on turning up and there was not enough variety in Variety. Still, some of the old halls flourished, and, wise in his generation, Sir Oswald Stoll perceived that the *clientèle* of the halls would remain faithful and not be lured away by the cinema if they got but value for their money. He reopened the Alhambra, and many wise people shook their heads. Would he make the "white elephant" that had gone through so many vicissitudes pay. Was the Coliseum, practically over the way, not in itself a rival? Would there be people enough to fill the great house in Leicester Square three times a day?

Sir Oswald gave a conclusive answer to this question. He selected his programmes with great care: he was always ready for something new; he believed in changes of programme week by week; and from the first the Alhambra, itself again, attracted the crowd. It has returned to its palmiest days. And here there is something to be observed which in itself is remarkable and peculiar to London—something which could not be tried in any other capital in the world. The Coliseum and the Alhambra became allied, in spite of their competition; in other words, some "turns" would be one week in the bill of the former and the next vice-versa. It seems incredible that such policy would prove remunerative. Yet it did; both houses flourished; and the explanation is that, within a stone's-throw of distance, there are different worlds in London. The Alhambra has its *clientèle*; the Coliseum has another; they may like the same thing, but they do not frequent the same place.

Now the Empire has reverted to the old régime—a wise move of Sir Alfred Butt's. It is an ideal place for variety, ballet, and such kind of entertainments; whereas, as a theatre it is a less promising proposition. Somehow at the Empire, unless a play or an operette is intensely effective, there is no real contact between the performers and the auditorium. It is difficult to explain, but it has been abundantly proved. A star turn at the Empire stage will go down much better with the public than, say, a crowded operette scene. There is something in the focus which intensifies the one and seems to blur the other. That the Empire will reconquer its old success is a foregone conclusion. It would achieve it if only the visitors to London patronised it. To the country cousin, the Colonial, the foreigner, there is a kind of magic in the name of the Empire—something of "seeing life" in Leicester Square. True, the Promenade is no more, but something of the old glamour remains; and with Sir Alfred, who understands the public of the world, at the helm, there is no doubt that the Empire will once more become the rendezvous of elegance and fashion—as the old showman used to advertise when London was a very gay city.



IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF THE LYRIC SUCCESS MISS PHYLLIS DARE AS "THE STREET SINGER."

Miss Phyllis Dare sings, acts, and dances delightfully as Yvette, in "The Street Singer," and makes a charming person of the art-loving duchess, who masquerades as the singer in order to win the love of the artist Bonni.

# THE CORONATION STONE OF DESTINY: A REMOVAL TO SCOTLAND?

DRAWINGS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"; PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE AND RUSSELL.



THE EGYPTIAN LEGEND: THE STONE OF DESTINY BEING TAKEN FROM EGYPT BY GAETHELUS, FOUNDER OF THE SCOTTISH NATION AND HUSBAND OF SCOTA.

2

claimed to be Englishmen who put honour first, to weigh well his statement—which was not his (laughter), but taken from Professor Tytler's works on the history of Scotland (and this was why Scotsmen were so anxious to get the stone back to Scotland)—that Edward I. considered that when he took the stone to Westminster he had taken Scottish independence with him. The stone was a symbol of Scottish nationhood. It was a venerable relic and Scotland had tried time and time again to get that venerable stone returned to Scottish soil. . . . After the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314, when Robert Bruce completely defeated the English, they sued for peace. By the Treaty of Northampton in 1328 . . . the stone and other relics should have been restored to Scotland. The reason given for the stone's not being returned was that the sentiment of London was against it.

"Lord Apsley (Southampton, U.) said that the mover of the Bill was following the ecclesiastical and monastic tradition which stated that the stone was brought to Scone by Kenneth

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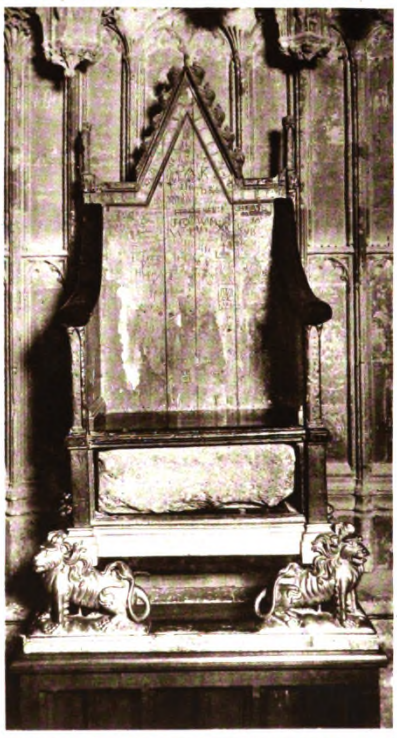



LEGENDS OF THE STONE: AS JACOB'S "PILLOW" AT BETHEL; DEDICATED TO EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, AT WESTMINSTER; AS SCHOOLBOY'S SLEEPING-PLACE.

1

IN the Parliamentary Report of the "Times," by whose courtesy we reprint it, the following appeared last week under the heading, "The Stone of Destiny": "Mr. Kirkwood (Dumbarton Burghs, Lab.) asked for leave to bring in a Bill to provide for the removal of the Scottish Stone of Destiny from Westminster Abbey to Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh. He said that according to tradition this was the stone that Jacob had for a pillow at Bethel. . . . It was taken by Jacob's family into Egypt, or, according to the Bible at that time, into the land of Goshen, and it was in the possession of the Kings of Egypt for a considerable time. It was taken from Egypt to Ireland; it was on Tara's Hill 700 years B.C. That was according to tradition; he did not know whether it was true or not. What he did know was that the stone was Scottish sandstone. It lay at Scone for about 500 years, until there was a quarrel betwixt Bruce and Baliol, and Edward I., called 'the Hammer of Scotland,' was brought in to arbitrate betwixt the two. Edward went to Scotland as arbiter and called in all the evidence, searched all the archives of Scotland, and took all these with him to England along with the stone. . . . He asked members who

[Continued in Box 2.



IN ITS PLACE BELOW THE SEAT OF THE CORONATION CHAIR: THE STONE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

3

McAlpin—(Mr. Pringle.—"No relation of the contractor")—and that it had been presented to him by a legate of the Pope in reward for his having converted Scotland to Christianity. . . . As regards the interesting point which he raised that the stone was Scots red sandstone, he might say that he had had to sleep many uncomfortable nights on the Hill of Bethel, and it was there also red sandstone. Fortunately for the Hon. Member and his point of view there were other traditions, and most of the more credible chronicles of the Middle Ages stated clearly that the stone was brought to Scotland by Fergus the son of Eric, who came over from Ireland with the Dalriads and founded the kingdom of Albania, which was afterwards called 'Scotia,' or Scotland, and that he brought the stone with him. Both in Scotland and Ireland local traditions stated that the stone was in the possession of the Scots long before their conversion to Christianity, and a pagan account of the origin of the stone was that the god Odin, being vexed with a fellow deity who had been making eyes at his wife, threw the stone at his head (laughter), but fortunately for him it missed him and it fell among the Scots (laughter), who reverenced it ever after

[Continued below.



FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE STONE TO SCOTLAND: MR. DAVID KIRKWOOD.



AGAINST THE REMOVAL OF THE STONE TO SCOTLAND: LORD APSLEY.

*Continued.*]

as a symbol of what might possibly happen to a mere mortal who might be guilty of a similar offence. . . . Coming to more modern history, Mr. Kirkwood had rightly stated that Edward the First took the stone from Scotland. But only Whig historians, who disregarded facts, would believe that Edward invaded Scotland merely for the fun of it and in order to become King of that country. Edward was compelled to undertake that expedition owing to the treaty concluded two years before by Baliol with France. This had borne fruit in several devastating raids made by the Scots on England. . . . Edward took the stone as the only tangible security for the reparations which he claimed. . . . Finally, he opposed the Bill for reasons which might perhaps be regarded as superstitious. He had much Scots blood in his veins. In connection with this stone there was an old Latin couplet . . . construed as follows:—'Unless the fates are faithless found and vision merely dream, Where 'er this stone be on the ground the Scots shall reign supreme.' (Laughter.) He would hate to deprive this country and the Empire of the valuable services of the Scottish Minister and Scottish heads of Government Departments and, if for that reason alone, he would oppose the Bill. (Cheers and laughter.) Leave to bring in the Bill was given by 201 votes against 171—majority, 30."——All the Sovereigns of England, save Queen Mary, have been crowned upon the stone, since the days of Edward I. Queen Mary was crowned, in 1553, on a chair blessed by the Pope. Leaving legend for the moment, it may be noted that the stone was deposited in the Church of Scone in A.D. 850. The Scottish kings were crowned upon it until 1296.

# "Sixteen Years Devoted to a Stone": A Nestorian Relic.

## "MY NESTORIAN ADVENTURE IN CHINA." By FRITS HOLM.*

"JUST as there is but one Rosetta stone, one Moabite stone, and one Aztec Calendar stone . . . there is but one Nestorian stone." The black basalt of the first yielded the clue to the interpretation of the hieroglyphics, for its inscription is in hieroglyphs, in demotic, and in Greek. The second tells in Hebrew-Phœnician letters of the success of the revolt of King Mesha against the King of Israel. The third, set in the foot of one of the open towers of the Cathedral in Mexico City, remains



PROOF THAT CHRISTIANITY CAME TO CHINA IN 635: THE NESTORIAN STONE—THE CHINGCHIAOPEI; OR, LUMINOUS TEACHING STELA—STANDING ON ITS TORTOISE OUTSIDE SIAN-FU.

*Reproduced from "My Nestorian Adventure in China," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.*

as a silently eloquent witness to Toltec culture. The fourth proves that Christianity in its Nestorian form—the form which ascribes to Christ not only two natures, but two personalities, human and divine, and acknowledges the Virgin Mary not as the Mother of God, but as the Mother of Christ, the Man—sought converts in China in 635, when a mission came overland from West Asia—from Ta Tsin, which was probably Syria—and propagated the Luminous Religion amongst the Sons of Han over six centuries before Roman Catholicism reached them through India.

It stood, this Chingchiaopei, outside the west gate of Sian-fu, the old, Imperial City, "Western Peace"; unheeded and neglected. It was coveted, however, and Dr. Frits Holm, then five-and-twenty, set out with the idea that he could persuade its Buddhist guardians to part with it, that it might find permanent place in a museum and so be preserved for the enlightenment of many more generations.

Eagerly, he started, and he journeyed by house-boat pulled by land sailors; by railway; in bamboo sedan-chairs; in springless carts; on mule back and pony back; by leaky river-skiff; tormented by vermin; soaked by storm and burnt by sun; choked by dust; shaken over "impossible" roads perishing under that Chinese rule which reads "supposee one thing makee spoil, no use makee repair"; ever "Yang Kwei Tsz," the Foreign Devil. On the way he saw strange things.

At Lintsing-chow some six bridges cross the dry bed of the Grand Canal abandoned by Kublai Khan and re-dug outside the walls. "About two years ago (in 1905), one of these stone bridges was on the verge of collapsing, but nobody took the initiative to have it repaired. It would have meant disaster to the neighbouring houses were the bridge not repaired at once, so a Buddhist priest, realising this, voluntarily incarcerated himself in a stone pillar of the bridge, swearing that he would not eat or drink until sufficient money had been collected for effecting the essential repairs. Private contributions saved the life of the enterprising and courageous priest, so that his departed spirit should not haunt the district!"

The weapons of his unwanted guards grew worse and worse as the party went further and further west. "While Yuan Shi Kai's railway troops were armed with modern breech-loading rifles, we arrived in Sian with soldiers who carried no arms at all. *En route*, we observed the receding stages of muzzle-loaders from the early 'sixties, iron swords in leather sheaths, as used in the Boxer and Taiping rebellions, and round, black-painted sticks that could hardly kill a puppy."

Then there was the great region of the Loess: "More than half of the inhabitants of Chilipu live in caves in the Loess, which here forms a long wall, some sixty feet in height. . . . Millions of Chinese live and die in Loess-caves like ordinary troglodytes of old."

Finally, Sian-fu—with the Imperial Palaces of its Manchu quarter in dust, and time and weather ravaging the old Yamen in which the redoubtable Empress-dowager and the Emperor were fugitives during the Boxer troubles of 1900, for "according to Chinese custom, the Emperor having lived in them, the palaces will remain uninhabited and be allowed to fall into decay."

And the Stone; abandoned and deserted, standing on its tortoise.

"The Chingchiaopei, or Luminous Teaching Stela, is dated A.D. 781, and was accidentally excavated by some native workpeople in 1625, when it was placed on 'a fair pedestal' by the Governor of Shensi. It was soon visited by many Chinese, who took an interest in the ancient inscription." In course of time, its vogue waned, and the brick niche that had been built over it disappeared. In 1891 a small roof was set over it, but only five of the hundred taels sent for the purpose were not "squeezed" into wrong hands, and the protecting shed collapsed within a year. Such lack of care encouraged Dr. Holm in his desire to acquire the monolith; but it was not to be. So soon as his object was suspected, he began to realise that "all the mission-stations at Sian-fu virtually considered the ancient monument their lawful property, and he decided that the best thing to be done was to have a replica made, in secret.

The task was far from simple. "The monument is a large one, measuring nine feet in height (ten feet when the prolongation at its base is included), between three and four feet in width, and nearly one foot in thickness. The weight of the monolith is two tons, rather more than less. The difficulties in connection with transporting it—or an exact Replica—were, in view of the state of the alleged roads, appalling, as it would first be necessary to haul the Stela on a specially-constructed cart, over 350 miles before reaching the Peking-Hankow railway."

Next, there had to be obtained and brought from Fuping a slab of that "hard, grey, subgranular oolite, or limestone, from the second carboniferous period," that yielded material for the original monument.

Finally, this had to be polished in the strictest privacy, in the temple barn, and chiselled so that it became an exact reproduction, even to the Vandalistic cutting on the left side—stating that one Han Hwai Tah visited the relic in 1859!

What all this entailed is obvious when the stone is described.

"The Syro-Chinese inscription, in upwards of two thousand Chinese ideographs, carved with supreme skill in matchless Tang calligraphy by Lü Siu Yen, following the authorship of the priest Ching Tsing, is . . . in splendid preservation. Only two of the characters are really badly impaired. . . . The nine large characters, forming the title of the inscription . . . are surmounted by a beautiful Christian Cross, which latter is traced with a hand much less certain and positive than the hand that chiselled the Chinese inscription itself. The same applies without doubt to the Syriac portions of the inscription."

As to these inscriptions, it is impossible, Dr. Holm points out, to make a literal translation of them. "The fine shadings of words, or rather ideographs, that gave colour and high lights to the exquisite prose verse of the Tang Dynasty writers, have, in a measure, been lost. While the meaning of each and every character on the Stone, in the grosser sense of the word, is undoubtedly the same to-day as it was in A.D. 781, the subtler values have, even according to Chinese scholars, changed and side-shifted, however imperceptibly." There are, however, a goodly number of renderings re-telling the story of this "Monument commemorating the Propagation of the Ta-ch'in Luminous Religion in the Middle Kingdom"—notably that of Mr. P. Y. Saeki, whose work makes clear the purport of the inscription, its statement of the Nestorian beliefs, its record of how A-lo-pên took "The Way" to Ch'ang-an in the "ninth year of the period named Chêng-kuan (635 A.D.); of how the Emperor studied in his Forbidden Apartments and permitted the propagation of the Sûtras; of how the great Emperor Kao-Tsung, having "succeeded most respectfully to his ancestors," gave the True Religion "the proper elegance and finish"; of the Buddhistic outcry in the reign of the Empress Wu Tse Tien, of the "Elizabeth-Catharine" school, and persecutor of Christians; of the waxing of the faith; and of the Great Donor, the priest I-ssŭ.

Yet all was accomplished: reproduction and transport. The replica is perfect as it now stands in Rome, in the Lateran Museum, pontifical property.

As to the original, that was removed to the Confucian Peilin, the Forest of Tablets, or Stone Coppice, of Sian-fu, which shelters "a superb collection of memorial stones with inscriptions of different kinds. The hard limestone slabs, which are all smooth and black from the constant taking of paper rubbings of their inscriptions, stand in several sheds, and nearly all date from the Han Dynasty. . . . The Stone Coppice in Peking is of later date."

There we must leave this greatest of monuments of the Eastern Assyrian Church, certain that our readers will be attracted to a work right worthy of their study for its merits as a book of travel and, more particularly, for its popular, detailed story of sixteen years of adventurous perseverance and performance, "sixteen years devoted to a stone" in days in which "it is a strange fact that, while Jews and Nestorians may practically be considered extinct in China, and



THE REMARKABLE REPLICA OF THE NESTORIAN STONE: A CAST OF THE 2-TON MONOLITH THAT WAS CARVED IN SECRET AND TRANSPORTED ACROSS CHINA.

*Reproduced from "My Nestorian Adventure in China," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.*

while the Christianity of to-day meets with but limited success, Buddhism and Mohammedanism flourish as the most popular of the introduced religions." And there were Christians there in 635—and one Lee-wei (Levy) was rabbi in Kaifeng-fu in 1163!

E. H. G.

* "My Nestorian Adventure in China." By Frits Holm, G.C.G., G.C.O.M., G.C.C.M., etc., Hon. Chamberlain to H.R.H. the Count of Caserta, G.M.G. Illustrated. (Hutchinson and Co.; 18s. net.)

# FROM KING GEORGE TO THE EMPRESS JUDITH: KING THEODORE'S CROWN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM; DRAWINGS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF 1868.



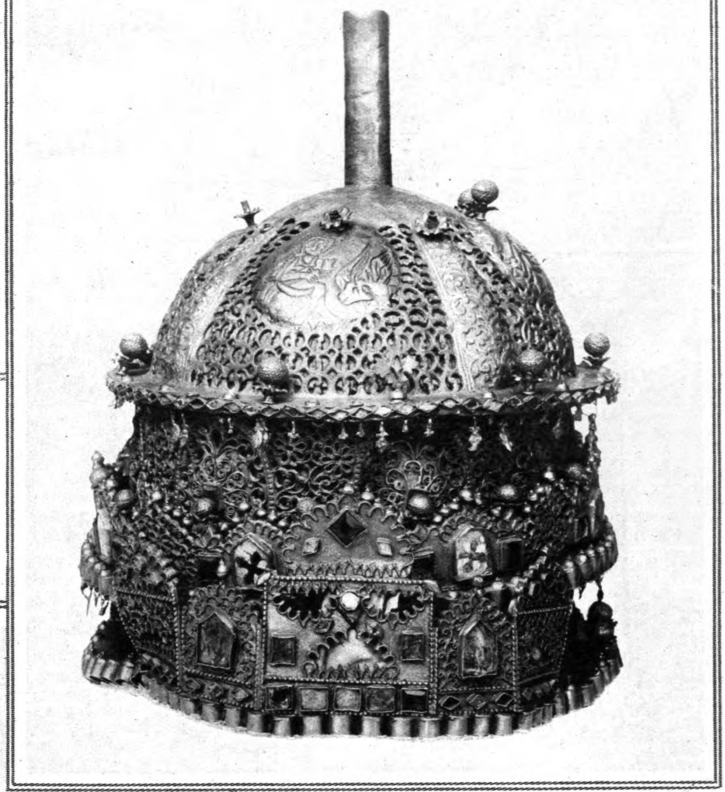
OF GOLD: CHALICES OF THE EMPEROR THEODORE OF ABYSSINIA.



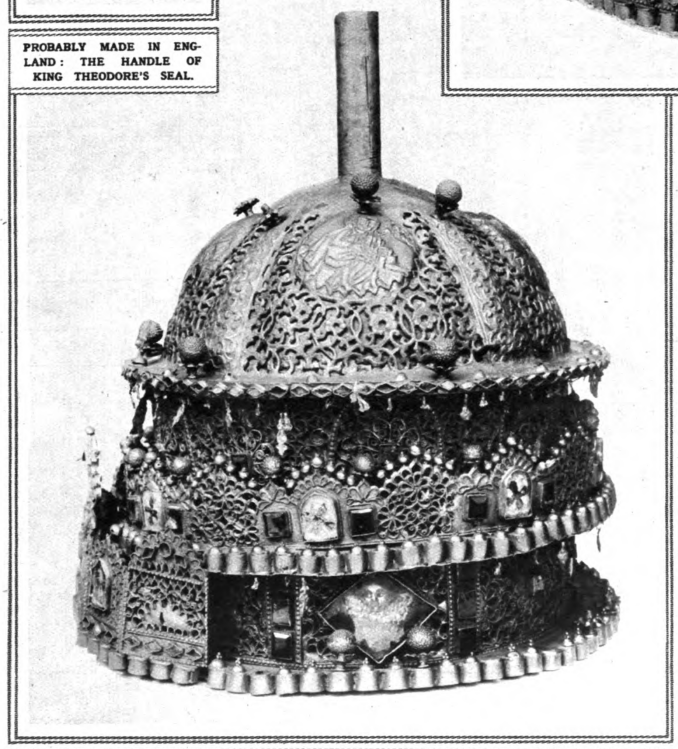
PROBABLY DONE AT JERUSALEM, OR IN EGYPT: THE SEAL OF THE EMPEROR.



PROBABLY MADE IN ENGLAND: THE HANDLE OF KING THEODORE'S SEAL.



TO BE PRESENTED BY KING GEORGE TO QUEEN JUDITH OF ABYSSINIA: THE CROWN OF THE EMPEROR THEODORE; CAPTURED AT MAGDALA IN 1868.



WITH COLOURED PASTE ORNAMENTS AND SMALL PAINTINGS UNDER GLASS: THE CROWN OF THE EMPEROR THEODORE—IN SILVER-GILT FILIGREE.



WORN BY THE EMPEROR AS ABUNA, OR HEAD OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN ABYSSINIA: THE SACERDOTAL CROWN.

When the King gave farewell audience to Prince Tafari, Regent of Abyssinia, his Majesty informed the Ras that he intended to present to the Empress Judith the crown of the Emperor Theodore of Abyssinia, which was captured by Lord Napier of Magdala in the Abyssinian War of 1868. This crown is at present at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. It is several sizes too large for the average head. The official description is: "The Crown of Abyssinia. Silver-gilt with filigree work; coloured paste and small paintings under glass. Taken by the British Army at the capture of Magdala on April 13, 1868. Given by the Secretary of State for India, 1869." The chalice on the left of the two, with the inscription round the bowl, is about twelve inches high. The inscription states that it was presented by King Adam Segud (A.D. 1560) to a church at Gondar. The handle of the seal is thought to have been made in England, and is distinctly European in style. In the case of the seal itself, the art is quite different, and probably lion and inscription were done at Jerusalem, or in Egypt. The sacerdotal crown is also at the Victoria and Albert Museum. This was originally surmounted by a cross. It is of gold, with representations of the four Evangelists on its domed top. The bands are embossed with heads of the Apostles. It was evidently modelled after the Pontifical Tiara.

# TEN YEARS AFTER.

**By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

*The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

*We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.*

AT this season, ten years ago, Europe was preparing to take its annual holidays. People were packing their trunks to go to the sea or to the mountains. The winter and spring had been rather agitated—the world was not in a tranquil state; but, for the moment, a lull in events had come with the great heat. Summer was the dead season for politics and diplomacy. Just because the world was ill at ease, it longed for holidays, as a short respite and truce. Once more people would be able to forget, during six or eight weeks, the anxieties which were beginning to become poignant.

As was then my habit, I took a run to Paris, about July 10, in order to see my friends there before their annual dispersion. Italy had just been agitated by a serious attempt at Communistic revolt, which broke out in June in Central Italy under the inspiration and leadership of a man whose rôle, ideas, and fate were to change singularly in ten years. These troubles had diverted public attention from the great affairs of the world, and I was therefore much surprised to find, on arrival in Paris, that political circles were anxiously preoccupied by the general situation in Europe, and particularly by the probable consequences of the Serajevo murders.

I remember that, on the evening of July 13, I dined at a restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne with some friends, nearly all Deputies or former Deputies. During the whole of dinner the conversation turned exclusively upon the obscure dangers which appeared to threaten the peace of the world. Would the war which had been so long predicted break out or not in the near future, and what attitude would the French people take in view of this redoutable eventuality? The General Elections had been held two months previously; and their result caused misgivings to some of my friends. Others were optimistic: if France were menaced, one would see once more the heroic *élan* of the Great Days. But not one of the party, even among the most pessimistic and best informed, supposed for one moment that the danger was so great, and that war would break out at the end of the month.

I left Paris on July 16, a little disquieted by all this talk, but without realising for an instant that there, in the midst of the cheerful atmosphere of impending holidays, I had said goodbye to the great century commenced in 1815, and that the tocsin of mobilisation would announce to the world, within a fortnight, the end of one of the most glorious epochs of history. The catastrophe surprised me in the tranquil retreat where I intended to pass the summer. Is it necessary to recall the anxieties, the illusions, the deceptions, the terrors of that last week in July, during which the apocalyptic shock of peoples and of States became inevitable, and in the midst of which the nineteenth century perished? Who will ever be able to forget those days of universal agony? But, in recalling them after ten years, in their entirety, it is impossible not to be struck by a strange contradiction, which becomes the more apparent as time passes. Although expected for a long time, the World War fell upon Europe as an enormous surprise. One felt that it was coming; but nobody had an idea of what it would be like, because man walks backwards towards the future, with his gaze upon the past. More than one surprise—it was a series of formidable surprises, of which we now only begin dimly to perceive the causes and to understand the meaning.

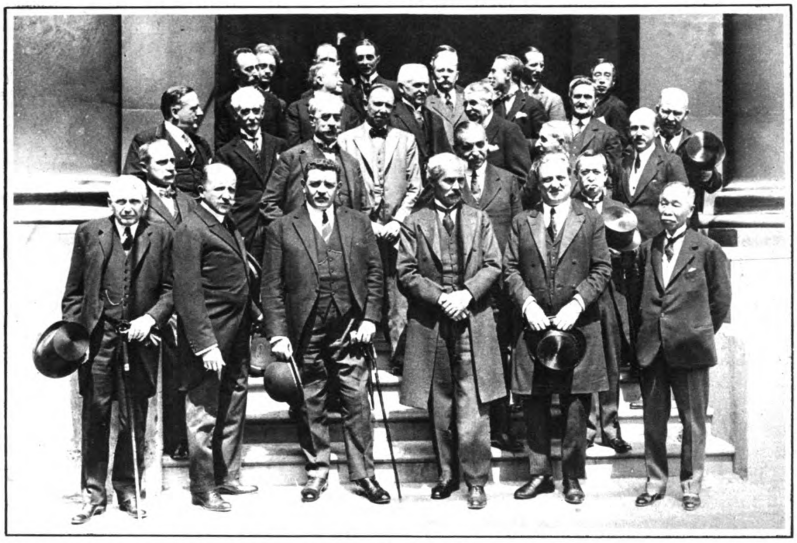
Let us examine some of these surprises: we shall find in them matter for useful reflection, on this tenth anniversary of the war.

. . . . . .

In the first place, there were the great surprises of the commencement: the resistance of Belgium; the heroic onset of Russia and of France; the intervention of England and Japan; the neutrality of Italy; the effort made by England to create a great Continental army; the spectacle of a whole continent mobilised in a few days for the defence of Liberty and the Right. With what august radiance, during the terrible weeks of July and August, did these words shine before the eyes of Europe, suddenly shaken out of the scepticism into which forty years of the triumph and cult of force had plunged her!

Nobody expected this prodigious reawakening of an idealism which had been thought long dead. The moral dissolution of France was a legend which so many interested parties had spread in Europe that there was no general confidence in her resistance. Many people, in all countries, doubted whether England would intervene; and nobody believed that she would take things as seriously as she did. One was fond of saying at that time that she would fight—"down to the last French soldier." The power in which everybody had most confidence was Russia!

When the war broke out, Russia was generally considered to be the invincible power of the Entente. The Ambassador of one of the greatest of all the Allied Powers, in the last conversation he had with the German Minister for Foreign Affairs, von Jagow, said to him that to fight Russia was like beating an eiderdown, the blows had no effect. The German Minister did not contest it. It was the general opinion.



THE INTER-ALLIED CONFERENCE ON THE DAWES REPORT: THE PRIME MINISTER AND REPRESENTATIVES.

The Conference convened to discuss the Dawes Report and decide upon the course of action to be adopted should Germany fail in her Reparations payment held its first meeting on July 16, at the Foreign Office. In the front row in the photograph are Mr. Kellogg, U.S. Ambassador; M. Theunis, the Belgian Prime Minister; M. Herriot, the French Prime Minister; Mr. Ramsay Macdonald; Signor de Stefani, the Italian Finance Minister; and Baron Hayashi, Japan. The United States representatives, though not coming in the same capacity as those of the other Powers, as their country was not a party to the Versailles Treaty or the Sanctions in force, are present with a "desire to be helpful."—[*Photograph by Central News.*]

One remembered 1812 and the campaign in Russia. One did not realise, at least in the countries of the Entente, the revolutionary fermentation which during the last ten years had been decomposing the Empire in its most intimate fibres. One did not take into account that a century had passed since Napoleon's invasion; that during that century population, wealth, and technical appliances had multiplied in all countries; and that the armies of Germany and Austria now had at their service a well-equipped network of railways. Nobody doubted that, as she had resisted to the end of the invasion of 1812, Russia would also resist that of 1915.

How can one account for all these surprises, all these illusions, all these errors? Why did we all—Governments and public opinions alike—deceive ourselves so consistently in our judgments and previsions? Because we had lost, since 1870, the sense of what a coalition and a general war implied. It is not possible to understand what has happened during the past ten years and what is happening to-day until one has grasped this primary fact.

The wars of the Revolution and of the Empire were in reality a General War between the great and lesser European Powers—broken by short interruptions. It was so long and upset so many things that, after the Treaties of Vienna and Paris, Europe lived for fifty years in terror of a general war. It was this obsession which sealed the doors of the Temple of Janus from 1815 to 1848. One was so afraid that, if war broke out between two Powers, the whole of Europe would again be in arms, that one always preferred to come to some amicable agreement. The revolution of 1848 was still dominated by this fear of a general conflagration, a legacy of the previous generation to the new one. The famous declaration of the Provisional Government to the effect that France, while declaring the Treaties of 1815 to be null and void by right, would respect the territorial delimitations established by them, reflected this preoccupation. After 1848 this terrible phantom continued to brood over Europe; it was the principal obstacle against which, in 1859 and 1866, the warlike policy of Cavour and Bismarck stumbled; it still seemed so redoubtable that, by a paradoxical contradiction, it aided these two statesmen, who had no fear of it, to obtain decisive results by short and not too sanguinary campaigns. This paradox is the key to one of the strangest and most decisive periods of the history of the nineteenth century. Both in Piedmont and France in 1859, and in Prussia in 1866, the difficulty of isolating the war had been the strongest argument of the party in favour of peace. These fears were no chimeras, for in 1859 Prussia had already begun to mobilise in order to come to the succour of Austria after her first defeats; and in 1866 there was a moment after Sadowa when an alliance between France and Austria seemed imminent. But in both cases it was the fear of a general conflagration that decided Francis Joseph to hasten the conclusion of peace, even against the advice and in spite of the intrigues of his General Staff, who wished to continue the war.

Placed between two epochs, Cavour and Bismarck benefited by this intermediate situation. The fear of a general conflagration was no longer strong enough to prevent a resolute statesman, favoured by circumstances, from declaring war; but it was still strong enough to prevent the war from becoming general in reality. It was thanks to this strange and contradictory situation that it was so easy for these two statesmen to isolate their wars; and that Bismarck was able, in four weeks and by a battle of one day, to win the war of 1866, which changed the history of Europe.

But intermediate situations never last long. The generation born after 1870, impressed by the results of the wars of 1859, of 1863, of 1866, and of 1870, completely lost the idea and the fear of what a war that was general and of long duration would mean. We knew that between the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries there had been a long war of twenty-two years, but only as we knew that there had been Crusades in the Middle Ages. It was the history of another epoch and another world. Our notion of wars having been formed upon those fought between 1848 and 1870, we did not, in 1914, conceive war as other than a brief shock, costing little, and very fruitful in results for the victor; the effect of which was to aggrandise the power and influence of one State to the detriment of another. The importance of a war and the value of a victory were measured by the displacement of power and influence which they effected. To isolate a conflict had, in current opinion, become an easy matter. All the Staff Colleges taught the rules of this operation: to mobilise rapidly, to take the offensive without hesitation, to surprise and stun the adversary and the neutrals by swift and crushing blows.

There is no doubt that the German Government and General Staff were inspired by these ideas in 1914. The German Government thought that it would be possible to isolate the Austro-Serbian conflict; and the General Staff did not doubt for an instant that, even if that conflict led to a collision between the Triple Alliance and the Entente, it would be possible to conduct the war to a rapid conclusion, as in 1870. The general war broke out because one no longer feared it seriously; and it was no longer feared, though often discussed, because one no longer had, even in military circles, more than a vague notion of what it meant.

. . . . . .

It would be instructive to study the influence which this initial error exercised on the conduct of the war. The World War might be defined, from certain points of view, as a war of coalition, conducted, especially in the first years, without a true spirit of coalition. But the effect of the initial error is visible, above all, in the peace, and in what we have become accustomed to call its deceptions. Why do the nations find it so difficult to understand what has been taking place in the world during the past five years? Because they expected, as a consequence of the war, a

[*Continued on page 208.*

# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, SWAINE, S. AND G., L.N.A., C.N., T.P., AND ALFIERI.



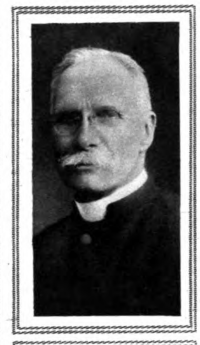
FORMERLY Q.M.G. IN FRANCE: GEN. SIR RONALD MAXWELL.



A GREAT MARINE BIOLOGIST, THE LATE SIR W. A. HERDMAN.



A FAMOUS ACTRESS: MISS WINIFRED EMERY (MRS. CYRIL MAUDE).



A DISTINGUISHED CLERIC: THE LATE DR. PEARSON McADAM MUIR.



LAST SON OF GARIBALDI: THE LATE GENERAL RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI.



FORMER PRINCIPAL OF NEWNHAM COLLEGE: MISS KATHARINE STEPHEN.



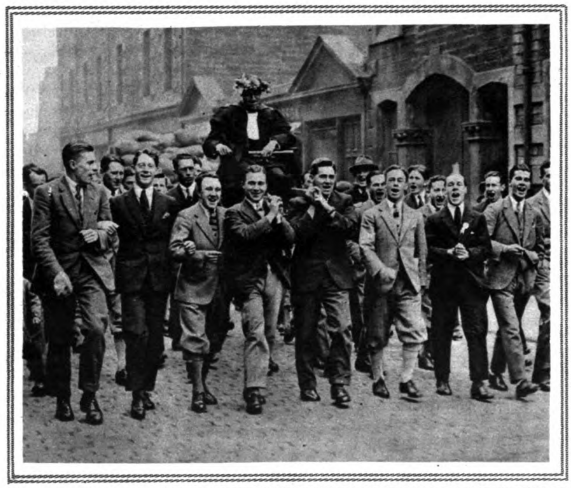
AN UNOFFICIAL VISIT: MR. C. E. HUGHES, AND MRS. HUGHES; WITH MR. KELLOGG.



VICTOR AND VANQUISHED: MLLE. VLASTO (LEFT) AND MISS KITTY McKANE.



WINNING A HEAT BY INCHES: MR. H. B. STALLARD BEATING MR. S. C. ENCK (U.S.A.).



CROWNED AND CHAIRED AT EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY: E. H. LIDDELL, THE GREAT OLYMPIC SPRINTER.

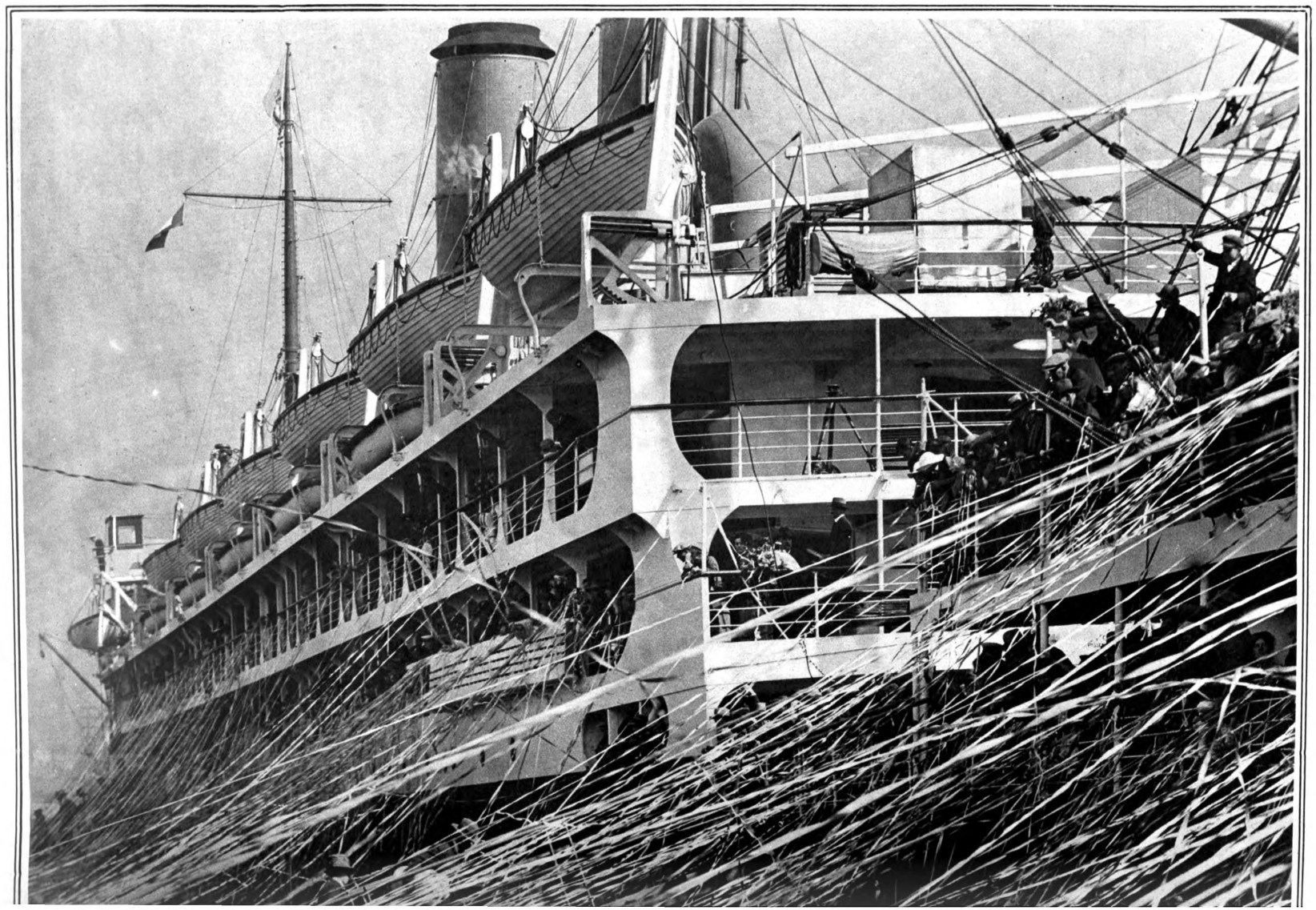


THE UNITED STATES WORLD FLIGHT: THE AMERICAN AIRMEN AT CROYDON AERODROME.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Ronald Maxwell, who was seventy-one, died on July 20. When war came in 1914, he was appointed Inspector-General of Communications. A year later, he succeeded Sir William Robertson as Quartermaster-General to the Armies in France.——Sir William Abbott Herdman died suddenly on July 21. He was sixty-five. He was a great marine biologist, and first Professor to hold the chair of Oceanography at Liverpool University. He was at one time in the office of the "Challenger" Expedition, and he became Professor of Natural History at Liverpool when he was twenty-three.——Mrs. Cyril Maude (Miss Winifred Emery) died at Little Common, Bexhill, after a long illness. In her time she played in many famous plays.——A Scottish Church leader and scholar of note, the Very Rev. Dr. Pearson McAdam Muir, who has just died, was a former Moderator of the Scottish General Assembly and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King in Scotland.——Before he died, General Garibaldi requested Signor Mussolini to preserve his father's house.——Mr. Hughes, the American Secretary of State, is in London, not by virtue of his office, but as President of the American Bar Association.——Miss McKane (Eng.) was beaten in the semi-finals of the Tennis Section of the Olympic Games by Mlle. Vlasto (France).——In the International Athletics at Stamford Bridge, America won against the British Empire by 11 events to 3; Stallard made a close finish in a heat of the two-mile relay race.——The winner of the 400 metres race in the Olympic Games, Mr. E. H. Liddell, was crowned with olive by his University Principal, and was chaired by his comrades.——The six United States world-fliers, after arriving at Croydon. Left to right: Col. Joyce (Military Attaché), Lieut. Lowell Smith, Lieut. L. P. Arnold, Staff-Sgt. H. H. Ogden, Lieut. J. Harding, Lieut. L. Wade, and Lieut. E. Nelson.

# PAPER LINKS BETWEEN SHIP AND SHORE, AT SYDNEY HARBOUR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY S. AND G.





# "GOOD-BYE!"

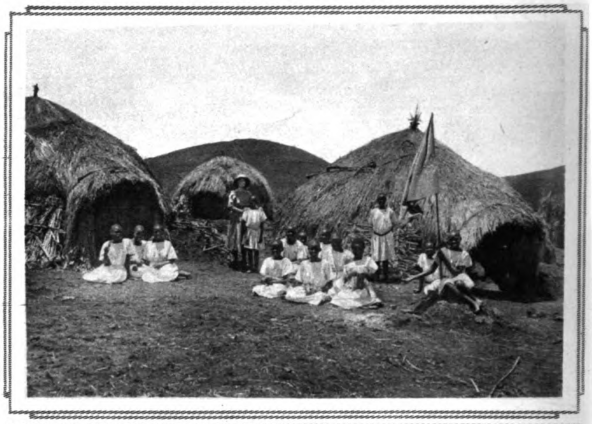
Such scenes as that illustrated have become common in Sydney within recent years, and commoner still since the opening of the British Empire Exhibition. In fact, as our American friends would say, it is the fashion to "Say it with Streamers." For months past, the great ships that sail from the famous harbour have been crowded with travellers bound for some part of Great Britain—and for Wembley. The subject of this photograph is the R.M.S. "Ormonde," which included in her passenger list the Olympic team representing Australia in the International games at Paris. But every departure is the occasion for a display of enthusiasm and deep feeling; indeed, the situation has the ingredients for both. The multi-coloured paper streamers stretching from the hands of the voyagers on the liner to the friends and loved ones who are seeing them off at the wharf combine to make a striking scene of kaleidoscopic charm. Each has his or her favourite colour—or any colour at all, so long as a strand is obtained to throw to those on board. Many passengers hold two or even more streamers, and, with hundreds and hundreds of these symbols fluttering in the breeze, it is only the unimaginative who cannot feel the romance that attends a ship putting out to sea. Sorrow is there, too, however hidden, and as the vessel casts off her moorings and is slowly moved by the tugs into the stream, with the paper strands let out to the full extent, many a strained look tells of the tug at the heart-strings. As the ship slips past the wharf, the crowd moves to keep pace with it, still clutching its streamers, which snap one by one until they litter the wharf or cling to the side of the ship.

# GIRL GUIDES OF THE WORLD: THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL CAMP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BAIRD, ARMITAGE, C.N., AND C.P.



WEARING THEIR BADGES: CEYLONESE GIRL GUIDES, FROM KANDY.



REPRESENTED IN THE CAMP: GUIDES OF TORO, UGANDA.



IN HOME SURROUNDINGS: INDIAN GIRL GUIDES.



WITH LADY BADEN-POWELL, THE CHIEF GUIDE, SEATED IN THE CENTRE OF THE FRONT ROW: IMPERIAL CHIEFS OF THE GIRL GUIDES.



IN "BLOOMERS": GUIDES OF THE UNITED STATES.



ILLUSTRATING THE WIDESPREAD NATURE OF THE MOVEMENT: GIRL GUIDES FROM CANADA, JAPAN, DENMARK, AND SWEDEN.

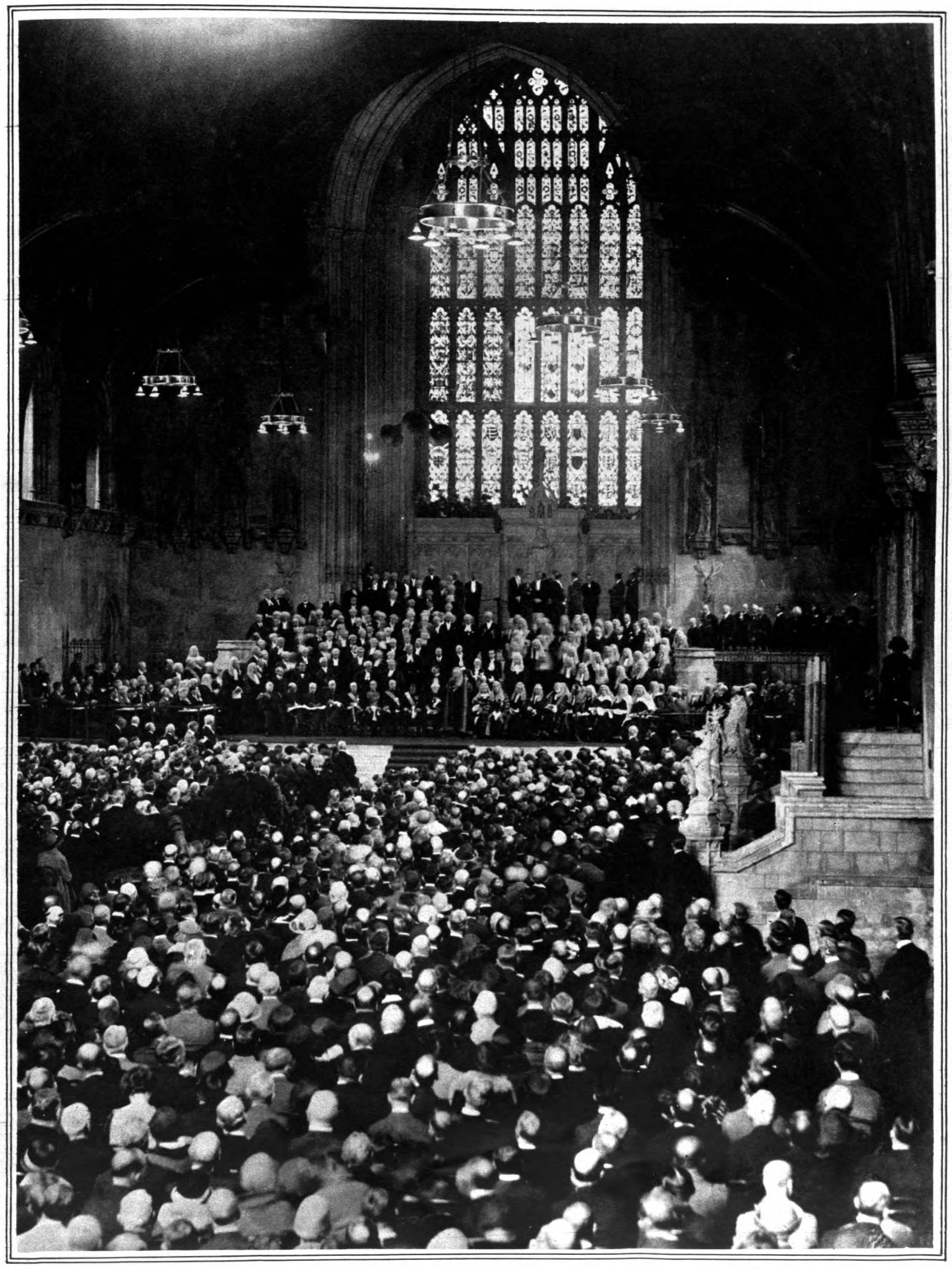


ILLUSTRATING THE WIDESPREAD NATURE OF THE MOVEMENT: GIRL GUIDES FROM THE UNITED STATES, IRELAND, AND NORWAY.

The first Imperial and International Camp of that great organisation, the Girl Guides, opened on July 16 at Foxlease Park, Lyndhurst, Hants, and continued until July 23. A thousand guides were under canvas. At the head was the Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell. It was arranged that each night should be a national night; that is to say, a night on which contingents would tell what Girl Guides were doing in their particular countries. The English Girl Guides were the hostesses, and before dawn on the first day they had pitched some two hundred tents, had dug earth ovens, and had chopped wood for the visitors. Differences in language caused some little embarrassment on occasion, but this did not in any way interfere with the general happiness or well-being of the gathering.

# WELCOMED IN WESTMINSTER HALL: THE LAWYERS FROM THE U.S.A.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRATT.



**IN A HISTORIC HALL, AS MUCH AMERICA'S AS OUR OWN: THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S GREETING TO THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION.**

Historic Westminster Hall, the hall of William Rufus, was the scene of a striking pageant on July 21, when the holders of the highest legal offices of the State filed into their places on the platform in all the splendour of their robes. The Lord Chancellor, as titular head of the legal profession of this country, rose to bid welcome to the American Bar Association. He said that the Hall "was the home of those who were our ancestors in the fashioning of the common law, of equity, and of much of the Constitution, even of the United States. In the old days the Lords and Commons sat together in that Hall, from which Plantagenet Sovereigns dispensed justice as they understood it." Traversing the succeeding history of the judiciary, Lord Haldane said that the Hall he spoke in was as much their guests' as it was our own. Referring to the Declaration of Independence, he said: "It has not prevented you from having a sense of common inheritance with us in this great legal institution of which I am speaking. Here in Westminster Hall, the ancestors of both of us did their work; here they have given their names to some of the great deeds in history and law."

# NOTABLE OCCASIONS: NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS FROM AT HOME AND ABROAD.

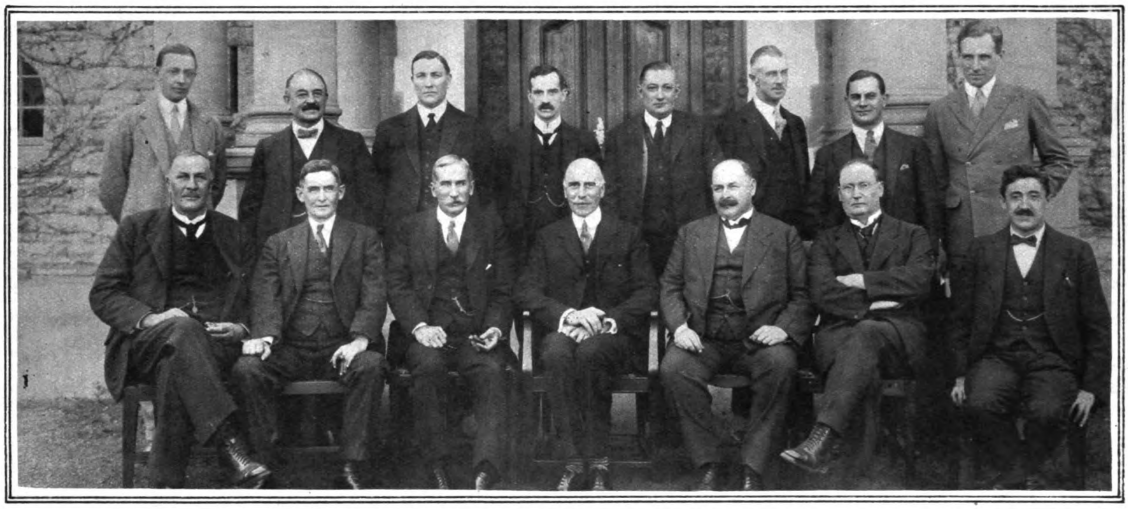
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, S. AND G., AND I.B.



ONE WHEEL IN THE AIR: A BACK AXLE BREAKS DURING A SPEED HILL-CLIMB, FORTUNATELY WITHOUT THE CAR OVERTURNING.



AT THE SCOTTISH "LOURDES": CARDINAL BOURNE CONSECRATING AN ALTAR AT CARFIN, A CEREMONY ATTENDED BY SOME 40,000 PEOPLE.



THE MINISTRY THAT HAS INVITED THE PRINCE OF WALES TO SOUTH AFRICA: GENERAL HERTZOG'S CABINET—AND THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Front row, left to right: Mr. P. G. W. Grobler (Lands); Colonel F. H. P. Creswell (Defence and Labour); General J. B. M. Hertzog (Prime Minister and Native Affairs); the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone; Mr. Tielman Roos, K.C. (Justice); Dr. D. F. Malan (Interior, Public Health and Education); Mr. T. Boydell (Posts and Telegraphs and Public Works). Back row, left to right: Major J. U. S. C. Alexander (Sec. to Governor-General); Mr. F. W. Beyers, K.C. (Mines and Industries); Mr. N. C. Havenga (Finance); Mr. C. W. Malan (Railways and Harbours); General J. G. G. Kemp (Agriculture); Mr. Gordon Watson (Sec. to Executive Council); Captain Beyers (Governor-General's staff); and Lieut. G. Hawkins, R.N., A.D.C.



THE TRAGIC DEATH OF MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE FROM SEPTIC POISONING: THE U.S. PRESIDENT AND MRS. COOLIDGE LEAVING THE CEMETERY AT PLYMOUTH, VERMONT, AFTER THE FUNERAL.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK IN IRELAND: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES AS DOCTORS OF LAWS, AT BELFAST.

During the recent speed hill-climb of the South Wales Automobile Clubs, held at Caerphilly, near Cardiff, the back axle of Mr. Raymond Mays's car broke when he was travelling at about sixty miles an hour. A wheel came off; but, fortunately, the car kept the road.——Cardinal Bourne visited the Grotto at Carfin on July 20 and consecrated an altar within the grounds. Over forty thousand people attended the ceremony.——Mr. Calvin Coolidge, son of President Coolidge, who was seventeen, died of septic poisoning following a blistered toe contracted while playing lawn-tennis.

# "THE PLACE OF FALLEN STONES": RELICS OF THE MYSTERIOUS MAYAS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. THOMAS GANN. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 200.)



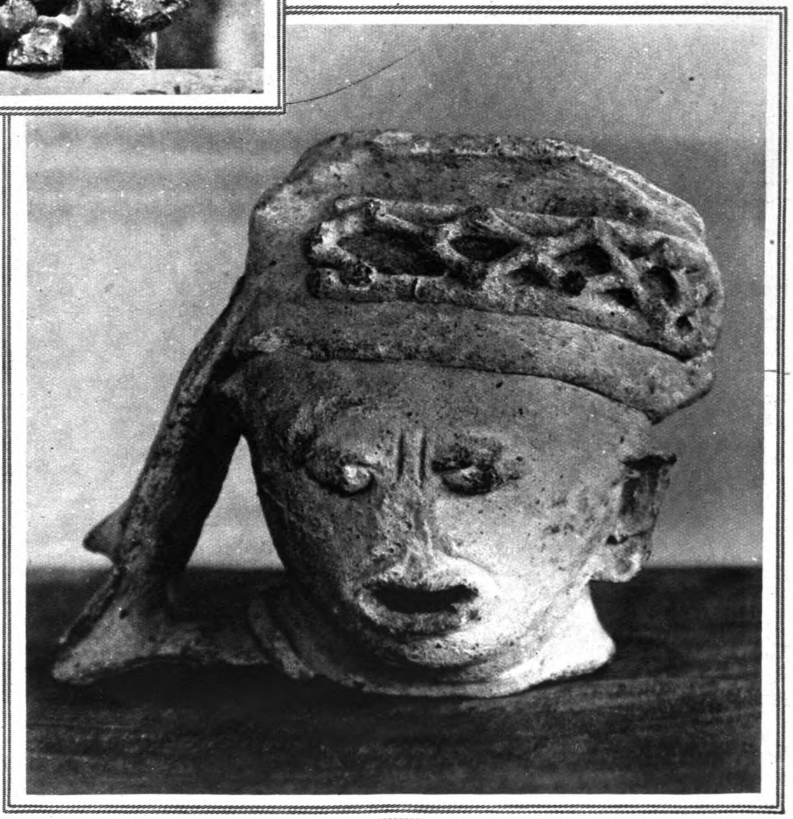
A RELIC OF THE MYSTERIOUS MAYA RACE: AN INCENSE-BURNER FOUND NEAR THE RIO GRANDE RUINS, BRITISH HONDURAS.



THE JADE SHOWING HOLLOW DRILL TECHNIQUE IN THE FORMATION OF EYES AND MOUTH: A JADE HEAD; AND A SPEAR-HEAD OF FLINT.



WITH FRONTS THAT ARE CRUDELY MODELLED HEADS OF ANIMALS, AND BACKS OF HUMAN FIGURES IN MAYA DRESS: CLAY WHISTLES, FROM THE RUINS.



WITH MAYA HEAD-DRESS, BUT FACE OF THE ARCHAIC AMERICAN CIVILISATION OF 1000-2000 B.C.: A CLAY HEAD FROM THE RIO GRANDE RUINS, BRITISH HONDURAS.

The ruined Maya city recently discovered is on the Columbia branch of the Rio Grande, in the hinterland of British Honduras, near the Guatemala border. Dr. Gann is of the opinion that many of the pyramids "are honey-combed with narrow stone-faced chambers, the tombs of the kings, nobles, and priests of their builders." He goes on to say that, judging from the few pottery and jade relics found by the Indians on the surface of the soil near the ruins, "great quantities of their weapons, ornaments, and utensils should be found in these burial-chambers, supplying a vivid picture of the habits, customs, and mode of life of the ancient inhabitants." Amongst the ruins was found a clay head with a typically Maya head-dress and equally typical archaic face, and it is probable that further discoveries will link up the Maya with the Archaic, the oldest civilisation on the American Continent, which flourished from 1000 to 2000 B.C., and from which the Maya are believed to be an off-shoot. Dr. Gann's party christened the city "Lubaantun,"—in the Maya tongue, "the place of fallen stones."

# A LOST CITY OF AMERICA'S OLDEST CIVILISATION: "LUBAANTUN."

*By Dr. Thomas Gann, Reader on Central American Archæology, Liverpool University.*

THE ruined Maya city recently discovered on the Columbia branch of the Rio Grande in the hinterland of British Honduras, near the Guatemala border, is buried in dense, impenetrable bush, and the buildings themselves are covered by vegetal mould accumulated over a period of nearly 2000 years, which in many cases gives them the appearance of natural elevations.

The buildings consist of great stone-faced, terraced pyramids, approached on one side by broad stone stairways. The first structure cleared of bush and humus was a truncated pyramid 90 ft. in length by 75 ft. in breadth at the base, and 30 ft. high. A steep narrow stone stairway, now in ruins, led from the base to the summit. Three terraces—4 ft., 3 ft., and 3 ft. wide respectively—completely surrounded it, interrupted only by the stairway.

and is built in two courses separated by a terrace 5 ft. broad, which extends along the whole front of the pyramid. The upper course contains nine steps, each 15 in. high, the lower six steps 18 in. high, and varying from 2 ft. to 2 ft. 8 in. in breadth.

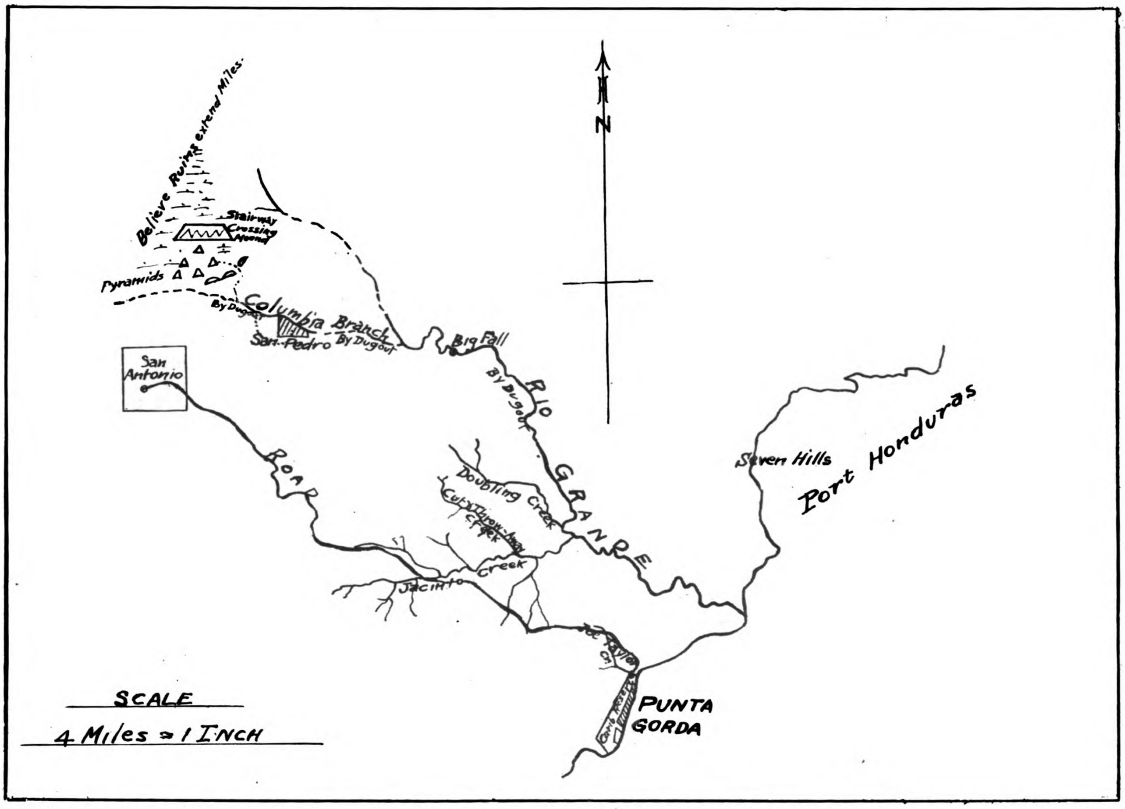
On either side the steps are flanked by a sloping wall of beautifully cut limestone blocks reaching to the front of the extension of the terrace dividing the stairway, from the back of which another sloping wall reaches to the summit of the pyramid, which is quite flat and measures 132 by 36 ft. On it we found an immense uprooted wild cotton-tree, which had brought with it, still firmly gripped in its roots, the squared stones of part of the wall of a chamber contained within the structure of the pyramid.

On a second pyramid we found caved-in, stone-lined chambers, from one of which we endeavoured

covered throughout with dense bush. We learnt, however, from Indians who had traversed them that they extend for approximately three miles from the Columbia branch towards the Rio Grande, and east and west for not less than two miles.

Before leaving, we christened the city "Lubaantun"—literally, "the place of fallen stones," in the Maya language. This city differs from all other known Maya cities, in that there are no stone palaces and temples standing upon the great pyramidal substructures, and in the entire absence of stone sculptures and of the great monoliths upon which were inscribed the dates of their erection, put up at twenty-year intervals, and later at five-year intervals, by the Maya throughout Central America and Yucatan.

It would appear from the absence of stone sculptures, temples, and palaces that these ruins




THE RUINED MAYA CITY DISCOVERED ON THE COLUMBIA BRANCH OF THE RIO GRANDE: THE POSITION OF "LUBAANTUN," "THE PLACE OF FALLEN STONES."
*A Sketch-Map by Dr. Thomas Gann.*

The walls separating the terraces were 9½ ft., 6 ft., and 6 ft. high, and the flat summit measured 50 by 40 ft. The whole pyramid was completely faced with nicely cut blocks of sandstone and limestone, to the lower surfaces of many of the latter of which a layer of chert, ¾ in. in thickness, adhered. No mortar or any similar material was used in binding these stones together, with the result that generations of great trees had torn them apart, so that the greater portion of the west side was in a very poor state of preservation, and only showed the terraced structure in places. It was found that this pyramid had been added to on two separate occasions by building courses of cut stone 3 ft. broad round the entire structure, a typically Maya procedure, seen at all their ruined cities over a period of more than 1000 years. The pyramid was situated on the rim of the steep side of a river valley, which was terraced and faced with cut stone for a distance of 35 ft., making the total height of this side of the pyramid 65 ft.

A second pyramid was approached by the great stone stairway (seen in one of our illustrations), from which the bush had to be cleared and the humus removed before it was recognisable as an artificial structure at all. The stairway is 55 ft. in breadth,

to clear out the débris of stone and rubbish with which it was filled, but soon had to desist, as the great weight of the stones took the combined exertions of all our labourers to remove through the narrow aperture at the top, and we soon realised that, if we were to do any other work at all in the limited time at our disposal, we must leave these vaults within the pyramids till later. At Uxmal, Copan, and other Maya cities similar structures have been found within the great stone pyramidal substructures, which had evidently been used as burial-chambers.

The Rio Grande ruins contain a great number of pyramids, and it is highly probable that many, if not all, of them are honey-combed with narrow stone-faced chambers, the tombs of the kings, nobles, and priests of their builders; while, judging by the few pottery and jade artifacts found by the Indians, mostly on the surface of the soil in the neighbourhood of the ruins, great quantities of their weapons, ornaments, and utensils should be found in these burial-chambers, supplying a vivid picture of the habits, customs, and mode of life of the ancient inhabitants.

Of the actual extent of the ruins it is impossible to give an accurate estimate as yet, for they are

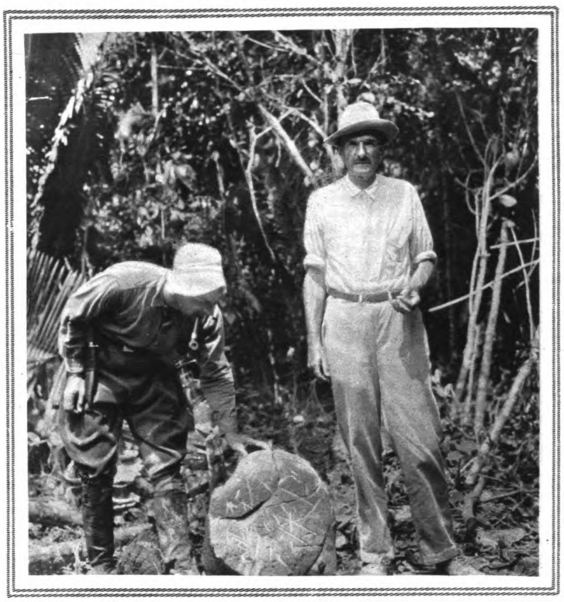
ante-date Copan, Quirigua, Uaxactun, and other cities of the Old Empire, the earliest recorded dates at which go back to about the beginning of the Christian Era, for it is almost certain that prior to this Maya dates were recorded on wood, and the earliest temples and palaces constructed of the same material.

Amongst the ruins was found a clay head with typically Maya head-dress and equally typically archaic face, and it is not improbable that other objects will be found to link up the Maya with the Archaic—the oldest civilisation on the American continent, which flourished from 1000 to 2000 B.C., and of which it is believed that the Maya were an offshoot.

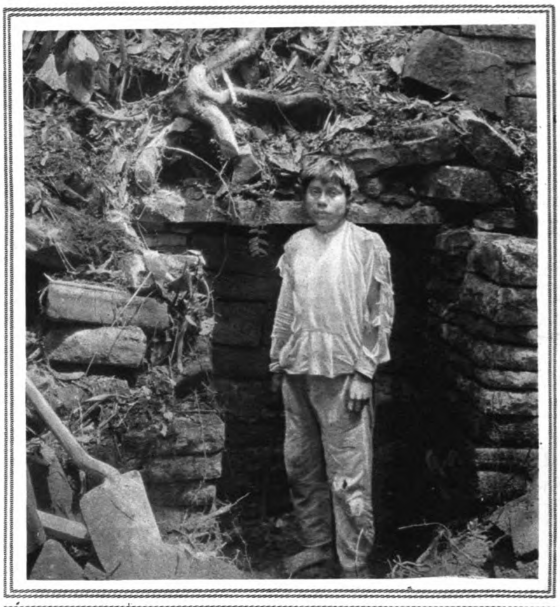
In the Rio Grande ruins we have one of the earliest Maya sites, going back to a period prior to any of the ruined cities at present known in Central America, and one can only hope that within it discoveries will be made which may at least throw some light on the origin of this mysterious race, who, when we first obtain any record of them—some 2000 years ago—seem to have descended on Central America from the clouds, fully equipped with a high civilisation, an elaborate hieroglyphic writing, and a calendar system which is unequalled to the present day.

# A CITY OF PYRAMIDS: REMARKABLE MAYAN RUINS OF THE RIO GRANDE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. THOMAS GANN. (SEE ARTICLE.)



POSSIBLY AN ALTAR: A BELL-SHAPED STONE WITH CURIOUS MARKINGS ON THE CONCAVE SURFACE, CORRESPONDING TO THE MOUTH OF THE BELL.



RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CIVILISATION; AND A MODERN MAYA: ONE OF THE MANY STONE-FACED RECESSES FOUND IN THE SIDES OF THE TERRACES.



AFTER IT HAD BEEN CLEARED OF BUSH AND HUMUS: THE GREAT 55-FT.-WIDE STONE STAIRWAY LEADING TO THE SUMMIT OF A STONE-FACED PYRAMID.

The ruins were buried in dense bush and covered by accumulations of mould over a period of 2000 years. The buildings consist of stone-faced terraced pyramids. The first structure unearthed was faced with nicely cut blocks of sandstone and limestone in the binding of which no mortar or similar material was used. The result has been that generations of trees have torn apart the structures, leaving the terraced sections only in places. A second pyramid was not at first recognisable as an artificial structure, so covered was it by bush.

The stone stairway shown in one of the photographs is 55 ft. in breadth; the steps vary from 15 to 18 in. high, and from 2 ft. to 2 ft. 8 in. in breadth. On top of the pyramid (132 by 36 ft.), was found a great uprooted cotton tree, in the roots of which had been brought up the squared stones from a chamber within the pyramid. The ruins, according to a rough estimate, extend three miles from the Columbia branch to the Rio Grande, and east to west for about two miles.

# "THE MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS TO SAY 'FAREWELL'

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



## THE "GREAT GOOD-BYE" DANCE THAT CLOSED THE ADVERTISING CONVENTION: THE

The great International Advertising Convention had a very happy ending in the form of an Epilogue Ball, or "Great Good-bye," enacted with music and dance and pageantry, at the Olympia dance hall. Such an occasion for "the meeting of old friends to say 'farewell' to the new friends" was too good to be missed, and, as a result, the function was a notable success. Apart from the actual dancing, there were a number of events on the dance-floor. Notable amongst these was a Grand March-Past for competitors in fancy costume. Prizes were given, and two of these were for the best representations of a newspaper or a periodical. In this connection, the "Big Six"—that is to say, "The Illustrated London News," "The Sphere," "The "Sketch," "The Tatler," "Eve," and "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News"—figured prominently. In fact, they had, as it were, a little procession of their own (excellently

# TO THE NEW FRIENDS": THE EPILOGUE BALL.

ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



**MARCH-PAST—"MISS 'SKETCH'" AND OTHER REPRESENTATIVES OF "THE BIG SIX."**

costumed by Clarkson). This was headed by a "Britannia," representing "The Illustrated London News" and in allusion to the cover of our Wembley and Advertising Convention Number of last week. Then followed "The Tatler," with half-a-dozen figures each carrying a letter of its name and dressed as the famous boy of its cover. Next were the representatives of "The Sphere." Then came "The Sketch" girls, each one dressed as the figure on "The Sketch" cover. These were followed by a "Bonzo"; and then came "Eve" and "The Sporting and Dramatic." At the end of the affair, the guests sang a parody of "Ye 'll tak' the high road and I 'll tak' the low road," the finishing lines of which were "For neither you nor we are ever likely to forget The bonnie, bonnie times we had at Wembley."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE QUEEN was in town during the King's absence at Newmarket, and spent the time quietly. The heat tries her Majesty considerably, and the season has been strenuous. The royal visit to Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley meant a further rather strenuous if most interesting and agreeable time. Knowsley is a palatial house where everything is done on a scale worthy of it. The royal special which ran up on Friday and brought their Majesties back on Monday was ice-cooled and flower-decorated. The new cathedral in Liverpool immensely interested the Queen, especially the fine needlework which has gone to the clothing of the altar.

This is the last week of a memorable London season in which there have been more Court entertainments than in any since the reign began. The third Garden Party is the outstanding event of the week, and the Prince of Wales acted as host for one given to the vice-presidents and members of the League of Mercy at St. James's Palace. Thoughts sometimes unwillingly turn to the termination of the season ten years ago. Although the upheaval in Europe has not yet settled down, we are thankful that we, with our kith and kin from beyond seas, have experienced a splendid reunion—one that promises to last and which is of the utmost importance to this commonwealth of nations which we proudly call the Empire.

Peaches every one of them, boys as well as girls, were the pages and bridesmaids of Mrs. Erskine Stirling. The boys wore peach blossom Kate Greenaway suits of fulgurante, with ivory-hued chiffon neck and wrist frills. The girls had long-skirted, short-bodied dresses of similar material and colour, the fronts frilled in tablier style with chiffon, and they wore wired and very becoming shaped hats to match, and at one side of the hats and near the waists of the dresses were little clusters of small peaches. The formal little posies they carried were of alternate rows of blue hydrangea blossom and deep shell-pink sweet-peas. Rarely has a bride had a prettier following to the altar, and, being a handsome girl herself and marrying a fine, upstanding, handsome soldier, there was nothing left to wish for except their happiness, and everyone wished for that. The young Earl of Burlington was a page, and also his brother, Lord Andrew Cavendish. The Duchess of Devonshire played, but quite neglected to look, the part of grandmother to these pages, and to Master Macmillan and two of the bridesmaids. The Duke looked it a little more, but not quite. A very happy-looking pair of grandparents they appeared, and have quite recently had two more grandsons added to their tidy little roll in Captain the Hon. James and Lady Rachel Stewart's and Major the Hon. Evan and Lady Maud Baillie's boys. Of such a race this country cannot have too many representatives.



*A neat and workmanlike yachting suit which will appeal to every enthusiast. It may be studied in the salons of Burberrys, in the Haymarket, S.W.* (*See page* 206.)



*Impervious to all weather conditions are these suits, which have been built by Burberrys.* (*See page* 206.)

The Officers' Families Association is fortunate in its friends, and it deserves its fortune, for the dependants of these our officers whose trials in and after the war have been so hard and so undeserved make really beautiful, often original, and always practical clothes at very moderate cost, as can be seen at their depot, 21, Beauchamp Place, Brompton Road. Countess Fitzwilliam is one of the Association's friends, and gave a very enjoyable party at her house in Grosvenor Square for it. The newest models were shown by pretty débutantes and other girls of what used to be called the upper crust. There was a dance for little people, and tea and summer refreshments for everyone. Lady Fitzwilliam, looking like the sister of her daughters—not noticeably an elder one—in cream-coloured lace and satin, had a big cluster of varied coloured fruits and flowers hanging from the low waist of her dress, and making a very graceful effect. Lady Donatia and Lady Joan were in deep bright blue, and were very busy looking after things. Lord Fitzwilliam himself was there, although of male support he had very little—he was a host in himself. I saw four Duchesses, her Grace of Northumberland, youngest of them, looking delightfully handsome in showy black and gaudy white—which, being interpreted, was a quiet black and white foulard dress with rather a large black hat.

Bare arms and bare necks and abbreviated skirts, which find favour with our sex, find none with the clergy of the Roman Church, who, from the Pope down to the parish priest, take every occasion of denouncing this sparse attire. Recently, a dignitary of the Church publicly reproved two ladies who went to Mass. The culprits were reduced to tears. The nature of the tears was not specified—they were probably of rage rather than of repentance. The fashion cannot be defended on the score of prettiness, nor, one would think, on that of comfort, since a roasting sun on bare skin is not easy to bear, nor are its consequences becoming. However, if womankind makes up its mind to a fashion, that fashion will have its followers, and even the authority and discipline of the Roman Church may be set at naught.

Hospitality of the now passing season had in it much of the old fine spirit that put the pleasure of guests first. Whether it was Overseas visitors or old friends who were entertained, hostesses were really concerned for their enjoyment. Crushes were taboo, enough people were asked to fill comfortably the available rooms, and their proprietress, while receiving, called in the help of relations and friends to introduce, and to see that everyone had someone to talk to, which is a necessity in a room full of people, if only to save from self-consciousness—a horrid form of social disorder. One hopes that this revival of real hospitality will not be just for a year, a week, or a day—but for always.

Lady Ursula Grosvenor must be what is commonly called "a very good sort." She desires that the children on her father's great estate shall all share in the joy of her wedding to Mr. Filmer-Sankey, whose Irish uncle has given him a very promising race-horse. Lady Ursula, on her mother's side, has true sporting Irish blood—that of the FitzPatrick family—through her grandfather, who was a parson, and through her grandmother, Lady Olivia FitzPatrick, who lived to be a very beautiful old lady, and died in 1916. Lady Olivia was the daughter of the second Marquess of Headfort. Her mother was Miss Olivia Stevenson, daughter of Sir John Stevenson, Mus.Doc., a well-known Irish musician, from whom Princess Pless, as we know her best, and Constance Duchess of Westminster inherited considerable musical talent, which, I am told, has further descended to Lady Ursula. Her greatest talent is, however, for sport in the open. As the Duke of Westminster has no son, and as he is very fond of his elder daughter, she will doubtless be a well-endowed bride. She is certainly a handsome one.

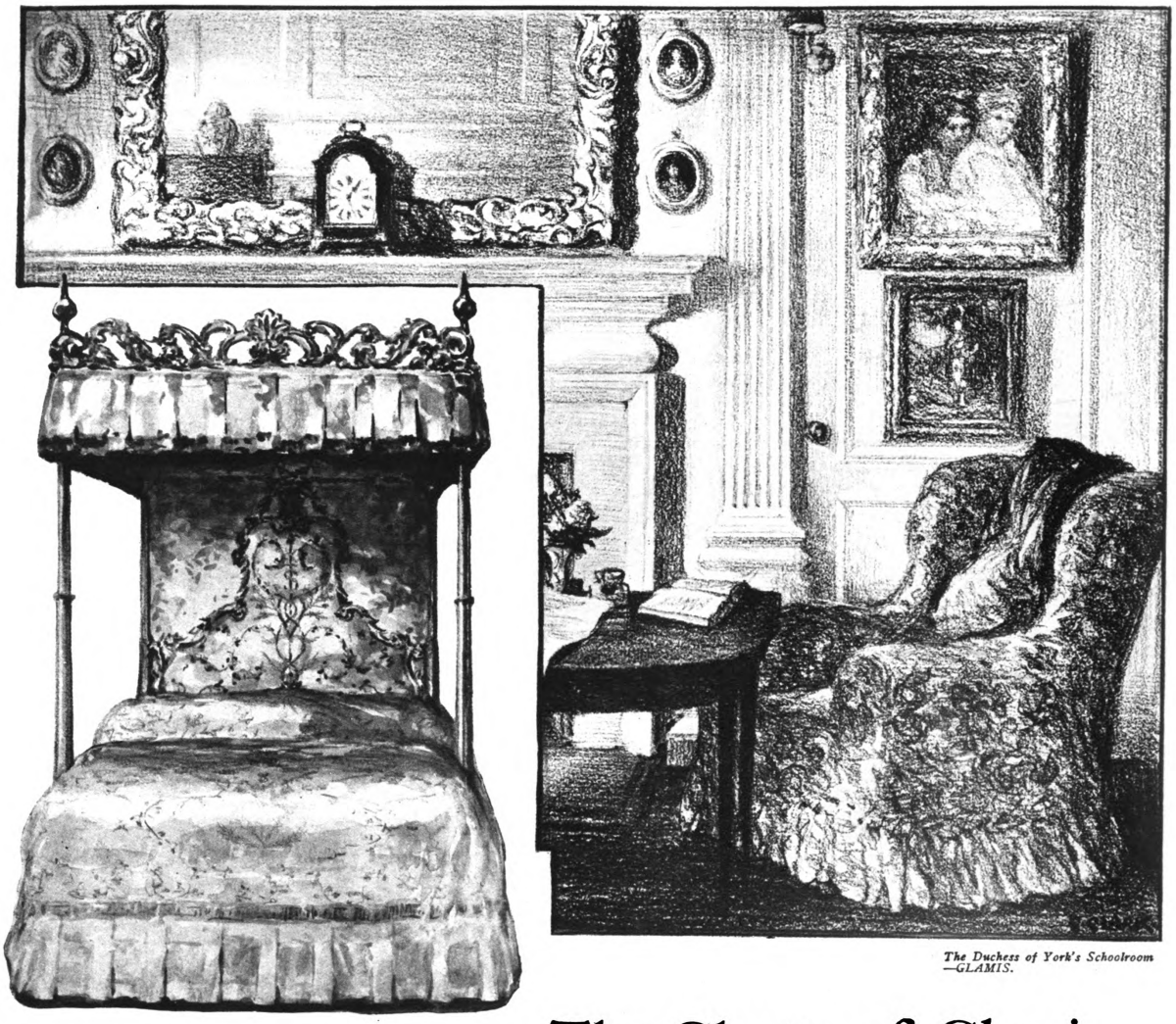
The Infantas of Spain have had a splendid holiday over here, and have expressed most freely their appreciation of the good time English children have.



*Two tailored suits designed and carried out by Burberrys, which will find a warm welcome in the wardrobe of the sportswoman.* (*See page* 206.)

Doubtless, when again in their native land, they will be told to be more diplomatic. The Spaniards adore their beautiful blonde Queen, and are rather jealous of her mother country. Queen Victoria Eugénie is nothing if not diplomatic!

A. E. L.



*The Duchess of York's Schoolroom —GLAMIS.*

*Here is shown elaborate embroidery by the Countess of Strathmore, incorporating the names of her children and the dates of their birth.*

# The Ghosts of Glamis

THIS feudal castle home of Macbeth nine hundred years ago, is, as might be expected, a house of legendary mystery and grim, eerie history.

The great antiquity of the central pile is evidenced by the stupendous thickness of the pre-mediæval walls, probably over one thousand years old. Within their twelve-foot compass are numerous stairs and passage ways, many known and many whose secret has been lost.

A number of the rooms are haunted by their own special spectre. There is also a ghostly 'Grey Lady!'—not permitted inside—and a 'dread mystery' of identity unknown.

Glamis is now well-known as the childhood's home of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, Duchess of York, whose family have occupied the house since the 14th century, a wonderful record in this land of raids and forays.

We should like to mention here another record concerned with Scotland—John Haig Scotch Whisky was first distilled nearly three hundred years ago by the oldest distillers in the world—1627.

*By Appointment.*

Dye Ken

# John Haig?

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

*St. James's 51*

# Fashions and Fancies.

**Suits for All Sports.** The season is over, and everyone is busy contemplating fashions for the holidays. For the yachtswoman, what could be neater or more practical than the suit on page 204, for which Burberrys,



*Strenuous shopping is a delight when one is armed with a bottle of "4711" Eau-de-Cologne, which banishes all fatigue.*

Haymarket, S.W.1, are responsible? This suit, the hall-mark of which is simplicity, is carried out in navy and white serge. Burberrys have also designed the little yachting cap which completes the picture. Ideal for the golf enthusiast are the suits on the right of page 204. Burberry gamefeather tweed is the fabricating medium of the one on the right. This tweed, as the name implies, is made of cloth in which are incorporated the colourings of the plumage of game birds. A novel feature of this toilette is the snakeskin hat, which is small and close-fitting, and therefore highly practicable for sports wear. On the left is a suit of Burberry Floretta tweed, which is obtainable in all shades. The neat little leather hat is made to tone.

**Weatherproof Fishing Suits.** Devotees of the rod and line will have nothing to fear from the weather when clad in either of the suits pictured on page 204. The one on the right is of Burberry Solgardine, a lightweight, self-ventilating weatherproof, which is supplied in a variety of attractive colours. Those who prefer more sombre neutral shades will find absolute satisfaction in the one on the left, for which Burberry Weatherproof gabardine has been utilised. An illustrated catalogue of their newest models will be sent gratis and post free on application to Burberrys, Ltd., Haymarket, S.W.1. Their models are exclusive, as also are most of their materials.

**"4711" Eau-de-Cologne.** A number of people regard eau-de-Cologne as a luxury, but this idea is one that should be eliminated, for, though as a perfume it may be considered so, it is invaluable as an antiseptic, and in this capacity no one can possibly classify it under that heading. Tradition tells us that in Cologne it was originally used to support the sanitary condition of that city, and not as a conceit of the toilet table; and certainly the antiseptic uses to which it can be put are manifold. As a spray in a sick-room or office it not only freshens and purifies the air, but actually destroys germs. In the bath too, besides being refreshing and invigorating, it exercises its properties as a disinfectant and wards off disease. This delightful perfume is also invaluable in cases of faintness and headache; it affords instant relief when inhaled, and produces a most soothing effect if used for bathing the forehead and temples. "4711" eau-de-Cologne, which is distinguishable by its striking blue and gold label, should find a home in every household. It is sold by all chemists and stores of prestige, both in unbreakable wicker-covered bottles specially designed for travelling, and in little watch-shaped bottles with sprinkler tops, which may be conveniently carried in the hand-bag, where they are ever ready in cases of emergency.

**Novelty of the Week.** The woman who wishes to look her best despite the devastating effects of excessive heat upon the complexion should invest in a 3s. 6d. bottle containing the wonderful new preparation which removes at once all traces of heat and moisture, imparting at the same time a refreshing fragrance. It is a special lotion, which has almost the appearance of plain water, and by gently massaging a small quantity into the face just before lunch or dinner, or when returning from a strenuous game, the skin remains cool and beautiful indefinitely. During the summer months it is invaluable to the fastidious woman, and I shall be



*A tiny bottle of Eau-de-Cologne slipped in the hand-bag promises fragrance and freshness to the most energetic summertime dancer.*

pleased to give full particulars, stating where it is obtainable, to all readers who apply to this paper.


# Holidays on the West Coast

**Abergele**
**Aberystwyth**
**Amlwch**
**Bangor**
**Barmouth**
**Beaumaris**
**Bettws-y-Coed**
**Blackpool**
**Carnarvon**
**Colwyn Bay**
**Conway**
**Criccieth**
**Deganwy**
**Fleetwood**
**Grange**
**Isle of Anglesey**
**Isle of Man**

The healthiest Holiday places in Summer and Autumn are on the West Coast of Great Britain.

**THE PREVAILING WINDS THEN ARE FROM THE WEST,**

and holidays spent on the West Coast mean ozone-laden breezes direct from the open sea, unblemished by city dust or smoke.

*Take your Holiday on the West Coast—there are many Resorts to choose from*

**Llanberis for Snowdon**
**Llandudno**
**Llanfairfechan**
**Llanrwst**
**Lytham Saint Annes**
**Menai Bridge**
**Morecambe**
**Nevin**
**Portmadoc**
**Prestatyn**
**Pwllheli**
**Rhosneigr**
**Rhyl**
**Southport**
**Trefriw Spa**
**Cumberland Coast**

*Illustrated Guide at any L M S Station or Town Office, or on application to the Passenger Commercial Superintendent, Euston Station, London, N.W.1.*

**TRAVEL**
**"The Best Way"**
**L M S**




*Maintain your Health during the Summer months by drinking delicious*

# OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

## TEN YEARS AFTER.

[*Continued from Page 192.*]

displacement of power and influence in favour of the victors, similar to that which had resulted from the wars of 1859, of 1866, and of 1870, only greater in proportion to the dimensions of the World War. But we find ourselves, on the contrary, in face of a situation which resembles that created by the wars of the Revolution and the Empire, and which, perhaps for that reason, appears absurd and incomprehensible to many minds.

In 1815 one would have said that all the wars of the Revolution and of the Empire had been without effect from the point of view of the balance of power in Continental Europe. The situation returned to what it had been in 1789. France withdrew within her ancient limits; the Austrian Empire preserved approximately, but under different forms and with equivalent territories, the influence of the Holy Roman Empire to which it had succeeded; the power of Prussia and that of Russia had not changed much one way or the other; even though their territories had suffered some alteration. But, on the other hand, enormous changes had taken place in the interior of each State. The wars had transformed the structure of the whole of Europe. Only vague resemblances remained between the monarchy of Louis XVIII. and that of Louis XVI; between the Prussia of Frederick William III. and that of Frederick the Great; between the Empire of Austria and the Holy Roman Empire.

It has been the same with the World War, though to a more limited extent. It has annihilated some ancient States, and has created new ones; but it has not permanently aggrandised any of the ancient Powers. One might at one moment have supposed that England would profit in Asia by the Russian catastrophe. It becomes every day more evident that the downfall of the Muscovite Empire has enfeebled the position of England in Asia, because the Asiatic peoples, delivered from the Russian danger, have become less willing to tolerate English domination or influence. The destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Empire has added to the security of Italy: but it has not increased her power, as certain political parties hoped and foretold. The relative situation between France and Germany has not changed in a radical manner.

But the World War has profoundly altered the interior organisation of nearly all the States of Europe. With the exception of Switzerland and France, the whole of Europe was governed in 1914 by political systems, under varying forms, which represented a transition between the monarchical absolutism of the time before 1848 and democratic institutions. The social order was based upon a mixture of dynastic traditions and democratic principles. This mixture has disappeared since the collapse of the monarchical system. There remains in Europe no other principle of legitimacy than the will of the people; the nations are faced by the dilemma either to govern themselves or to submit to dictatorships based upon force, which are feeble and violent, as are all Governments of doubtful legitimacy.

When one thinks of what Europe was ten years ago, in the last days of a century that was all too happy, when one endeavours to seize the profound meaning of the enormous events of which we have been witnesses since 1914, it is upon this internal transformation that all our attention should be fixed. One cannot repeat this too often. The great surprise of the War, the enormous event which has upset the equilibrium of the globe, is the Russian Revolution, which dislocated the whole monarchical system of Europe by preparing the fall of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs. With the Russian Revolution, the great political crisis begins which the World War has bequeathed to Europe, and with which all the other problems that torment us are connected. To organise and make effective the institutions of democracy on the basis of universal suffrage, in great countries, with tens of millions of electors, men and women, is a task of almost superhuman difficulty. The only two great countries in which pure democracy, without monarchy or aristocracy, has been applied, are France and the United States; for the States of South America are still aristocratic republics, as was Rome. But what a mighty effort has the noble ambition to govern themselves cost those two nations!

And yet all the peoples of Europe will, in their turn, have to attempt to make this effort. The hope cherished in some political and intellectual circles, that well-inspired dictatorships will be able to save the people this effort, seems a little chimerical. The events in Italy show what mines may explode around a dictatorship at the moment when it believes itself most powerful.

Only too often, among the troubles and anxieties of this crisis, the peoples of Europe will find themselves regretting the good old times before 1914, the advantages of which we are only now beginning to appreciate. One does not realise the value of a possession until one has lost it. Talleyrand used to say that those who had not lived under the old régime did not know the sweetness of life. We shall often have occasion to repeat his words in regard to the twenty years which preceded the War. But all those regrets, though very understandable, will in no way change the destiny of the generations to come. The tragedy of history is that all the great crises of humanity sweep away many things that are great and good, and that have to be reconstructed later, little by little. And at this season ten years ago, one of the greatest crises of humanity began, of which, up to the present, we have only heard the prologue.



NEAR VICHY, PLACE OF RECREATION AND CURE: CHATELMONTAGNE.

The village shown in the photograph is in the vicinity of Vichy, one of the most famous of cure towns. Only 365 kilometres from Paris, and with plenty of railway communication, Vichy draws thousands of visitors every year in search of health and holidays. Here are the famous Vichy springs, whose waters rise into receivers in the thermal establishments, and are distributed from taps. Though the waters are of great curative power, patients are recommended not to drink them without a doctor's prescription. Social life in the way of theatres, races, outdoor sports, shooting and boating is catered for so completely as to give zest to those who merely go to take the cure.


BOLS

Lucas Bols
Founder of the Distillery
Amsterdam
1575



Kümmel
Dry Curaçao
Cherry Brandy
Crême de Menthe
White Curaçao
(Triple Sec)
Maraschino
Very Old Gin
(Stone Bottles)
Dry Gin
(Specially for Cocktails)

The World's Favourite Liqueurs for 348 Years

Brown Gore & Co 40 Trinity Sq London EC3

British Empire Exhibition, Palace of Engineering, Exhibit 63.

Lanchester Cars

IN Coachbuilding, as in Automobile Engineering, the name Lanchester is synonymous with excellence of craftsmanship. The car illustrated is a 40 h.p 6-cylinder 7-seat Three-quarter Landaulet, a particularly commodious type of body, graceful and dignified in appearance and luxuriously comfortable. It is exclusive in its refinements, and represents a combination of the Coachbuilder's and Engineer's arts at their best. Our new illustrated Catalogue contains a comprehensive range of 40 h.p. Models. We shall be pleased to send you a copy.

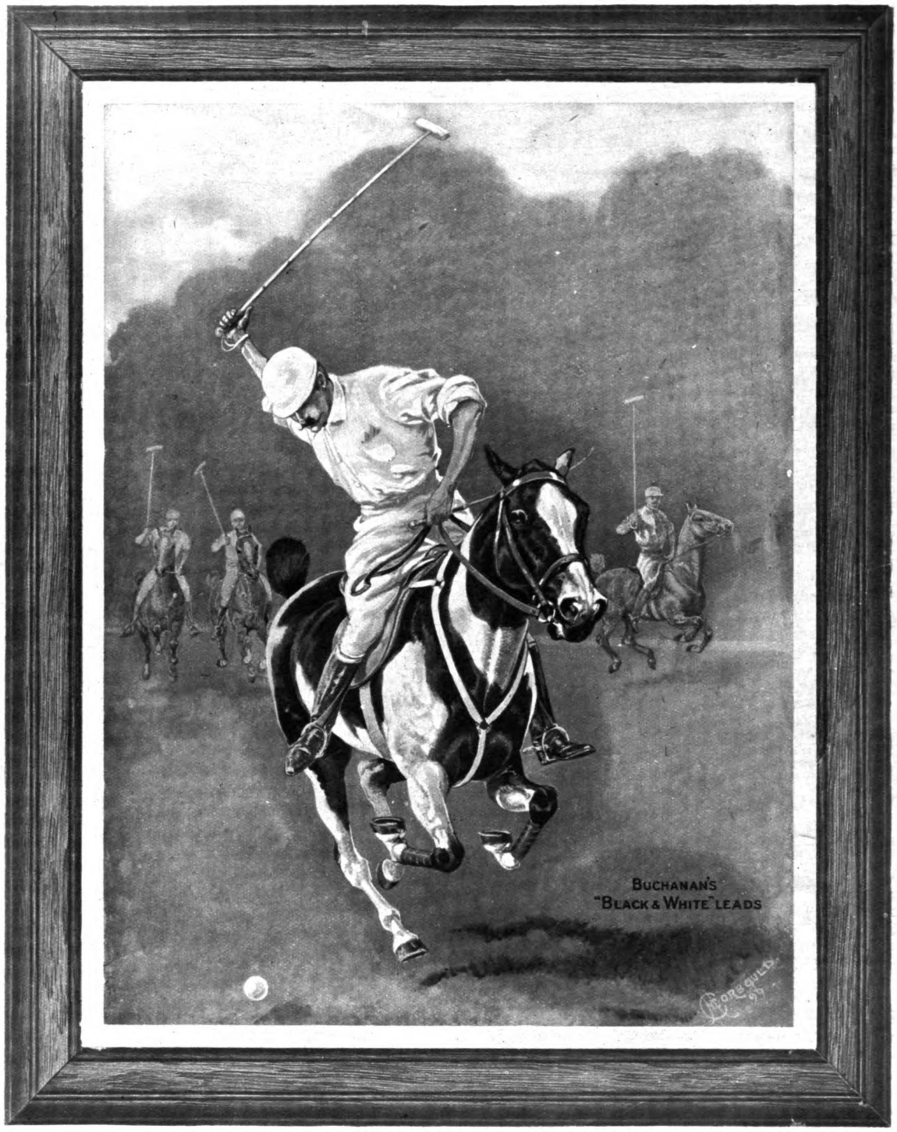
*In addition to the well-known Lanchester 40 H.P. Car we are now producing a new 6-cylinder Model of 21 H.P., designed to meet the demand for a high-grade Car of medium power. It is almost a replica of the "Forty," but in no way supersedes or competes with it. Particulars will be gladly sent on request.*

The LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., LTD.,
Armourer Mills, 88 Deansgate, Birmingham. 95, New Bond St., Manchester. London, W.



Let a British Car reflect your Pride of Ownership.

# BUCHANAN'S




## "BLACK & WHITE"

The superior high-grade quality of "BLACK & WHITE" is guaranteed by the fact that JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., hold the largest stocks of old matured and choice Scotch Whiskies.

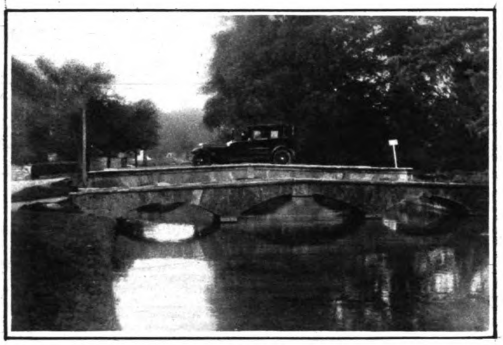
To maintain a world-wide trade and to guarantee unvarying quality large stocks are absolutely essential: the position of JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., is unrivalled.

**JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.**

## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**The Tarring Season.**

As usual at this time of the year, complaints are many and bitter about the inconsiderate—to put it mildly—methods of road-tarring affected by too many local authorities. Many thousands of pounds' worth of damage to cars is done every year by the flooding with tar of road-surfaces, which are left wet, and often with the slightest pretence of top dressing, for passing traffic to distribute all over the country-side. It should be said that there are enlightened road surveyors who realise that the proper way of treating their roads is to tar half the width at a time. This causes the minimum of inconvenience and damage, though both are inseparable from the tar treatment of roads. This the motorist does not mind so much, realising that it is part of the price he has to pay for smooth, dustless highways. But the crude methods which are usually followed are another thing altogether, and it seems strange that there is no redress in law. Whether or not the motoring organisations have taken competent legal advice as to this point I do not know, but it seems to me they might with advantage do so, if they have not. The law of the highways is clear upon the point that a highway authority is not responsible for any accident or untoward happening which may result from its failure to do something. But it is responsible for the results of anything which it actually does. Now, road-tarring is certainly something done, and it would, to the lay mind, seem quite clear that if actual damage could be proved as a result of the use of improper methods of doing something—tarring, to wit—an action would have a good chance of succeeding. It is quite clear, in any case, that something more should be done to abate the nuisance than seems to be the course adopted by the organisations. It is all very well to make representations, but there seems to be a good deal of deliberation about the use of the methods to which I have referred, and a mere protest is of no avail where actual malice is at work.



ON ONE OF THE NARROW BRIDGES OF BOURTON ON THE WATER: A 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER LANDAULETTE.

This photograph was taken during a tour over the Cotswold Hills. Three picturesque old bridges can be seen.

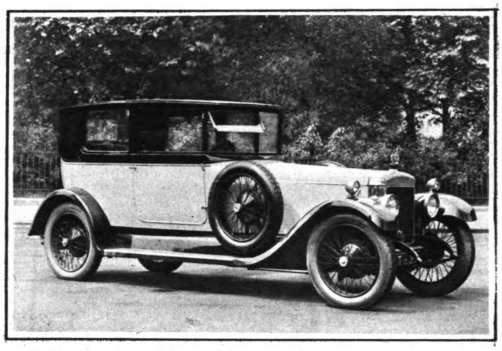
**His Majesty's New Cars.**

The other day, by the courtesy of Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd., who are supplying them, I was privileged to inspect the five new Daimler cars which are to be delivered to his Majesty the King. There are two limousines and two shooting brakes of 57-h.p., and a 20-h.p. limousine. The first are for the use of their Majesties, and are the last word in quiet, unobtrusive luxury. If anyone associates the idea of Oriental magnificence with the royal conveyances, he has only to regard these two fine cars for his mind to be completely disabused. Fitting cars for a King, they would yet pass almost without remark if it were not for the royal colours and cipher. The cars are a real credit to the Daimler Company, who made the chassis, and to Messrs. Hooper and Co., the royal carriage-builders.

I must say I was even more impressed by the Daimler limousine which his Majesty has had in use for nearly fourteen years, and which, in that period, has covered rather over two hundred thousand miles. It is true that the royal cars receive almost slavish attention, and are always kept up to the last ounce of their efficiency; but, even so, for a car to run that mileage and to be in use for more than a decade, while still remaining a worthy car for a King, stamps it as a production verging on the marvellous. I am much more minded to congratulate the Daimler Company on the performance of the old car than on the honour of being allowed to supply the new.

**Low-Pressure Tyres.**

Hitherto, I have had rather an open mind regarding the future of the low-pressure "balloon" tyres. Even now I cannot say I have had any real experience of them, but I cannot doubt the accumulated evidence which comes to me regarding their behaviour and their effect on the comfort of motoring. Added to this, there is conviction in the numbers of manufacturers who are adopting the new tyre as a standard part of the equipment of their cars. Take, for instance, the case of the Citroën. I don't know what the output of the Citroën factory is, but I know it is numbered



A HANDSOME STRATTON-INSTONE PRODUCTION—THE TWO-DOOR TYPE CONVENIENT FOR THE OWNER-DRIVER: THE SPECIAL 35-H.P. DAIMLER CAR.

[Continued on page 214.


# ROLLS-ROYCE

## THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

*A recent*

EXPERT OPINION

*concerning the*

20 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE

"This week . . . I took it for a day's tour under owner-driver conditions. The latest experience has served to explain to me, as it would to anybody, how it comes about that the firm has had to increase its production of this type, for a sweeter running car one is unable to imagine. . ."

*Mr. H. Massac Buist*
*in the*
*"Morning Post" of July 5th, 1924*

# ROLLS-ROYCE LTD.

15 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1
TELEGRAMS: ROLHEAD, PICCY, LONDON
TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR, 6040 (4 LINES)

FIAT

*The Car of International Reputation.*

# REVISED PRICES

## Effective August 2nd.

## Range of Touring Cars.

| | |
|---|---|
| **10/15 h.p. Chassis** (Tax £11) - **£235** | **15/20 h.p. Chassis** (Tax £14.) - **£325** |
| 10/15 h.p. Torpedo - £340 | 15/20 h.p. Torpedo - £515 |
| 10/15 h.p. 2/3 Seater - £350 | 15/20 h.p. ¾ Landaulet £695 |
| 10/15 h.p. Saloon - £395 | **20/30 h.p. 6-cyl. Chassis** (Tax £21.) **£460** |
| 10/15 h.p. All-Weather £410 | 20/30 h.p. 6-cyl. Torpedo £720 |
| 10/15 h.p. ¾ Coupé - £495 | 20/30 h.p. 6-cyl. ¾ Landaulet £920 |

**40 h.p. 6-cyl. Chassis fitted with front-wheel brakes £720**
(Tax £27.)

## Current Models will be continued in 1925.

*Standard Equipment for every touring car and chassis includes:—Electric lighting set and starter, 5 lamps, clock, speedometer, spare wheel complete with tyre. Any type of Coachwork supplied.*

**Fiat creates New World's Record.**

Eldridge on 300 h.p. Fiat broke World's Record for flying kilometre, Paris, July 12th, 1924.

Average speed 234.980 kilometres per hour.

All Fiat cars are subjected to the severest tests on the unique roof track of the Fiat works, Turin, Italy, the largest and most modern Automobile Factory in Europe.

WARNING

With every Fiat car a full guarantee is issued by this Company.

Every purchaser should obtain this guarantee and see that it bears the chassis and engine numbers of the machine purchased.

The public is warned not to purchase a car without this guarantee.

Registered Offices & Showrooms:
**43-44, Albemarle Street, London - . . W.1**
Telephone: Gerrard 7946 (4 lines.)
Wires: "Fiatism, Piccy, London."
Works: WEMBLEY, MIDDLESEX.

**(Fiat Motors Limited)**

FIAT

## RADIO NOTES.

THE second All-British Wireless Exhibition, organised by the National Association of Radio Manufacturers, will be held this year at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, from September 27 to October 8, inclusive. The public will be admitted at a charge of 1s. 6d., inclusive of entertainment tax. It is believed that this will be the first occasion upon which the Royal Albert Hall will be used for trade exhibition purposes, and it has been selected because of its spaciousness, convenience, comfort, and accessibility. A very large floor space is available, and upon this a uniform system of open stands, each on its own raised platform, will be erected.

An elaborate and tasteful scheme of decoration in blue and gold has been devised, and it is expected that, in addition to the displays of receiving-sets, etc., the British Broadcasting Company will transmit daily programmes for the interest of visitors to the Exhibition.

During the past year, wireless has made immense strides in popularity, and has become an important factor in the life of the nation. The Exhibition will show the great progress made both in scope and technique. The innumerable exhibits, covering every branch of the new science, will illustrate the great developments made not only in the power and purity of reproduction of broadcasts, but also in ease of control, reliability, simplicity, and economy in cost and upkeep of a receiving-set.

The British radio industry, which in this forthcoming Exhibition seeks to give to the public a full and comprehensive idea of what is being done, is still in its infancy. Already, however, it employs many thousands of British workers, and its products are finding a market in all parts of the world.

Listeners who have a bent for experimenting in obtaining long-distance results with the minimum of apparatus will be interested in a receiving-set for which great claims are made by the makers. It is known as the "Fitton One," and employs only one valve. At a distance up to about ten miles from the nearest broadcasting station the set will operate a loud-speaker in a small room. With six volts to the filament of the valve and eighty volts to the plate, the writer of these notes tuned-in Birmingham, over a hundred miles away, using an indoor aerial, six miles from London. The best results in long-distance reception with this set are obtained by experimenting by varying the filament and plate voltages, until the station sought comes in purely.

As is usual with a set of this type, the local station is received very loudly up to a distance of twenty miles or so, and tuning is accomplished very easily. To receive stations a hundred miles or more away, tuning becomes more difficult, and must be done very carefully. The two tuning knobs must be turned very slowly, otherwise the spot at which reception occurs will be missed.

As the pioneer of illustrated journalism, *The Illustrated London News* has moved with the times ever since its inception in 1842. A paper such as this must illustrate current events and many other matters of which readers are cognisant already by reading daily papers. Other subjects of equal interest are brought to the notice of our readers as the result of the journal's own sources of information. Broadcasting has added yet another origin of information, and by it the public — which includes our readers and ourselves—becomes acquainted with novel subjects, many of which are brought to general notice for the first time by the medium of broadcasting.

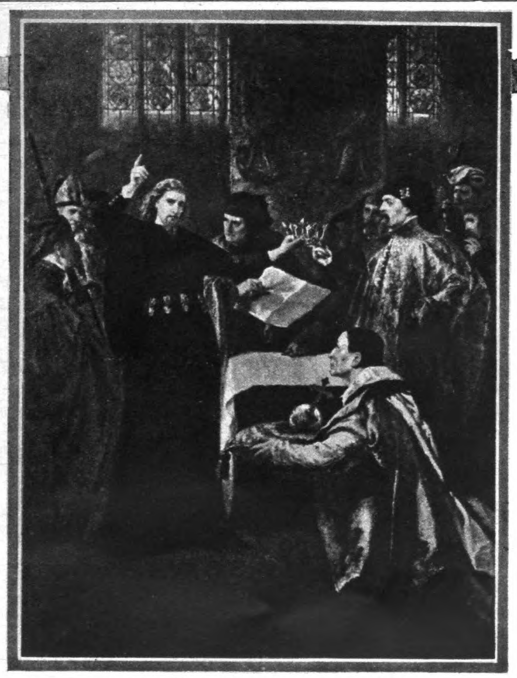
By its aid *The Illustrated London News* became aware on a certain night some months ago that several hundred thousand people in all parts of Great Britain knew more concerning the atom than they did the day before. The information was put to them in a way which could not fail to arouse interest, and the speaker referred to his lantern slides which were projected in the hall at Liverpool where he was speaking. Those slides were reproduced in the following issue of *The Illustrated London News*, and enabled thousands of our readers to see the pictures which they had heard described by radio. During the visit to London of H.H. Prince Tafari of Abyssinia, an exceedingly interesting talk was broadcast, dealing with the personality of the Prince and with the country of Abyssinia. The information was new — the speaker had returned from there only about a year ago — and our readers have since had in the *I.L.N.* an article, with illustrations, giving the story of the Abyssinian visitor and his country, as interesting as that which many of them heard by broadcast.

W. H. S.



AFTER THE UNVEILING BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: BISHOP TAYLOR SMITH DEDICATING THE D.C.L.I. MEMORIAL AT BODMIN.

As Colonel-in-Chief of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the Prince of Wales unveiled the War Memorial at Bodmin to the 4285 fallen of this regiment. The memorial stands outside the Barracks, where the Prince inspected a guard of honour of members of the British Legion and also presented a shooting trophy and medals.

*King Richard II. resigning the Crown to Bolingbroke.*

*(Reproduced, by permission, from the original in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.)*

This is the earliest extant signature of an English King, as distinguished from mere marks put against their names in early charters.

Richard

HISTORIC SIGNATURES

*Character in Whisky*
*embraces Quality and Age.*

THAT which distinguishes an aristocratic Whisky like "Red Tape" from ordinary whisky is birth and upbringing. It is high-born to begin with, but, even so, many, many, many years are devoted to its upbringing to ensure that high degree of refinement which makes "Red Tape" the rare and delectable Whisky it is.

"Red Tape" REG'D
The Whisky
Very Old—Very Aristocratic.

If you do not know where to obtain it locally, send us your cheque for £7 16s. 0d. and we will forward a case of 12 bottles through our nearest Agents.

*Obtainable from*
The Victoria Wine Co., Ltd., 12/20, Osborn St., E.1
*and at all their branches.*

Sole Proprietors: BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS.,
68, Bath Street, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

Baird Taylor Bros Ltd.



*"The Major."*

## Of course he does not smoke Ink.

BRONZE Powder and Printer's Ink, even in a good Cigarette, must be inhaled with the smoke. CAVANDER'S ARMY CLUB Cigarettes are rolled in pure ***Ribbed Rice Paper,*** *unspoilt by the addition of Printer's Ink or Bronze Powder,* and the matured golden Virginia Tobacco and the manufacture are as perfect as the paper.

Cavander's say-don't smoke Ink-

*smoke*

Cavander's

# "Army Club"

Cigarettes



***Free from the contamination of Printer's Ink and Bronze Powder***

*(CAMBRIDGE SIZE)*

**20 for 1/3**

Cavander's Limited, Manchester and London.
The Firm of Three Centuries. Established 1775.

# Rowlands' Macassar Oil

is AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY for all who wish to Preserve and Beautify their

## HAIR




As it Penetrates to the Roots it will replace the loss of the Natural Oil in the Hair, the want of which causes Baldness. Ladies and Children should always use it, as it lays the foundation of a Luxuriant Growth. Also prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3/6, 7/-, 10/6, and 21/- bottles, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and Rowlands, 113, Guilford Street, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. 1.

# BURBERRY

## COMPLETE SHOOTING KIT

The most comfortable and protective outrig for the moors. Designed by sportsmen for sportsmen, it assists skill by ensuring absolute freedom, keeps the wearer dry when it rains, warm when it is chilly, yet, naturally ventilating, is delightfully cool on the hottest day. The Kit consists of a



Burberry Suit
Model A1934.

### BURBERRY SUIT

—Jacket with Pivot Sleeves, as illustrated, or choice of twenty other workmanlike models, and Plus-Fours or Knicker-Breeches—in exclusive Burberry-proofed materials—Burberry Gabardine, Gamefeather, Silvering, Plus-Beau or Floretta Tweeds; and

### THE BURBERRY

The ONE Weatherproof in which it is possible to shoot as quickly and accurately as when not wearing an Overcoat. Featherlight, thin and flexible, The Burberry makes no difference to the "set" of the gun and enables the sportsman to maintain top form healthfully protected against rain, mist or cold.



*Every Burberry Garment bears the Burberry Trade Mark.*

The Burberry.

**Illustrated Catalogue & Patterns of Shooting Materials Post Free.**

# BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET
S.W.1 LONDON

**8 & 10 BD. MALESHERBES PARIS; & PROVINCIAL AGENTS**

*Burberrys Ltd.*

"CHRONICLE OF THE CAR."—(*Continued from Page 210.*)

in thousands of cars annually, and also I know that M. Andre Citroën is not the man to pin his faith to the untried thing. He has just announced that all he makes in future are to be fitted with low-pressure tyres. Then, one question that had to be settled was their no-trouble qualities. This last has been set at rest by the records certified by the R.A.C. as having been set up at Brooklands by a six-cylinder A.C. On this car a set of four Dunlops ran for two periods of twelve hours at speed without the slightest trouble and with only negligible wear. As to the extra comfort they afford, there is no question about that. I have been so struck with this quality that I have resolved that when I have at last succeeded in wearing out the set of high-pressure Dunlops—which are now in their tenth thousand—I am going in for "balloons." Unfortunately, this means new wheels, which makes the cost rather prohibitive to the average owner-driver; otherwise, I really believe that in twelve months from now there would be hardly a high-pressure tyre sold.

**That "Austin Seven" Again.**

At the Brooklands Midsummer Meeting this remarkable little car put up two splendid fights against cars of all sizes in the twenty-ninth 75 m.p.h. long and short handicaps. In the former event Mr. F. H. B. Samuelson, driving his "Austin Seven," finished second, being beaten only by a car of 2814 c.c., or nearly four times the cylinder capacity of the Austin. In the latter event Mr. Samuelson again put up a magnificent performance, running into third place, and yielding only to cars of 1261 c.c. and 1795 c.c. respectively, as against the "Baby" Austin's 749 c.c.

**Notable Windsor Success.**

The 10-15-h.p. Windsor, which has already attained much popularity as a light touring car, scored a notable success in the hill-climb recently organised by the Ulster Division of the Motor Trade Association at Red Brae, Carrickfergus. This was the first competition in which the Windsor had been entered, and both of the two Windsor cars which ran at Red Brae secured first place in their respective events.

W. W.

## THE MERCANTILE MERSEY.

THAT good wine needs no bush is an exploded saying in these days of publicity. Less than twenty years ago the average person living in the ports on the east coast knew little or nothing of the ports on the west coast, and *vice versa*. Now everyone has been familiarised with the main stream of life in our great industrial and shipping centres.

"The City of Liverpool Official Handbook,"* authorised by the Corporation, is a handy compendium of facts relating to the "second seaport of the world." Sandwiched between excellent photographs are tabloid essays on the port's multifarious activities, so that it can be used either as guide-book or as a work of reference. Articles on the mercantile interests of Liverpool and on its civic business undertakings by the experts in charge of them are especially valuable in the latter connection. The book proper is prefaced by little sketches of the leading businesses and the special firms catering for them.

* "The City of Liverpool Official Handbook," published by Littlebury Brothers, 3, Crosshall Street, Liverpool. Price 1s.

Every place of interest to the visitor and excursionist is neatly described so that one can estimate its value in relation to the time at one's disposal. Of special interest is a description of the new Liverpool Cathedral by the Rev. Charles Harris, M.A. Then there is a brief history of Liverpool from the earliest times, when Wulfric, Earl of Mercia, bequeathed the district to his heirs in a deed dated 1010. This is supplemented with drawings showing the port in the various stages of growth, with plans right up to the present day.

The last section comprises a selection of half-tone reproductions of many of the notable pictures in Liverpool's Walker Art Gallery. The brochure, which is excellently illustrated and indexed, is much more than a guide-book, and should be in the hands of all in need of up-to-date knowledge of the great port on the banks of the Mersey.

"It 's only an advertisement!" How often was that phrase used once on a time? That it is used so seldom nowadays is a tribute not merely to advertising men, but to advertising itself. The reader feels this on perusing the Advertising Review published as a supplement by the *Manchester Guardian*, a paper always modern and complete in its enterprises. Proof that advertising cheapens and at its best adds to the graciousness of life is shown in the series of special articles contained in the Review. These cover so wide a field as the economic case for advertising, the illustrating of advertising, advertisement writing, some principles of beauty in advertising, psychology of advertising, and a calendar of interesting events in advertising.




George West's

SATIN WATERPROOFS

An entirely new vogue in Ladies' Waterproofs. Exceedingly Stylish in beautifully cut Models. Here is an illustration of one of our numerous styles, which are tailored in many tasteful shades.

*Prices 4 Gns. & 5 Gns.*
*Post Free.*

COLOURS: Black, Navy, Nigger, and Grey Satin.

Sizes 44, 46, 48, 50 & 52 inches long.

*MAGNIFICENT NEW BUILDING.*
*Now Open at*
211 - 213, REGENT ST., W. 1
*(Facing Liberty's.)*

*SHOWING LADIES', MEN'S, GIRLS' & BOYS'*
RAINCOATS & WATERPROOFS
*of every description.*

GEORGE WEST LTD

*Post Orders to Dept. 400,*
443 - 445, OXFORD ST., W. 1
*(Facing Selfridges).*

*New Branch—*
211 - 213, REGENT ST., W. 1
*(Facing Liberty's).*



A Hint on Steering—1.

EVERY car runs straight until it is turned either by the road or by the wheel. It "wobbles" only because the beginner tries to steer too much and has not yet learned to guide it by steady PRESSURE on the wheel.

Never watch the bonnet or the wings; look well ahead. In two seconds, travelling at thirty miles an hour, you will be almost on top of an object that was first seen when thirty yards away.

(To be continued).

Four-door Saloons

16 hp. £650 20 hp. £775
25 hp. 875 35 hp. 1125
16 hp. B.S.A. (Daimler Engine) £500

BY APPOINTMENT

THE Daimler COMPANY, LTD. COVENTRY

Q.K.104



Vessels Touching Canadian Ports Should Carry

British Consols Cigarettes

*Mild, Sweet Old Virginia*

*Largest Independent Tobacco Manufacturers in the British Empire*

W. C. MACDONALD
REG'D. INC.
MONTREAL., CANADA

British Consols *obtainable on all C.P.R. Liners*

# Exide

**THE LONG LIFE BATTERY**

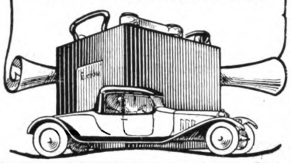
The EXIDE BATTERY that starts and lights your car so perfectly to-day, has taken thirty years of patient research to bring it to its present highly efficient state.

It is not a "mushroom" growth, but the successful termination of a constant endeavour to find the BEST means of storing energy on your car.

Exides are manufactured in the largest battery works in the British Empire.

THE Chloride ELECTRICAL STORAGE COMPANY LIMITED

**CLIFTON JUNCTION, Near MANCHESTER.**
**219/229, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2.**



GREY HAIR
HINDES HAIR TINT



tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired — brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, **2/6** the Flask.

**HINDES, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, City, London.**

**Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish**

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c
Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E. 1.

**PERRY PENS**

TESTED

No. 1922.

**THE "SILVER WONDER"**

A new and most delightful Pen with a special turned-up point. It cannot scratch, spurt, or dig into the paper. Made of silver white metal that will not corrode. The smoothest and easiest pen yet made.

*Sample box containing* **12** *pens* **6d.** *to be obtained from all Stationers or from*

PERRY & CO., Ltd.,
49, Old Bailey, E.C.4.







## Mr. & Mrs. Brown discuss a glass of Lager

*IV. A Dutch Impression*



"I don't think the waiter can have noticed," said Mrs. Brown to her husband. They were still sitting at their table in one of the Wembley restaurants.

"Noticed what?" asked Henry Brown.

"Noticed you snap your fingers and say '*psst!*'"

"But I never—" and then Henry observed that his wife was absently toying with an empty glass; and he also observed that it was quite a warm day; and like the perfect understanding husband that he was he ordered two more glasses of Barclay's Lager.

"After all, they were only small ones, weren't they" murmured Mrs. Brown with a sigh of content.

"If you really want to glory and drink deep," said Henry with a reminiscent look in his eye, "you should go to Holland. Imagine yourself there—a land overflowing with bulb-growers and Lager Beer. Why, at a single sitting you would get through—"

"Henry," interrupted his wife imperiously, "I will *not* be dragged to Holland—even in the spirit—and made a party to your disgraceful orgies. Besides, who wants to go to Holland when we grow such delightful Lager at home?"

"Exactly, my dear," said Henry Brown. "I was about to explain that I have never felt the *wanderlust* of my bachelor days since Barclays took to brewing Lager."

*(To be continued)*

**Barclay's London Lager**

**The only Lager Beer supplied to the British Empire Exhibition**

**REIMS Gd. HOTEL du LION D'OR AND RESTAURANT. 150 Rooms**
80 Bathrooms.
**Entirely New (1921-23)**
Two Lifts. Large Garage.

**GWK**

## Banish Gear Fear—

for all time. G.W.K. owners do not handle the gear lever in fear and trembling—they just move it from notch to notch, either up or down, with two fingers. You cannot make a noise or miss a gear.

The G.W.K. for disabled drivers is the most practical solution of the problem the automobile world has to offer. Even a double amputation does not debar you from being a G.W.K. owner-driver. Let us send you full details of this and all other models of the car that banishes gear fear.

10.8 h.p. Two-Seater Standard Model **200 Gns**

All G.W.K. Cars are now fitted with the G.W.K. Silent Helical Gear. Synchronised Four-Wheel Brakes on "H" Models £10 10 0 extra.



**G.W.K. Ltd.** (*Successors to G.W.K. (1919), Ltd.*),
Cordwalles Works, MAIDENHEAD. 'Phone—Maidenhead 624
*London Distributors:* W. G. Nicholl, Ltd., 50-54, Whitcomb Street, W.C. 2. *Agent:* Capt. Richard Twelvetrees, F. & P. Vandervell, 199, Piccadilly, W. 1.

# Skin Healing

**Torturing Skin Ailments, such as Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, and Itching Eruptions are soothed and healed by Germolene.**

*Mrs. Buckwell's Testimony.*

**Mrs. Buckwell, 2, Alexandra Villas, Perry Hall Road, Orpington, Kent,** says: "As a result of varicose veins my leg was red and angry from the knee downwards, and the pain and itching I endured were intense. The veins swelled and then broke, and in consequence I was often in bed for weeks at a time. Treatment failed to give relief, until at length my husband persuaded me to try Germolene. It was marvellous then how the pain was soothed, and how rapidly healing commenced. Germolene stopped the itching, and brought relief that I would not have credited if I had not actually experienced it. Now my leg is absolutely sound and well, and I am as strong and active as ever I was."




**SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!**

*HOME PRICES: 1/3 and 3/-.*

*Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.*

*Use Germolene for*
**Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.**

**Germolene**
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

# Spend YOUR Holiday on a "Wolseley"

Wolseley

THERE is a distinctive charm about a "Wolseley" holiday. Free from all anxieties, you can dash along the broad highways, wander at will down rural lanes, or climb with ease the most mountainous roads. Luxuriously comfortable, thoroughly reliable, and splendidly efficient, there is no holiday car like a "Wolseley." And should it rain you are perfectly protected.

*Prices:*

| | |
|---|---|
| TEN Two-seater, from | £250 |
| TEN Four-seater, from | £285 |
| FOURTEEN Touring Car | £425 |
| FOURTEEN Saloon | £695 |

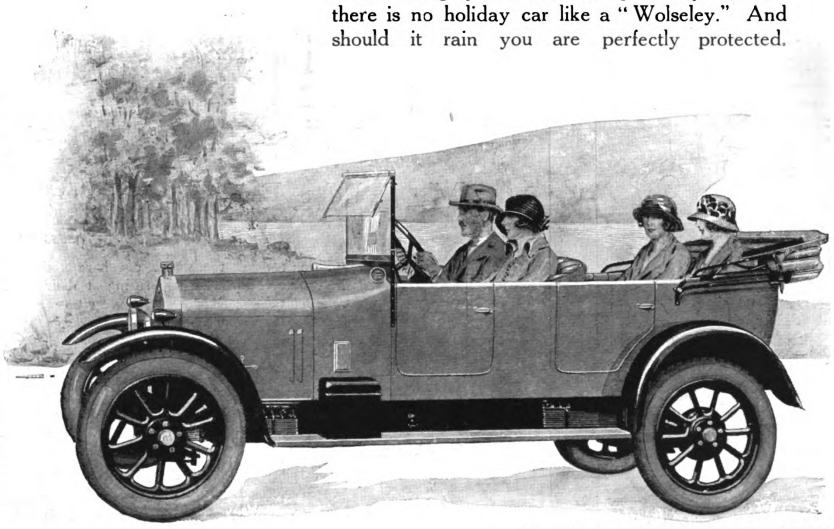
*Dunlop Tyres fitted as standard.*

*Send for Catalogue No. 20.*

**WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., Adderley Park, BIRMINGHAM**

**London Showrooms: WOLSELEY HOUSE, Piccadilly.**

The Wolseley All-weather Road Map is a boon to tourists. Ask us for descriptive leaflet.



The Wolseley TEN Four-seater, Price **£285.**

# The 23-60 h.p. VAUXHALL

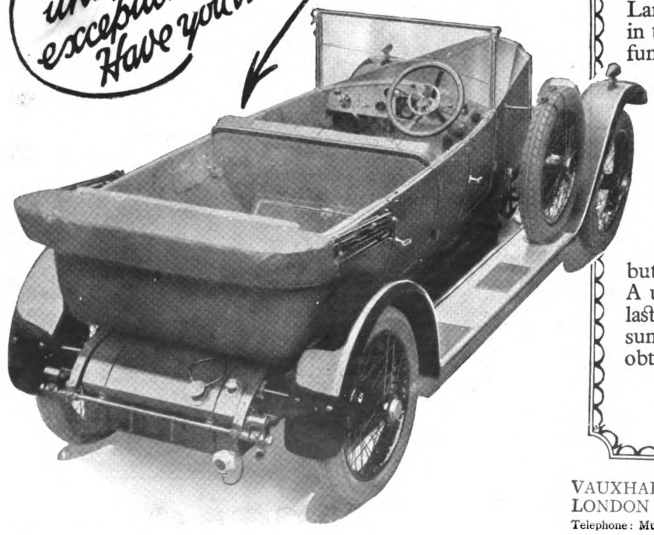
## *Smooth silent motion, power to spare, low expenses*

*Here is a car of unique design and exceptional merit. Have you tried it?*

23-60 h.p. Vauxhall 'Kington' touring car, with Vauxhall four-wheel brakes £925. There is a complete range of closed and convertible bodies.

14-40 h.p. Vauxhall from £595

30 98 h.p. Vauxhall from £1220



23-60 h.p. Vauxhall 'Kington' touring car

THE design of the 23-60 Vauxhall takes into account not only power but refinement, not only speed but driving ease, not only efficiency but economy.

More than 60 b.h.p. is developed by the engine at a rate of revolution not very high, and vibration being neutralised by the Lanchester harmonic balancer, solely used in the 23-60 Vauxhall, its smoothness of functioning is impressive.

A cruising speed of 40 or 45 m.p.h. is light work for the 23-60, which has an easily attained maximum of about 65 m.p.h. The power-to-weight ratio moreover is such that frequent gear-changing is obviated.

Low expenses are ensured not only by the demonstrated reliability and wearing qualities of the Vauxhall make, but also by its tyre and fuel economy. A user's report shows that a set of tyres lasted for 20,000 miles. A petrol consumption of 20 miles to the gallon is often obtained.

Vauxhall

THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

VAUXHALL MOTORS LIMITED, LUTON, BEDFORDSHIRE
LONDON: 174-182 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1
Telephone: Museum 8216 (3 lines) Telegrams: Whirling Phone London
Canada: 188 King Street West, Toronto
LONDON AGENTS: SHAW & KILBURN LTD., 20 CONDUIT STREET, W.1


LONDON: Published Weekly at the Office, 172, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 172, Strand, aforesaid; and Printed by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, W.C.2—SATURDAY, JULY 26 1924. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1904

# Is it any wonder that millions of mothers rely on Lifebuoy?

*Mother—*
*the health doctor*



Mothers know dirt for what it is—and fear it.

They will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty streets, dirty homes or dirty children.

Lifebuoy Health Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection against the dangers of dirt.

Mothers know that Lifebuoy lather goes down deep into every pore, and removes impurities. They know that Lifebuoy keeps the skin soft, pliable, and glowing with health—that it is bland, pure and soothing to the tenderest skin—even that of a baby.

*Buy a carton to-day*




**Lifebuoy Soap for HEALTH**

L 266—85



*The odour vanishes—but the protection remains*

KIDDIES can't help getting dirty—even dangerously dirty. Chubby knees and hands are always being scratched and bruised. Grime is literally ground into tender skin.

And it isn't just honest soil. Curious little hands touch everything, and whatever is handled by many people is almost certain to be a spreader of contagion.

## Germs collect on hands

Most diseases which attack children are caused by germs which find lodgment on the hands and are carried to mouth, nose or food.

Mothers the world over have an abiding faith in the protection of Lifebuoy's wonderful antiseptic lather.

No matter how dirty the kiddies get, mothers know that the danger is past when the rosy bodies are covered with this creamy, health-guarding lather which penetrates deep down into every pore, removing all impurities and leaving the skin refreshed, sweet and purified.

And how soothing Lifebuoy is to the most delicate skin.

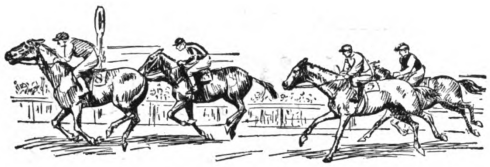
Its rich oils are the most healthful fats employed in soapmaking—the kindliest to the skin.

You know Lifebuoy is a true health soap the instant you smell it. It has a wholesome, cleanly, antiseptic odour, pungent while the health ingredient is being released in the lather but disappearing almost immediately. After using Lifebuoy there is no odour on the skin—neither a soap odour nor a skin odour. Lifebuoy is a perfect deodorizer.

## Purify hands frequently

The cost of Lifebuoy is low, yet no better, purer soap was ever made. Ordinary soaps do not possess its protective value. In order that everyone in the family may use it constantly, put Lifebuoy in every place where hands are washed.

Buy it in cartons, three double cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.



## *Like Reducing the Weights*

REDUCING the weights makes all the difference in the running of the racehorse. The extra quality of "Shell" Motor Oil makes the same difference in the running of your car. It lubricates every moving part of the engine effectively at all engine speeds. Its quality never varies. It is the same wherever and whenever you buy it—always dependable, and always ensuring the best results from your engine.




*"Every Drop Tells"*

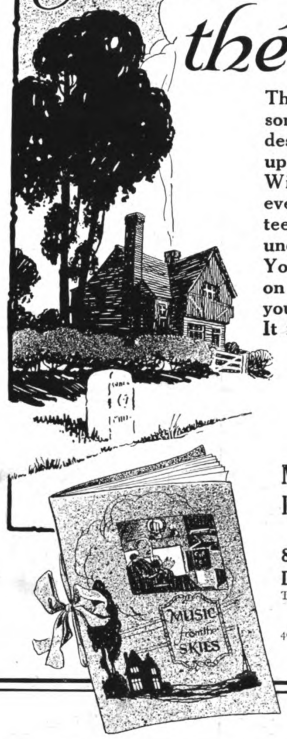
Shell Motor Lubricating Oil is supplied in four grades—Single, Double, Triple, and Golden Shell. Consult "SHELL READY-REFERENCE TO CORRECT LUBRICATION," obtainable from your garage, or post free from Shell-Mex Ltd. (Motor Oils Dept.), Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.2.

# SHELL
**motor lubricating**
# OILS

SHELL MEX LTD. (MOTOR OILS DEPT.), SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY, W.C.2.

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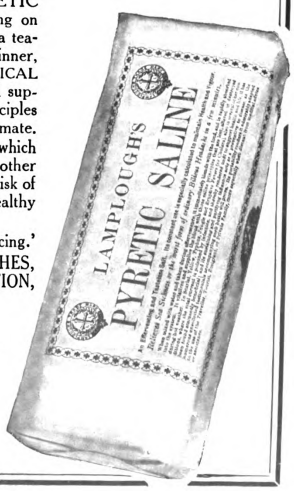
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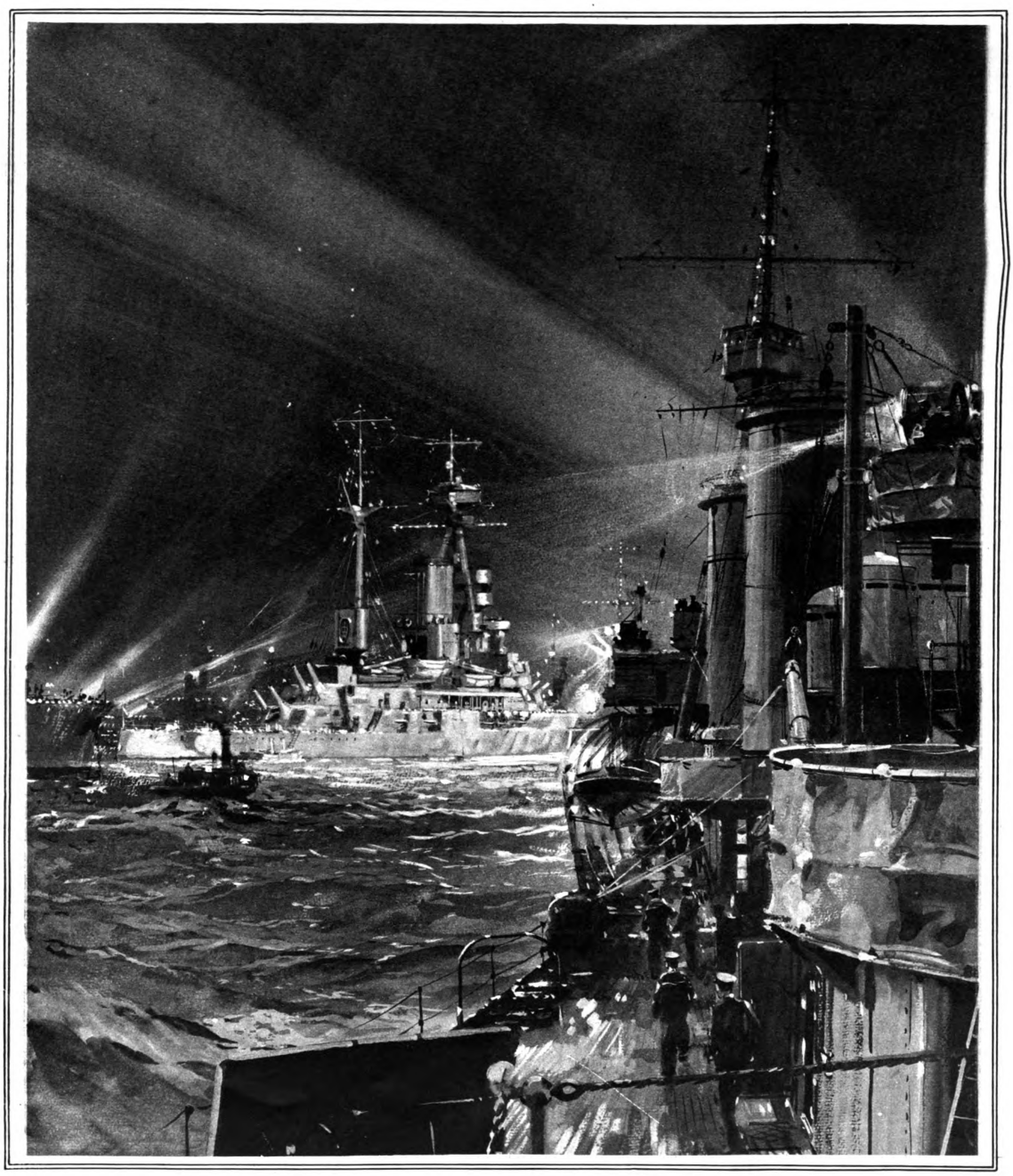
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1924.



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**NAVAL PAGEANTRY BY NIGHT: H.M.S. "ROYAL OAK" PICKED OUT BY THE BEAMS AND AGLOW WITH REFLECTED LIGHT—AN INCIDENT IN THE SEARCHLIGHT DISPLAY BY THE FLEET ASSEMBLED AT SPITHEAD.**

On the nights of Friday, July 25, and Saturday, July 26, before and after the Review of the Fleet by his Majesty the King at Spithead, the searchlights of the anchored war-ships provided an immense number of sightseers with a very fine spectacle. A specially interesting effect was produced as ships of the Fleet were picked out by the blaze of the projected lights. The drawing shows H.M.S. "Royal Oak," one of the centre ships of the First Battle Squadron, aglow in reflected light. In the foreground is one of the ships of the Light Cruiser Squadron.

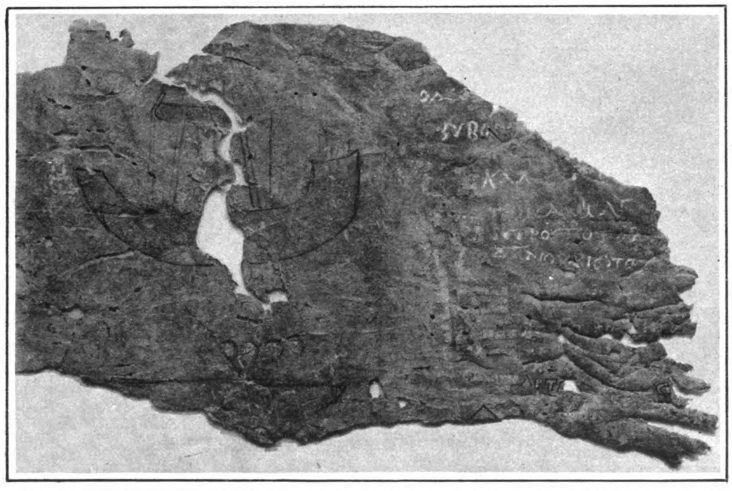
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)




By G. K. CHESTERTON.

AMERICA produced the first—one is tempted to say the last, but anyhow the best—of the modern works of light literature about the *enfant terrible*. It is almost a matter of religion that every infant is a terrible infant. Every child is, both in the most superficial and in the most solemn sense, a holy terror. But while all children are both amusing and alarming, while all children are therefore interesting, it can hardly be maintained that all books about children are interesting. But that original American work, which presumably set the fashion, was a thing genuine and convincing of its kind, and I fancy it has remained the best of its kind. Helen's babies really are babies, and (what is rare in fiction, as Stevenson noticed) they really are Helen's, though Helen never appears in the story. The temporary orphans do somehow suggest a mother who is not there. Anyhow, that very simple and sincere little sketch was interesting when it appeared, and it is interesting still, even if nobody is interested. If it has been forgotten, it has been forgotten for the sake of a swarm of plagiarists who have done the same thing much worse—who are, indeed, still doing it, and doing it worse and worse. A wholly alien idea of impudence has been brought in to poison the humours of innocence. Toddy and Budge were impossible, but not impudent. For impudence is not an element of the freshness of youth, but of the hardening of old age. The new people are not interested in the child, but in the spoilt child—that is, in the unchildish child. The whole point of the true tradition of the *enfant terrible* was that the child was unconscious and not self-conscious. The terrible infant is terrible like one of the forces of nature, like the blind sea or the random thunder-bolt, laying waste the most elaborate social structures of man. There is in innocence a power of appalling indifference, of destructive detachment from all such elaborate social arrangements. It is like the old legendary theory of omens. It was essential that the oracular saying, the blessing or the curse, should be something arbitrary. It was best of all when it was something accidental. It must mean much more than it was meant to mean. It must be too great for the mouth that utters it; a man must mention a triviality, and other men realise that he has uttered a prophecy like the trump of doom. It was this random character in the thunderbolts thrown by that young god, the *enfant terrible*, that was the whole point of his legend. If he is only a little prig with several complexes and an ego, he is not the stuff of which myths are made. But the simplicity of the popular tradition, the tradition of the random word of innocence as the rebuke to complexity, did linger in the little book of which I speak, the best book of its kind that I know. It is a curiosity of literature, or of ignorance of literature, that as far as I know nobody remembers the author—I, for one, do not even know his name.

But I mention that old American story with reference to certain criticisms of American conditions. It gave, if only indirectly and by inference, a good deal of information about the moral and religious atmosphere of that late nineteenth century New England of which the religion was already changing, but the morals remained the same. But the particular point that interests me now in that connection is the celebrated remark of Toddy, the smaller of the two boys, who could not be torn away from the contemplation of his uncle's watch—or rather, of the works of his watch—and who incessantly repeated that he wanted to see the wheels go round. That seems to me an excellent example of the unconscious oracle of prophecy, of the random revelation of great and serious things. Toddy did indeed make himself a teraph-head, a blind mask and automatic mouthpiece and the trumpet of the American spirit. That is the whole meaning of industrialism, individualism, progress, hustle, and hundred-per-cent. efficiency. That is the meaning of Pittsburg and Chicago, of the skyscrapers and the quick lunches. They want to see wheels go round, more and more wheels go round, larger and larger wheels go round, wheels that go round faster and faster. And this amuses them exactly as it amused Toddy, and for the same reason. It amuses them because they are as innocent as Helen's babies, even in a sense because they are as old-fashioned as Helen's babies. At bottom they have a simple conservatism—so simple that it does not even know it is conservative. It has hardly realised how much hustle is identical with routine. It does not know when its own argument is an argument in a circle as round as a cipher; and it talks about a hundred-per-cent. efficiency without remembering that a hundred per cent. of nought is nought. But Toddy is full of the fire of innocence, and has not wearied of seeing the wheels go round. He has not even discovered that it is the nature of a wheel going round to come back to the same place.



A ROMAN LEGIONARY'S MAP: A SKIN FROM A FRAGMENT OF THE SHIELD OF A THIRD-CENTURY PALMYENE ARCHER; WITH LIST OF MARCHING STAGES.

The piece of skin illustrated is a part of a fragment of a shield discovered during excavations of Salihiyehd, near Damascus, and it was shown recently to the Académie des Inscriptions by M. Franz Cumont. The shield belonged to a third-century Palmyene archer. On the skin is painted a map; with blue sea, with ships upon it, and red land, with blue rivers. On the land, in Greek, are listed the stages along which the owner of the shield marched with the Army, with notes of the mileage covered between the stages. The whole proves again that under the Emperor Severus the Romans had garrisons in Southern Russia, at Tyras (Akkerman), Olbia, and Chersonese—garrisons that were linked together by a military road—and that they were in occupation of Artaxata, evidence that it had not, as tradition held, been destroyed under Lucius Verus.

*Reproduction by Courtesy of M. Franz Cumont.*

The notion that America is advanced only shows how deceptive is the mask of machinery and materialistic science. As a historical fact, those who have been advanced in their machinery have generally not been advanced in their ideas. In so far as there is any sense in the word, they have not been advanced either in the good or the bad sense of the word. The makers of machinery have been loyal or conventional or docile or servile, as you choose to regard it. The people without machinery have been intellectual, independent, speculative, or sceptical, as you choose to regard it. In liberty and detachment of the intelligence the old slow pilgrims race far ahead of the new rapid tourists. The flying-ships of Count Zeppelin and the petrol-traffic of Mr. Rockefeller are panting hundreds of miles behind the slow camel of Job or the white elephant of Buddha. If it comes to thinking, to questioning, to the use or abuse of speculation, no people have done it more than people sitting on the bare ground and staring at the stars. No people have done it less than people engaged in the applications of physical science to practical commerce. No people have done it less than the American people. The great mass of the American people remain, both for good and evil, stolidly, stubbornly, astoundingly conservative in their ideas.

As already observed, progress in machinery generally did occur where there was no progress in mentality. It was the reactionary countries which developed industrialism—the Germany of Blücher and Bismarck, the England of Wellington and Peel. It is one of the very few points in which England does resemble Germany, or some parts of Germany. That is why it was never mentioned by the Teutonists. It is also one of the very few points in which England does resemble America, or some parts of America. That is why it is never mentioned by the Anglo-Saxons. The combination of Toryism in politics with restlessness in mechanics does really unite Berlin with Birmingham, and to some extent Birmingham with Bismarckville, Pa., U.S.A. People seem to forget that the very time when the English were introducing commercial industrialism was the time when they were actually persecuting political idealism. When a man was most concerned to get a living by being a manufacturer was the time when he might lose his life by being a Jacobin; and the six Acts restraining all liberty of popular protest were improvements that came in with the steam-engine and the spinning-jenny.

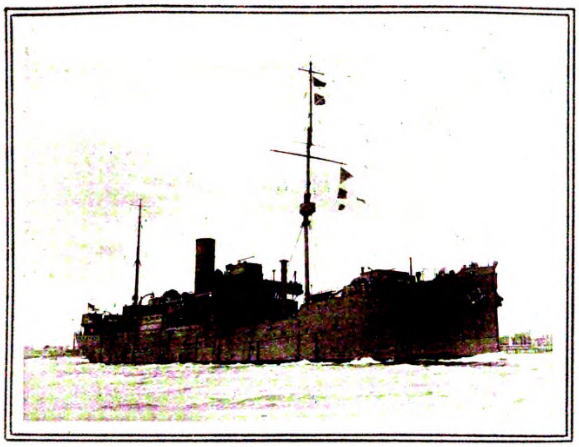
The desire to see wheels go round involves the idea that they will always repeat themselves. In one sense it may be called progressive, since when the wheels go round the cart goes on. In another sense it may be called conservative, for in assuming that the wheels will go round it assumes that the wheels will not come off. But, above all, when the wheels are really going round rapidly, they are generally in a rut. Industrialism is in a rut, and industrial America is rather specially in a rut; and none the less so because it can move in such a rut more and more swiftly. What the industrial spirit does not like is anything that cuts across that rut, that barges in at another angle. America is a very great living and complex reality, and everybody must apologise for having any impressions of it at all. But the only sense I can make of its present politics is something like this—that America is now the most conservative country in the world. It is resisting the spirit of revolt and novelty that comes from Europe. It is no longer a question of our calling in the New World to redress the balance of the Old. We are the New World, and we are upsetting the balance of the Old; and it looks as if the balance of America were a good deal upset.

## OUR ANAGLYPHS.

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# THE GREAT SEA PAGEANT AT SPITHEAD: NOTABLE SHIPS AND INCIDENTS.

Photographs by Cribb (Southsea), I.B., C.N., and Topical.



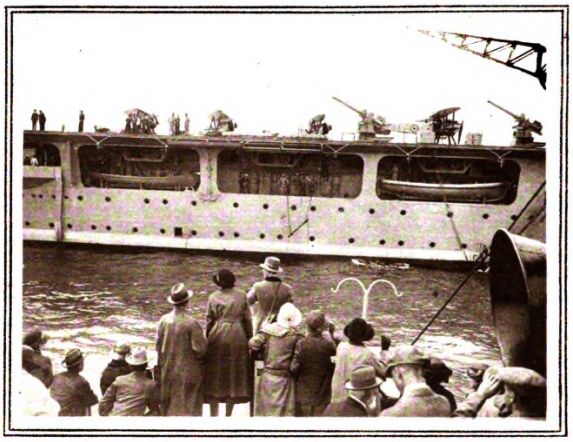
FORMERLY THE GERMAN "SPREEWALD," CAPTURED IN 1914: THE SUBMARINE REPAIR-SHIP "LUCIA," OF THE SECOND SUBMARINE FLOTILLA.



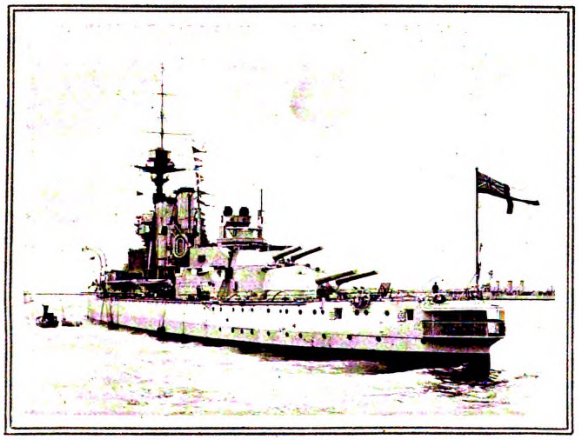

WITH HER ROW OF MINES LOOKING LIKE A GIANT CATERPILLAR: THE MINE-LAYER "TELEMACHUS," A SPECIALLY FITTED DESTROYER.



LEAVING THE "VICTORY," WITH HER BEAK HEAD RESTORED AS IT WAS AT TRAFALGAR: THE PRINCE OF WALES (FOURTH FROM LEFT) AT PORTSMOUTH.



SHOWING HER ANTI-TORPEDO "BULGE," TO PROTECT THE ACTUAL SIDE OF THE SHIP: PART OF THE CURIOUS AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "HERMES."



THE ONLY BATTLE-SHIP PRESENT THAT WAS ALSO IN THE 1914 REVIEW: H.M.S. "CENTURION," FLAG-SHIP OF THE RESERVE FLEET.

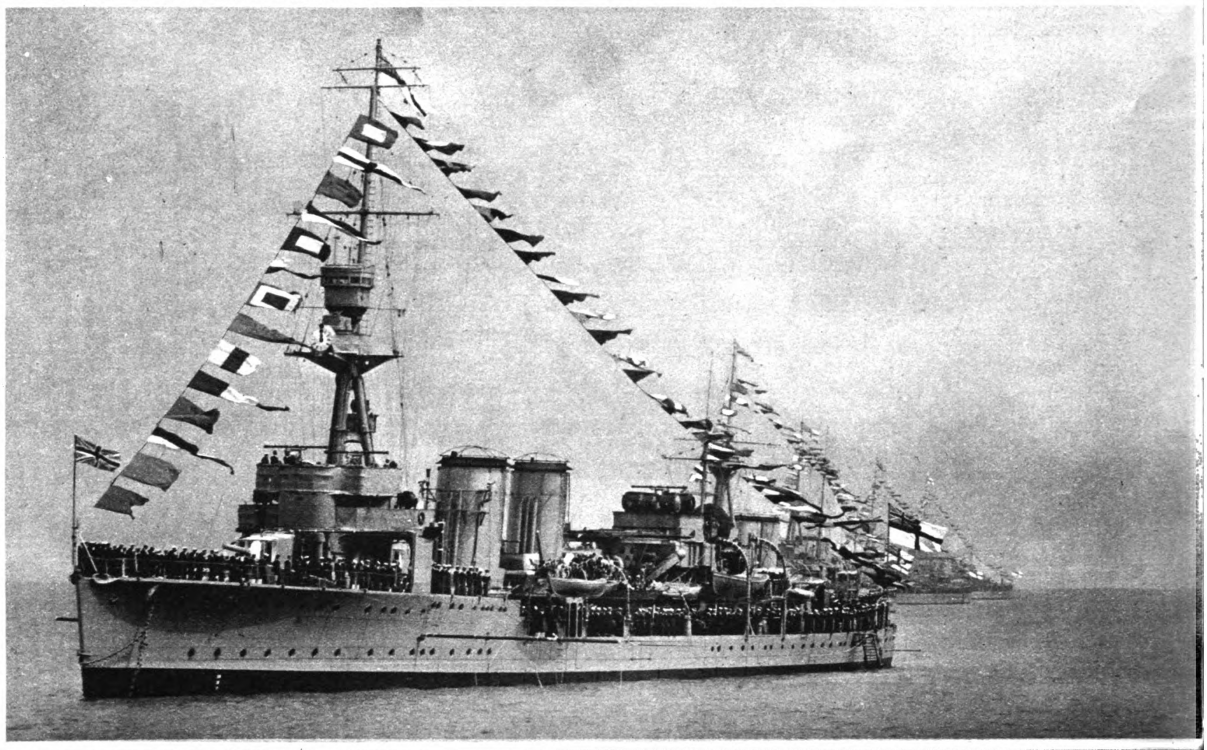


WHERE THE GERMANS SIGNED THE SURRENDER OF THEIR FLEET IN 1918: THE ADMIRAL'S CABIN IN THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" (FLEET FLAG-SHIP).

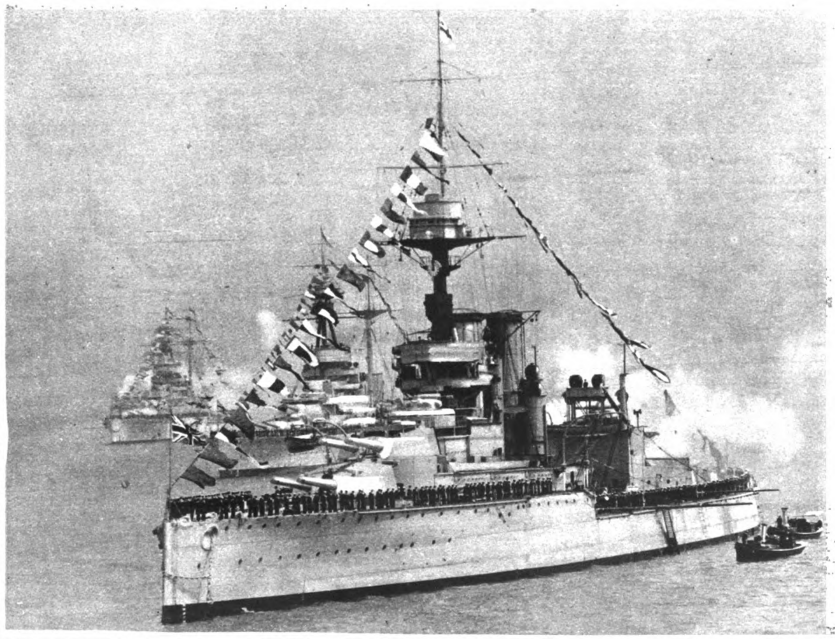
Before reviewing the Fleet at Spithead on July 26, the King, with the Prince of Wales, paid a visit to the old "Victory," now in dry dock at Portsmouth. As our photograph shows, she has been restored to the condition in which she fought at Trafalgar, including the beak head that has replaced the disfigured bow which she carried when anchored in Portsmouth Harbour. The "Lucia," which accompanied the Second Submarine Flotilla at the Review, is the ex-German prize "Spreewald," captured by H.M.S. "Berwick" off St. Lucia in September 1914. The "Telemachus" is a destroyer specially fitted as a minelayer to carry 40 mines. The "Hermes" is a newly commissioned aircraft-carrier of high speed and strange appearance, having her bridge and funnel arranged on one side to admit of a clear deck for the flying off and landing of aeroplanes. Her anti-torpedo "bulge," divided into sections, is designed to protect the actual side of the ship if struck by a torpedo. The "Centurion" was in the main battle line at Jutland, but was not hit. The "Queen Elizabeth," of Dardanelles and Grand Fleet fame, was the Fleet flag-ship of Admiral Sir John de Robeck, Commander-in-Chief, at the Review.

# THROUGH A FIVE-MILE AVENUE OF MIGHTY WAR-SHIPS:

PHOTOGRAPHS



THE GREAT NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD: (ON THE LEFT) THE CRUISER "CALEDON" (IN FOREGROUND) AND OTHER SHIPS DRESSED OVER ALL, WITH CREWS PARADE
FOLLOWED BY THE ADMIRALTY YACHT "ENCHANTRESS"—SHOWING (L. TO R.

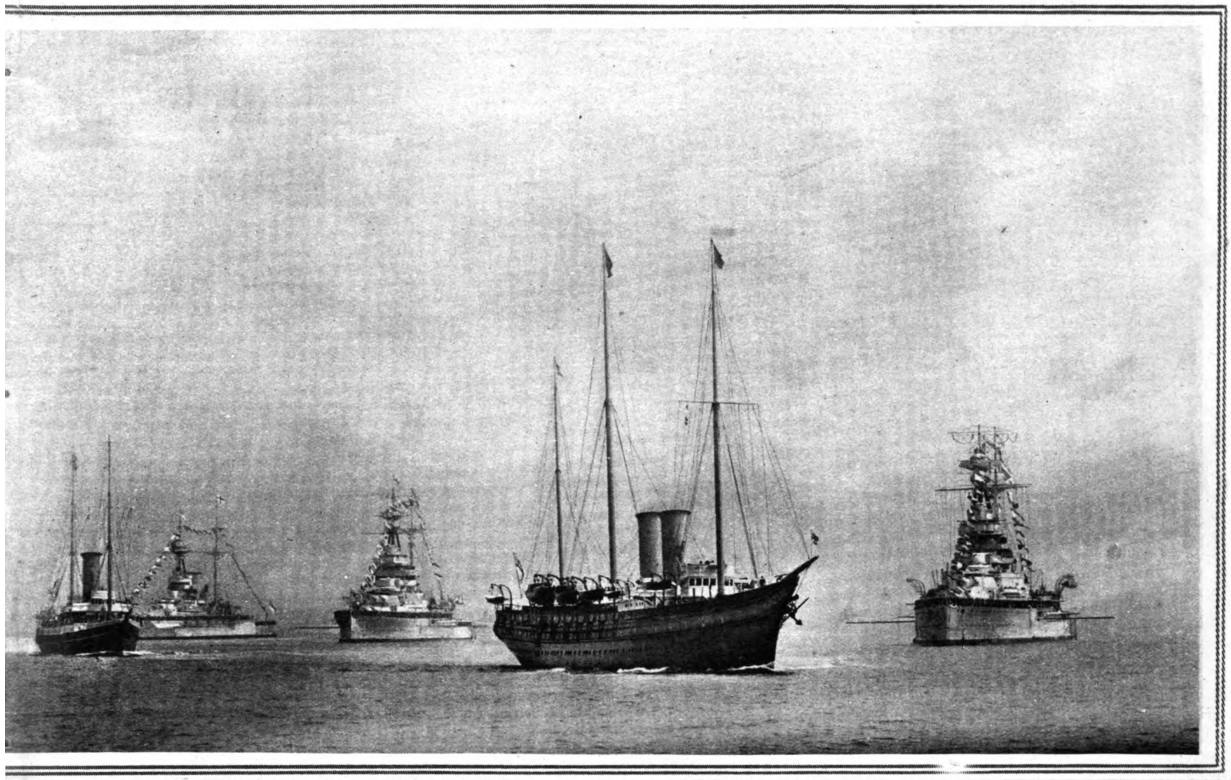


BATTLE-SHIPS FIRING A ROYAL SALUTE AS THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" ENTERED THE LINES: (FROM RIGHT TO LEFT) THE "CENTURION," (FLAG-SHIP OF THE RESERVE FLEET), "REVENGE," AND "ROYAL OAK"—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE BATTLE-CRUISER "TIGER."

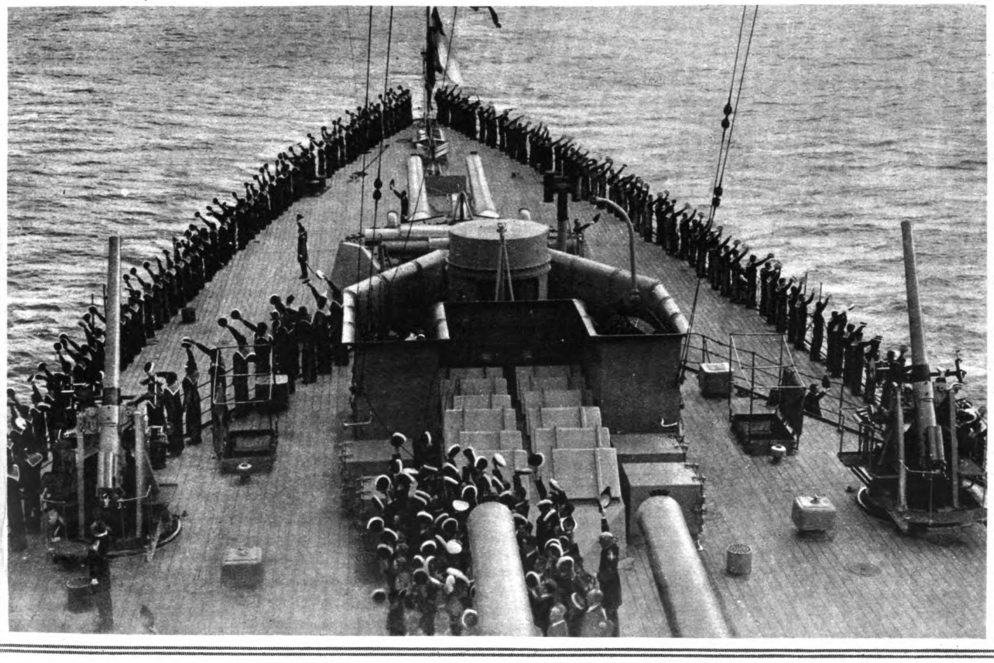
The great Fleet reviewed by the King at Spithead on July 26 consisted of 193 ships drawn up on a five-mile front, so that the Royal Yacht, in passing down the line and back, traversed double that distance. The actual Review lasted less than two hours, but the sea pageant of which it was the climax occupied several days. The royal procession, which left Portsmouth shortly after two o'clock, was led by the Trinity House yacht, with the Duke of Connaught, Master of Trinity House, on board. Then came the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert," with the King and the Prince of Wales on the bridge, and last the Admiralty yacht "Enchantress," with Cabinet Ministers, Admiralty officials, and their guests. As the procession approached the "Queen Elizabeth," flying the

# THE KING REVIEWING THE FLEET ASSEMBLED AT SPITHEAD.

BY C.N.



ON DECK; (ON THE RIGHT) THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," WITH THE KING AND THE PRINCE OF WALES ON BOARD, STEAMING DOWN THE LINES, THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" (FLAG-SHIP), "RESOLUTION," AND "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."



CHEERING AND WAVING THEIR CAPS AS THE KING PASSED IN THE ROYAL YACHT: THE CREW OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" (FLAG-SHIP OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, ADMIRAL SIR JOHN DE ROBECK) PARADED ON DECK AT THE REVIEW.

flag of Admiral Sir John de Robeck, Commander-in-Chief, a signal was given from the Royal Yacht, and the guns of the assembled war-ships fired a royal salute. Every ship was dressed over all, seamen were lined up on forecastles, upper and quarter decks, and officers took up their positions. As the Royal Yacht passed, guards presented arms, buglers sounded "Attention," bands played the National Anthem, and great bursts of cheering sounded from ship to ship. It was a magnificent and inspiring spectacle, carried out with all the order and efficiency for which the Navy is famous. Photographs of the King on board the Royal Yacht, and some of the guests on the "Enchantress," appear on the following page.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

AUGUST and the holiday spirit are at hand once more, and the books ought to conform to the mood of the moment. But, although I happen to be writing beside the sea, it is not holiday with me just yet, only a flying visit to snatch a whiff of ozone and then back to the collar immediately. Nor is it quite August, for this page must go to press a few days ahead of the date the paper bears, consequently, no eulogy of August weather comes within the bounds of safety in this fickle climate of ours. July, however, is doing her very best, for which let us be thankful. A morning that opened with a sharp thunderstorm cleared up before 9 o'clock, and has given us a day that will be registered as one of the most creditable of 1924, when summer has done her utmost to atone for a dreadful beginning.

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May it keep on in the good way for such of us as cannot yet cry "holiday," if, indeed, any scribe who must feed the press week by week without fail can ever be said to enjoy a real break from the task of routine. The only plan is to get ahead with a week or two's books; but innumerable pious resolutions to that effect seem never to be kept. Still, it is something of a holiday to do one's work in the open air, with a line of lifted blue sea before one for refreshment whenever one looks up from the page. And there ought to be inspiration of a Wordsworthian sort when one is able, by taking thought, to—

> . . . see the children sporting on the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Yet, on the point of inspiration, one must not boast. Looking back over some 170 consecutive weeks in which these random notes have known only one break, anything inspired seems to be conspicuous by its absence. If the present article fails in the same way, it will not be the fault of the writer's surroundings. Most likely, however, nothing will come along except the usual tale of bricks, of which the most to be hoped is that it will be a fairly workmanlike account of a few new books.

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The collection in hand has at least the merit of variety, and so far it conforms to the holiday spirit. Not all the books, however, answer exactly to the description "Summer Reading," that pleasant American phrase about which I noted this time last year that it had never been adopted on this side of the Atlantic, either by readers or publishers, tempting though it was to the latter as a heading for holiday book advertisements. This year, I see it has been used in at least one instance, and were I a Friar of Mount Carmel I would claim the credit of the suggestion in the strict manner of that Order. As it is, I am content merely to record the fact of acclimatisation and pass on to discuss some volumes that may, and others that may not, fall precisely into the catalogue of "Summer Reading."

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As a rule, the phrase suggests the lightest of light literary fare, even to frivolity. But there is no need to draw any hard and fast line. Holiday or summer reading may include every kind of book. It depends largely on the reader. What will be holiday to one would be penance to another. The jaded reviewer of fiction, for instance, would welcome a chance to read a little history or biography, and vice versa. But the true joy of reading, holiday or otherwise, is known only to those lucky people whose work does not compel them to follow professionally the paths of literature, real or supposed. To them the field is open, and they have only to choose what they like. The staleness of professionalism never blights their enjoyment of a book.

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Those who stand outside these regions of doubtful bliss, literature or journalism, may very naturally suppose that the mere writing man in his vacation would keep away from books altogether. He may, for a little, but his vice is inveterate, and oftener than not, after a very brief and perhaps irksome abstention, he will be found taking a busman's holiday. One of the busiest reviewers of my acquaintance has confessed to me that his ambition is a year's holiday, which would enable him to read, as a man should read, only the best and greatest writers, with suitable intervals for reflection and for writing of a kind that would—approximately—satisfy his fastidious literary conscience! We of the craft are painfully aware that a lifetime of reviewing has landed us in a parlous state of mental indigestion, with its attendant paralysis of the power to find the *mot juste*. But the respite never comes. We never are, but always to be blest. "To't again, come!" It is ominous that that last phrase was spoken of grave-digging.

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Exhilarating reflections truly, to be made in the most exhilarating air in Britain! But this article began with contradictions—August that was not yet August and a holiday that was none, together with a hint of books that might not prove to be exactly holiday reading. And yet, even where the subject may not promise lightness, the handling may make a book light, agreeable and recreative. This happens with the first of the volumes in the present week's wallet. It is political and economic (heavy words!), but the author's *nom-de-guerre* is sufficient in itself to banish all fear of tedium. For the "Gentleman with the Duster," "that valuable public servant," as Mr. Chesterton has called him, presents us with a new book of essays, "THE CONSERVATIVE MIND" (Mills and Boon; 5s.), in which he expounds, with his usual fluent pen and ready wit, the whole doctrine of Imperialism.

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He does more. His book is an exposure of the menace of Labour. By "Labour" he means Communistic Socialism, as inspired by the teaching of Moscow. He sees in the ideal of the British Empire a cause for which Conservatism, as he conceives it, is the only guarantee and safeguard. His argument is addressed chiefly to the working classes, and he asks, "If the Socialist can appeal to them in the name of Russia, surely the Conservative may appeal to them in the name of the British Empire?" To the gentleman who polished the Mirrors of Whitehall Imperialism is not an ideal of self-seeking, but the highest co-operative unity of kinsmen seeking the welfare of the whole world and its restoration from the chaos that began on a fatal day just ten years ago.

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The personal argument, so much in vogue to-day, is here used in a rather ingenious manner. The "G.W.T.D." develops his theme in a series of personal sketches of prominent Conservatives—Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Sir Robert Horne, the Duke of Northumberland, Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, Sir Douglas Hogg, Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and others. Upon these the author does not, as in former works, use the knuckle-duster. His attitude is more like that of Mrs. Bardell and Mrs. Cluppins when, as Sam Weller testified, they "fell into a werry great state o' admiration at the honourable conduct o' Messrs. Dodson and Fogg." To "The Gentleman with," etc., his leading Conservatives are all very good boys indeed, full of the loftiest moral enthusiasms.

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This one would not deny for a moment; but, by way of a change, our former caustic analyst of public characters has spread the butter very thick this time. It seems like the writing of a convert, and one suspects that the Duster-flourisher must have been brought up in the old rigid Puritan-Liberal atmosphere, where a Conservative was regarded as a safe candidate for Hades; that he has been brought by his dread of Communism to a different view; and, like all converts, sees his new masters in the rosiest light. His subjects are (in the words of the dying Gainsborough) "all going to Heaven and Vandyck is of the company." Bating this tendency to one-sidedness, the book is full of excellent instruction and suggestion for those who know about current politics, and, in particular, for those who do not. And, for all their serious theme, these essays make excellent entertainment, and should be in every holiday-maker's knapsack.

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The Gentleman with the Duster, rightly enough, sees Muscovite doctrine as a moral cancer that must be cut out of the body politic, and his hope lies in Conservative surgeons. The subject of physical cancer may seem a little out of place in the present connection, but, as chance will have it, here is a popular book on that engrossing medical question. It is by a layman, and therefore more likely to be intelligible to the general reader than a formal treatise by a physician or surgeon. The author writes frankly as a layman, and in "CANCER: HOW IT IS CAUSED AND HOW IT CAN BE PREVENTED" (Murray; 7s. 6d.), Mr. J. Ellis Barker has examined, with an almost Teutonic thoroughness, the existing material, physical and statistical, of a huge and difficult subject. He claims to have disproved the theory that cancer is infectious, and he suggests that the secret of prevention lies in healthier digestive processes. These views of a layman have the approval of Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane. The passages on the danger of over-eating come not unseasonably at this time of year, and holiday-makers would do well to take note.

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More truly in the line of vacation reading is the story of an adventurous honeymoon which is told by Colonel J. C. B. Statham in "WITH MY WIFE ACROSS AFRICA BY CANOE AND CARAVAN (Simpkin; 12s. 6d.) This journey through wild places was suggested by Mrs. Statham herself, who chose Africa in preference to a trip through her husband's old haunts in Sardinia. Colonel Statham is an old African hunter who knows most parts of the Dark Continent. His difficulty was to know where to cross. For various reasons he rejected the Northern and Equatorial routes. Tracks that he would have taken without hesitation on his own account assumed a less tempting aspect when he had his wife to consider; so after much anxious thought he decided upon the crossing from Mossamedes on the Kubango River, and down it and the Zambesi River system to the Indian Ocean.

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This route offered comparative healthiness, and also the possibility of canoe transport. Still, it was very difficult, especially for a woman, and, as far as Colonel Statham was aware, it had never been completely accomplished by white people. The river journey was never completed, but the crossing was safely accomplished after many toils and dangers. The President of the Royal Geographical Society has called Colonel and Mrs. Statham's journey "as exciting as one could expect, or perhaps wish, to undertake in the twentieth century." Readers of this chequered and very interesting narrative will agree heartily. Women especially will be attracted by this lively account of a woman's notable exploit. The interest of the book is heightened by its excellent maps and illustrations. Colonel Statham's notes on geographical and anthropological questions make it valuable also to science.

. . . . . .

"The regular process of cultivated life," said a great artist, "is from necessaries to accommodations, from accommodations to ornaments." In the foregoing tale of African wayfaring, necessaries and spur-of-the-moment accommodations play a leading part. The amenity of cultivated life was necessarily foregone. With ornament the travellers were not personally concerned, except as an incident in the observation of native tribal customs. Yet they retained as far as possible the process of cultivated life, and the result is a most fascinating record. But why, the reader will ask, why drag in the quotation with which this paragraph opens, and why tag on to it these rather trite reflections? There is method in the apparent madness, for those words form part of the Dedication of a classic of art, which has just been reissued in a very attractive volume. "THE DISCOURSES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A." (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.) deserve a larger attention than they usually receive. Addressed in the first instance to the students of the Royal Academy, these lectures have an interest far wider than the technical concerns of the studio. They contain much sound philosophy of life, and the writing alone is admirable. It has an ease and felicity that places it high as a model of the clear and unaffected expository English style. A concise biography of Sir Joshua increases the interest and value of this welcome reprint, which follows Malone's text of 1797 and contains the author's latest corrections and additions.

. . . . . .

Any guide to "Summer Reading" would miss fire if it omitted fiction—which, after all, is the chief thing in that connection. Perhaps this article should have been given up entirely to the novelists, but at the packing of the bag for a hurried departure the only novels to hand at the moment were Mr. Storer Clouston's "THE TWO STRANGE MEN" (Nash and Grayson; 7s. 6d.), and "RUFUS," by Grace S. Richmond (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). If I had any hopes that Mr. Storer Clouston would provide us with another happy extravaganza of his jolly lunatic, Mr. Mandell Essington, these hopes were disappointed. This time he has gone to Ireland to tell an exciting tale of the late rebellion. But, if the vein is not comic, the story of the hairbreadth 'scapes of Mr. Rupert Rodd and his nephew Jack make very good pastime. Mrs. Richmond's novel is an American love-story with a double thread wound round the fortunes of a disabled medical officer. Its delicate sentiment is sure to appeal to girls who are not utterly given over to latter-day hardness, flippancy, and absorption in unsavoury subjects. Quite a holiday book.



TO THE 221 STUDENTS WHO FELL IN THE WAR: THE DUKE OF YORK UNVEILS THE MEMORIAL OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, BELFAST.

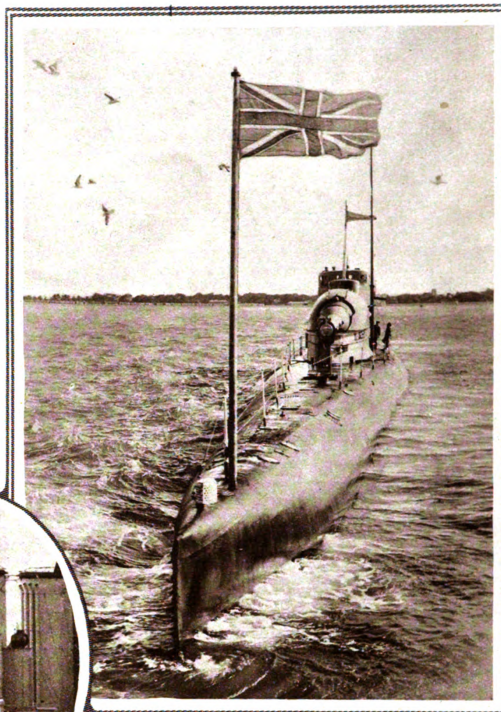
During the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Northern Ireland, they were presented with honorary degrees by Queen's University. The photograph depicts the ceremony that followed when the Duke unveiled the bronze statue of a winged Victory. The statue supports on one arm the figure of a dying soldier, raising with the other a crown of laurel. It was designed by Sir Thomas Brock, and executed by his assistant, Mr. Arnold White.—[*Photograph by Graphic.*]

# THE KING WITH HIS FLEET: PERSONALITIES AT THE NAVAL REVIEW.

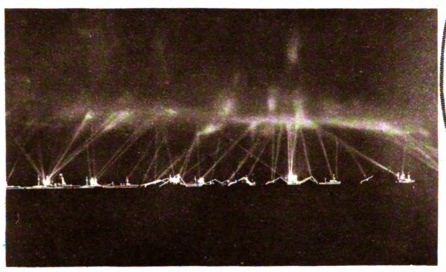
Photographs by C.N., North End Studio (Portsmouth), Topical, and Cribb (Southsea).



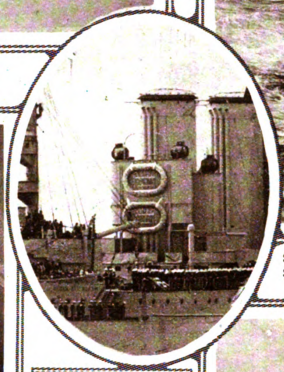
ABOARD THE "ENCHANTRESS": (L. TO R.) LADY CHELMSFORD, MR. J. H. THOMAS, MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, LORD CHELMSFORD, MR. HENDERSON, LORD BEATTY.



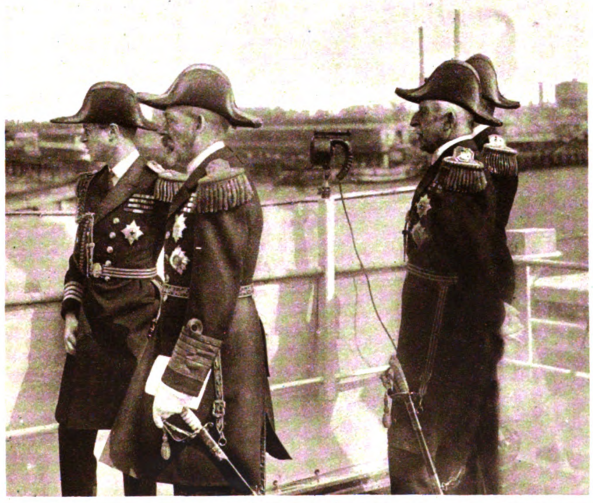
SHOWING HER BIG 12-INCH GUN FROM THE OLD BATTLESHIP "KING EDWARD VII.": SUBMARINE "M 3," OF THE NEW BOMBARDING TYPE.



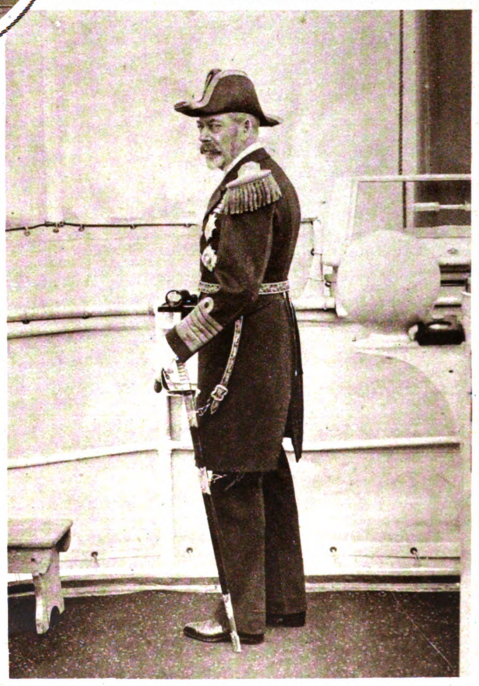
WAR-SHIPS OUTLINED IN GOLDEN FIRE ON THE SEA: THE ILLUMINATION OF THE FLEET AND SEARCHLIGHT DISPLAY AFTER THE REVIEW.



SHOWING TWO RAFTS SLUNG BESIDE THE FUNNELS: THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH."



A ROYAL GROUP ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT": (L. TO R.) THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE KING, AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.



"PROUD OF THE SPLENDID APPEARANCE OF THE SHIPS AND THEIR CREWS": HIS MAJESTY THE KING ON THE BRIDGE OF THE ROYAL YACHT AT THE REVIEW.

After reviewing the Fleet at Spithead the King sent a message to the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir John de Robeck, in which he said: "I am proud of the splendid appearance of the ships and their crews, and I know that the conditions of efficiency can only be maintained by that discipline and devotion to duty which animates all ranks and ratings of the Service." As already mentioned, the Prince of Wales was with his Majesty on the bridge of the "Victoria and Albert" during the Review, while the Duke of Connaught, as Master of Trinity House, was on board the Trinity House yacht which led the royal procession. The group on board the Admiralty yacht "Enchantress," which followed the Royal Yacht, included the Prime Minister (Mr. Ramsay Macdonald), the First Lord of the Admiralty (Viscount Chelmsford) and Lady Chelmsford, Earl Beatty, the Home Secretary (Mr. Arthur Henderson), the Colonial Secretary (Mr. J. H. Thomas), and Mr. Frank Hodges, Civil Lord of the Admiralty. At night after the Review, there was a brilliant searchlight display and illumination of the Fleet. Submarines of the "M" Class are each fitted with one 12-inch gun taken from ships of the old "King Edward VII." class.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## GIANT TORTOISES: HOW THEY WERE ISOLATED.

*By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.*

THE discovery by Mr. and Lady Margaret Loder of a "very large tortoise" in Abyssinia, recently anounced in the columns of the *Times*, raises a theme of great interest, and one which has been the subject of scientific investigation for a generation. And this because of the mystery which surrounds the manner of their geographical distribution. For these creatures, since modern times, have all been confined to islands. How did they reach these isolated spots, often hundreds of miles from the nearest mainland?

The largest known tortoise lived ages ago. When the plains of India were the home of the mighty Sivatherium, and of still more gigantic elephants and mastodons, that country was still inhabited by the most gigantic tortoise of which we have any knowledge, for the maximum length of its shell was certainly over six feet, and it may have been as much as eight feet. This was the tortoise of the Siwalik Hills, during the Pliocene epoch. To-day its nearest living ally is the species known as *Testudo emys*, of the countries east of the Bay of Bengal—a sadly degenerate creature with a shell no more than a foot in length. A lesser giant was living at the same time as the Siwalik species in the south of France, but its shell did not exceed a length of four feet. Finally, both in North America, on the one hand, and Patagonia on the other, during the Pliocene giant tortoises were fairly abundant. With, or before, the close of the Pliocene these great reptiles seem to have vanished from all the continents of the earth. Henceforth their race survived only on oceanic islands. These were Madagascar and the neighbouring islands of the western Indian Ocean, and the Galapagos Archipelago in the easternmost Pacific.

From Madagascar they had been exterminated before the arrival of the first European settlers; but their skeletons, often in a very perfect condition, have been found in association with bones of Æpyornis, hippopotamus, and cattle. Two or three species are recognisable. But on the Aldabras, Seychelles, Reunion, Mauritius, and Rodriguez, as well as on a considerable number of smaller islands, whereon the coral soil produced enough vegetation to assure them a sufficiency of food, the extermination of these Mascarine tortoises was brought about by raids made by mariners. As supplies on the larger islands dwindled, the smaller islands were laid under contribution. This inter-insular transport was pursued without regard to consequences. In 1759 four small vessels were set apart for the purpose of bringing tortoises from Rodriguez to Mauritius. One vessel carried a cargo of 6000. In eighteen months no less than 30,000 had been thus transported! As a result, by the beginning of the last century all the islands of the Indian Ocean had been practically cleared. Only one spot remains where survivors may still exist—the South Island of the Aldabran atoll.

The great size of some of these creatures may be gathered from the weight of a specimen (Fig. 3) from North Aldabra Island, which turned the scale at 870 lb., and is now in the British Museum. Others as large—and, I believe, even larger—are in Lord Rothschild's wonderful museum at Tring. Their extinction is deplorable. Their fate, however, affords but one of many cases where the greed and improvidence of commerce have been allowed to go unchecked. And now as to the Galapagos tortoises. At the time of the discovery of this Archipelago, in the sixteenth century, the tortoises were distributed in immense numbers over most of the islands; they are now restricted to Albemarle, Duncan, and Abingdon Islands.

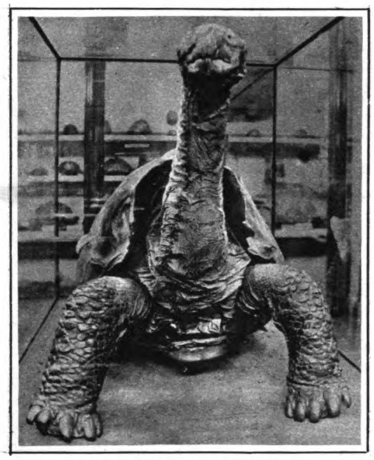


FIG. 1.—A COMPLETE CHANGE OF STRUCTURE: AN ABINGDON ISLAND TORTOISE, WEIGHING 201 LB.

This species shows the remarkable size of the aperture of the anterior end of the shell, which leaves the body open to attack. This change in structure from the tortoise-tribe would have been impossible if the island had been inhabited by large carnivores.

*Photograph by E. J. Manly.*

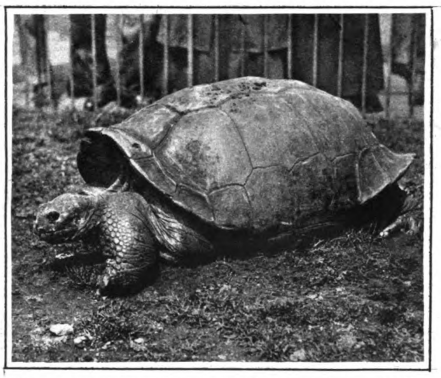


FIG. 2.—IN THE TRANSITION STAGE: BAUER'S TORTOISE—THE SHELL APPROACHING TO THE UNPROTECTED ABINGDON ISLAND TORTOISE.

This type (*Testudo galapagoensis*) exhibits an approach to the change in the shell structure. It shows a reversal from the rule of the species which has the shell bent down, before and behind, thus protecting vulnerable parts.

*Photograph by F. W. Bond.*

The great size and weight of these creatures, the great age to which they live, and their slow, detached movements always arouse astonishment among visitors to the Zoological Gardens in London, where, at different times, several species have been exhibited. Only a very few realise that they have been brought from islands at great distances from the nearest mainland; and to fewer still does it seem to have occurred that it is very remarkable that they should be found thus isolated.

This is a matter which has provoked much controversy among those who are concerned with the problems of the geographical distribution of animals. How, indeed, did they come to be "marooned" on the islands where they were originally found—for it is quite certain that they were not transported from the mainland in ships, since they were in occupation of their several fastnesses long before the advent of man, savage or civilised?

Wallace, in discussing the origin of the Pacific island types, remarks: "Considering the well-known tenacity of life of these animals, and the large number of allied forms which have aquatic or sub-aquatic habits, it is not a very extravagant supposition that some ancestral form, carried out to sea by a flood, was once or twice safely drifted as far as the Galapagos, and has originated the races which now inhabit them." And by the same reasoning we must people the Mascarine Islands. A moment's consideration will suffice to show the untenability of this interpretation.

Geologists are now agreed that South Africa and India were once connected by a common land surface; and this, of course, included Madagascar and the Mascarine Islands. At this time giant tortoises roamed over the whole of the now submerged area. This submergence, which took place during early Tertiary times, left certain areas high and dry, with whatsoever creatures were living there at the time. Thus isolated, during thousands of years, new species arose from the parent stocks. And we may postulate a similar origin for the Galapagos Islands and their inhabitants, including the giant tortoises.

This isolation has resulted not merely in the evolution of new species, but of new types, unlike anything which existed on the mainland; and this, apparently, as a consequence of the absence of large predaceous animals. Thus Vosmaer's Tortoise, of Rodriguez, and certain of the Galapagos species, are remarkable for the extreme thinness of their shells.

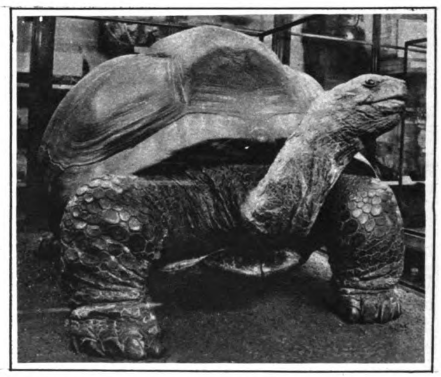


FIG. 3.—ALMOST THE LAST OF HIS KIND: A NORTH ALDABRA ISLAND TORTOISE, WEIGHING 870 LB.

Survivors of this less modified type of Galapagos Tortoise (a male) may still exist on the South Island of the Aldabran atoll. This one is in the British Museum.—[*Photograph by E. J. Manly.*]

But one of the most remarkable of all is the Abingdon Island tortoise. For in the tortoise tribe it is the rule for the shell to be bent down before and behind, so that an aperture is left no larger than sufficient to admit the protrusion and retraction of the head and tail, thus protecting all vulnerable parts. But in this species, shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 1), the anterior aperture of the shell was enormously large, leaving the most vital parts of the body fully exposed. Only where there was no danger of attack could such a remarkable change of structure have taken place. One sees an approach to this change in Bauer's Tortoise (*Testudo galapagoensis*) (Fig. 2).

In all these giants the fundamental structure of the shell was normal. That is to say, the bony shell was formed by the usual fusion between ribs and "dermal" plates"; and these were overlain by horny scutes having a totally different arrangement. This much is seen in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 4), where five horny scutes are seen overlying nine bony plates, down the middle of the shell; while four horny scutes overlie eight bony plates along each side. A similar arrangement is seen in regard to the small lateral plates which form the margin of the shell.

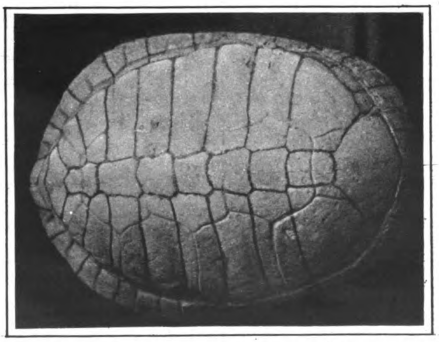
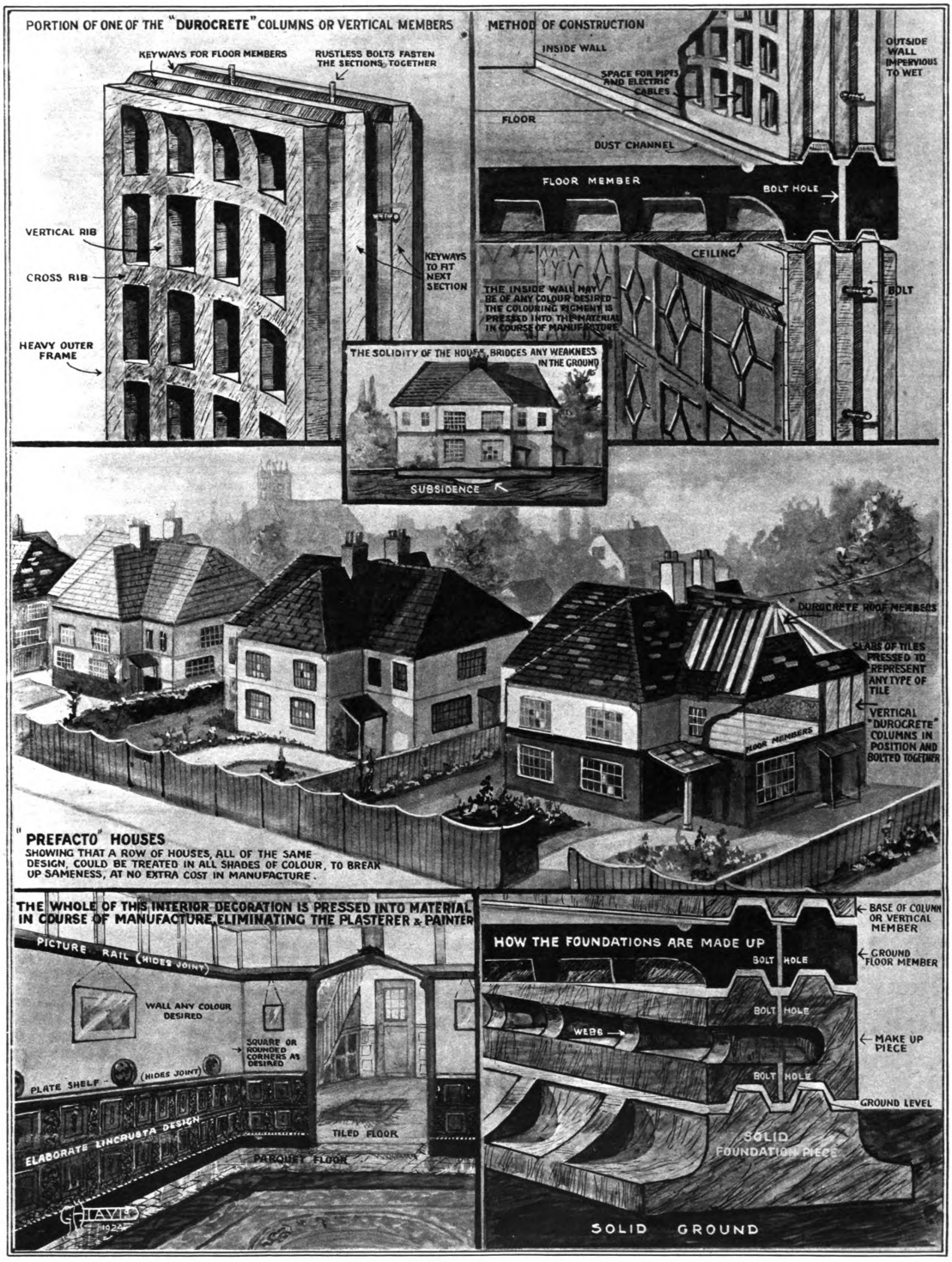


FIG. 4.—SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE OUTER SCALES AND THE UNDERLYING PLATES: THE NORMAL SHELL STRUCTURE OF A SMALL TORTOISE.—[*Photograph by E. J. Manly.*]

# HOUSE-BUILDING WITHOUT BRICKLAYER, SLATER, PAINTER, OR DECORATOR.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM DETAILS SUPPLIED BY THE AIRSHIP GUARANTEE CO., LTD.

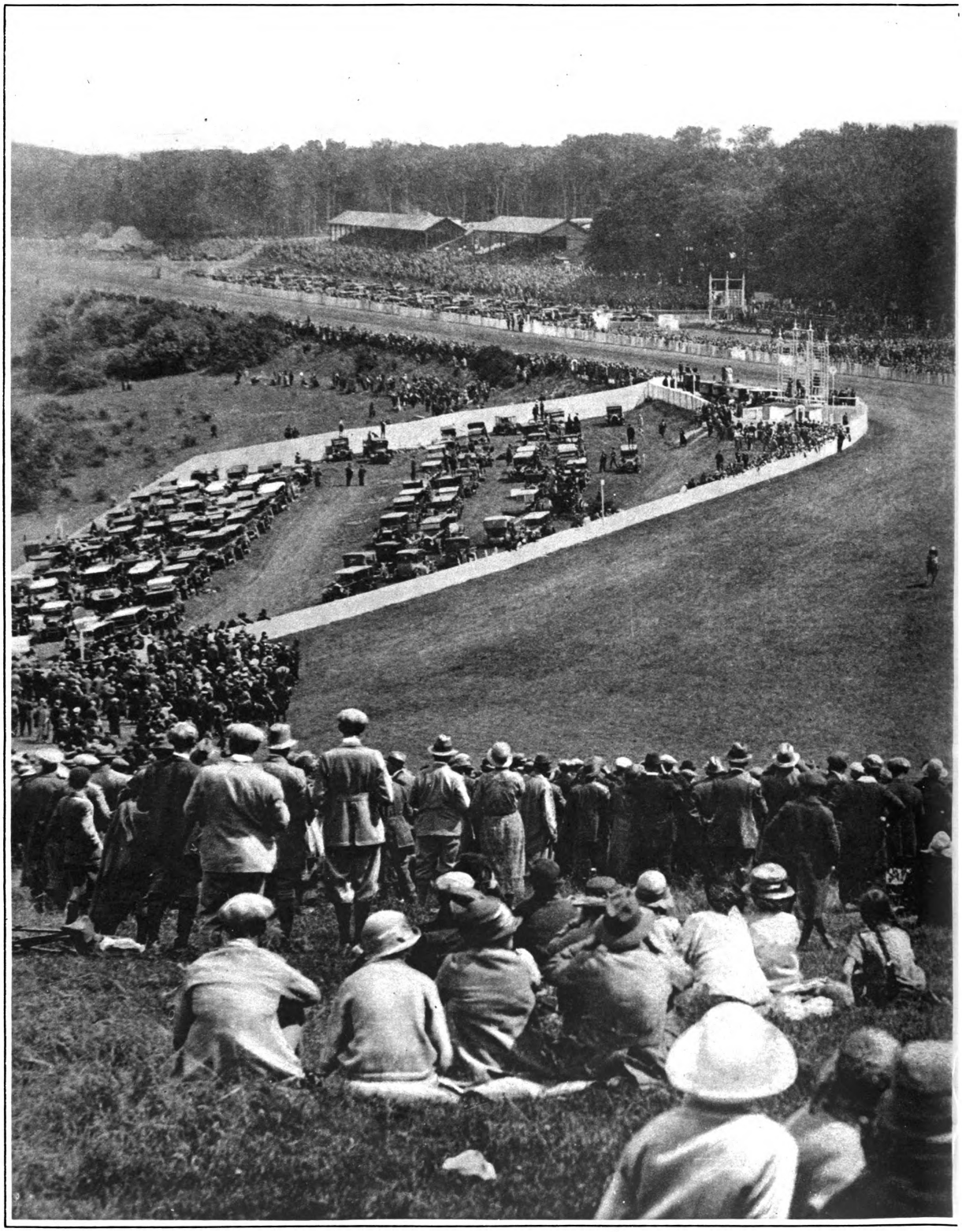



## BUILT OF DUROCRETE, A NEW SUBSTANCE COMBINING THE QUALITIES OF CONCRETE AND WOOD: "PREFACTO" HOUSES AND THEIR COMPONENT PARTS.

We illustrate here a remarkable new method of house-building devised to solve the problem of the housing shortage. The type of dwelling is known as the "Prefacto" house, and the material used is called "Durocrete," which combines the hardness, impermeability, and durability of the best concrete with the toughness and the resilience of wood. It weighs only two-thirds as much as ordinary concrete, though much stronger, and can thus be easily handled and transported. The whole house can be constructed in small complete units, under factory conditions, and then conveyed to the site, where it is quickly erected. A Prefacto house, it is claimed, can be built in a week, and will endure for ever; while the cost is only one-fifth of that of a brick-built house. Owing to the element of wood in it, Durocrete is free from the "sweating" which is an objection to ordinary concrete, and, unlike that, is warm to the touch. It can be made in many artistic colours, and thus a pleasing variety can be obtained in the appearance of houses, as shown in our central diagram. Moreover, much of the interior decoration can be done in the factory. Thus the bricklayer, slater, painter, and decorator are practically eliminated, their work being transferred to other trades. The weight of a Durocrete house being only a third or a quarter of a similar one in brick or concrete, the foundations need not be nearly so deep. Should there be subsidence of soil at any point beneath the house—which, if bricks had been used, would cause the walls to crack—the whole structure, very strong through the interlocking of its units, acts as a bridge over the weak spot. Water and gas pipes and electric wires are all run in the hollow space between the outer wall and the inner lining. Durocrete is fireproof.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

# "GLORIOUS GOODWOOD" IN 1924: A FINISH AT

PHOTOGRAPH BY

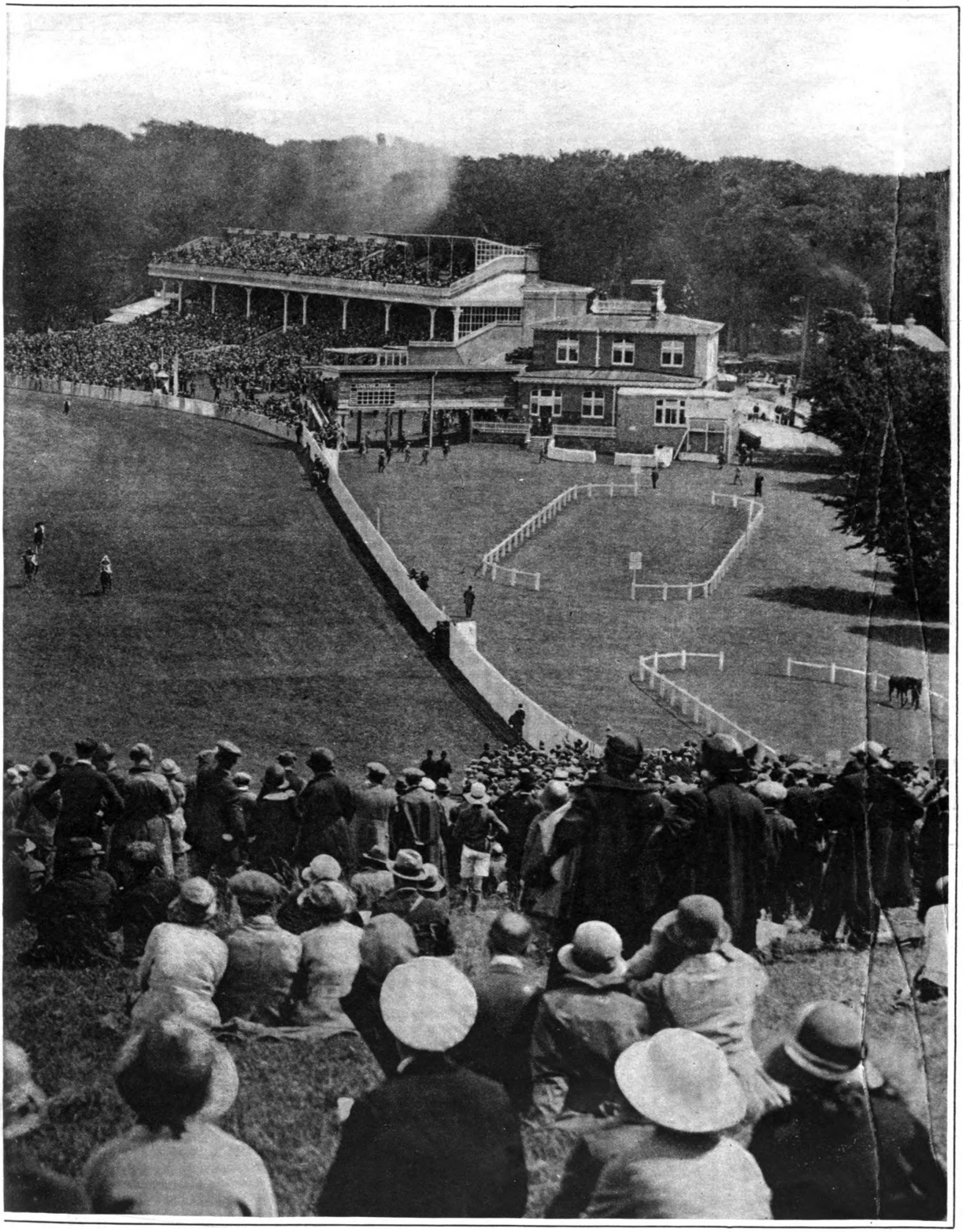


## A TRUNDLE HILL VIEW OF THE RACING AT GOODWOOD:

The Goodwood race meeting, the last great social event of the season, opened on July 29. The King and Queen arrived at Goodwood House on the evening of the 28th, as guests of the Duke of Richmond, whose daughter, the Duchess of Northumberland, acted as hostess for the occasion. The race for the Stewards' Cup on the first day aroused especial interest from the fact that his Majesty's horse Weathervane was running in it, and was much fancied. Among other Royal visitors expected to attend the meeting was King George of Greece. Many important house parties were arranged at various

# THE FAMOUS END-OF-THE-SEASON MEETING.

SPORT AND GENERAL.



## A PANORAMA OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL COURSE IN ENGLAND.

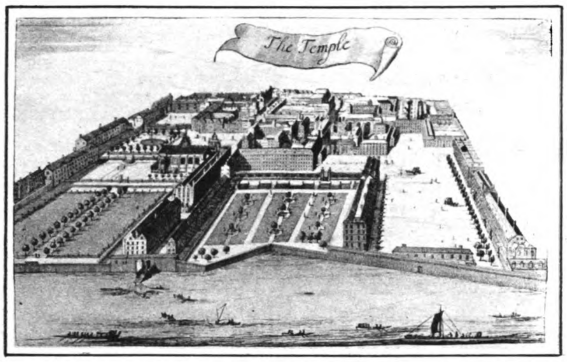
neighbouring country seats, including that of the Duchess of Norfolk at Arundel Castle, and it was thought that, with favourable weather, this year's Goodwood might eclipse even Ascot in brilliance. Polo matches, as usual, were a feature of the Goodwood Week, and there were also many garden parties. An interesting fact in connection with the racing was the prevalence of the woman owner, for it was stated that more than a hundred of the horses entered were owned by women. The course at Goodwood is considered to be the most beautiful in England. Our view is taken from the famous Trundle Hill.

# The Templars of the Temple: Faith and Law.

## "THE HISTORY OF THE TEMPLE, LONDON." By J. BRUCE WILLIAMSON.*

WHEN Pope Urban II., moved by the pleading of Peter the Hermit, published the first Crusade, and the Assembly at Clermont cried "Dieu le veut!"; when God alone was before the eyes of those of many peoples who deserted field and farm and city to take the reddened road to Jerusalem and wrest the Holy Places from the defiling hands of the Infidel; then may be said to have begun the story of the New Temple, in London, now the haunt of Professors and Students of the Inns of Court. Truly, the Reign of Faith which preceded the Reign of Law there dates from some three-and-twenty years later; but it came into being as a direct result of the hazardous journeyings of those devoted six millions who answered the call and, weapon in hand and shield on shoulder, or as simple bearers of staff and wallet and scallop shell, dwelt in jeopardy that they might at once honour and be honoured.

The manner of it was this. The Crusaders had won Nicæa, Antioch, and Jerusalem; Godfrey de Bouillon, Baron of the Holy Sepulchre, had ruled his year, crownless in fitting deference to the circlet of thorns; Baldwin I. had been King and Baldwin II. had succeeded. But the forces of the Faithful could not cope with the many marauding bands of dispossessed Seljuk Turks who harassed and despoiled the seekers of merit. "Distressed by the sufferings thus occasioned, a Burgundian and a French Knight, Hugh de Payens and Godfrey de St. Omer, resolved to dedicate their lives to the service of the pilgrims, and give them protection by arms from the robbery and violence to which they were exposed. Renouncing accordingly all earthly ambition, they elected to live like ecclesiastics under regular rule after the order of St. Augustine, and took upon themselves before the Patriarch of Jerusalem the vows of chastity, poverty and obedience. As they had no fixed place of abode, Baldwin II., King of Jerusalem, gave them a residence within the precincts of his own palace on Mount Moriah near the church known as the Temple of Solomon. . . . From their sacrifice of all worldly advantage, and this the first place of their settlement, they became known as the poor fellow-soldiers of Christ and the Temple of Solomon (*Pauperes Commilitones Christi et Templi Salomonis*). Thus was founded in 1118 the famous Brotherhood of Soldier Monks — the Knights of the Temple."




FROM THE THAMES, IN 1720: THE TEMPLE DURING THE "REIGN OF THE LAW."

*Reproduced from "The Temple, London."*

Recruiting was depressingly slow: nine years saw them strengthened by seven! Then Bernard of Clairvaux drew up for them the Code sanctioned by the Council of Troyes, and Pope Honorius II. gave them the distinctive habit of the white mantle, emblematic of purity and innocence, to which Pope Eugenius III. was to add the red cross, seal and badge of martyrdom. The Papal patronage meant everything. Numbers increased rapidly, and "the original object of the founders became merged in wider duties, till, with the Companion Order of the Hospitallers (reconstituted after their example on a military basis), they became the standing Army of the Cross and the bulwark in the East of the Catholic Faith." And James of Vitry, Bishop of Acre, wrote of them: "Lions in war they are as docile as lambs in the cloister; stern soldiers in the field, in the church they are as hermits and monks. To the enemies of Christ hard and fierce, but to Christians benign and gentle. The battle flag borne before them, which they call beaucéant, is two-coloured, white and black, proclaiming that to the friends of Christ they are radiant and kindly, but to His enemies dark and terrible. . . ."

Of such were the men who came to England somewhere about 1128 and built headquarters in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, near the north end of the modern Chancery Lane; with a church of Caen stone, round after the pattern of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

Time passed, and as it sped the Knights outgrew their first house. Therefore, they sold it for a hundred marks and a small annual payment by way of rent service. And they moved to a site by the Thames upon which they set up their New Temple, the present Temple Church, consecrated on the 10th of February, 1185, "in honour of the blessed Mary by the Lord Heraclius by the grace of God Patriarch of the Church of the Holy Resurrection." Of all that they built nothing now remains, save this *Novum Templum*. All is dust but "a square vaulted chamber at the west end of the modern Inner Temple Hall, with another of like dimensions beneath the first, both strongly built of stone and having walls of great thickness; the lower one being now used as a wine store"!

Well might it have been otherwise, had the Order kept to the strict letter of their vows. "Poverty," however, was the poverty of the individual, not of the institution; riches accumulated and the worldly power that riches give. The Knights, "poor fellow-soldiers of Christ," became not only the financial agents of the Crusades, but the bankers and advisers of Kings and Princes. Their network of estates enmeshed Christendom, and their huge organisation made them natural channels for the conduct of business affairs, exchangers of foreign moneys, collectors of the tenth known as the Saladin tithe, probably—it was in 1188—the first tax levied upon personal property in England, and guardians of bullion and precious things, with "the double protection afforded by armed force and ecclesiastical sanctity." Their store-house became a national treasury.



SHOWING THE HALL COURT AND THE FOUNTAIN, WITH THE IRON RAILINGS ERECTED IN 1715: THE MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.

*From the Painting by Jos. Nichols. Reproduced from "The Temple, London."*

As a consequence, greed and, perhaps, the natural envy of others were to end the Order. Their "great honour and opulency" were their downfall.

The attack was launched in various countries, some of whom agreed to it, some of whom were aghast. The Holy Land had been lost and the Templars and the Hospitallers had fled from it.

Pope Clement V. was at Avignon, a puppet in the hands of Philippe le Bel, a King planning destruction and confiscation.

The first charge was from France. The Knights were unpopular with the clergy, but their services to the Cross had been such that the Crown dare not proceed to open violence "unless more could be alleged against them than their riches and immunities." The way was open. "Alone of all the religious Orders their Chapters and admissions were secret; and why secret, it might well be asked, if there was nothing to conceal?"

Hence eighty-seven accusations—amongst them those of denying Christ and spitting on the Cross, at reception; of indecency and immorality, of the wearing of cords or belts consecrated to idolatry, of the worshipping of idols (including a cat) in their Chapters, and of "disbelief in the Sacraments of the altar and absolution from sin by the Master and Preceptors, being laymen only."

Examinations were many and protracted. In France, certainly, torture was used; in England almost certainly, although the Southern Council advocated that torture should not be applied in such a way as to "permanently mutilate any limb or cause violent effusion of blood." Needless to say, confessions were thus obtained; and in due time there "closed in England the career of the once rich and splendid Order of the Knights of the Temple." "The great crime of the Middle Ages" had been done. Finally, on May 6th, 1312, the Order was dissolved. "The chief cause of their ruin was their extraordinary wealth. . . . It is quarrel and cause enough to bring a sheep that is fat to the slaughter. We may believe that King Philip would never have took away their lives, if he might have took their lands without putting them to death; but the mischief was he could not get the honey unless he burned the bees." Thus Thomas Fuller.

As to the "goodly large and magnificent house" of the Templars in England, that was seized, and the King treated the New Temple as if it had reverted to the Crown. On December 15th, 1312, he granted it to his cousin, Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. Thence it passed to Thomas Earl of Lancaster, to the Crown, to de Valence again, to Hugh Despenser the Younger, and to the Knights of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, who received it from a Parliament who gave it "for the health of their souls and the discharge of their consciences." Disputes as to the consecrated and unconsecrated parts followed, and those places were divided one from the other. Then, in consideration of £100, the Prior came into possession of the unconsecrated as well as the consecrated, holding it in frankalmoin. Follows a period when the Temple passed out of history, until, while maintaining the Church and its services, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem leased the remainder of the property to William de Langeford. Again a blank; and "all that can safely be said is that seventy years after the suppression of the Order [of the Knights Templar] by Pope Clement V., Apprentices of the Law were settled in the New Temple."

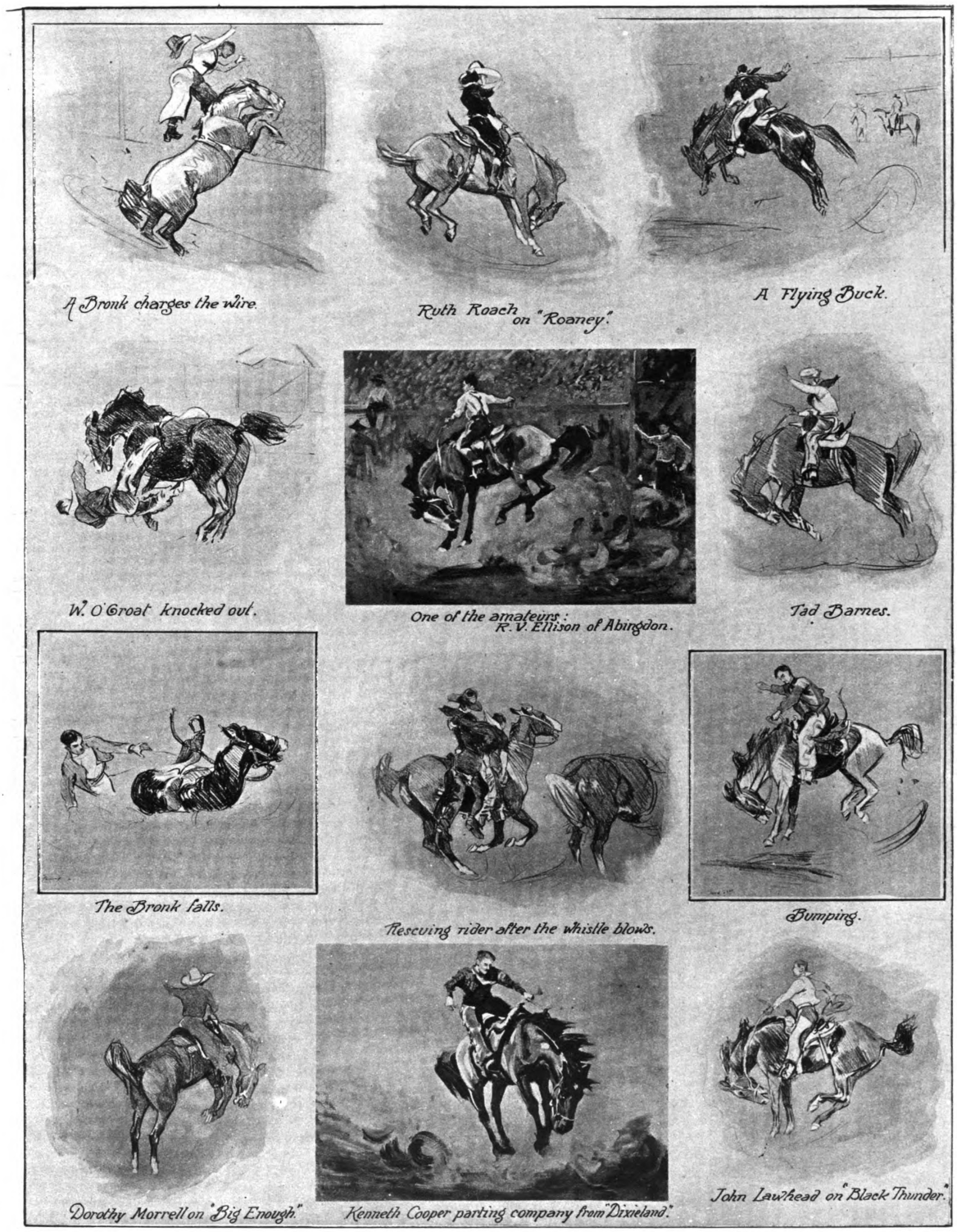
The subsequent story of the two Learned and Honourable Societies of the Temple, to the close of the Stuart Period, is one of profound interest, and it loses nothing of its fascination in the pages of Mr. Bruce Williamson's book, for the author has erudition and clarity allied with love of subject and of research. "The Temple, London," cannot fail in its appeal, whether it be to layman, man of law, or man of letters.

E. H. C.

* "The History of the Temple, London, From the Institution of the Order of the Knights of the Temple to the Close of the Stuart Period." Compiled from the Original Records of the Two Learned and Honourable Societies of the Temple, by J. Bruce Williamson, of the Middle Temple. (John Murray; 21s. net.)

# AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE RODEO: BRONK-RIDING AT WEMBLEY.

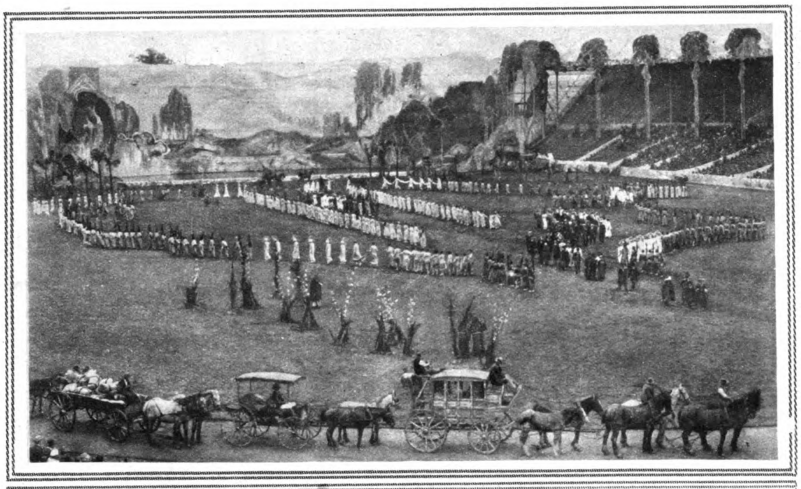
Sketches Made in the Stadium by Charles Simpson, R.I., R.O.I. Photographs Specially Taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Courtesy of the Arlington Gallery.




Mr. Charles Simpson, the well-known artist, recently exhibited at the Arlington Gallery in Old Bond Street a collection of 126 sketches of the great International Rodeo at Wembley, made by him during the actual contests in the arena, or in the corral at the back of the Stadium. The largest number of sketches—fifty in all—deal with bronk-riding, and we reproduce above twelve of the most remarkable of these. For the benefit of those who did not see the contests, the catalogue notes: "The rules of bronk-riding are that the single rope rein must be held in one hand six inches above the saddle . . . the rider's feet must touch the horse's shoulders at the start, and be swung backwards and forwards during bucking; no hold must be obtained by the feet or spurs. The rider's free hand must be raised. The conditions governing cowgirls' bronk-riding are the same, except that a double rein is used. The bronk-ride is terminated when the whistle is blown, and the rider is assisted by mounted cowboys to get clear of his horse. This signal is not given until the horse has ceased bucking."

# THE £100,000 PAGEANT O

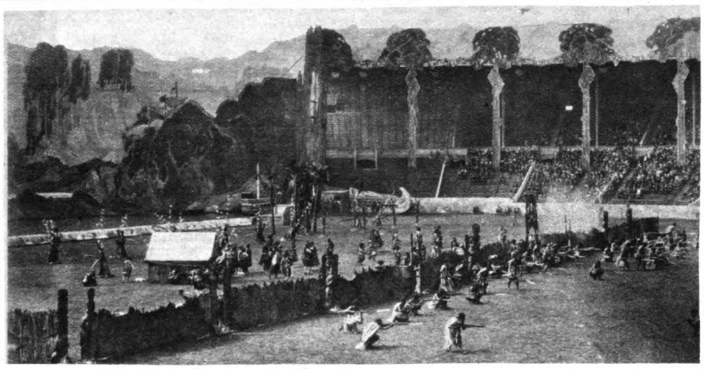
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL-GRAY, C.



WITH GROUPS OF PERFORMERS EXECUTING WELL-DRILLED MOVEMENTS, AND OLD AUSTRALIAN VEHICLES IN THE FOREGROUND: PART OF THE FINAL SCENE, THE EMPIRE'S THANKSGIVING.



IN THE DAYS OF POWDER AND PATCH
SCENE OF THE THIRD SECTION



WAR WITH THE MAORIS: A DRAMATIC SCENE IN THE THIRD SECTION OF THE PAGEANT, REPRESENTING THE DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT OF NEW ZEALAND.



MERRIE ENGLAND IN THE DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN B
TEMPLE BAR—A SCENE IN



WITH A MONSTROUS MOUTH AS THEIR "STAGE": MUMMERS OF THE TIME OF HENRY VII., IN THE OPENING SCENE OF "WESTWARD HO!" THE FIRST PART OF THE PAGEANT.



THE GRAND *FINALE* OF THE PAGEANT: A GEN
AND SOLDIERS OF CROMW

The Pageant of Empire at Wembley, which is the greatest spectacle of its kind that has ever been organised, includes 12,000 performers, and occupies three days for its complete presentment. The first day's section, entitled "Westward Ho!" begins with the Court of Henry VII., and shows the departure of Sebastian Cabot from Bristol, followed by the discovery and settlement of Newfoundland and Canada. The second day's section, "Eastward Ho!" opens in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and shows the return of Drake after the defeat of the Armada, and later, the naval achievements of Robert Blake, and the settlement of South Africa and of India. The latter episode includes a state procession of Jehangir, the Great Mogul, in which is seen a group of elephants. The third day's section, "Southward Ho!" begins with a picture of the Court of George III. Subsequent episodes show Captain Cook setting out on one of his voyages, the discovery of New Zealand and Australia, war with the Maoris, the foundation of Sydney, the growth of the Australian wool industry, and the opening of the first Commonwealth Parliament. Then comes a scene representing warriors of the past and present by land and sea, and the whole

# EMPIRE: ACTING HISTORY.

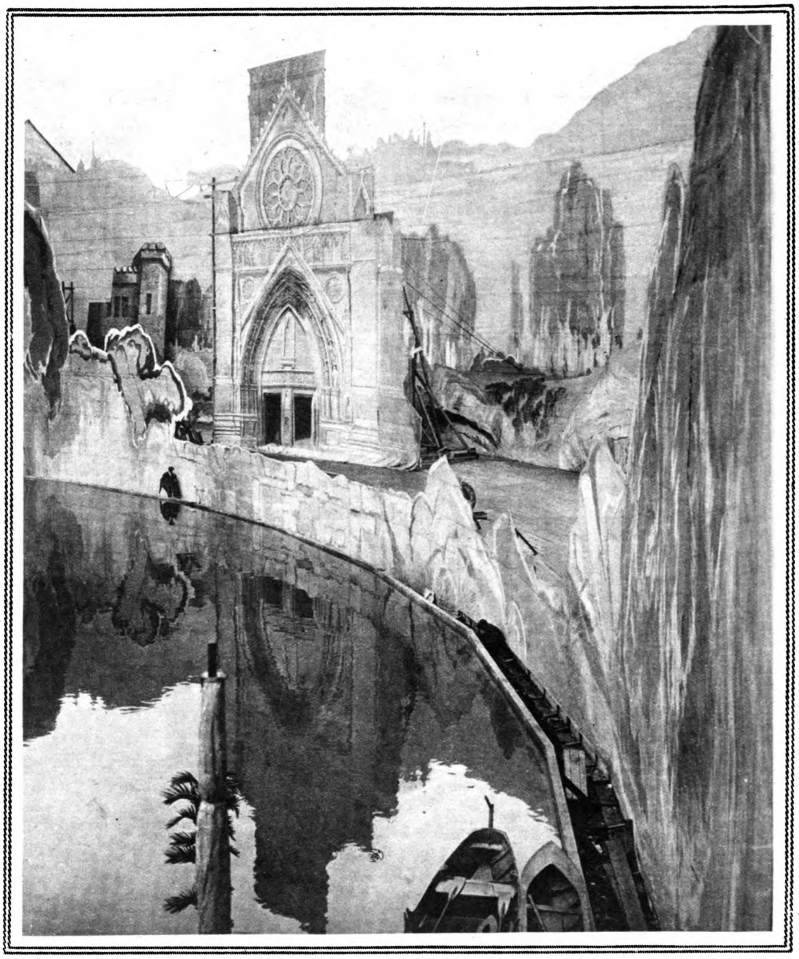
Keystone View Co., and Topical.



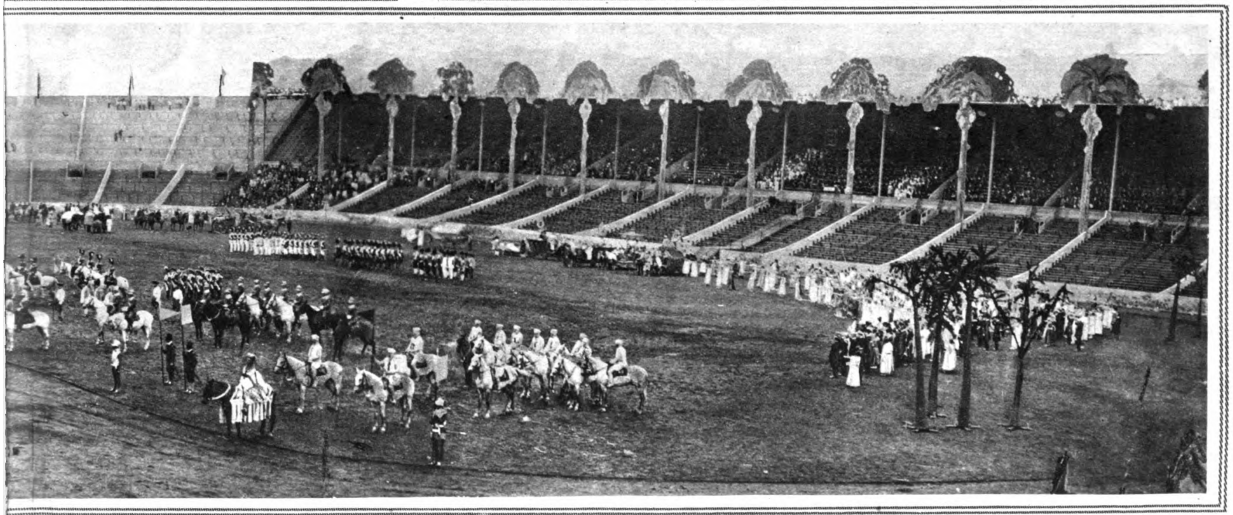
THE COURT OF GEORGE III.—THE OPENING THE PAGEANT—"SOUTHWARD HO!"



THE ARRIVAL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AT OLD SECOND SECTION, "EASTWARD HO!"



TWO OF THE HEAVY "PROPERTIES," WHICH COST IN ALL £10,000: OLD ST. PAUL'S (FOR THE ELIZABETHAN SCENE) REFLECTED IN THE ARTIFICIAL LAKE USED IN OTHER EPISODES.

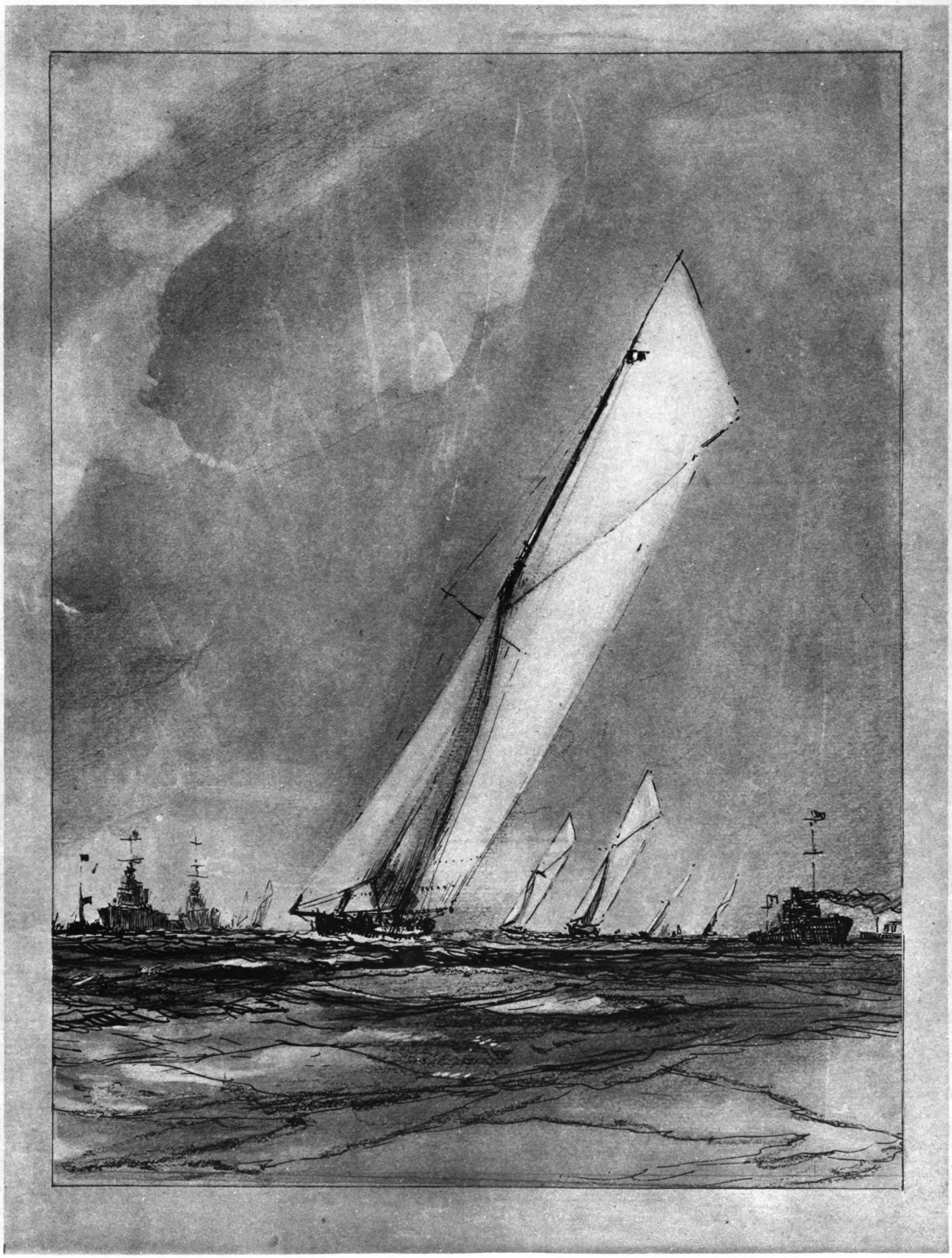


VIEW OF THE LAST SCENE IN THE THIRD PART, SHOWING WARRIORS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT, INCLUDING CRUSADERS (RIGHT FOREGROUND) MARLBOROUGH, AND WOLFE, THE COURT OF GEORGE III. (LEFT FOREGROUND), AND INDIAN ELEPHANTS (LEFT BACKGROUND).

Pageant concludes with a grand *finale* called the Empire's Thanksgiving. Owing to bad weather and the extension of the Rodeo season for another week, the production of the Pageant was somewhat delayed. After some dress rehearsals, the first public performance was given in the Stadium on July 25. It consisted of the second section, "Eastward Ho!" The third section, "Southward Ho!" was given on the following day, and it was arranged to produce the first section, "Westward Ho!" on a later day. The opening performances were somewhat marred by rain, as regards colour, but showed how well the performers had been drilled by the Pageant master-in-chief, Mr. Frank Lascelles, and his assistants. The production of the Pageant has been very expensive. It will cost £100,000, of which the Government has contributed £65,000, while Sir Harold Bowden has guaranteed £33,000. The expenses include £20,000 for costumes, £12,000 for scenery, about £10,000 for heavy properties, such as the artificial lake, the cathedral front and naval barges; and £6000 for music. It will not be possible to recover much of the expenditure from the public, as 10,000 seats in the Stadium are free, and none of the others costs more than four shillings.

# THE KING'S YACHT AT COWES: A TYPICAL REGATTA SCENE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A.



**SOON TO BE THE CENTRE OF INTEREST AGAIN IN THE GREAT YACHTING FESTIVAL: THE KING'S FAMOUS CUTTER, "BRITANNIA," LEADING IN A RACE AT A FORMER REGATTA AT COWES.**

Everyone in the yachting world rejoiced when it was announced, a few months ago, that the King had decided after all to race his famous cutter, "Britannia," at Cowes this year. She had previously been withdrawn owing to apparent lack of competition in the class for big yachts. The Regatta is to be held from August 4 to 8. Mr. Mason's picture shows a general view of the course for the week's events, when Cowes Roads present a very busy and animated scene. The "Britannia" is seen above (in the foreground), close-hauled on the tack to the eastward mark. Usually the race for vessels of her class is over a distance of some forty miles. To the initiated eye inspecting Mr. Mason's sketch, it will be apparent that the King is on board "Britannia," for the escort destroyer, which in such circumstances is always in close attendance to leeward, will be observed at the extreme right of the picture. On the extreme left is seen the mark boat, with two guard-ships immediately to the right of it. The drawing, of course, shows a race in an earlier regatta.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

# TO BE SEEN IN RELIEF: A DERBYSHIRE BEAUTY SPOT.

*This Reproduction will appear in full Stereoscopic Relief when looked at through the Viewing-Mask with Red and Green Films, many Thousands of which we have Distributed. Such Masks can be obtained Gratis.—See page 256*



## NEAR THE HILL OF "JACOB'S LADDER": WATERFALLS BY THE RIVER NOE.

These waterfalls are near the source of the River Noe and are familiar to many walkers on the Derbyshire moors. The road to Edale Cross and thence to Hayfield zig-zags up the hill in the background, in whose green, rounded slopes are the foot-prints of generations of passers-by, forming the so-called "Jacob's Ladder." The falls are halfway between Edale and Hayfield, and not many miles from Buxton.

Stereo Photograph by F. Tolley; Prepared for Anaglyph Reproduction by "The Illustrated London News."



**PAGEANTRY OF EMPIRE: INDI**

FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY CA

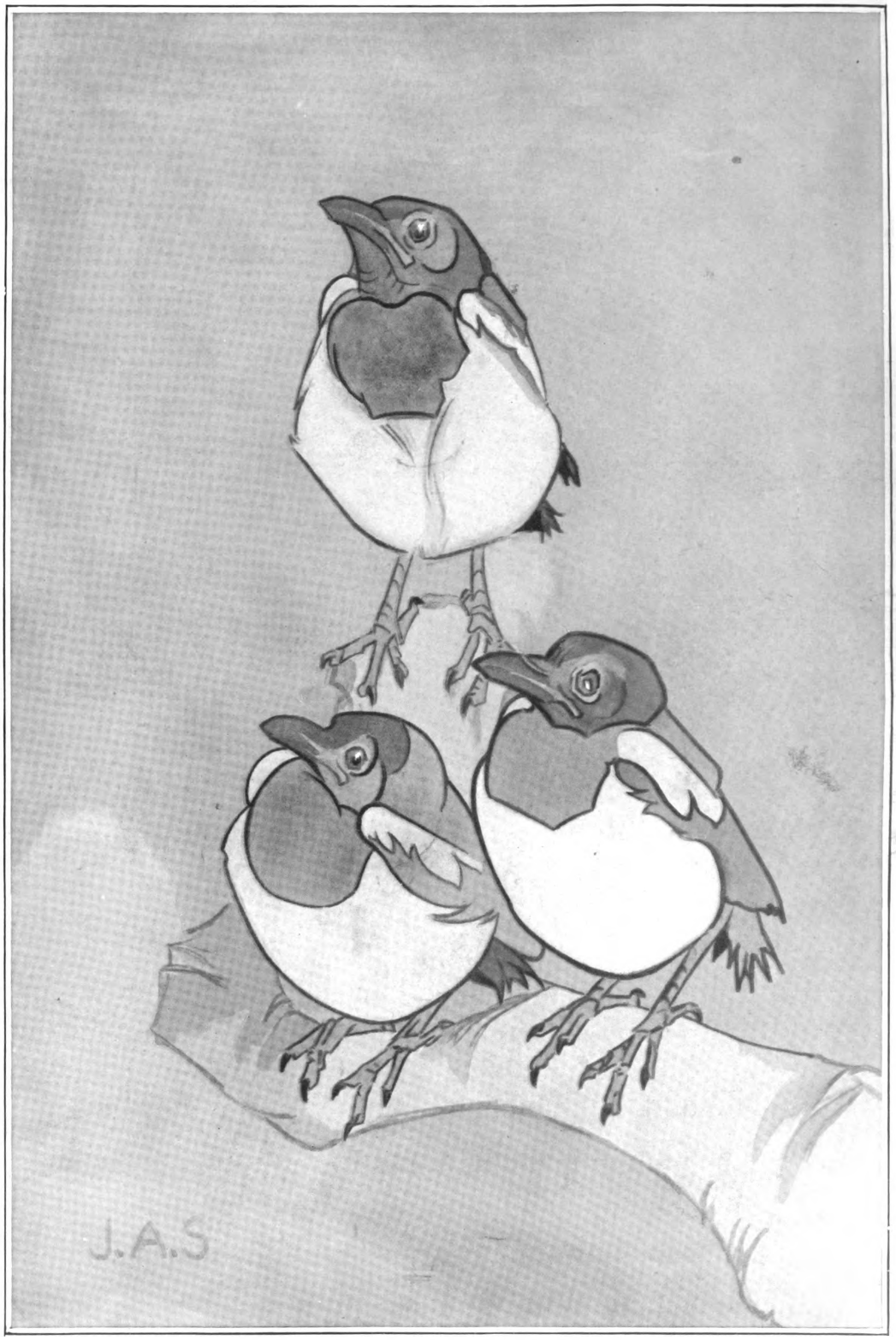


A—"DOMINIONS OF THE SUN."

PTAIN G. SPENCER-PRYSE, M.C.

# THE HUMOUR OF J. A. SHEPHERD.

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. A. SHEPHERD.




**"THREE FOR A WEDDING": MAGPIES—FOR LUCK.**

It is, perhaps, appropriate that Mr. Shepherd should deal with three magpies at the moment, for the third "Magpie" is just out—by which we mean the Summer Number of the remarkably entertaining shilling Holiday Magazine of that name! As to the "Three for a Wedding" of our title, that is in allusion to the old rhyme, familiar to most in youth, "One 's sorrow, Two 's mirth, Three 's a wedding, Four 's a birth, Five 's a christening, Six a dearth, Seven 's heaven, Eight is hell, and Nine 's the devil his ane sel."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

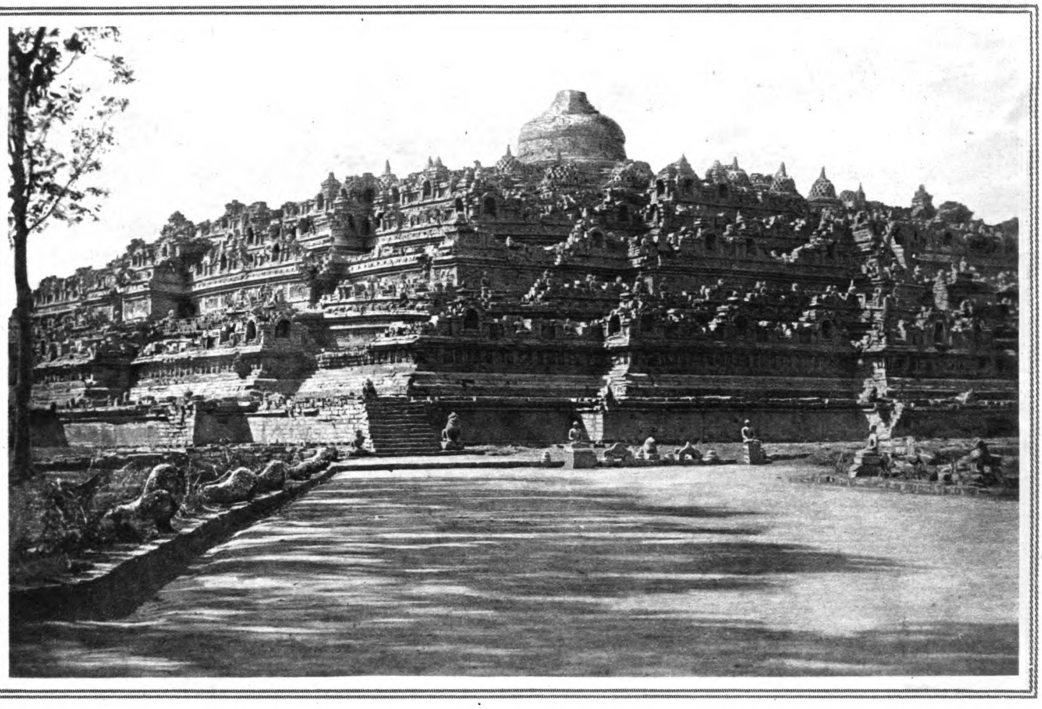
# BUDDHISM'S GREATEST MONUMENT—IN JAVA: THE BORO-BUDUR.



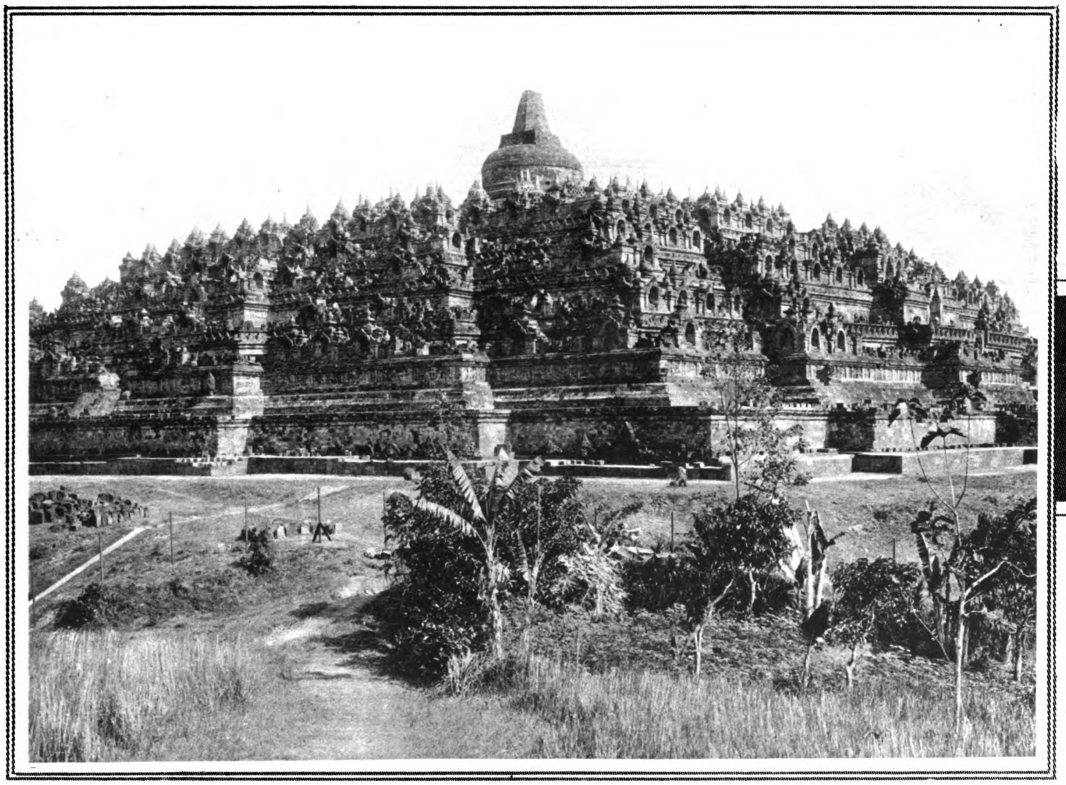
**LEADING TO THE TOP OF THE SHRINE: A STAIRWAY, WITH ITS RICHLY ORNAMENTED DOORWAY; AUTHENTIC AND UNALTERED, BUT RECONSTRUCTED.**

The restoration of the Boro-Budur, in Java, which has been proceeding for a goodly number of years, has been finished. The age of the shrine is a matter for conjecture: authorities differ. From about A.D. 750 to 850 the Hindu kings of the Cailendra Dynasty reigned in Central Java. As they were adherents of Northern Buddhism (the Mahayana creed), it is likely that this, Buddhism's greatest monument, was erected during their rule. The only shrine (stupa) of its kind in Java, it surpasses all Indian Buddhist monuments in its conception, its construction and its beauty of ornamentation. Supposing it to have been begun about A.D. 750, it must have been in use for less than two centuries, after which Central Java was deserted and tropical vegetation grew over the building. By 1710, it is said, even the Javans were unaware of its existence. The present restoration is due to the Dutch Government, which ordered a photographic survey in 1907, and placed the work under the control of Colonel of Engineers Th. van Erp. The richly ornamented gateway here shown is one of four which cuts the terraces on the sides of the building, making way for stairways which mount from the ground level straight to the top of the monument.

# LOST; FOUND AND CLEARED BY ENGLISH; RESTORED BY THE



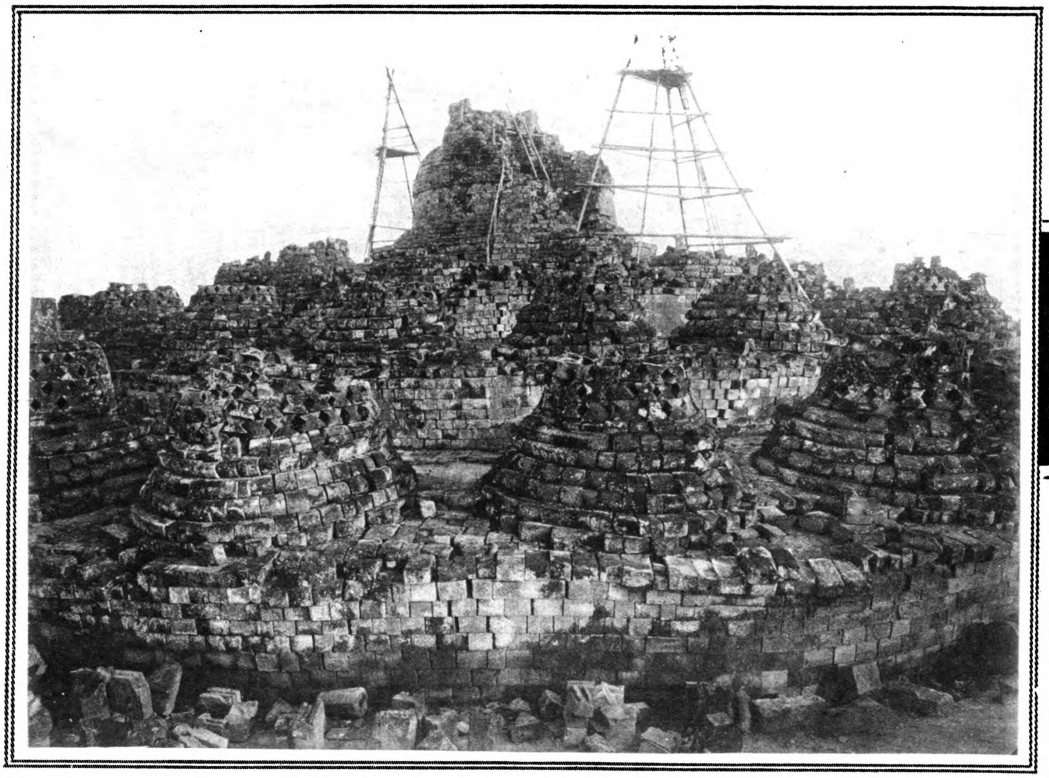
BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION: THE STUPA WITH ITS SEVEN TERRACES AND ITS FIFTY-FOOT HIGH RELIC SHRINE. (FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW.)



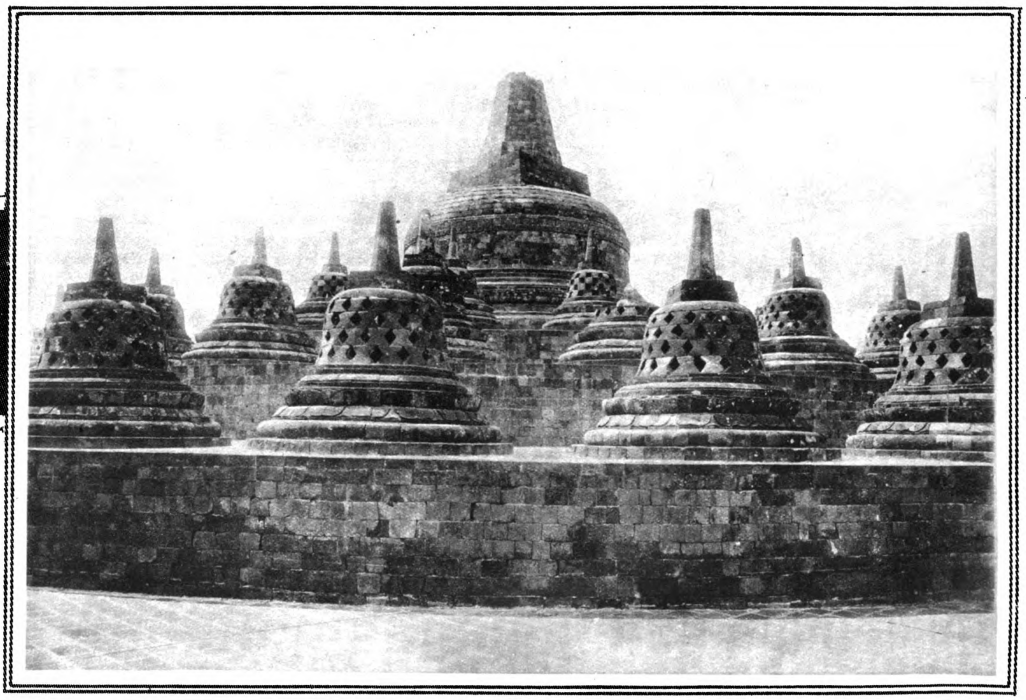
AFTER RECONSTRUCTION: THE STUPA WITH ITS TERRACES AND RELIC SHRINE AUTHENTIC AND UNALTERED, BUT RESTORED. (FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE.)

Somewhere about the year 930 A.D., the decay of civilisation set in in Central Java; faith went; and the Boro-Budur was deserted: tropical vegetation spread over what is described as "the greatest monument of Buddhism." When, in the sixteenth century, Mahommedan rule was being established, the Boro-Budur continued to be neglected, being but a monument of the past! So, for hundreds of years, the sculptured galleries were choked with earth and rubbish, and cattle pastured daily where the Buddhist pilgrims had trodden. From an account given by Colonel van Erp, it appears that "the *stupa* was built up in a series of terraces on a natural hill. The four lower terraces are square, each bordered by a balustrade. The inner walls and gallery balustrades are decorated with some 1300 panels in high relief illustrating holy texts that tell the story of the life of Buddha. . . . The difference between the four lower terraces, with their lavish decoration and wealth of detail, and the strict simplicity of the upper part of the structure has a deep significance, and demonstrates the subtle climax of the artist's conception." There are 432 niches on the cornices of the various terraces, each containing a Buddha. An official and

# DUTCH: THE BORO-BUDUR AS IT WAS AND AS RECONSTRUCTED.



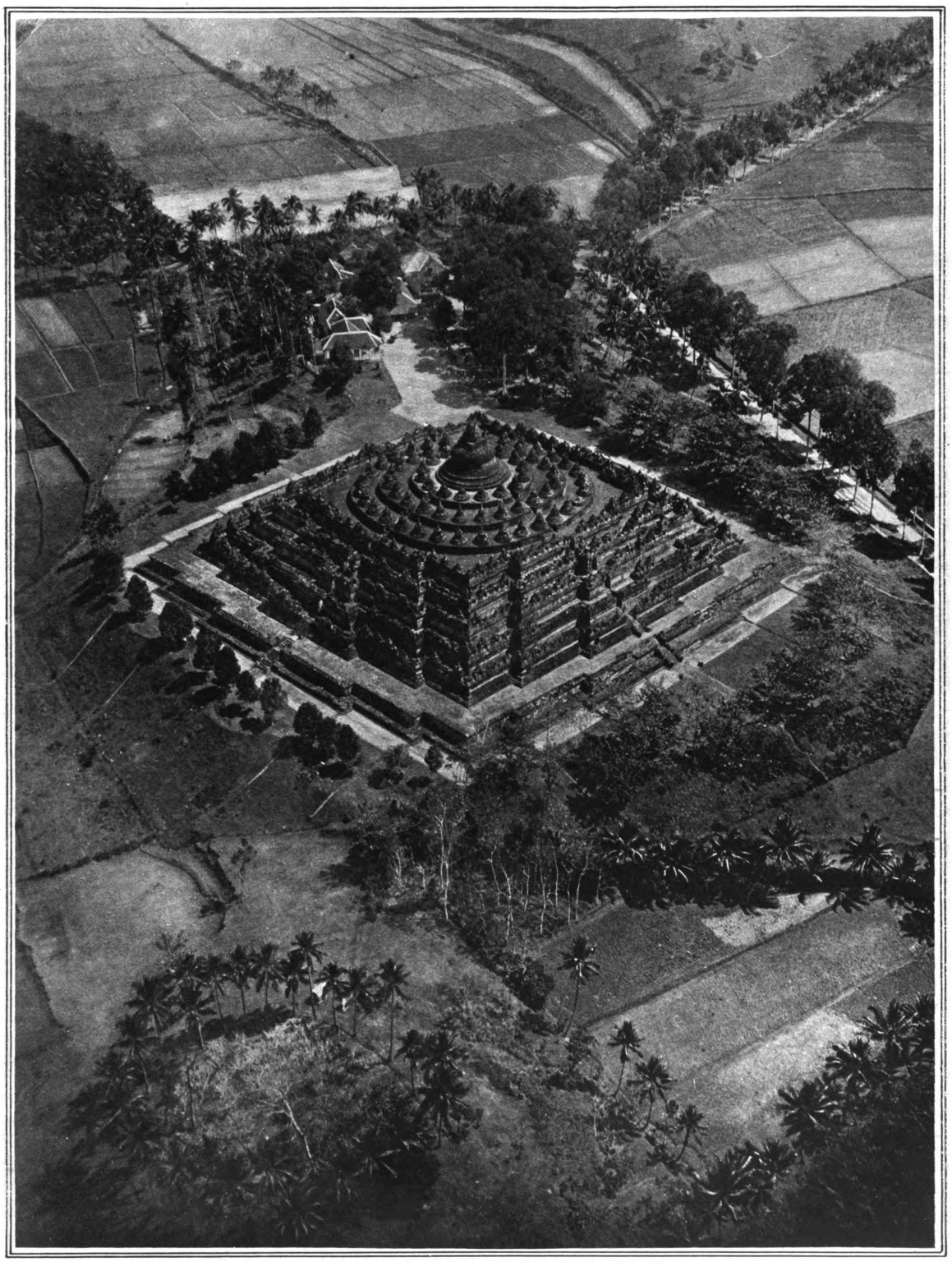
BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION: THE CIRCULAR UPPER TERRACES SURMOUNTED BY THE DOMED AND SPIRED RELIC SHRINE, AND THE SEVENTY-TWO LATTICED CUPOLAS FOR BUDDHAS. (FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW.)



AFTER RECONSTRUCTION: THE CIRCULAR UPPER TERRACES SURMOUNTED BY THE RELIC SHRINE SURROUNDED BY LATTICE-WORK CUPOLAS, EACH CONTAINING A FIGURE OF BUDDHA. (FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE.)

detailed description of the temple states that "the three upper terraces are circular and are surmounted by the supreme centre shrine, a domed and spired dagoba or relic shrine, 50 ft. high. This is surrounded by 72 smaller lattice-work cupolas, each containing a figure of Buddha. . . . Throughout, the aim of the restoration was to preserve what remained and to prevent further decay. In the first place, the drainage of the building had to be repaired. For this purpose it was necessary to lay new floors to the three circular terraces and nearly all the galleries. . . . During the excavation of the surrounding land, it was found that many of the stones thought to be lost were lying buried. About seven months was occupied in sorting the many thousands of sculptured pieces. All were replaced, and the next step was to repair the parts essential to the character of the monument. Thus it is clear that the horizontal lines, especially the cornices, form the predominating feature of this terrace-structure. An effort was made to fill in the gaps in these lines, and in this way the stupa recovered something of its original symmetry." The photographs show the marked success of the restorer's efforts.

# SEEN FROM THE AIR: THE BORO-BUDUR AS RESTORED BY THE DUTCH.

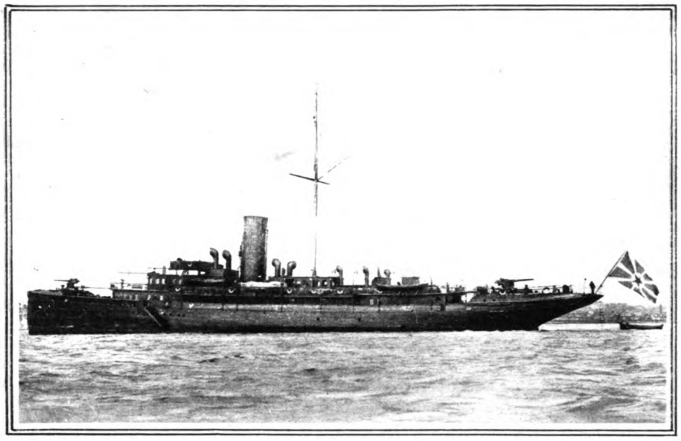


**AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: THE BORO-BUDUR; ITS SQUARE TERRACES AND ITS CIRCULAR TERRACES, ITS LATTICE-WORK CUPOLAS FOR BUDDHAS, AND ITS DOMINATING RELIC SHRINE.**

When the history of the Boro-Budur is remembered, the nature of the reconstruction will be appreciated. Its modern history forms the subject of a monograph published by the Dutch Government. When, in 1814, Britain occupied Java, Governor Sir Stamford Raffles sent an engineer to Boro-Budur to clear the ruin and to make the first architectural plans and description. In 1850 a second survey was carried out by Dutch scientists. But not until 1907 did the Dutch Government order a complete photographic survey, and take precautions to prevent further dilapidation. Colonel of Engineers Th. van Erp was put in charge of this work. The first beginnings of Buddhistic art showed in the third century B.C., and when Buddhism began to be supplanted by Mahommedanism, an opposite teaching, Boro-Budur, like other monuments to the faith, was forgotten and all but obliterated. An authentic account of the reconstruction states that: "Buddhism and monumental religious sculpture have disappeared from Java, and to counterfeit the decoration would have been to falsify an historical document. The Boro-Budur, therefore, stands an authentic and unaltered but reconstructed memorial to a glorious past."

# PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: EVENTS AND PORTRAITS.

Photographs by Topical, Elliott and Fry, the "Times," and C.N. Mr. Charles Sims's Picture Reproduced by Kind Permission of the Artist.



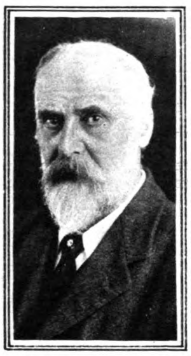
THE FIRST BOLSHEVIST WAR-SHIP TO VISIT A BRITISH PORT: THE RUSSIAN SOVIET UNION SLOOP "VOROVSKY," FLYING THE SOVIET FLAG, AT PLYMOUTH.



TEST MATCH SPECTATORS PROTEST AT OLD TRAFFORD: A CROWD OUTSIDE THE PAVILION DEMANDING RESUMPTION OF PLAY, STOPPED BY RAIN.



A FAMOUS ITALIAN PIANIST AND COMPOSER: THE LATE SIGNOR BUSONI.



RESIDENT ARCHITECT AT WINDSOR CASTLE: THE LATE MR. A. Y. NUTT.



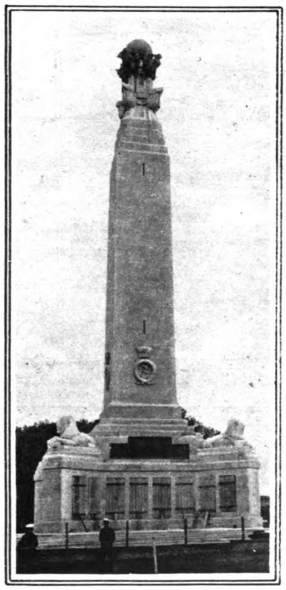
CHAIRMAN, METROPOLITAN ASYLUMS BOARD: THE LATE MR. W. EICKHOFF.



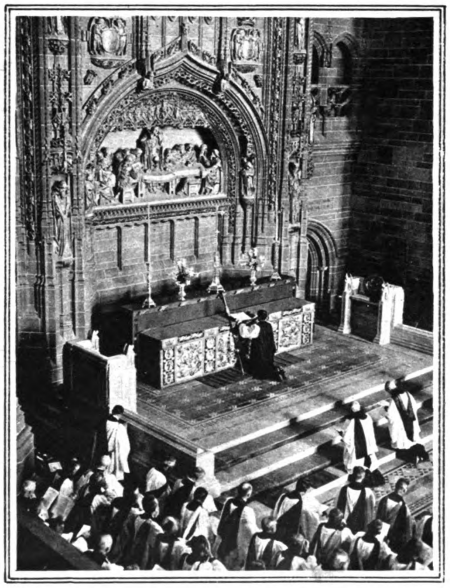
A DISTINGUISHED SCULPTOR: THE LATE MR. ALBERT BRUCE-JOY, R.H.A.



COMMEMORATING THE FIRST WOMAN TO SIT IN PARLIAMENT: MR. CHARLES SIMS'S PICTURE OF LADY ASTOR, M.P., INTRODUCED BY LORD BALFOUR AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.



RECENTLY UNVEILED BY PRINCE GEORGE: THE NAVAL MEMORIAL ON PLYMOUTH HOE.



THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL: DR. DAVID KNEELING AT THE ALTAR IN THE NEWLY CONSECRATED CATHEDRAL.

The Russian Soviet sloop "Vorovsky," used as a training-ship, arrived at Plymouth on July 25, for a five days' visit, during her voyage from Archangel to Vladivostock. Her commander, Captain Maximoff, exchanged official calls with Rear-Admiral H. L. P. Heard.——On the opening day of the fourth Test Match, begun at Old Trafford on July 26, the crowd protested against the decision of the umpires that the ground was unfit for play after a heavy shower.——Signor F. B. Busoni died in Berlin on July 27. He was born near Florence in 1866. ——Mr. Alfred Young Nutt first entered the Office of Works at Windsor Castle in 1867.——Mr. Walter Eickhoff was for many years Chairman of the Bethnal Green Board of Guardians.——Mr. Albert Bruce-Joy, the sculptor, has left statues and busts of many famous men, including King Edward, whose death-mask he made.——The Naval War Memorial on Plymouth Hoe, unveiled by Prince George on July 29, is one of three identical monuments erected at the manning posts of the Navy, the other two being at Chatham and Portsmouth.——The Right Rev. A. A. David, D.D., who was appointed Bishop of Liverpool last year, was enthroned in the newly consecrated cathedral there (recently illustrated in our pages) on July 25.——The painting by Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., of Lady Astor, M.P., introduced to the House of Commons by Lord Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George, commemorates a historic occasion, as she was the first woman Member to take her seat in Parliament. It is hung within the precincts of Westminster.

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

ONE can quite imagine that the first of all of us women must be glad and thankful that the Empire season is over. Many members of our sex have worked hard over it, none so hard as the first lady in the land. To her Majesty, as to no one else, must the great success of these months of brilliant hospitalities offered to Overseas visitors afford a special gratification, for the King has no one more loyal and devoted than his Consort, a lady who learned years ago the value to the Empire of her Dominions overseas, all of which she has visited. Goodwood and Cowes the Queen enjoys for the fine air and delightful surroundings that both possess. The Queen never tires of motoring in the Isle of Wight, and feels the benefit of a stay there.

The Duke and Duchess of York have, I hear, returned from Ireland immensely impressed with the loyalty of the Province of Ulster. Wherever they went they were received with the greatest enthusiasm. It must have been a pleasure to the Duchess of York to have for hostess so close a girlhood's friend as Lady Katharine Hamilton, who took her mother's place at Baronscourt, the Duchess of Abercorn having been ordered a complete rest. It is a beautiful place, and filled with beautiful things. Disraeli wrote of it and of the seven beautiful daughters of the first Duke of Abercorn—in which of his novels I do not now remember. Lady Katharine Hamilton loves her Northern Irish home, and must have enjoyed showing it to her most intimate friend.

The Marchioness of Titchfield and the Marchioness of Londonderry are anxious to make it known that they have been lucky enough to secure new premises at 12, Orchard Street for the sale and exhibition of work done by the War Service Legion Guild of Sailor and Soldier Broderers. Until now the Guild has had no window in which to display this really beautiful work, and the practical and up-to-date things to which it is applied. It has, therefore, been seriously handicapped. Anyone now visiting the shop can see the men at work executing orders, and can see their own ideas drawn out by a clever draughtsman who has never had a drawing lesson. Recently they have worked new battle honours for the 10th Hussars, which have been cordially approved. They are now making six pipe banners in white silk. Overseas visitors will find the new shop full of interest, and can purchase an attractive souvenir for a modest half-crown, and a useful one at that. The flags of the Dominions suspended inside the Government Pavilions were made by the men of the Guild. They make the work-bags used by the Queen, and frequently given by her Majesty as presents; and the Queen and Princess Mary have given several orders and always make many purchases at the annual sales, for which the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry lend their picture gallery—and hitherto the only opportunity for showing the variety and scope of the beautiful and distinctive work done by the men.



*Chinchilla, the most beautiful and costly of furs, has been used to border this slender coat of gleaming satin, whose birthplace is Paris.*



*Paris introduces lace in many of the newest models—a vogue which is surely justified by this fascinating frock of black satin and grey georgette, boasting a panel of beautiful filet lace.*

The Prince of Wales did a charming thing in deciding to hold the League of Mercy Garden Party when one of the worst thunderstorms London has known had barely cleared up. His Royal Highness knew that many people had come distances to attend, and so, despite the statement on the cards that "If wet the party will *not* take place," it was wet and the party did take place. At first everyone huddled for shelter under the verandah of the palace and under the marquees; waiters flitted to and fro with collars turned up and lapels carefully folded over "boiled shirts," as our rancher friends call them. The Royal Artillery Band, sheltered under part of the verandah, played away cheerily and delightfully. Conditions improved, and then the Prince arrived, and thenceforward all was well. He shook hands with nearly everyone present, and all smilingly and pleasantly; and when the Maori royalties came along he spoke a word or two to them in their own language. He had met the old Maori king in New Zealand. When his Majesty divested himself of a royal cape of feathers and presented it to the Prince, leaving him immaculately dressed for a garden party European style, the Prince looked delighted. He, happily, did not know enough Maori to promise to wear the royal cape at the next Court function! Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll and Princess Helena Victoria were prevented by the weather from attending.

American lawyers are not of the learned and often rather ascetic cast of countenance of our own legal luminaries, but they are a fine-looking set of men, more near to nature than ours, and very happy over here. They say that seeing the store set by our lawyers in this country gives them a greater pride in their own profession. Their ladies are a really nice-looking lot of our sex, and not a scrap self-conscious. So far from belittling this country, they are enthusiastic in their admiration for it. Being at the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace was the corner-stone on their entertainment here. The Queen would have been amused, and a little gratified too, being one of us as well as our Queen, could she have heard all the expressions of admiration for her and pleasure in her gracious way by her guests. There was no legal caution about it at all; it was heartfelt and openly spoken. Mrs. Hughes and Mr. Secretary of State Hughes are a very fine-looking pair, and Mrs. Hughes understands and practises the gentle art of dressing well.

There were several well-known polo players at the wedding of Major and Mrs. Phipps Hornby at St. Mark's, Audley Street. An unwelcome attendance was that of a severe thunderstorm, which made the getting away from the church a matter of difficulty. The bridal procession was really beautiful. There were four grown-up and four child bridesmaids, all in green and wearing wreaths of shamrocks with silver caps. Then there were a very handsome wee boy and a lovely wee girl carrying the train, the boy in a long-trousered, short-waisted suit of pale-green satin, the girl also in green. They were cousins, Master Bill Lawson, son of Lieut.-Colonel E. F. and Mrs. Lawson, and Miss Felicity Harrison, one of the daughters of Major John and Mrs. Harrison; they fulfilled their pretty task very prettily. The bride is a charming looking girl of quite Irish type. That fine old sportswoman, the Hon. Mrs. Albert Brassey, is her grandmother, and she and her husband went to County Galway for their honeymoon. The call of Ireland to the Irish is very strong, and whatever politics the Galway folk have—usually those of the latest agitator who has taken their fancy—their hearts are true to their own people.

The wedding of last week, that of Mr. and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, had a distinctly Irish flavour. Lady Ursula has Irish blood from her mother's side of the house, and the Sankeys are a well-known Irish family, which has given good officers to both Services. Mr. Filmer-Sankey is in the Life Guards; his father was a Commander in the Navy. The young couple are alike in their love of horses and hunting, and Lady Ursula is tall, fair, blue-eyed, and resembled in her early girlhood that truly beautiful girl, her aunt who became Princess Pless. The reception after the wedding was at Grosvenor House.

A. E. L.



*A magnificent girdle of many-coloured beads enhances this Parisian dinner gown of lilac fulgurante.*



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# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



## WINIFRED EMERY.—ERNEST BENDALL.—BENHAM'S "QUOTATIONS."

NO sooner did we learn the sad tidings that, at last, Winifred Emery's long sufferings had come to a fatal crisis than a pageant filed past our memory—of sweet girls, of womanly women, of tender mothers: Mrs. Erroll, in "Fauntleroy"; Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister"; the heroine in "The Benefit of the Doubt"; later, her wonderful maternal figure in "Her Son" (by Vachell); and, truly last but not least, her matron in "The Betrothal"—a portrayal that moved us deeply, for already she was in the throes of pain, and her voice sounded sadness as well as infinite love. That was her greatest gift: she ever made the audience feel the real woman within her. But she had humour, too, and power. In comedy her manner was suave but trenchant. She could tease and trounce with a smile and a peculiar languor of accent. In dramatic scenes there was a strange halt in her enunciation that heralded the coming storm, and when she unreined it, there was spell. Her emotion rose right from the heart; she was not acting, she lived the part in every fibre. The years have gone by, but the echo still rings—the voice was unforgettable. Hers was a wonderful career. Her parts cover pages, yet not one of them was a failure. In her youth the darling of the gods and all young men, she became in riper age the ideal mother on the stage. She looked it; she loved to play it; for it was herself. Tenderness and candour, a certain protective air, were the key-notes of her character on the stage and off. She never reached the apogee of her talent, for just as she approached greatness, illness began to sap her; when she reappeared after a long spell, her physical power was undermined. One felt the battle of mind and emotion with the nefarious agent within. Yet she would not give in: with almost superhuman serenity she played and played, until rest became imperative. But, an actress born and by inheritance, she could not sever her old associations. Whenever there was a rally, she rushed into the fray, and acting while acting, she tried to hide the havoc that sapped her life force. Nor did the public know how grave her sufferings were. Her movements might betray them—and that remained unobserved, as she played parts of ripe age—but her voice ever rang rich in tone, true and caressing. She was "*simpatica*," in all the melodious sense of that untranslatable Italian word.



DESIGNED BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM: "THE WIDOW PASCAL."
This is the character played by Miss Marie Tempest.

. . . . . .

Ernest Bendall began his career as a dramatic critic in the well-remembered *London Figaro*. In those days, some fifty years ago, he was an iconoclast. He stood for reform of the theatre, and fought for it with all his might. Then, called to the *Observer* (where he remained for thirty years), he gradually became a reactionary. With Clement Scott and others, he was against the Ibsen movement. He had no liking for the grim wizard of the North; none for the realistic school. Always just and temperate, he did not condemn sweepingly. He gave chapter and verse for his dislikes. He was at heart a romanticist, and nothing pleased him better than a well-made play, an idyll—in fact, all that bathed in the sunny side of life. His tact, his reserve of manner (he was, besides being a critic, a Government official for many years), his knowledge of international literature, attracted the attention of the then Lord Chamberlain. The Censorship was in disrepute and turmoil. It clamoured for reform. Attacks in the Press proclaimed that there was too much license for the lewd, and too little liberty for the serious drama—the problem-play, as it was called. There was always wrangling between the theatres and the Censor's Office in Stable Yard, St. James's Palace. Ernest Bendall was summoned to the Palace, and asked whether he would undertake the thorny task, and share it with Mr. Charles Brookfield, a wit and clever actor, and the author of one or two very spicy farces—the last man one would expect to be selected for such a post. Bendall, however, cheerfully accepted the double harness; and, although there was much outcry against the appointment of Brookfield, practice proved that the combination was excellent. The Censors became popular, if not the Censorship. Henceforth there was peace in theatre-land: the managers knew, as well as the authors, that the scales were tactfully held; that liberality reigned in the office, that the stupid blunders of ostracising momentous plays like "Ghosts" and "Monna Vanna" would not be repeated. When Brookfield died and Mr. George S. Street, the able essayist of the then flourishing *Pall Mall Gazette*, became Bendall's associate, the dual power, strengthened by a Board of Super-Censors—a Court of Appeal as it were—functioned admirably. On the rare occasions when there was interference, there was sound reason for it. The Censors were liberal to plays, and their veto mostly affected the display of the nude, which at one time grew in alarming effrontery.

I said above that Bendall became reactionary as a critic, but as a Censor he once more changed his outlook. He was pliable and open to conviction. I shall never forget that memorable evening at the Court, when, for a Feminist cause, we produced "Ghosts" once more *en cachette*—with Bessie Hatton as Mrs. Alving and Leon Quartermaine as Oswald. Bendall was there unofficially, a guest of the society. He was often to be seen at performances given in private "without benefit" of Censorship. That performance of "Ghosts" was an enormous success. The great moral force of the play, magnificently acted, pervaded the house. Bendall, for once, cast aside his reserve and came up to me, saying: "It is grand. I advise you to apply for the license. Don't mention to anybody that I told you so. I will do all I can. The play deserves to be seen by the public. Apply!" Then he resumed his more official air and walked away. No one guessed that that evening a breach was hewn in the Chinese Wall that immured our drama. Next day—early—the formal application was at Stable Yard. A week later the license was granted. In July 1914 there was a gala performance at the Haymarket, kindly lent by Mr. Frederick Harrison, under the patronage of King Haakon of Norway. The play became public property, and had a long career at the Kingsway and everywhere in the provinces. Emboldened by this bid for freedom, we made another. We sent in "Monna Vanna," ostracised because of the line, "*nue sous son manteau*," and again, in no time, the license was granted. Michael Faraday produced it in July 1914, at the Lyric, with Constance Collier as Monna Vanna and Lionel Attwill as Prinzevalli. It was a triumph, but the war stemmed its course.

If Ernest Bendall had done nothing but achieve the liberation of these two plays, he would have an indelible claim on our gratitude and deserve to be inscribed on the scroll of honour in the history of our modern drama.



A FAMOUS FAN-PAINTER AS DESIGNER FOR THE THEATRE: MR. GEORGE SHERINGHAM'S ACT-DROP AND PELMET FOR "MIDSUMMER MADNESS."
Hitherto, Mr. George Sheringham has been known chiefly for his delicate work as a painter of fans, and as a decorative artist in general. He has now launched out as designer for the stage, and is responsible for the scenery and dresses of "Midsummer Madness," at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

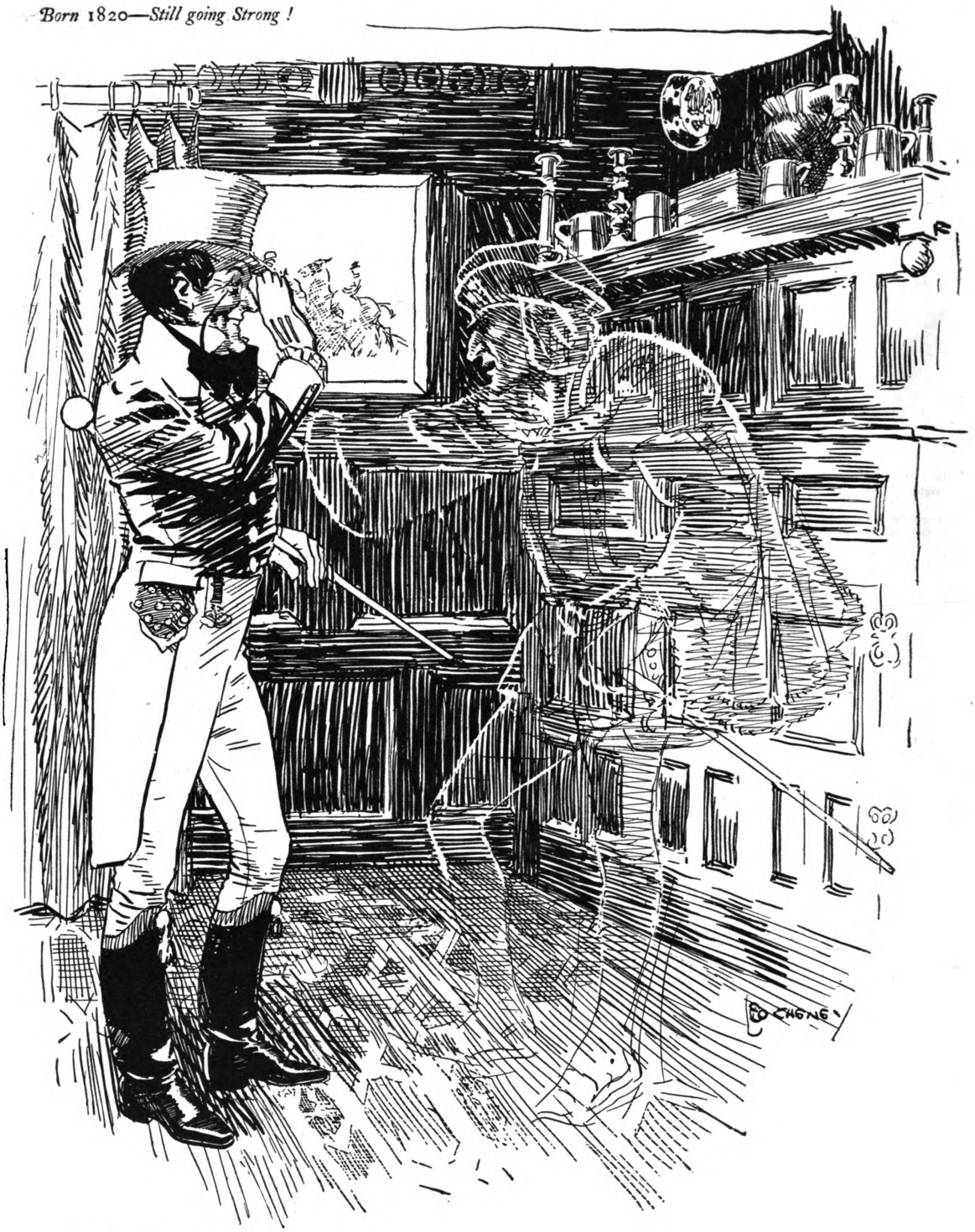
. . . . . .

Often, when the critic feels that the immortal word dwarfs his own, he leans on quotation, and then it happens that in the throes of composition memory is at fault or vacillating. There may be no time to dip into the library, for the classic research may "cut the current" of argument. He would be at sea but for the anchor by his side—"Benham's Book of Quotations," newly published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. It is a priceless work, this collection of quotations from great English and many foreign writers; of proverbs, English and Latin; with its index which at a glance shows the way through a maze of wisdom. I have tested it again and again when at work, and never has it left me in the lurch, whether I sought for the missing word of Shakespeare, of Molière, or the Book of Books. It is my constant companion, and when, in moments of leisure, I run through its pages at random, I feel like looking at the starlit sky. Ever something new, a revelation, a revival of sayings familiar in youth that have become hazy, clouded by time, like the starlit sky this book of more than 1200 pages studded with thoughts and brilliancy fills one with wonderment and reverence. The human mind is as unfathomable as the firmament, but, as far as knowledge goes, Mr. W. Gurney Benham is a loyal Astronomer Royal.



DESIGNED BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM: "COLUMBINE."
Columbine is played by Miss Marjorie Dixon.

*Born* 1820—*Still going Strong !*




HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 32

*DOCKWRAY HALL, PENRITH — now called the Gloucester Arms. Formerly belonging to the Nevill family and no doubt came into the possession of the Duke of Gloucester who became Richard III. Contains some fine mediæval oak wainscoting and a room in which Richard III is said to have slept.*

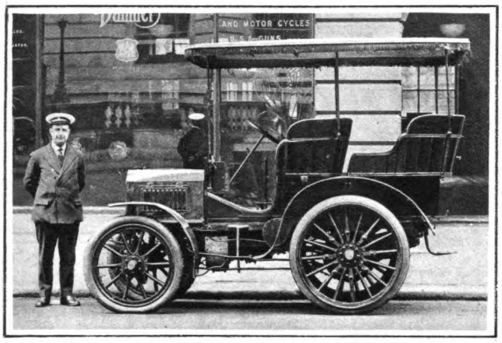
**Shade of King Richard III:** "Yes, 'tis true I called 'A horse, a horse, my Kingdom for a horse,' but *everybody* calls for you."

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**Road Surfaces.** The number of serious accidents recorded lately, as a result of the use of bituminous materials for surfacing roads, has given rise to considerable doubt as to whether it is advisable to go on employing them. In dry weather, roads treated with this material are wonderfully smooth and easy to run upon. They do not soften under heat like tar-treated roads, and the consequent damage done by heavy traffic is nothing like so great as in the case of the latter. As to their general wear-resisting qualities, the consensus of expert opinion is that they are excellent. The principal drawback they seem to possess is that of great slipperiness when wet, and it is to this that so many accidents are attributable.

Generally speaking, while the expert driver does not precisely enjoy slippery roads, he takes them all as being in the day's driving. He knows how to correct the skid which really ought not to happen if the road conditions were right, and it leaves him quite cold. But the trouble is that all drivers cannot be classed as expert, and it is the novice and the inexpert who meet trouble on these slippery road surfaces. Not that all the accidents recorded have happened to novices. For instance, there was the one in which Sir Guy Gaunt nearly lost his life the other day. He, I know, is an excellent driver, and his accident is to be laid to the account of nothing but the condition of the road surface at the time. The whole question seems to be one for close inquiry on the part of the Minister of Transport, because, if these surfaces are simply so many danger traps, an alternative method of road-making will have to be found.



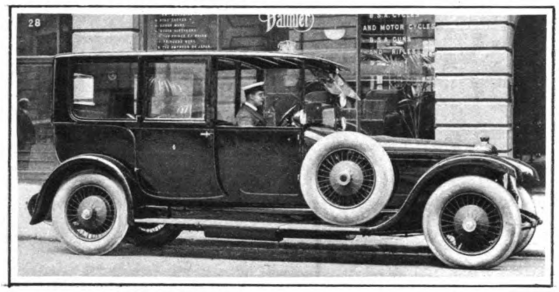

BUILT FOR HIS LATE MAJESTY: THE FIRST DAIMLER CAR SUPPLIED TO KIND EDWARD VII. IN 1900.

**Concrete Roads.** The line of inquiry might well trend in the direction of the concrete road surface. I am not quite clear about the comparative cost of concrete-surfaced roads, though I am aware that they actually cost more than the ordinary tar or bitumen surfaced roads which are now being constructed. In their favour there is the great point that they cost far less in upkeep, and, consequently, over a term of years they are more economical in the end. They have the added merit that they are safe in all conditions of weather. It is next door to impossible to skid on them under ordinary circumstances and at moderate speeds. I have no doubt that if the proposition were put seriously to the Ministry of Transport that the roads of the future should be concrete-surfaced, the answer would be that the first cost is prohibitive. That, however, is no answer. That section of road-users represented by the motorist is paying a special contribution of some sixteen millions a year towards the construction and maintenance of roads fit to carry modern traffic. The motoring community has an indubitable right to ask that the roads for which they are paying shall be at least reasonably safe for them to drive upon. If bituminous roads are really unsafe, then they must be abandoned in favour of some surface that is safe.

**The Oxford Arctic Expedition.** It will be remembered that Mr. George Binney (leader of the Oxford University Arctic Expedition) and Captain Ellis (pilot of the seaplane) were recently rescued from the seaplane taken with the expedition after drifting for nearly fourteen miles in a heavy sea. They were taken on board the motor ship *Polar Björn*, and Messrs. A. V. Roe and Co., Ltd., the makers of the seaplane, have received the following wireless message from Spitzbergen—

Most sincere congratulations on amazing seaworthiness of seaplane; eighteen hours heavy seas, undamaged, floats dry. Ellis, nine years' seaplane experience, considers performance unrivalled. Undoubtedly owe our lives to your fine workmanship.—Binney, Oxford Expedition.

The Avro seaplane was specially built for the expedition, and is fitted with a Siddeley-Lynx engine.—W. W.




TWENTY YEARS AFTER: THE 57-H.P. DAIMLER LIMOUSINE, WITH HOOPER BODY, JUST SUPPLIED FOR THE USE OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd., have just supplied five new Daimler cars to his Majesty the King. They comprize two limousines and two shooting brakes of 57-h.p. and a 20-h.p. limousine. The Daimler Company made the chassis, and Messrs. Hooper and Co are the royal carriage builders.—[*Photographs by Charles K. Bowers.*]


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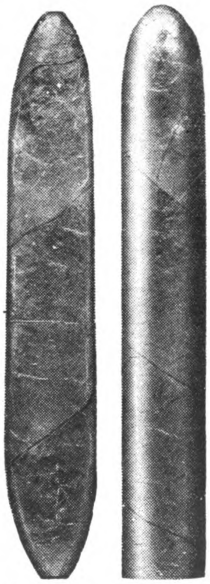
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Proof of the remarkable properties of "BP" in this respect was provided at Brooklands on May 22nd, when Mr. J. Parry Thomas, driving his Leyland Eight, covered with flying start five miles in 2 min. 26.51 secs., and 10 miles in 4 min. 58.26 secs., and made the astonishing lap speed of 124.12 miles per hour.




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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE.

THIS is a great age for English musicians, for there is little doubt in my mind but that we are living at the dawn of what will ultimately prove to be the great Renaissance of English music. For fifty years now, the signs of awakening life have been multiplying on all sides. Seventy years ago English music was almost non-existent. There was an unfordable chasm between the professional and popular tastes. English music was really represented by ephemeral music-hall songs, while the professional musicians, the representatives of England in the musical culture of Europe, were in the musical sense merely provincial Germans. Men like Sterndale Bennett returned from Leipzig as ambassadors of the art of music as cultivated in Germany, and even so naturally gifted a composer as Sullivan was quite unable to function as a "serious" musician, except as a dull imitator of the classical Teutonic style.

Mendelssohn was the immediate master of most English musicians, and when they wriggled out of the Mendelssohn tradition they only did so to clasp on the fetters of Brahms. All the ambitious orchestral and chamber music of Sir Charles Stanford is Brahms and water, with here and there a slight dash of Irish whisky. Sir Edward Elgar—who was everywhere hailed as the first great English master for the beautifully simple reason that he had never been a student at Leipzig—is, in his symphonies and choral works, entirely German. "The Dream of Gerontius" is "Parsifal" all over again, although not without touches of individuality, but an individuality which is Elgarish, not English. It is even doubtful whether we can claim the banality of "Land of Hope and Glory" as English. To my ears, it is much more Teutonic than English, if we accept the sixteenth and seventeenth as the centuries when England was most characteristically English.

It is therefore right and proper that to-day, when, after a long period of complete somnolence and, let us hope, incubation, the English spirit is again becoming conscious and seeking to express itself—it is right and proper, I say, that the works of Elgar and his contemporaries should now be anathema to the ardent young English musician. For the first time for two hundred years his ears are open to the old lost and forgotten English tradition. "Back to Purcell!" will, I hope, be the battle-cry, soon to be heard in almost every conservatory and school of music in the country. Away with all these imitators of Brahms, Liszt, and Wagner! Death to Berlioz, Franck and Debussy! Let us pursue, tooth and nail, with the utmost malevolence, all who find example and inspiration in Germany, France, Spain, or Russia! Let us hiss and howl them down in the concert-hall and theatre, lash them with insults and mockery in the Press, and sting the musical public with our jibes until it deserts them! This policy of polite pugnacity is the one with which I am in complete sympathy! After having been an anti-nationalist all my life, I have come over to the English camp. I have definitely changed my faith. No more cosmopolitanism in music for me! I am confident that cosmopolitanism and eclecticism mean sterility, degeneration, and death. You cannot be a great English composer except in the English tradition. An Englishman cannot contribute his quota to the world's music until he writes English music. What is the use of offering to Germany imitation German music, to France imitation French music, to Russia imitation Russian music, to Spain imitation Spanish music? Have we nothing of our own to contribute to the world? If we haven't, we are obviously useless!

It is, therefore, with intense satisfaction that I watch the efforts of the Oriana Madrigal Society to familiarise the public with the great English music of the past. I am happy in the recollection that, without at first fully understanding the importance of this new movement, I have been a champion of the Oriana Society and the English Folk-Dance Society and the late Mr. Cecil J. Sharp from the beginning. And now I declare that the performance by the British National Opera Company of Dr. Vaughan Williams's romantic ballad-opera, "Hugh the Drover," is the most important musical event that has taken place in England for two hundred years. Not that I think "Hugh the Drover" a great opera. I cannot place it beside the masterpieces of Mozart, Wagner, Verdi, Moussorgsky, and Rimsky-Korsakov. But it is the beginning of the English Renaissance. It is the first English opera since Purcell. It is defiantly, dogmatically, exclusively, rapturously *English*.

(*Continued on page 256.*)



THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S ELDER DAUGHTER: LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY—FORMERLY LADY URSULA GROSVENOR—AND HER HUSBAND.

The marriage of Lady Ursula Grosvenor, elder daughter of the Duke of Westminster and of Constance Duchess of Westminster, to Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey, 1st Life Guards, was celebrated at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens, last week. The Duke gave his daughter away, and she was attended by her sister, Lady Mary Grosvenor, her cousins, Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper and the Misses Isolde and Barbara Grosvenor, and by two train-bearers, the little son and daughter of Mrs. Cotton.—[*Photograph by Lafayette.*]


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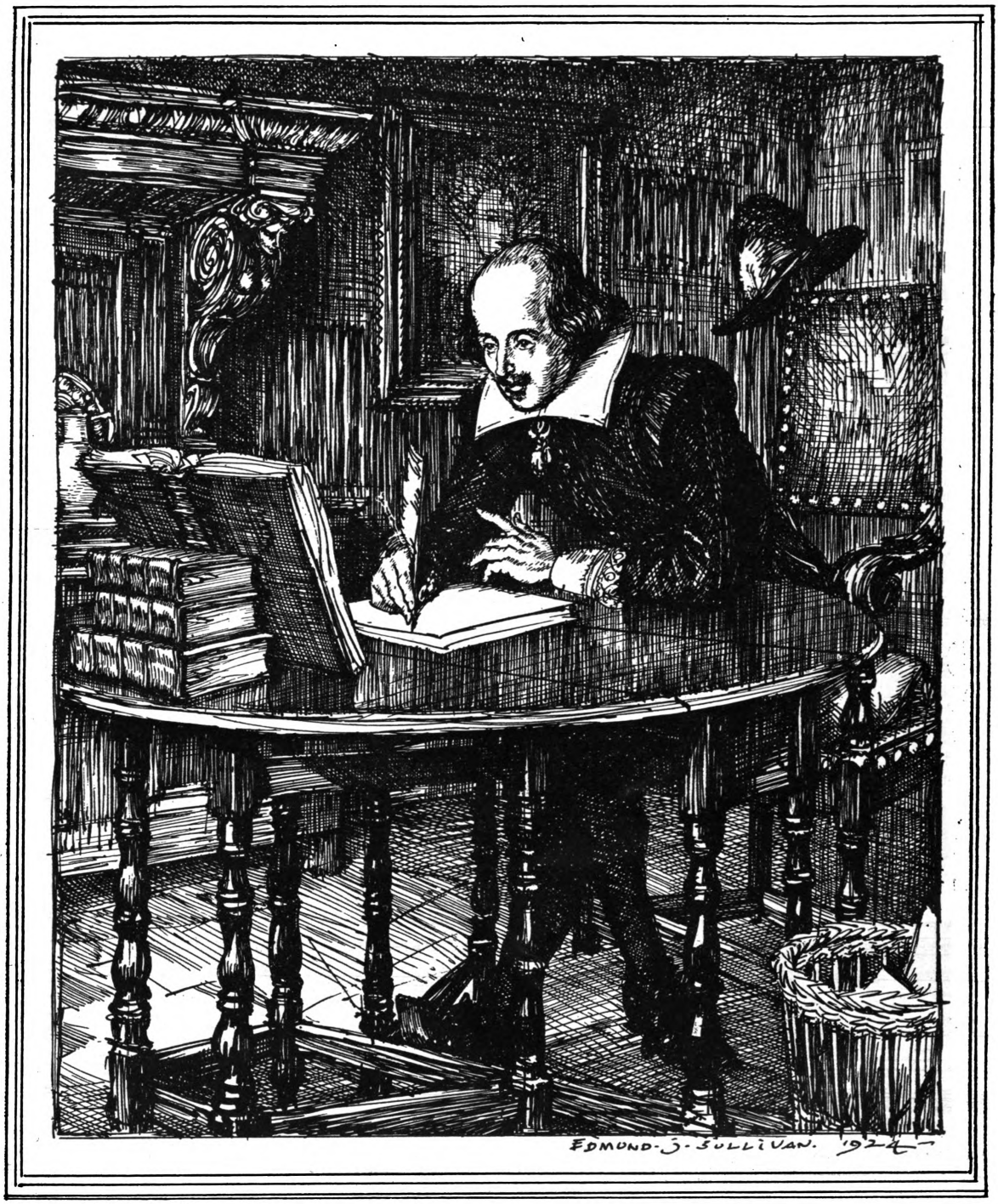
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**Rhyl**
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# CHESS.

To Correspondents.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

John Ransford (Clinton, Ontario).—In your proposed solution of No. 3935 you have failed to notice that, when Black plays P takes R, he checks the White King at the same time, and then there is no mate on the second move. You may take it for granted that a solution beginning with a check is almost certain to be wrong.

R S J (Cairo).—We have many tastes to consult, and we do the best we can, but you must admit the problems you petition for largely preponderate in our choice.

J M K Lupton (Richmond).—Thanks for your fresh batch, of which we hope to make use in due course.

M E Jowett (Grange-on-Sands).—You seem to have made some mistake in your setting of No. 3935, otherwise so good a solver as yourself could scarcely have overlooked Black's defence of Kt to Q B 4th.

Antonio Prats (Reus).—You must study the effect of 1. ——, P to Q 4th in your proposed solution of No. 3935.

M Beach (Milton Bridge).—To render the solution of No. 3931 intelligible you must certainly be acquainted with the practice of Pawn takes Pawn *en passant*. As regards No. 3935, see note above with reference to the same proposed solution as yours.

M A Rodriguez (San Juan, Puerto Rico).—Your solution of No. 3934 is quite right, and is acknowledged in its proper place. We always make full allowance for foreign correspondents in regard to time, as you can see for yourself.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3930 received from R W Hill (Melbourne) and Lieutenant-Colonel A L Holden (Hobart); of No. 3934 from R S J (Cairo), E A French (Lymington), J M K Lupton (Richmond), M Beach (Milton Bridge), and M A Rodriguez (San Juan, Puerto Rico); and of No. 3935 from A Edmeston (Worsley), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), J J Duckworth Newton-le-Willows), E A French (Lymington), R P Nicholson (Crayke), W N Powell (Ledbury), F H White (Grantham), A W M (Aberdeen), W C D Smith (Northampton), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), J C Kruse (Hammersmith), F J Fallwell (Caterham), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), J M K Lupton (Richmond), Franz Nidetzky (Vienna), and E G B Barlow (Bournemouth).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3936 received from Rev. W Scott (Elgin), R B N (Tewkesbury), L W Cafferata (Farndon), J J Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), J Hunter (Leicester), A Edmeston (Worsley), H W Satow (Bangor), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), C B S (Canterbury), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), J P Smith (Cricklewood), W N Powell (Ledbury), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), S Caldwell (Hove), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and J M K Lupton (Richmond).

Solution of Problem No. 3935.—By E. Boswell.

| WHITE | BLACK |
|---|---|
| 1. B to K Kt 6th | Anything. |
| 2. Mates accordingly. | |

The complete division between the Black and White forces, suggests a "Vision of Judgment" with, appropriately enough, the Blacks on the left hand and in the majority. The problem, nevertheless, is an excellent embodiment of a bold idea: that every possible move of Black shall be attended by its own peculiar and different mate. The skilful way in which this is planned amply compensates for a key move that is, perhaps, a little lacking in distinction.

PROBLEM No. 3936.—By Charles H. Battey.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. W. Gooding and R. P. Michell.

*(Queen's Pawn Opening.)*

| WHITE (Mr. G.) | BLACK (Mr. M.) |
|---|---|
| 1. P to Q 4th | Kt to K B 3rd |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | P to K 3rd |
| 3. P to Q B 4th | P to Q Kt 3rd |
| 4. Q to B 2nd | B to Kt 2nd |
| 5. Kt to Q B 3rd | B to Kt 5th |
| 6. B to K Kt 5th | Castles |
| 7. P to Q R 3rd | B takes Kt (ch) |

The game certainly escapes the rut of the orthodox opening; but, as our next note suggests, its soundness is open to doubt.

| | |
|---|---|
| 8. Q takes B | P to K R 3rd |
| 9. B takes Kt | Q takes B |
| 10. P to K Kt 3rd | P to Q 3rd |
| 11. B to Kt 2nd | Kt to Q 2nd |
| 12. Castles | P to Q B 4th |
| 13. K R to Q sq | |

White's inability to move his K P points to some weakness of development in its early stages, and his position is already becoming compromised.

| | |
|---|---|
| 13. | K R to Q sq |
| 14. Q R to Q B sq | Q R to Q B sq |
| 15. P to Q Kt 4th | B takes Kt |
| 16. B takes B | P takes Q P |
| 17. R takes P | |

Queen takes Pawn strikes us as sounder play. It both removes the Queen from the range of the masked Rook and arrests the advance of Black's Pawns.

| | |
|---|---|
| 17. | P to Q 4th |
| 18. Q to Q 2nd | Kt to K 4th |
| 19. P to Q B 5th | |

It is difficult to see what White can do better, although, as Black brilliantly proves, the text move loses the game. If 19. P takes P, R takes K (ch); 20. Q takes R, Kt takes B (ch), and wins.

| | |
|---|---|
| 19. | Q takes B |
| 20. P takes Q | Kt takes P (ch) |
| 21. K to B sq | Kt takes Q (ch) |
| 22. R takes Kt | P takes P |
| 23. P takes P | R to B 3rd |

Black's Pawns now become irresistible, and score success in a smartly handled contest.

| | |
|---|---|
| 24. K to K 2nd | K R to Q B sq |
| 25. K R to B 2nd | P to K 4th |
| 26. K to Q 3rd | P to K B 3rd |
| 27. R to Q B 3rd | R to Q Kt sq |
| 28. K to Q 2nd | K to B 2nd |
| 29. K to B 2nd | K to K 3rd |
| 30. K to Q 2nd | R to Q Kt 4th |
| 31. R(Q sq) to B 2 | P to Q 5th |
| 32. R to B 4th | K to Q 4th |
| 33. R to Q Kt 4th | P to R 3rd |

White resigns.

The final tournament of the Olympic International Chess Congress was played off by the winners of nine preliminary sections, and resulted in the first prize going to F Apschenech, of Latvia, with a score of 5½ points. E Colle, of Belgium, was second with 4½, and M Euwe, of Holland, third with 4 points. The absence of any adequate representation of English amateur talent from the contest must be a matter of regret to all who have the interests of the game in this country at heart.

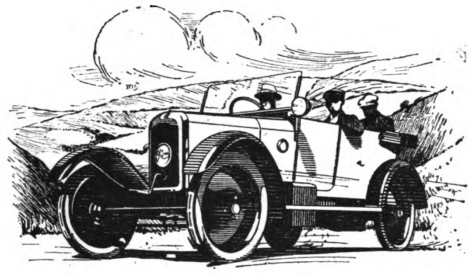



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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

(*Continued from Page 250.*)

I am also delighted to be able to add that it is beautifully English, for "Hugh the Drover"—if not a great masterpiece—is a work of remarkable quality, and could only have been written by a genuine artist; an artist subject—however fitfully—to moments of inspiration. It is worlds away from the clever, mechanical, manufactured article of the talented academic musician; while at the same time it is no naïve product of an inspired but imperfectly equipped amateur. It contains pages of consummate art, and there are moments in the second act of the rarest beauty. It has also many of the elements of popularity. The librettist, Mr. Harold Child, has managed to perform his part with fair success, and I venture to believe that if the B.N.O.C. does its duty by "Hugh the Drover," they will find next season that every time it is performed it will be played to packed and enthusiastic houses.

But "Hugh the Drover" is even more important for what it promises than for what it performs. I believe it to be the inaugurator of a series of great English works. I believe we shall live to see the creation of a group of English masterpieces worthy to take their place with the great musical creations of Europe. I do not describe "Hugh the Drover" as the first English opera since Purcell merely because it contains a number of old English traditional tunes, such as "Cockles," "Primroses," "Tuesday Morning," "York," etc. You do not write English music by simply stringing old English tunes together, however skilfully you do it. It is because Vaughan Williams shows in the second act that he has assimilated the traditional material, and can write *naturally* in a purely English style, that "Hugh the Drover" is an important landmark. Vaughan Williams is the first to do what many others will soon be able to do—namely, write English music without using a single traditional tune. Let us therefore salute with the utmost gratitude and respect the name of Vaughan Williams as the first *English* musician since Henry Purcell.

W. J. Turner.

---

By command of his Majesty the King, the refreshments at the Garden Party held at Buckingham Palace on Thursday, July 24, were provided by Messrs. J. Lyons and Company, Ltd.

The head office of the British Petroleum Company, Ltd., distributors of "B.P." Petrol, have been moved from 22, Fenchurch Street, London, to the new building of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, Ltd., Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2.

As a supplementary note to Dr. Thomas Gann's interesting article in our issue of July 26, on "A Lost City of America's Oldest Civilisation: Lubaantun," we are asked to insert the following paragraph: "The party which set out on the expedition which resulted in the discovery of the ancient ruined city of Lubaantun, on the borders of British Honduras and Guatemala, consisted of Lady Richmond Brown, Mr. Tuke, R.A., Dr. Gann, and Mr. Mitchell-Hedges. Owing to the upset of the dug-outs in the Rio Grande, the expedition had to turn back, and, the bush being almost impassable, only Dr. Gann and Mr. Mitchell-Hedges ultimately succeeded in reaching the ruins overland."

## "THE CREAKING CHAIR," AT THE COMEDY.

THOUGH dramas dealing with crime mysteries are as common nowadays on our stage as the revue or the play with music, there is always room for any new example of this class the construction of which is so ingenious and the interest so well sustained as that of "The Creaking Chair." There is nothing out of the way in the story to which Allene Tupper Wilkes and Roland Pertwee have put their names on the Comedy Theatre's programme: it is a tale of a murder, and the usual conjuring tricks are employed to keep the audience in the dark as long as possible over the identity of the criminal. But the spectator has his attention aroused and maintained throughout the play, is afforded surprises as well as suspense, and is left not only pleasantly puzzled by the problem, but also amused by clever strokes of characterisation and passages of humorous dialogue. Notably good are the sketches of a Scottish man-servant and a middle-aged parlourmaid, whose conversation Mr. Nigel Bruce and Miss Olga Slade make consistently diverting. These two parts and their acting perhaps stand out most, but the cast at the Comedy is strong in "stars" who also get their chances, though with purely conventional material. To say that the company includes Mr. Aubrey Smith, Miss Tallulah Bankhead, Mr. Eric Maturin, Mr. Sam Livesey (hero and detective whom everyone guys), Miss Fabia Drake, and Mr. Reginald Dance, and that all of them are given something to do, is surely a sufficient recommendation of the Comedy's holiday bill.




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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

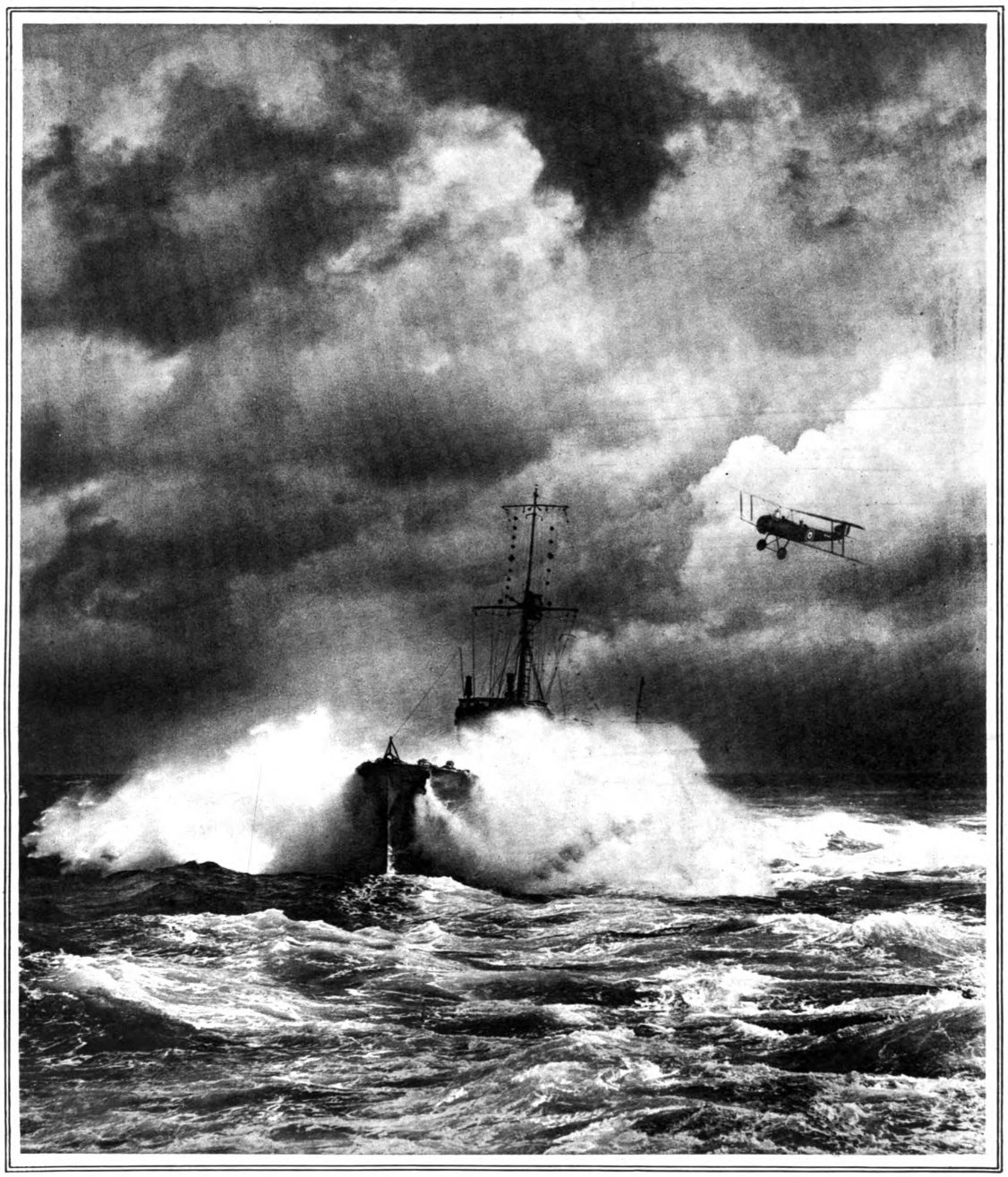
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1924.



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**SPEED BY SEA AND AIR: "WITH THE NAVY THAT FLIES—NORTH SEA, 1918"—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A DESTROYER IN ROUGH WATER, WITH A SEAPLANE OVERHEAD.**

This remarkably fine photograph shows a destroyer cutting at full speed through a rough sea, raising huge mounds of foaming water on either side of her bows. The seaplane above represents the flying arm of the Navy. The photograph has been much admired by Naval men, and Mr. Alfred Buckham, who took it, possesses letters from Admirals Phillimore and Nicholson describing it as the finest one they have seen of such a subject. It has been shown in America, at the International Exhibitions of San Francisco and Buffalo. Although naval operations are a very different matter from yachting, both require high speed afloat, and from that point of view the photograph is of special interest at the moment. We may add that a converted destroyer figures among the private yachts, shown on a double-page drawing in this number, assembled off Ryde on the occasion of the Naval Review at Spithead.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED G. BUCKHAM, F.R.P.S.




By G. K. CHESTERTON.

QUESTIONS have been asked about my recent remarks on Education, which one of our greatest publicists is more and more offering as a panacea. What I said, or at any rate what I meant, can be very easily explained by an example he himself has just given. Mr. H. G. Wells said that in his Utopian city the homes would cluster round the school or college. They used to cluster round the church, or at worst round the public-house. It is apparently necessary for them to cluster somehow. And for him the roofs should huddle under the mighty tower of the Teacher. Now to me this is like saying that the homes should cluster round the post-office. It is as if they huddled under the huge red tower of a colossal pillar-box. The school, like the post-office, is simply a system of transmission. It is not a gift, but a machinery for giving. The church gives, or ought to give, to the people a religion or revelation they cannot get anywhere else. The inn gives, or ought to give, to the people a quantity of ale or wine that they have not got. But the people can only get out of a pillar-box what they have put into it; and the individual citizen is not even allowed to do that. Education is not an element, an origin, a unique thing, like wine or the Gospel. It is a process or channel, like telegraph-wires or the penny postage. But I am very far from meaning that the process ought not to proceed, or that the machinery should not be used in the right way. I should like everybody to be educated in everything—except in error. Nevertheless, it is odd how often they are educated in error.

The importance of education has been emphasised both by reformers and reactionaries. If I may put it so with due politeness, it has been emphasised both by prigs and snobs. Like many other modern things, modern education is an argument that cuts both ways and can be used for contrary purposes. The Radical can insist on teaching the tramp to read and write in order that he may vote. The Tory may refuse to allow the tramp to vote because he cannot read or write. The prig would educate everybody: and the snob would exclude everybody who is not educated. Both the snob and the prig are right in feeling the real value and virtue of education; yet there is a question I would like to ask them, and a curiosity of history I should like to submit to them both.

Why is it that for the last two or three centuries the educated have been generally wrong and the uneducated relatively right? It seems to me that the cultivated class has been actually more practically and pertinaciously mischievous than the ignorant whom they attempted to instruct. The ignorant would actually have been better off without them. They have been examples not only of the blind leading the blind, but of the blind leading the merely short-sighted. What the educated man has generally done was to ram down everybody's throat some premature and priggish theory which he himself afterwards discovered to be wrong; so wrong that he himself generally recoiled from it and went staggering to the opposite extreme. Meanwhile, the ignorant man reacted differently, as soon as the theory had been rammed down his throat, by practically demonstrating that it made him sick. Such a reaction is purely instinctive, but it indicates a condition of health. Thus, throughout the first half of the nineteenth century in England, the educated were always explaining certain things to the ignorant. They were always complaining then, as they are always complaining now, that the poor do not understand political economy. But what was the political economy that they did not understand? It was not only a paradox, but a piece of mysticism, almost like the mysteries of religion. It was the mystical dogma of Bentham and Adam Smith and the rest, that some of the worst of human passions would turn out to be all for the best. It was the mysterious doctrine that selfishness would do the work of unselfishness. If unrestricted competition were only allowed to rage like a pestilence, the result would be like a paradise. Anybody who would not swallow this extraordinary superstition was said to be sadly in need of education—and especially of economic education. That sort of economics was what the whole educated class meant by education. And they educated the English into all that economic anarchy and misery which every sensible person is now trying to educate them out of.



ONE OF THE NATION'S NEW ART TREASURES: "THE REPOSE IN EGYPT," BY ADRIAN VAN DER WERFF, WHICH WAS RECENTLY ACQUIRED FROM THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

"The Repose in Egypt," by the Dutch painter Adrian van der Werff (1659 to 1722), was bought by the Trustees of the National Gallery, out of the Florence Fund, at the Duke of Westminster's recent sale. The price was £220. The picture was on view in the Gallery during the war, with others from the Duke's collection, and now hangs in Room IX.

*By Courtesy of the National Gallery.*

Meanwhile, the ideals of the later educationists, all the ideals that Mr. H. G. Wells or Mr. H. A. L. Fisher would now put before them, all the ideals of co-ordination and comradeship and organised interdependence, had begun long ago among the ignorant. These were things that the ignorant taught and the learned had to learn—or more often refused to learn. In these things it was the uneducated who educated the world. In defiance of all the instructed who were preaching ruthless individualism, the uninstructed had already begun to establish Trades Unions. Their origins were extraordinarily rude and illiterate and even illegal. They appeared to the cultured classes of their time as a mere subterranean outbreak of the criminal class. Yet they represented all that would now be called philosophy and philanthropy, against what would now be called cruelty and criminal selfishness. It is one of the queerest and most ironic contrasts in history. All the polished professors were teaching that men are a pack of wolves. All the obscure ruffians were assuming that men are the citizens of the Republic of Plato or the *Civitas Dei* of Aquinas.

Then the educated class, having fortunately failed to educate anybody in their own error, went off and tried to educate everybody in the opposite error. In the next period, which corresponded to my own boyhood, they had reached the position expressed by the aristocrat who said "We are all Socialists now." And if "we" meant the cultivated people, he was quite right. Thirty years ago every intellectual who had any intellect was more or less of a Socialist. Everybody was a Socialist, except the working-man who was supposed to benefit by Socialism. But the working-man in England was very largely indifferent. The hostility of that type of poor man was mainly negative. There was a hostility of another type of poor man that was highly positive. The Socialist intellectuals, in their superior way, used to say sadly that their greatest difficulty was to enlighten and enlarge the mind of the small proprietor, who could see nothing beyond his own family and his own field. English Socialists admitted that the Irish peasant would be a great problem. French Socialists admitted that the French peasant would give them a great deal of trouble. A Fabian I knew very well declared that a Socialist Republic would have to conquer the reactionary peasants of Ireland, as the Jacobin Republic had conquered the reactionary peasants of La Vendée. A French writer of the Socialist sort admitted that when his party approached the peasant proprietors there would be difficulties: "We shall be received with pitchforks!" But all agreed that what was the matter with these people was that they were not educated. They needed to be taught politics and economics; above all, they needed to be taught the exact opposite of the politics and economics which the last generation had tried to teach them. They must learn, but they must learn only what the learned had just learned; and the very opposite of everything that the learned had already taught.

Then followed the strangely instructive incident of Russia. All the English educated classes had looked down with withering pity on the ignorance and ignominy of Russian peasants. They had looked up with reverential pity at the Jews and Socialists who were persecuted in Russia. Suddenly, one fine day, or rather, one stormy day, the Jews and Socialists left off being persecuted and began to persecute the educated classes. They set up a Bolshevist dictatorship that filled the educated everywhere with terror; it destroyed private property and practically destroyed private life. Then the dictatorship of the towns was brought to a standstill in the countryside. And private property was defended, private life was saved, the communists were forced to a compromise, by those very bestial and benighted Russian peasants whom we had despised like the beasts of the field.

Twice in a hundred years the folly of the wise has been arrested by the wisdom of the ignorant; and people despised as uneducated have prevented the educated from finally making fools of themselves. One was when the first obscure trade unions arrested Individualism run mad. The second was when the unlettered Russian peasants arrested Socialism run mad. It seems to me a curious thing.

## OUR ANAGLYPHS.

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# ONE OF THE NATION'S NEW ART TREASURES: A MURILLO.

By Courtesy of the National Gallery.

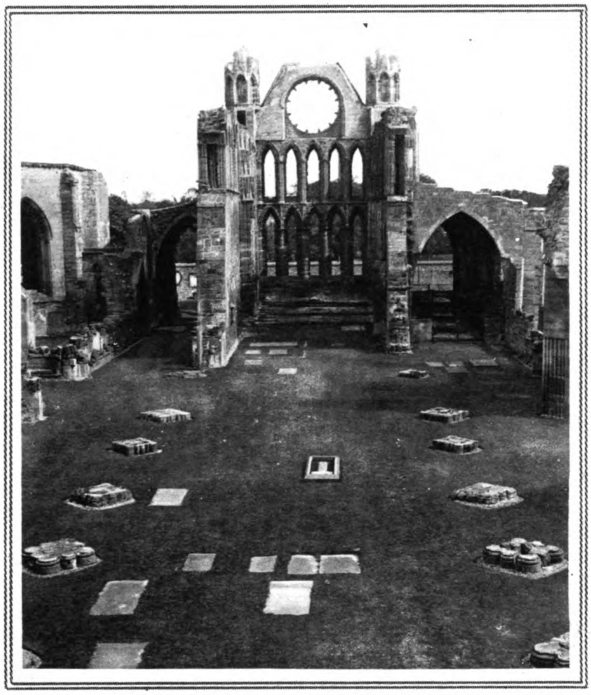


**RECENTLY HUNG IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY: "THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION," BY MURILLO, BEQUEATHED TO THE NATION BY MR. J. TRUEMAN MILLS, WHO LEFT MORE THAN £4,000,000.**

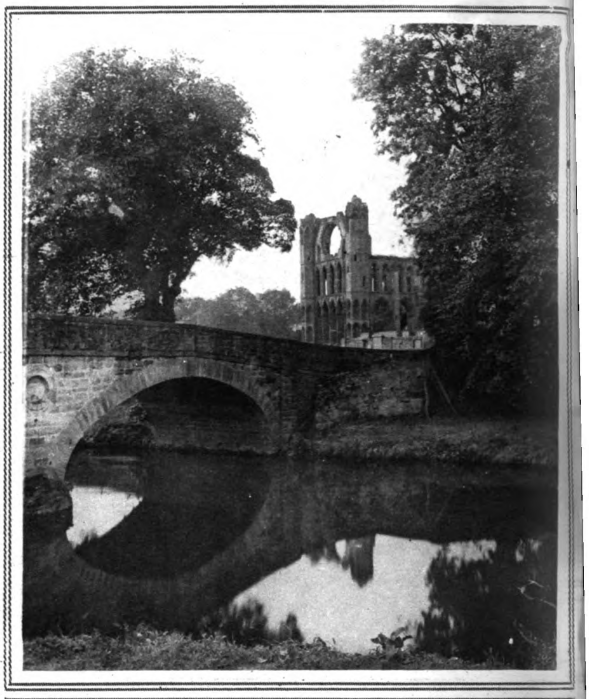
The late Mr. Joseph Trueman Mills, of Stockgrove, near Leighton Buzzard, who died a few months ago, leaving estate provisionally valued at £4,100,000, bequeathed to the National Gallery his two pictures by Murillo, "The Immaculate Conception" and "St. Augustine." The former has just been placed on view in Room XVIII. at the National Gallery. The directors of the Louvre in Paris are said to have paid £23,440 for their Murillo of the same subject. Bartolomé Estéban Murillo was born at Seville in 1617, the son of a mechanic, and died there in 1682. His early years were a time of struggle, but in 1643 he was befriended and taught by Velasquez, and five years later he made a wealthy marriage. By 1654 he was recognised as the head of the Seville school. The Immaculate Conception did not become an article of faith in the Roman Church till 1854, but during Murillo's lifetime there was a great demand for pictures on the subject in churches and convents, and he painted many versions of it.

# "THE LANTERN OF THE NORTH" FIRST "LIT" IN

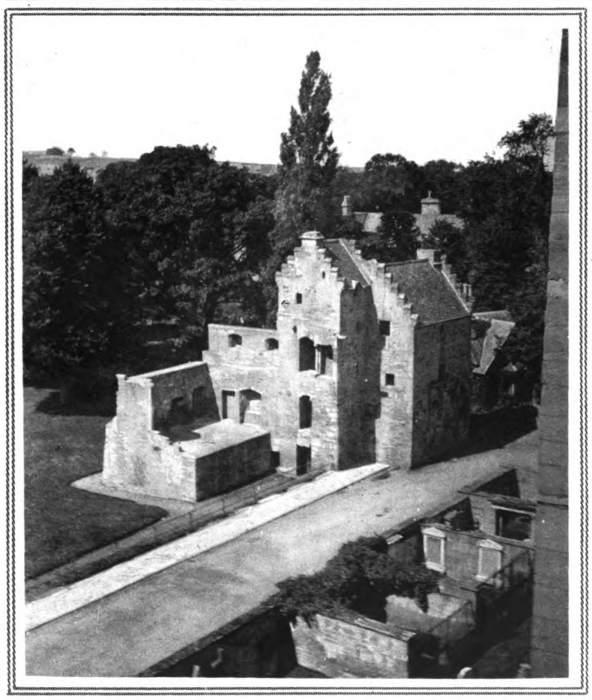
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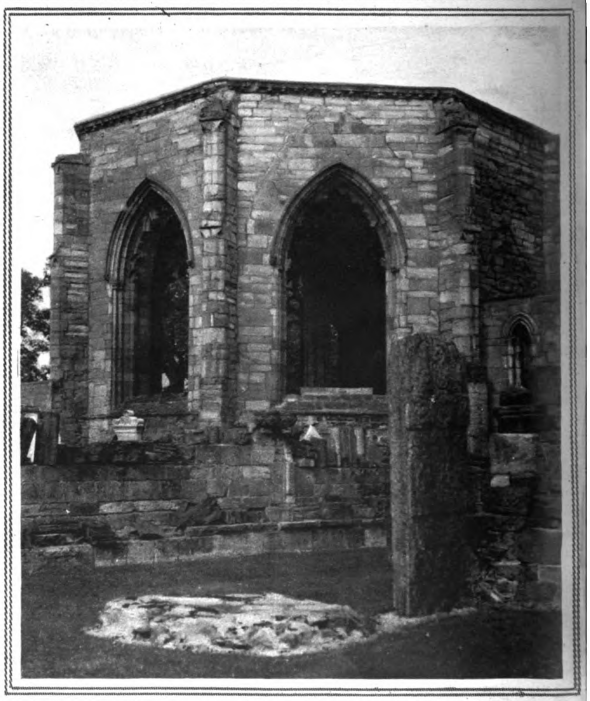
SHOWING THE EAST END, WHERE COVENANTERS DESTROYED THE SCREEN IN 1640, AND PILLAR-BASES OF THE NAVE: ELGIN CATHEDRAL (INTERIOR) FROM ABOVE THE WEST DOORWAY.



NEAR LOSSIEMOUTH, THE FIRST LABOUR PREMIER'S BIRTHPLACE: THE EAST END OF ELGIN CATHEDRAL—A GLIMPSE FROM THE RIVER LOSSIE.



BUILT IN 1406: THE BISHOP'S PALACE, RUINED BUT PARTIALLY RESTORED, SEEN FROM THE TOP OF ONE OF THE CATHEDRAL TOWERS.

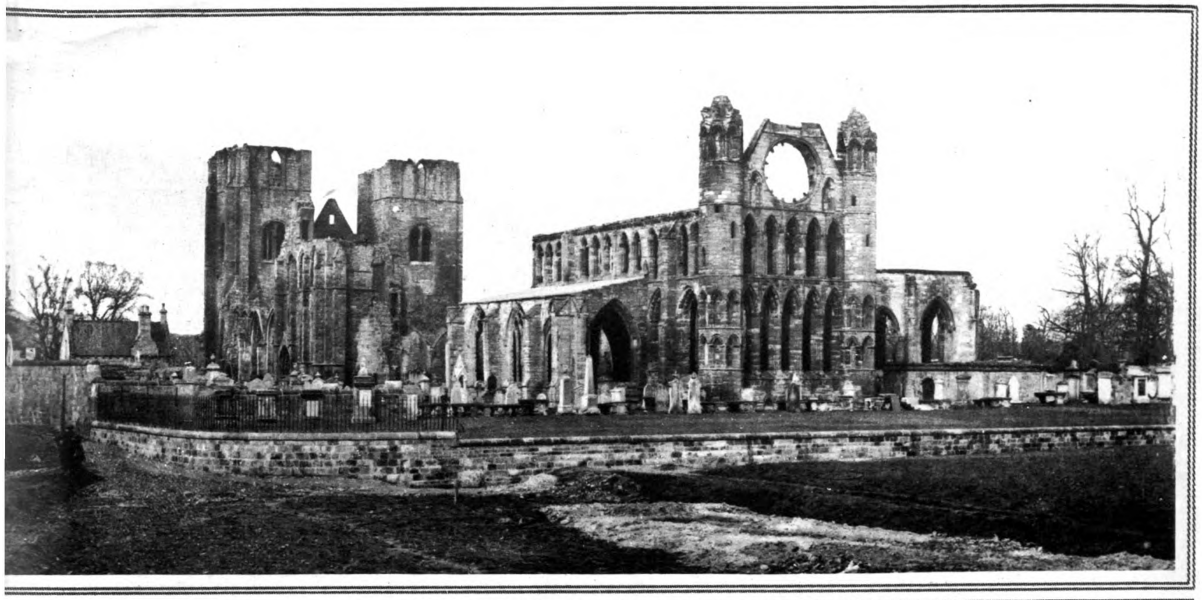


OCTAGONAL IN SHAPE, AND IN GOOD PRESERVATION: THE CHAPTER HOUSE OF ELGIN CATHEDRAL, ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE BUILDING.

The splendid buildings of Elgin Cathedral, whose 700th anniversary was celebrated a few days ago, on August 6, were begun in 1224 by Bishop Andrew Moray, the founder, who is buried at the foot of the altar steps. They embodied an already existing Church of the Holy Trinity, of which one transept still remains. "In 1270 and again in 1390" (says the official guide to the district) "the cathedral suffered severely from fire. The story of how the wicked Earl of Buchan (a son of Robert the Second, and generally known as 'the Wolf of Badenoch') set fire to the sacred buildings in 1390, has often been told in prose and verse. In revenge for having been excommunicated by the Bishop of Moray, the Earl swept down on Forres and Elgin with a band of retainers and left 'the lantern of the North,' as Elgin Cathedral was called, a blackened pile of smoking ruins. . . . The King forced the Earl to repair the damage and to help in rebuilding the Cathedral." In 1567, soon after the accession of James VI., the Privy Council sanctioned the removal of lead from the roofs

# :24: THE 700TH ANNIVERSARY OF ELGIN CATHEDRAL.

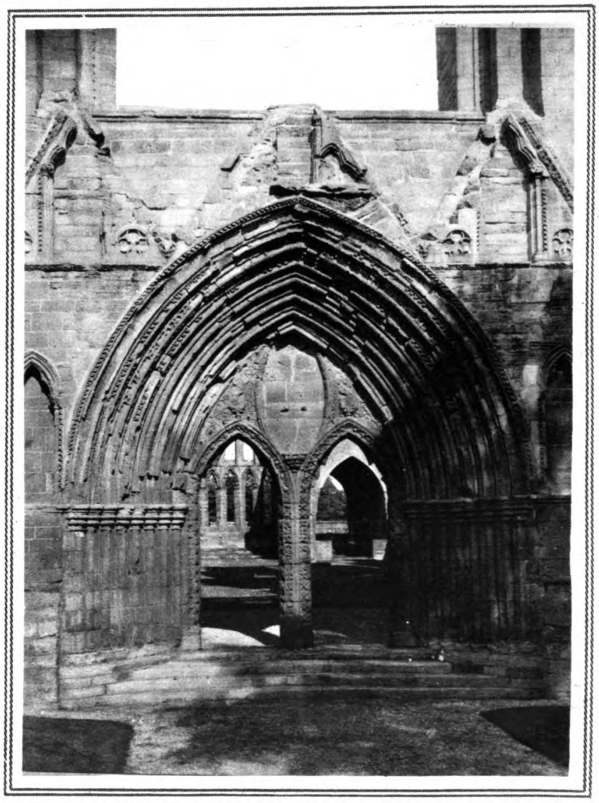
IN) AND GEORGE M. TYRRELL (ELGIN).



BURNT BY "THE WOLF OF BADENOCH" (ALEXANDER STEWART, EARL OF BUCHAN) IN 1390, AND LATER RAVAGED BY COVENANTERS AND ROUNDHEADS: THE RUINS OF ELGIN CATHEDRAL, WHOSE CENTRAL TOWER COLLAPSED ON EASTER-SUNDAY, 1711.



SHOWING THE PILLAR WHICH SUPPORTS A ROOF OF SINGULAR BEAUTY: A GLIMPSE INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPTER HOUSE.



BENEATH THE WEST WINDOW THAT WAS DESTROYED BY CROMWELL'S TROOPS IN 1655: THE WEST DOORWAY OF ELGIN CATHEDRAL.

of the Cathedrals of Elgin and Aberdeen, and rapid dilapidation set in. At Elgin, "in 1640" (we read), "a party of Covenanters broke down the screen which separated the nave from the choir, and, in 1655, Cromwell's troops demolished the west window. The greatest disaster of all came on Easter Sunday, 1711, when the central tower fell with a crash, involving the nave and transepts in its ruin." For over a century the Cathedral was neglected, and its masonry was ransacked for building. An antiquary named John Shanks did much to preserve the ruins, which have since been under the care of the Office of Works. The Cathedral once possessed the unusual feature of two towers at each end, and the western pair are still standing. Between them a beautiful doorway leads to the nave. The South Aisle was the burial-place of the Gordons. Elgin, it may be noted, is only six miles from Lossiemouth, the birthplace of the present Premier, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## PIPE-FISHES AND SEA-HORSES.

*By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.*

NOW that London possesses an Aquarium, and one of which we may be justly proud, all sorts of rare and curious fishes will be brought from the ends of the earth for our entertainment and instruction. Among the latest additions are a number of those singular little fishes known as "sea-horses." Their safe transportation was no mean feat, for they are extremely delicate. Lest evil should befall them on the way, Dr. Chalmers Mitchell himself, the Secretary of the Zoological Society, went over to Paris and brought them back by aeroplane.

The Pipe-fishes and Sea-horses are remarkable creatures in many ways. They belong to a very remarkable family, all the members of which are distinguished for their eccentricities, both in the matter of shape and habits. The most normal of them all are the sticklebacks, though the marine fifteen-spined stickleback is very reminiscent of a pipe-fish. Then there is that curious fish the "Opah," with its strange shape, brilliant coloration, and peculiar mouth. Even this we may hope to see in our Aquarium, for every now and then it is taken off our coasts. More singular still is the little "Needle-fish," or "Shrimp-fish," which, for some strange reason, is designed by Nature to swim head downwards. Semi-transparent and encased in a thin bony shell, it has even less freedom of movement than a tortoise, for only its tail escapes the bony embrace of the shell. Finally, there is that odd little creature, the Pegasus (Fig. 1), which lives on the sandy shoals of the coasts of Japan, China, India, and Australia. Its mouth, which is toothless, is on the under side of its head; its body is encased in bony rings; and it has great broad breast-fins. The dried bodies of this little fish are commonly used by the Chinese, in conjunction with shells and bits of red coral, in the ornamentation of fancy boxes, which are sometimes brought over to England by sailors and travellers as curios.



FIG. 1. — MUCH USED TO DECORATE CHINESE FANCY BOXES: THE PEGASUS, OR SEA MOTH — THE BONY SKELETON (ABOVE) AND THE FISH AS IN LIFE (BELOX).



FIG. 2.—LIKE THE KNIGHT OF THE CHESS-BOARD: THE SEA-HORSE.

"The Sea-horse differs from the Pipe-fish in having the head bent upon the body at a sharp angle, and the tail transformed into a prehensile organ, which, when the creature is swimming, is carried in a coil."

But our conversation is of pipe-fishes and sea-horses. These differ from all their relatives just alluded to, in the peculiar form of their gills, which, indeed, are unlike those of any other fishes, in that the blood-vessels which have to perform the function of breathing are not set upon a comb-like, bony framework, but are arranged in the form of tiny lobes, forming a sort of rosette, which can be seen by raising the gill-cover. The body has no scales, but, instead, is encased in bony rings, fitting so close together that the muscles of the body, having no play, are in a very degenerate condition. Swimming is performed by means of rapid vibrations of the back-fin.

The pipe-fishes (Fig. 3), of which there are several species, have a long cylindrical body, with the head drawn out into a long tubular mouth, the actual opening of which is very small. They swim with an extremely slow, gliding motion, holding the body in a semi-vertical position. The capture of quickly-moving prey is impossible to them, but they live where small crustacea swarm, and these present no difficulty in their capture.

The giant of the tribe is the Snake pipe-fish, which may attain to a length of over two feet. In this there is no tail-fin, which fact has given to the body a rather fanciful likeness to a snake. But the species most commonly met with in our seas is the Great pipe-fish, which is about sixteen inches long. The smallest is the Worm pipe-fish, about six inches long, and, unlike its relatives, it is more often found under stones than in the open. This tendency to develop a burrowing habit is interesting. Finally, we have the Ocean pipe-fish, which affords an interesting stage between the pipe-fishes and the sea-horses, inasmuch as it has a short tail, bearing no fin, but which can be used to twist round pieces of seaweed, thus enabling it to remain at anchor for hours at a time.

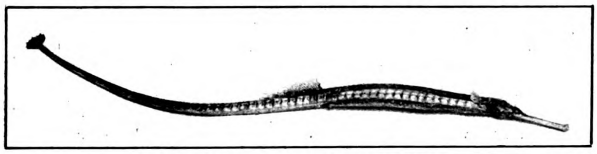


FIG. 3.—THE ANCESTOR OF THE SEA-HORSE: THE PIPE-FISH.

"The Pipe-fish may be regarded as the ancestor of the Sea-horse. The more usual scales having been replaced by close-fitting bony rings, the body has become extremely rigid, so that it has to be driven through the water mainly by the rapid vibrations of the dorsal fin."—[*Photographs by E. J. Manly.*]

And now, at last, we come to the sea-horse (Fig. 2). While its relationship to the pipe-fish is obvious enough, yet it is strikingly different. For it swims with the body held vertically, the head bent sharply downwards, and the tail gracefully coiled. Off the Cornish coast and the Channel Islands, this quaint little creature may be searched for with some confidence, but it is by no means common.

There are two Australian species of sea-horse which have lost the power of coiling their tails, but they apparently live where seaweed, of a slender habit of growth, forms rather dense banks, so that a fixed anchorage is not necessary for safety. Instead, they have developed a most effective disguise, which renders them difficult to distinguish from the weeds amid which they rest. This disguise takes the form of slender filaments of skin, projecting from the various angles of the body. In one species, shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 4), these filaments are of great length, and many of them are branched; while numerous spines add still further to the effectiveness of this singular transformation to secure protection from enemies.

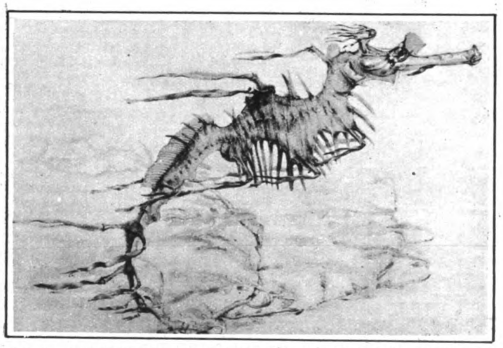


FIG. 4.—DISGUISED FOR PROTECTION BY FILAMENTS LIKE SEAWEED: AN AUSTRALIAN LEAF-WINGED SEA-HORSE.

"In the Leaf-winged Sea-horse the filaments of seaweed-like skin are greatly developed, making concealment immensely more effective. Spiny outgrowths add to this disguise."

In yet another matter these strange creatures stand out from among their kind. And this concerns their extremely curious nursing habits. With the pipe-fishes and sea-horses, the male carries the eggs about with him, instead of building a nest for their reception. The means by which this burden is borne, however, presents some interesting gradations of perfection.

In the Snake pipe-fish, for example, and the little Worm pipe-fish, the eggs are attached firmly, in an even layer, to the under-surface of the body. In the Great pipe-fish, and in the Broad-nosed pipe-fish, a fold of skin runs along each side of the abdomen, wide enough to allow the edges to be brought together, and thus envelop the eggs. From this arrangement there is but a stage to the fusion of the edges to form a pouch, and this is seen in the sea-horse. Here the eggs remain until they are hatched. After the escape of the young, and until they are an inch or so in length, they follow their parent about in a little shoal. But there is one group of small pipe-fishes, having no names in common speech—they belong to the family *Solenostomidæ*—wherein the eggs are carried in a pouch by the *female*. And here they are kept in position by means of long filaments projecting from the pouch-wall.

The replacement of the scales by an investment of bony plates is found in a very considerable number of fishes. The West Indian Coffer-fish resembles the Needle-fish—already alluded to—in that the tail only is capable of lateral movement. In the Porcupine-fish (Fig. 5) of the Cape of Good Hope and the Atlantic Coast of Tropical America, they form triradiate spines. The sticklebacks, it will be remembered, have similar spines; but these, which can be raised and depressed at will, are modified fin-rays. The sides of the body, however, are also armed with bony plates, but, being very thin and scale-like, they escape the attention of most people. Their existence is worth notice, because they have a very curious history. The three-spined stickleback of our ponds and ditches is commonly supposed to present three well-marked varieties: the "smooth-tailed," with from four to six bony plates behind the gill-cover; the "half-armed," with from ten to fifteen bony plates behind the gill-cover, and a few blunt spines on the base of the tail; and the "rough tailed," with an uninterrupted series of from thirty to forty plates along the body. Careful observations show, however, that the number of these plates changes with the seasons. Thus the smooth-tailed variety (*gymnurus*) represents the fish in its summer dress; the rough-tailed form (*trachurus*) is the same fish in its winter dress; while the halt-armed (*semi-armatus*) is the spring form, before the reduction of the armature is completed. Why a heavier armature is needed in the winter is a matter for further observation.

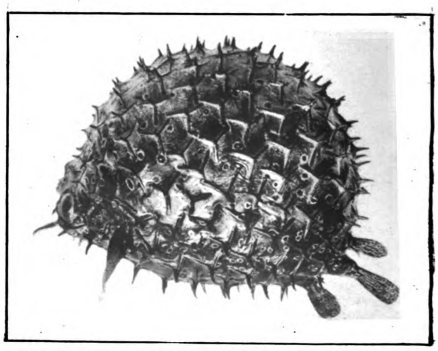


FIG. 5.—WITH PROTECTIVE BONY PLATES INSTEAD OF SCALES: THE PORCUPINE-FISH.

"The body of the Porcupine-fish is beset with spines, constituting a formidable armour against attack."

# A CATERPILLAR PROCESSION; A TRAP-DOOR SPIDER; SAHARA CURIOSITIES.

Copyright Photographs by Cherry Kearton, from his West African Nature Film, "Toto's Wife."



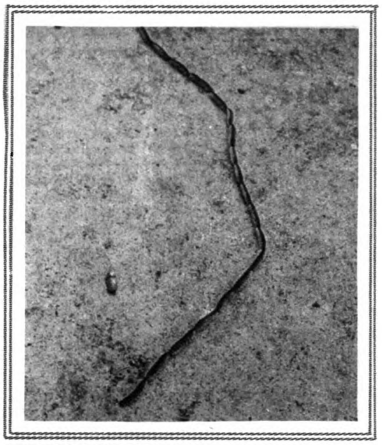
A VERY RARE CREATURE, UNTROUBLED BY HOUNDS: THE DESERT FOX OF THE SAHARA.



SEEN DURING THE SEARCH FOR A WIFE FOR TOTO THE CHIMPANZEE: A DESERT RAT.



NICKNAMED "THE FISH OF THE DESERT": A SPECIMEN OF THE SAHARA LIZARD.



CATERPILLARS THAT HAVE THE STRANGE HABIT OF MOVING IN PROCESSION: NINETEEN OF THEM CRAWLING IN SINGLE FILE, END TO END.



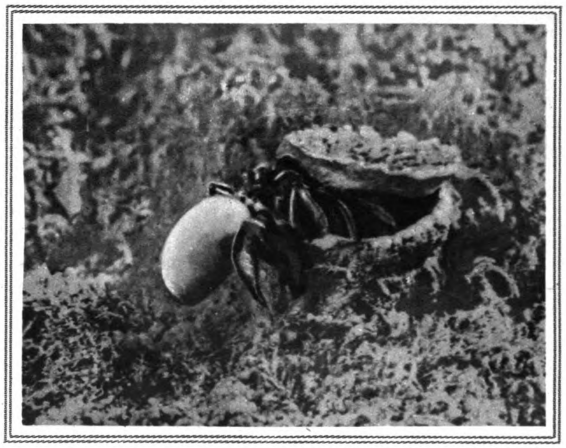
THE FILE OF CATERPILLARS BROKEN, OWING TO ONE UNIT "FALLING OUT": A CURIOSITY OF INSECT LIFE IN THE AFRICAN DESERT.



REPTILE LIFE IN THE DESERTS OF WEST AFRICA: A HORNED VIPER IN ITS NATURAL SURROUNDINGS.



WITH A LIDDED "BOX" (SEEN ON THE RIGHT) INSTEAD OF A WEB FOR HIS "PARLOUR": THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.



WALKING INTO HIS "PARLOUR" BEFORE ISSUING HIS INVITATIONS: A TRAP-DOOR SPIDER LIFTING THE LID OF HIS HUNTING-BOX.

Mr. Cherry Kearton, the well-known naturalist photographer, has added greatly to his reputation by his latest film, "Toto's Wife," which forms a sequel to his "Toto of the Congo." Toto, it may be recalled, was the chimpanzee which he presented to the "Zoo." Sympathising with Toto's loneliness in captivity, Mr. Kearton made another journey to Africa to find him a suitable wife, and returned with "Sally," only to learn that during his absence Toto had died. The prospective bride was therefore left disconsolate, and Mr. Kearton asks: "Would it be more kind to send her back to the land of her birth or leave her in the Zoological Gardens to be petted?" Perhaps the solution may be yet another journey to find her a bridegroom, and a third film called "Sally's Husband"! This is only a suggestion, without authority. During his trip to West Africa, in quest of a helpmate for Toto, and back through the great sand wastes of the Sahara, Mr. Kearton photographed many rare and remarkable creatures, some of which are shown above. It is satisfactory to learn that "in this picture, of the scores of subjects photographed, not one single animal, insect, bird or reptile is killed, or even shot, by Mr. Cherry Kearton."

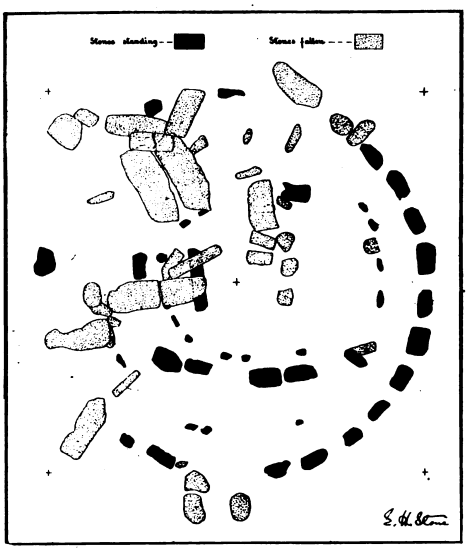
# Mysteries of Stonehenge: "The Hanging Stones."

## "THE STONES OF STONEHENGE." By E. HERBERT STONE.*

"MANY," wrote John Wood, "have undertaken to Describe the Ruins of Stonehenge; and to Restore those Ruins to their antient State; and, in general, to Explain the whole Work; Yet it is not Stonehenge that they have Described, Restored, and Explained to us; but a Work that never existed unless in their own Imaginations."

There 's the rub about the *Stanhengist*, "the hanging stones" Henry of Huntingdon called one of the four wonders of England. It is "wropt in myst'ry and weiled in obscurity," as Miggs had it.

Given the questions—When was it built? Why was it built? How was it built?—the learned and




STILL A MYSTERY OF PROBLEMATICAL DATE AND UNKNOWN USE: STONEHENGE IN ITS PRESENT CONDITION.

*Reproduced from "The Stones of Stonehenge," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. Robert Scott.*

the ingenious are still faced by propositions to which they cannot add a safe *Q.E.D.*

Yet there are answers conceivably correct—almost, it could be argued, warranted by facts.

First: Age. It may be assumed that it is of a single period—Outer Circle of sarsen stones, Inner Circle of blue stones, "horseshoe" of five trilithons, inner "horseshoe" of blue stones, and "Altar" stone. Then it may be taken, in the light of remote and recent investigations, that the setting-up was before the coming of the Round Barrow people, near the close of the prehistoric Neolithic days; that, "as determined by astronomical considerations, the date for the building of the present structure of Stonehenge was probably not earlier than about 2040 B.C., and not later than about 1640 B.C." The basis for this is the theory that the builders directed the axis of their masterpiece, as nearly as they were able, to the point on the horizon at which midsummer sunrise occurred in their time to "the point which the sun-god could not pass"; and possible error of calculation due to all causes accounts for the years of uncertainty.

Second: Object. The Encyclopædia of the right worthy Messrs. Chambers notes numerous opinions. "Geoffrey of Monmouth says it was erected by Aurelius Ambrosius, in commemoration of the British nobles slain by Hengist; that Aurelius himself was buried in it; and that Constantine, in the sixth century, was buried close by Uther Pendragon, within the structure of stones. . . . It has been called a temple of the sun, and of serpent-worship, a shrine of Buddha, a planetarium, a gigantic gallows on which defeated British leaders were solemnly hung in honour of Woden, a Gilgal where the national army met and leaders were buried, and a calendar in stone for measurement of the solar year." Wisely, Mr. Herbert Stone hazards no definite opinion. "It may have been a Temple for some form of worship—or a Court of Justice—or a Hall for ceremonial meetings of Tribal chiefs. All we can say with certainty is: '*We do not know.*'" At least, however, it is without ancestors or descendants in this country. It is presented to us as an architural entity fully developed. "We have no earlier structure in the same style from which its evolution may be traced, and the design has never been repeated." On the other hand, "there are . . . analogues in Arabia and elsewhere which, with Stonehenge, may have been derived from a common origin. It may . . . be considered probable that the design for the structure was introduced from abroad." To which may be added a note as to the "foreign" blue stones which are encircled by the native sarsens and possibly came from the Prescelly Mountains, in Pembrokeshire. "It appears probable that the blue stones before they were transported to the Stonehenge site had been set up as a stone circle, which no doubt had a specially sacred character. According to old tradition, these stones were believed to possess magical and medicinal properties. We may suppose that the fame of the mystic attributes of the stones was a matter of common belief in western Britain, and that on an occasion of a tribal war in which the Salisbury Plain people were the victors, the stones of the sacred circle were carried off as a trophy to be re-erected at Stonehenge."

Third: The Labour question. Mr. Stone, naturally enough, has much admiration for the engineer and praise for the craftsmen. Indeed, he writes: "The engineer who designed Stonehenge and devised the methods by which the work of erection might be carried out must have been a man of extraordinary ability—the Archimedes of his time. . . . Who he was and whence he came we shall never know. He was probably a foreigner—'a wise man from the East.' But under such highly efficient superintendence there was nothing in the mere manual labour required for the work which could not have been done by the most primitive people in Neolithic (or even in Palæolithic) times."

Yet what an infinity of pains, what time and trouble, must have gone to quarrying, transporting, dressing, and erecting!

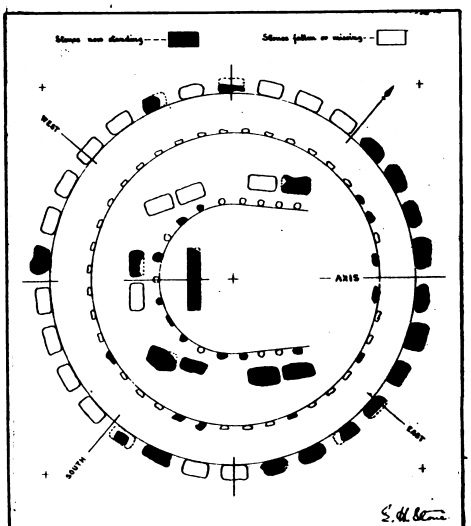
Take the rough sarsen stones, "about the most difficult stone in England to work." These had to be quarried from the hard parent boulders. The crude hammer-stones could not have pounded or ground them away; flint axes would have broken against them. But sarsens can be split into rectangular blocks with ease: "It is perhaps not too much to say that had sarsen not been possessed of this property, Stonehenge would never have been built." It may be that fire was used, as it was when John Aubrey wrote in 1686: "I have heard the minister of Aubury (Avebury) say those huge stones may be broken in what part of them you please without any great trouble. The manner is thus: they make a fire on that line of stone where they would have it to crack; and, after the stone is well heated, draw over a line with cold water, and immediately give a smart knock with a smyth's sledge, and it will breake like the collets at the glassehouse." Or maybe it was realised that "a line of shallow pits chipped across the surface gives a line of weakness for breakage." And there is another way—that once used in the granite quarries of Hyderabad. "To obtain stone for building purposes a layer of this granite is split up by the native quarrymen, in a very simple manner, by the use of spherical masses or 'mauls' of granite. These mauls are precisely similar to the largest mauls found in the excavations at Stonehenge. A number of men stand in line across the layer in the direction in which the slab is to be split. Each man has a maul which he holds between his two hands above his head. At a signal from the foreman each man dashes down his maul simultaneously on the granite layer, which is thereby split across with a fairly even fracture."

After this, transportation was comparatively easy. Man-power, ropes, and tree-trunk rollers were available.

Dressing was, there is little doubt, done on the site; and there, too, would be fashioned the tenons of the uprights and the mortises of the lintels, the beaks of the lintels and the corresponding grooves. Quartzite mauls would come into play again and knock off irregularities, and batter the surface to a certain smoothness, pulverising and disintegrating; or grinding might be done with a flat block of sarsen fed with water and "sand" of crushed flint. For surface-pounding: "Time required to take off a thickness of one inch over an area of 1 square foot—about 24 hours." Grinding: "Time required to take off a thickness of one inch over an area of 1 square foot—about 32 hours." One man employed in each case.

As to tenons: "It is probable that in the first instance a certain amount of material would be splayed off by hammer-blows. The work would then be carried on by the 'surface-pounding' process as far as could be done with safety, and the tenon itself completed by grinding. As to mortises: "These might easily have been formed by commencing the hollow by pounding with a hammer-stone, and then grinding out the mortise to the required depth with a stone of suitable size and shape fed with crushed flint and water.

Granted the engineer, the actual erection of stones and lintels called for care rather than skilled labour; but it was not an easy task, for all that: certainly no easier, save for difference of weight, than the setting up by kindred methods of the Egyptian obelisks, an operation pictured in our issue of April 7, 1923. Mr. Stone gives vital figures when he is discussing the models illustrated on the opposite page. "The *average* weights of the sarsen stones of the outer circle at Stonehenge have been taken at: Uprights—each, 26 tons; lintels—each, 6¾ tons. The man-power of a Neolithic man has been taken as follows: Effective strength for a short direct vertical lift, 224 lb. (1-10 ton). Effective weight on the end of a lever, 112 lb. (1-20 ton). Effective pull in hauling a rope, 56 lb. (1-40 ton)."




OUTER CIRCLE, INNER CIRCLE, HORSE-SHOE OF TRILITHONS, AND HORSE-SHOE OF BLUE STONES: STONEHENGE RESTORED.

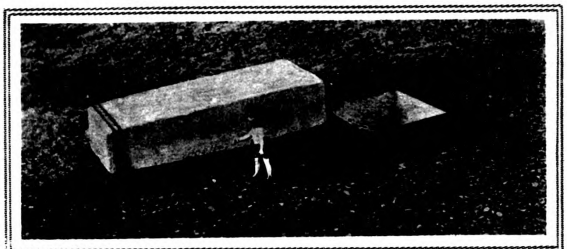
*Reproduced from "The Stones of Stonehenge," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. Robert Scott.*

There we must leave mysteries upon which we have barely touched, certain that Mr. Stone's book will be sought for the full story, for the author is one who can claim really to have Described, Restored, and Explained so far as that is humanly and reasonably possible. His volume is much to be commended: it is thorough, expert, and fascinating; an erudite and revelatory labour of love. E. H. G.

* "The Stones of Stonehenge." A Full Description of the Structure and of its Outworks; Illustrated by Numerous Photographs, Diagrams, and Plans Drawn to Scale. By E. Herbert Stone, F.S.A., Fellow of King's College, London; Sometime Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers and the American Society of Civil Engineers. (Robert Scott, London; 21s. net.)

# MYSTERIOUS STONEHENGE: THE ERECTION OF UPRIGHTS AND LINTELS.

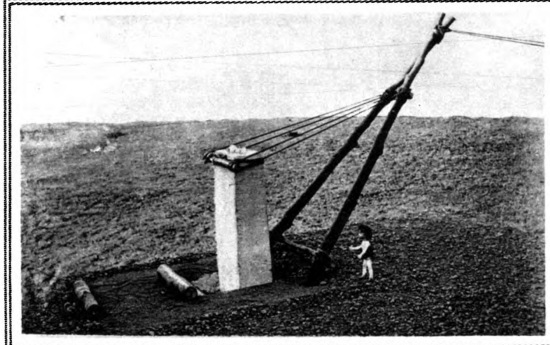
Reproductions from Mr. E. Herbert Stone's "The Stones of Stonehenge," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, Mr. Robert Scott.



THE DRESSED STONE FOR AN UPRIGHT ROLLED TOWARDS THE FOUNDATION PIT DUG TO RECEIVE IT—A 5 FT. 6 IN. NEOLITHIC MAN BESIDE IT.



THE STONE TIPPED INTO THE FOUNDATION PIT, SO THAT IT RESTS ON THE BOTTOM AND AGAINST THE SLOPING SIDE.



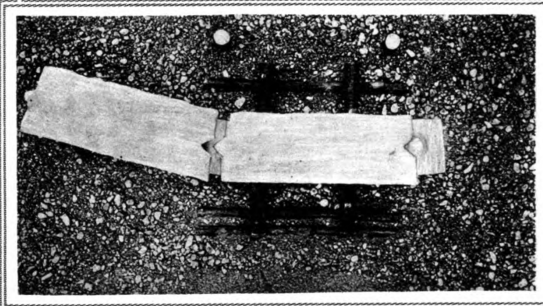
THE STONE FOR AN UPRIGHT RAISED TO THE ERECT POSITION BY MEANS OF SHEAR-LEGS AND MAN-HAULAGE.



THE EARTH MOUND, WITH A RAMP, BUILT ROUND TWO UPRIGHT STONES WHOSE TOPS ARE SEEN—A GROOVED LINTEL ON THE LEFT.



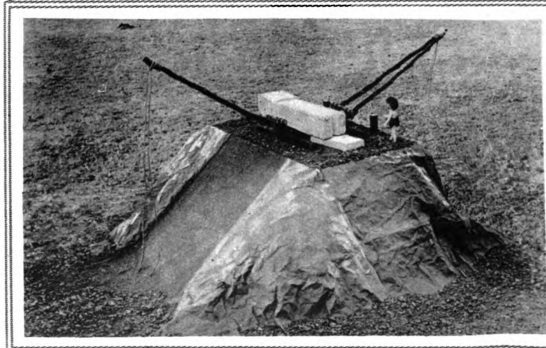
THE LINTEL, PROTECTED BY TIMBER, BEING MAN-HAULED UP THE RAMP TO THE ERECT EARTH-PROTECTED UPRIGHTS.



THE LINTEL ON ROLLERS ABOVE THE UPRIGHTS; SHOWING THE BEAK ON THE LEFT READY TO ENGAGE THE GROOVE ON THE NEXT LINTEL.



DOUBLE LEVERS UNDER THE LINTEL STONE—THE BEAK ENGAGING THE GROOVE OF THE LINTEL ON THE LEFT.



THE LINTEL LOWERED ON TO ITS SEATINGS ON TOP OF THE UPRIGHTS AND ENGAGED WITH THE LINTEL ON THE LEFT.

The illustrations given on this page are from the excellent working models (1 in. = 1 ft.) made by Mr. E. Herbert Stone, and show the probable method used by the builders in erecting the upright stones of the outer circle of Stonehenge, and the big trilithons, and in setting the lintels in place. It is thought that each upright stone was rolled into position and then tipped into a pit made to receive it, much as the ancient Egyptians seem to have tipped their obelisks into position, although, in their case, the pits, as we showed in our illustrations of April 7, 1923, were partially filled with sand. The stone, having grounded at the bottom of the pit, was raised to the upright position by means of shear-legs, and the pit was then filled in. The lintels were put in place in a rather more elaborate fashion. Each pair of upright stones was surrounded by an earth mound, having a ramp up which the lintel was hauled. Each lintel had at one end a beak and at the other end a groove, and beak and groove engaged with the adjoining lintels to complete the circle. Tenons in the top of the uprights fitted mortises in the lintels. The method illustrated was probably altered somewhat for the erection of the weighty trilithons.

# Religion in the Land of the Imbrie Murder:

## A MUHARRAM PROCESSION IN PERSIA.

*By C. F. J. GALLOWAY, B.Sc., F.R.G.S. (Author of "The Call of the West.")*

EVERY year, during the first ten days of the month of Muharram, the Shi'a Mohammedans commemorate the death of Hasan and Husayn with great fervour. For nine days the dramatic representations, lamentations, and recitals take place indoors, but on the tenth day a grand procession parades through the streets of every city. This is the great day of the year in the Shi'a world; so sacred is it that on it no manner of work must be done. I was assured that any man who so far forgot himself as to work on the tenth of Muharram would inevitably be reborn as a dog!



FIG. 1.—EMBROIDERED WITH SYMBOLIC DESIGNS CONNECTED WITH 'ALI, HASAN, AND HUSAYN: TRIANGULAR BANNERS IN THE PROCESSION; AND (BEHIND) DRAPED POLES SURMOUNTED BY INSIGNIA, MANY REPRESENTING A SEVERED HAND.

The photographs which accompany this article were taken in Kazvin, North Persia, in 1920. The date of the tenth of Muharram, being based on the lunar year, varies in our calendar, and fell on that occasion on September 24.

This celebration is in no way connected with the religion taught by Muhammad, its primary object being apparently to accentuate the bitterness between the Shi'a and Sunni sects by commemorating in dramatic form the incidents connected with the death of Husayn.

After the death of Muhammad, the succession to the office of leader of the faithful was a matter of bitter controversy and strife from the very outset, the party which afterwards developed into the Shi'a regarding the succession as a divine and hereditary institution, while the opposing faction, the Sunni, considered it to be a question of election. The Shi'a, therefore, look upon 'Ali, the cousin and son-in-law of the Prophet, as his first successor, not recognising the three others who actually intervened before 'Ali was elected to the succession.

All the subsequent Caliphs are rejected by the Shi'a, the succession recognised by them being through the twelve Imams, the last of whom, Muhammad al-Mahdi, disappeared in A.H. 260 (A.D. 873-4), and will return in due course. The second and third Imams were the two sons of 'Ali, Hasan and Husayn, who, on their mother's side, were grandsons of the Prophet.

On 'Ali's death by murder in 661 A.D., Hasan was proclaimed Caliph, but resigned his claim on account of the powerful opposition of Mu'awiya, who, from Syria, was engaged in civil war against 'Ali. Hasan secretly negotiated, in exchange for his resignation of the claim, to receive the treasure stored at Kufa, in 'Iraq, and the revenues of the Persian province of Darabjird. On this becoming known to his followers, a mutiny broke out in which he was wounded. He retired to Medina without the treasure, and died about 669 A.D. His death is said by the Shi'a to have been due to murder, but this is discredited by historians.

On the death of Mu'awiya in A.D. 680, the partisans of the family of 'Ali in Kufa sent to Mecca inviting Husayn to come to Kufa and be proclaimed Caliph in 'Iraq, in opposition to Yezid, the son and appointed successor of Mu'awiya in Damascus. Husayn set out with all his family, but, before he could reach Kufa, he was met, on the plain about twenty miles west of the Euphrates, by an army commanded by a certain Omar, sent to intercept him by Obaidullah, Governor of Basra, by Yezid's orders. The people of Kufa, seeing trouble ahead, kept quiet, and sent no help to Husayn, whose plight was entirely due to their unwise invitation. After a sanguinary battle, Husayn was slain on the tenth of Muharram, A.H. 61 (Oct. 10, A.D. 680), his small force being far outnumbered, and his surviving relatives and partisans being sent captive to Damascus.

The site of the battle was called Kerbela, a name popularly said to be derived from the words "Kerb" anguish, and "Bela" calamity. The shrine erected over the tomb of Husayn is one of the three most sacred places of pilgrimage for the Shi'a, the other two being Mecca and Nejef, the shrine of 'Ali. So sacred is the city that has grown around the shrine of Kerbela that no Christian or Jew is allowed to live there.

The inevitable legends have gathered around the battle and the death of Husayn, and these are commemorated in the passion play and procession of Muharram, special execration being directed against Omar, Obaidullah, and Yezid, as the authors of the martyrdom of Husayn. The most extravagant praise is lavished upon Husayn, who is regarded as the embodiment of all possible perfection, and his death as the most dreadful calamity and crime.

At the head of the procession, and at intervals throughout its length, triangular banners are carried, beautifully embroidered with symbolical designs connected with 'Ali, Hasan, Husayn, and others (Fig. 1). There are also elaborate insignia of gold, silver, and bronze, borne aloft on poles, with black or white draperies hanging from them. Prominent among these are numerous representations of a severed hand.

In the battle, after Husayn had received a sword wound in the head, he went to drink in the Euphrates. (The river was about twenty miles distant, but such little trifles are overlooked. It may have been the canal which brings water from the Euphrates to Kerbela.) While in the act of drinking, he was struck in the mouth by an arrow, upon which he raised his bloody hands to heaven, with an appropriate remark. His little nephew went to kiss him, but the boy's hand was cut off by a sword. Husayn was afterwards wounded in the hand and neck, and finally a spear passed through his body. The emblem of the severed hand may have some connection with these incidents. Close after the leading banners and insignia are companies of men with bare breasts, scourging themselves more or less vigorously with lashes of various kinds.

A distinctly repulsive feature is introduced by a line formed by hundreds of men and boys. These advance slowly sideways, to the accompaniment of a particularly dismal chant. With his left hand each catches hold of his neighbour, thereby making a continuous line, while in the right he carries a sword with which he continually slashes his forehead, causing the blood to fall over his face, and down the front of a white tunic, which is prepared for the occasion. This is an act of sympathy with Husayn's wound in the head. The more blood spilled, the more merit is acquired. Many, in their enthusiasm, bleed to such an extent that they faint. It is a frequent occurrence to see a man or youth being carried away to the nearest baths to be revived.

I was told that, as a rule, each year one or two of these enthusiasts die as a result of the excitement and loss of blood. Some, on the other hand, make very little mark on their tunics. Those unfortunate ones among the smaller boys who do not show sufficient zeal are urged on by their mothers from behind, and encouraged to be little men. It is a pitiful sight to see a poor little kiddie of ten or eleven, whose arm must ache from the very weight of the sword he is wielding, ready to burst into tears, being soundly rated by his mother as a coward, and urged to display more manliness. The blood-stained tunics are afterwards kept as very sacred mementoes.

Those men and youths who are wise, so I was told, pay a visit to the barber on the evening before the great day, and have an incision made in a certain vein in the forehead, by means of which a great deal of blood can be caused to flow with no pain, by beating it with the flat of the sword.

It is possible that this, and other features of the ceremony, date back to pagan times, being survivals of the "Mourning for Adonis," introduced into Persia by the Syrians or Phœnicians, and incorporated into Islam in the same way as many pagan customs have been adopted into Christianity.

The central feature of the cavalcade is the coffin of Husayn, upon which lies his headless body, the breast transfixed by a number of arrows and swords. After the Battle of Kerbela the head of the martyred hero was sent to Damascus, hence the condition of his body in the representation.

The devotee who performs this coveted part acquires very great merit, and not without reason, for he has to spend several hours with a garment over his head, which is enclosed on either side by false shoulders (Fig. 3). Some of the arrows and swords are said to be actually stuck a little way into his breast, so that it is no light undertaking to play the part of Husayn. But it would appear from the photograph that in this case most of the weapons are stuck in around the place where the head of the performer actually is, and so are not likely to penetrate beyond the wrappings. Even so, the position cannot be one of excessive comfort in a hot climate.

Husayn's infant son, 'Ali Asghar, represented by a large rag doll, is carried by the corpse. Behind the coffin follows a fearsome "lion," either on horseback or carried on a litter. At intervals the lion climbs up on to the coffin, on which it kneels, taking up the infant, which it fondles and kisses—a truly pathetic sight (Fig. 3). In the same photograph the decapitated body is seen holding out its arms, giving the child to the lion.

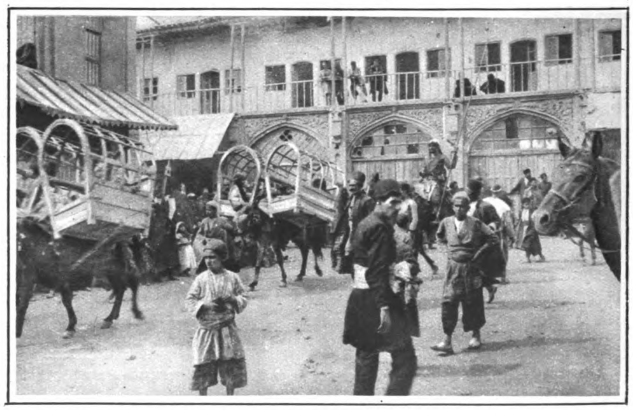


FIG. 2.—RIDING IN TRAVELLING LITTERS, OR PANIERS, CARRIED BY DONKEYS: WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE PROCESSION, REPRESENTING PRISONERS TAKEN AT THE BATTLE OF KERBELA.—[*Photographs by C. F. J. Galloway, B.Sc., F.R.G.S.*]

This scene portrays a quaint legend. During the Battle of Kerbela, it being apparently thought that Husayn had not enough to do, an angel appeared to him and informed him that his friend, Sultan Ghiyath, was in danger from a lion in India. It is not very clear whether this happened before or after Husayn's death, but, whichever it was, he was quite capable of travelling in his astral body, and at once went off to

[*Continued on page 297.*

# WITH "LION," "CORPSES," AND "ARCHANGEL": MUHARRAM IN PERSIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. F. J. GALLOWAY, B.Sc., F.R.G.S.



FIG. 3. THE MOST REVERED OBJECT: HUSAYN'S HEADLESS "CORPSE" HANDING HIS INFANT SON (A RAG DOLL) TO THE "LION": A FREQUENT INCIDENT IN THE PROCESSION.

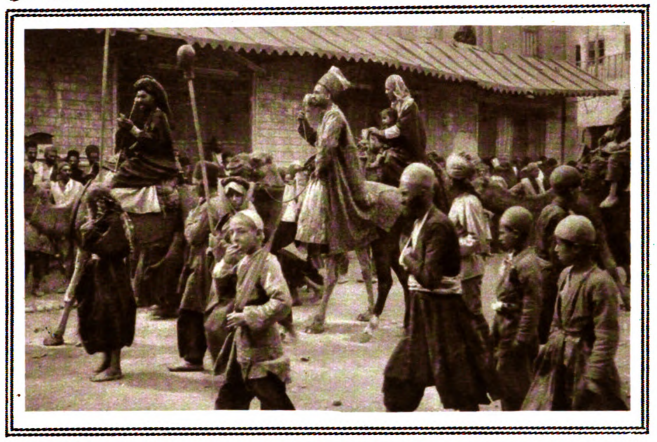


FIG. 4. SEVERED "HEADS" (WOODEN IMAGES) STUCK ON POLES; AND A MAN IN WOMAN'S DRESS, PROBABLY REPRESENTING HUSAYN'S SISTER, DOING PENANCE BY RIDING A CAMEL WITHOUT LITTERS.



FIG. 5. REPRESENTING A SUPPORTER OF HUSAYN SLAIN IN THE BATTLE OF KERBELA: ONE OF MANY HEADLESS "CORPSES" CARRIED ON STRETCHERS IN THE PROCESSION.

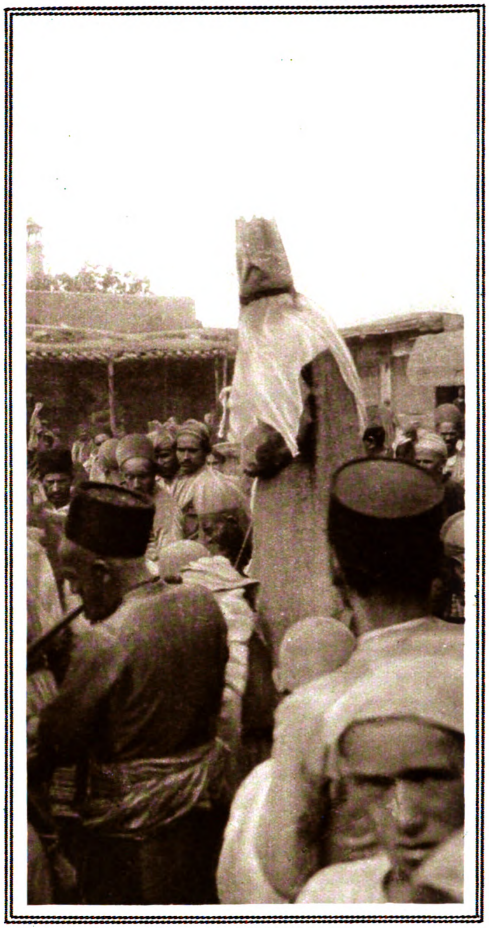


FIG. 6. BELIEVED TO REPRESENT THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: A WEIRD FIGURE, THAT MOUNTS HUSAYN'S COFFIN ALTERNATELY WITH THE "LION."



FIG. 7. FERVENTLY KISSED AT INTERVALS (AS HERE) BY A GROUP OF DEVOTEES: A HORSE REPRESENTING HUSAYN'S CHARGER, ZU'L JANAH, MUCH VENERATED.

The fanatical side of Persian religious sentiment was shown recently by the murder of the United States Consul, Major Imbrie, at Teheran, by a native mob, after he had attempted to photograph a place where a miracle was said to have been performed. The outrage occurred shortly before the sacred festival associated with the month of Muharram, which this year commenced on August 2. The above photographs are therefore of immediate topical interest both as regards the time of year and recent events in Persia. They illustrate the extremely interesting article by Mr. C. F. J. Galloway (begun on the opposite page and continued elsewhere), describing a Muharram procession of Shi'a Mohammedans at Kazvin, in Northern Persia. The figure numbers attached to the photographs correspond to references in the article, where each of the subjects and incidents illustrated is fully explained. In India, it may be recalled, Muharram has often been marked by bloodthirsty conflicts between Shi'a and Sunni Moslems, as well as between Moslems and Hindus.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

EMPIRE Year would be a good name for 1924, and it is rather curious that no enterprising scribe has so named it already. For obvious reasons it has seen an unprecedented quickening of interest in Imperial questions, and in everything that concerns the welfare of Britain overseas. The Empire from its remotest corner has come to our doors, and, for a small entrance fee, the most stay-at-home Briton can make the tour of the world, and begin to realise the vast extent of the King's Dominions and the variety of our fellow-subjects. The great object-lesson at Wembley not only gratifies but stimulates curiosity, and few can leave it without the desire to know more. It was inevitable that this fresh incentive to think Imperially should create a demand for books upon the subject, and this demand has found its corresponding supply. Some of the books have been on side issues, all interesting and valuable; but that was not enough. The occasion called for some definite effort in publication, bearing directly on the Imperial theme. The need was recognised betimes, and the result—a series of volumes, each volume self-contained—is now in our hands.

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The projectors of the scheme have taken care that this little library of Empire, although avowedly "popular," should not be the facile work of more or less intelligent but obscure hacks who had "mugged up" their subjects from books of reference. Not infrequently a series devised for a special occasion lacks authority, but that cannot be laid to the charge of "THE BRITISH EMPIRE, A SURVEY IN TWELVE VOLUMES" (Collins: 16s. per vol.), edited by Mr. Hugh Gunn, late Director of Education for Orange River Colony, who has enlisted as contributors a distinguished body of writers whose names in every case carry weight in connection with their special subjects. They are all tried servants of the Empire, who speak with first-hand knowledge of those Dominions, Dependencies, or Imperial questions which they have been called upon to describe or discuss. Many brains and hands have gone to the undertaking, and the contents of these volumes are as engrossing as they are various.

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Relatively to the colossal size of the subject, the treatment, even in twelve volumes, must necessarily be but a sketch, and of this the authors are well aware; but if it be a sketch, it is not "sketchy." The articles are miracles of condensation, and frequently the style reaches a very high level. Everywhere there is vision, and instances could be cited where the writing touches the point of literature.

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The first volume of the series, "The Dominions and Dependencies of the Empire," is by many hands, and every hand is that of an expert. A "Foreword" has been contributed by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who connects the "Survey" directly with the British Empire Exhibition, and strikes the right keynote when he remarks that "it is well that the youth of our time should be reminded of those hardy and intrepid pioneers who, long years ago, went forth from these islands to seek new homes . . . and, bearing 'the white man's burden' in far-distant lands, laid the foundation of our great Commonwealth of Nations. To their courage and endurance, no less than to our victories by land and sea, we owe the goodly heritage of Empire which we hold in Trust to-day, and only as we faithfully discharge its duties and responsibilities may we claim to be partners in its glory and renown."

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It has been the special care of the writers to recall in a brief introductory narrative the history of the pioneers who founded each of our Dominions overseas. This is done most picturesquely by Lord Morris in his account of our oldest possession, Newfoundland, of which he was Prime Minister. He begins by describing a picture in the Bristol Art Gallery of the departure of John and Sebastian Cabot on their first voyage of exploration to the New World, just five years after its discovery by Columbus. That scene, Lord Morris reminds us, is reproduced in the Pageant of Empire. He notes the "solemn, serious, religious way in which in those days great undertakings were launched"—just, he might have added, the very manner of sailing out into the unknown which is reflected in a famous passage of Rabelais, where, if there be a touch of burlesque, there is none the less a true picture of the times.

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The story of Canada has been entrusted to Sir George Foster; Australia to Sir Joseph Cook; New Zealand to Sir James Allen; South Africa to Sir Edgar Walton; India to Lord Meston; Rhodesia to Sir Lawrence Wallace and Lieut.-Colonel E. Marshall Hole; Tropical Africa to Sir Frederick Lugard and Mr. J. C. Maxwell; the West Indies to Lord Olivier; Ceylon and Mauritius to Sir Montagu Burrows; Malaya to Sir Ernest Birch; the Pacific Possessions to Sir Everard im Thurn; and the volume concludes with a section on Sea Power and Outposts of Empire by Commander H. T. Dorling, with a note by the Right Hon. L. S. Amery.

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It would be invidious to draw comparisons between the work of these authorities where all is interesting, but the section that appeals most to me personally for its qualities of style and treatment is the wonderful picture of India presented by Lord Meston, within the brief compass of fifty-six pages. These four chapters, "How the British Came to India," "What the British Found in India," "Consolidation and Growth of British India," and "India To-day," go to the very root of the matter. They are the work of an administrator who is a profound thinker, and has pondered and reflected deeply on every aspect of India and every phase of Indian life. These chapters may be described without exaggeration as apocalyptic, and ought to be read and re-read by everyone who would find a key to current accounts of affairs in India. Particularly illuminating is the ingenious summary of the problem on its ethical side as "an imaginary balance-sheet with which Warren Hastings took over the administration." The problem, Lord Meston says, "is not radically different to-day from what it was a century and a-half ago." Equally fine, with the added opportunity of the picturesque, is the condensed but vivid account of the agricultural year in Upper India. It is a little *tour de force* in the communication of atmosphere; Hesiodic in its suggestion of works and days and changing weather.

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"For a century and a half," says Lord Meston, in conclusion, "we have held India in tutelage, and endeavoured to show her a wider freedom than she ever knew. If we believe in what we have tried to teach her, we must help her at this critical parting of the ways to take the right turning; for the happiness or the failure of three hundred millions of human beings is no light consummation. And let there be no pharisaism in the matter; our interest points in the same direction as our duty. . . . India is an essential factor in the Common-



SHOWING THE NAVAL WAR MEMORIAL (THE WHITE OBELISK IN CENTRE) RECENTLY UNVEILED BY PRINCE GEORGE, BETWEEN THE DRAKE STATUE (LEFT) AND THE ARMADA MONUMENT, WITH THE OLD EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE (NEARER FOREGROUND): AN AIR-VIEW OF PLYMOUTH HOE AND THE TOWN BEYOND.

The Naval War Memorial on Plymouth Hoe, unveiled by Prince George on July 29, and illustrated in our issue of August 2, commemorates 7400 officers and men of the Navy (mostly from the Three Towns and the West Country), who died in the war and (in the Prince's words) "have no other grave than the sea." "This memorial," he said, "will form a great sea mark and sign of remembrance." It is an obelisk about 100 ft. high, and identical in design with one recently unveiled at Chatham, and a third which is being erected at Portsmouth.—[*Photograph by Aerofilms, Hendon, Ltd.; supplied by Sport and General.*]

wealth. . . . Also let there be no foolish self-depreciation in the matter; India's interests tally closely with our own. . . . While she is working out her future, she will need our friendship and active help more than ever."

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"Of that future no forecast can be attempted." But the former Lieutenant-Governor of Agra and Oudh ventures to surmise that a unique type of federation may be evolved from our present Provinces and the Native States. Some of these may be broken up and re-grouped on an ethical or linguistic basis. "It may yet be India's high function, if our work has not been in vain, to hold the hegemony in a new Asiatic civilisation, while remaining an honoured member of the British Commonwealth."

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Prominence has been given to this section of the book, because it stands apart in lofty treatment of its subject. The accounts of other parts of the Empire are equally informative, but less philosophic and penetrating. For nowhere else has any writer had an opportunity to reveal the soul of a people as Lord Meston has revealed it in his account of India. But this is not written in disparagement of those parts of the volume which are not concerned with an immemorial and mystical civilisation. The newer countries are more matter-of-fact, and lend themselves to the more matter-of-fact treatment appropriate to their case.

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To read the books of this admirable series with the impressions of the Empire Exhibition fresh in one's mind is to realise the value of the service which these writers have conferred on the reading public. Nearly every page recalls something seen at Wembley, be it of Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Malaya, or the African and Far-Eastern exhibits. Things seen and text illustrate and corroborate each other in the most delightful way. This holds good down to smaller detail, and finds charming illustration, for example, in the accounts of Malta and Cyprus.

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The same is true of the finely illustrated volume on "THE NATIVE RACES OF THE EMPIRE," by Sir Godfrey Lagden and others. Here, mindful of a most beautiful and interesting section of the Exhibition, one would mention especially the chapters on "The Malay." These have been composed by Sir Edward Woodford Birch (formerly British Resident of Perak) from the published writings of Sir Frank Swettenham, formerly Governor of the Straits Settlements. Sir Frank Swettenham, above all writers, has translated the spirit of Malaya into English literature, and it was entirely fitting that this part of the series should bear his mint-mark. Before one had looked closely at signatures, something in the general style and manner of this most fascinating portion of the "Native Races" volume seemed familiar, and suggestive of our greatest interpreter of Malaya. A second look confirmed the surmise as to the origin of these papers.

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Years ago, I had the good fortune on two occasions to meet Sir Frank Swettenham, and to hear from his own lips stories of the land and the people he governed. His conversation has all the charm of his writing. One thing especially I remember from those talks. It was characteristic of Sir Frank's sympathy with the wonder and mystery of Malaya. He had had one of his books bound between the ornamental silver plates which form the ends of the hard Malay pillow, because it pleased him to fancy that the stories in his volume had been told by some Malay fabulist to a companion "at the midnight, in the silence, in the sleep-time," when the heads of both lay on one pillow between those very plates of embossed silver-work. Was ever book-binding more romantically devised?

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Yet another of the Empire books is "THE RESOURCES OF THE EMPIRE AND THEIR DEVELOPMENT," by Mr. Evans Lewin, Librarian of the Royal Colonial Institute. This work is an encyclopædia in little, and, although necessarily statistical, is always readable. The author modestly suggests that his last chapter is "possibly worth consideration." That applies to all, but the point made in the chapter indicated is particularly significant. It emphasises the passing of certain of the Dominions from "the pastoral and agricultural status into the more complicated sphere of modern industrial expansion." This phase finds striking illustration in the Exhibition, and so once more these books make touch with things seen at Wembley, and prove how vitally complementary are the exhibits and the information contained in the Survey.

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A scheme so educative could not omit the great question of education. This receives special and detailed treatment in the volume entitled "THE UNIVERSITIES AND EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS OF THE EMPIRE," by Professor A. P. Newton, who holds the Chair of Imperial History in the University of London. No clearer or better conspectus of a vast and complicated subject could have been devised. To test details by one's own microscopic store of special knowledge in some department of University history is to realise how accurate Professor Newton's work is, and how exhaustive has been his study of material. Most valuable is his statement of the relations between the educational systems of the Home Country and those of Britain overseas. Incidentally, the book is a fascinating study in educational ancestry. But it is more, for first of all it helps the reader to realise something that has not hitherto had all the prominence its deserves—how strong and vital a link in the chain of Empire is formed by Imperial experiments in education. These are, for the most part, "recognisably British."

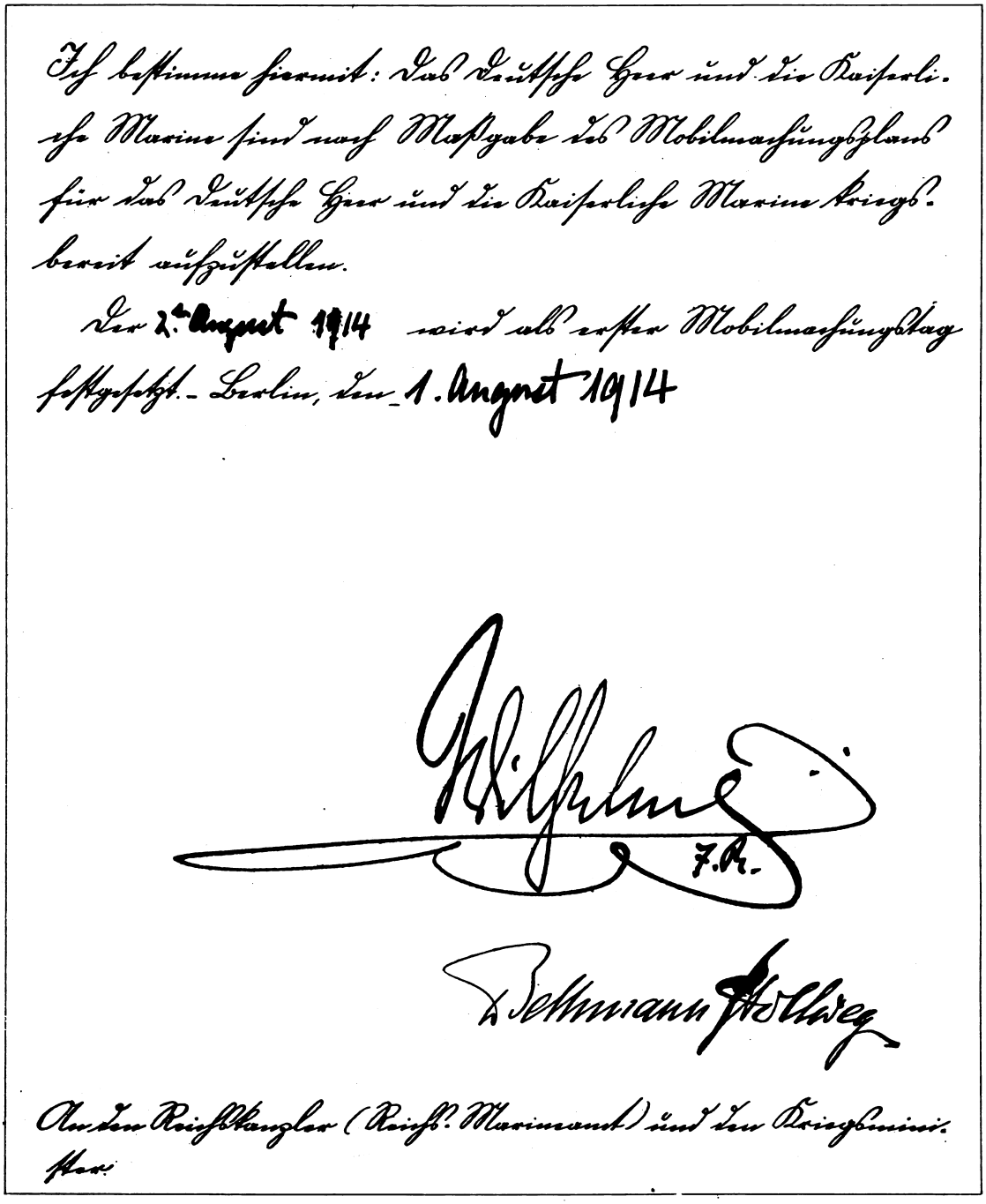
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Appropriate to consideration of the educational question is yet another volume of the series, "THE PRESS AND COMMUNICATIONS OF THE EMPIRE," by Mr. J. Saxon Mills, who speaks with authority on a subject he has made his own. From the beginning of things, as may be traced in other parts of the Survey, trade routes have influenced the progress of the Imperial idea. "Out of the struggle for India's trade there issued, unpremeditated but inevitable, the peopling of our overseas dominions." And with physical communications the question of mental communications, and consequent enlightenment, is inseparably bound up. This volume opens up yet another world, which finds its concrete illustration in the ocean and land transport and Press exhibits at Wembley. The Survey of Empire, admirably planned and carried out, comes in a fortunate hour, and should find its mark with a public as wide as the Empire itself.

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As a change from one theme (even although that is an Imperial theme), let me recommend the new edition of a very beautiful and scholarly book upon the Near East. This is Miss Gertrude Lowthian Bell's "AMURATH TO AMURATH" (Macmillan), an account of travel and archæological research in Asiatic Turkey fourteen years ago. Miss Bell made her journey during the revolutionary period when much was hoped for the Young Turkish party. The world-outlook has changed, but the book has won a permanent place. "Amurath to Amurath" may count kin with British Imperialism, inasmuch as it was dedicated to the late Lord Cromer in remembrance of the fact that "the return of prosperity to the peoples of the Near East began with his administration of Egypt."

# TEN YEARS AGO: A DOCUMENT THAT PLUNGED EUROPE IN BLOOD.


Ich bestimme hiermit: Das Deutsche Heer und die Kaiserliche Marine sind nach Maßgabe des Mobilmachungsplans für das Deutsche Heer und die Kaiserliche Marine Kriegsbereit aufzustellen.

Der 2. August 1914 wird als erster Mobilmachungstag festgesetzt. Berlin, den 1. August 1914

Wilhelm I.R.

Bethmann Hollweg

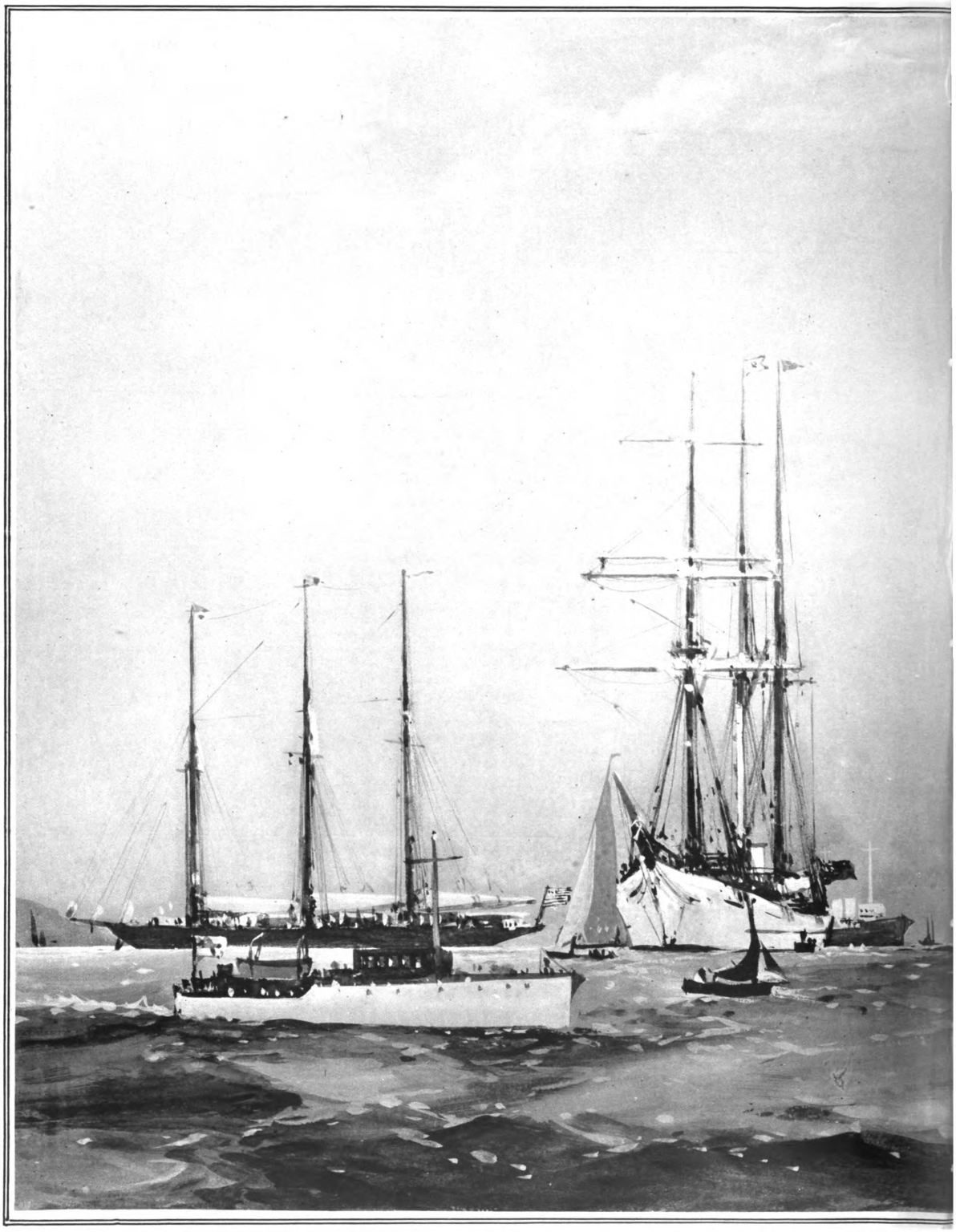
An den Reichskanzler (Reichsmarineamt) und den Kriegsminister.

**BEARING THE SIGNATURES OF THE KAISER AND THE CHANCELLOR (THE LATE HERR BETHMANN HOLLWEG): THE ORDER FOR MOBILISATION OF THE GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY, SIGNED IN BERLIN ON AUGUST 1, 1914.**

Just ten years ago—on August 1, 1914—Kaiser William II. signed this fateful document, which plunged Europe in blood for over four years. It nullified that other "scrap of paper" to which the Chancellor, the late Herr Bethmann Hollweg, whose signature is seen below that of the ex-Kaiser, referred in his historic interview with the British Ambassador. Three copies of the mobilisation order were made, one for the Chancellor himself, and one each for the Ministers of War and Marine. One of these copies ultimately came into the possession of a Danish Press agency, from which we obtained a reproduction of it. The translation is as follows: "I hereby order that the German Army and the Imperial Navy be placed on a war footing, in accordance with the scheme of mobilisation. August 2, 1914, shall be fixed as the first day of mobilisation. Berlin. 1 August, 1914. Wilhelm, I.R. (Imperator Rex). Bethmann Hollweg. To the Imperial Chancellor, the Minister of Marine, and the Minister of War." The order was signed at five o'clock in the afternoon, not without some misgivings on the part of the Kaiser. According to his own account, he took up his pen three times, and dropped it again, before finally writing his signature.

# THE YACHTING "NAVY" READY FOR COWES REGATTA:

DRAWN BY FRANK MASON.

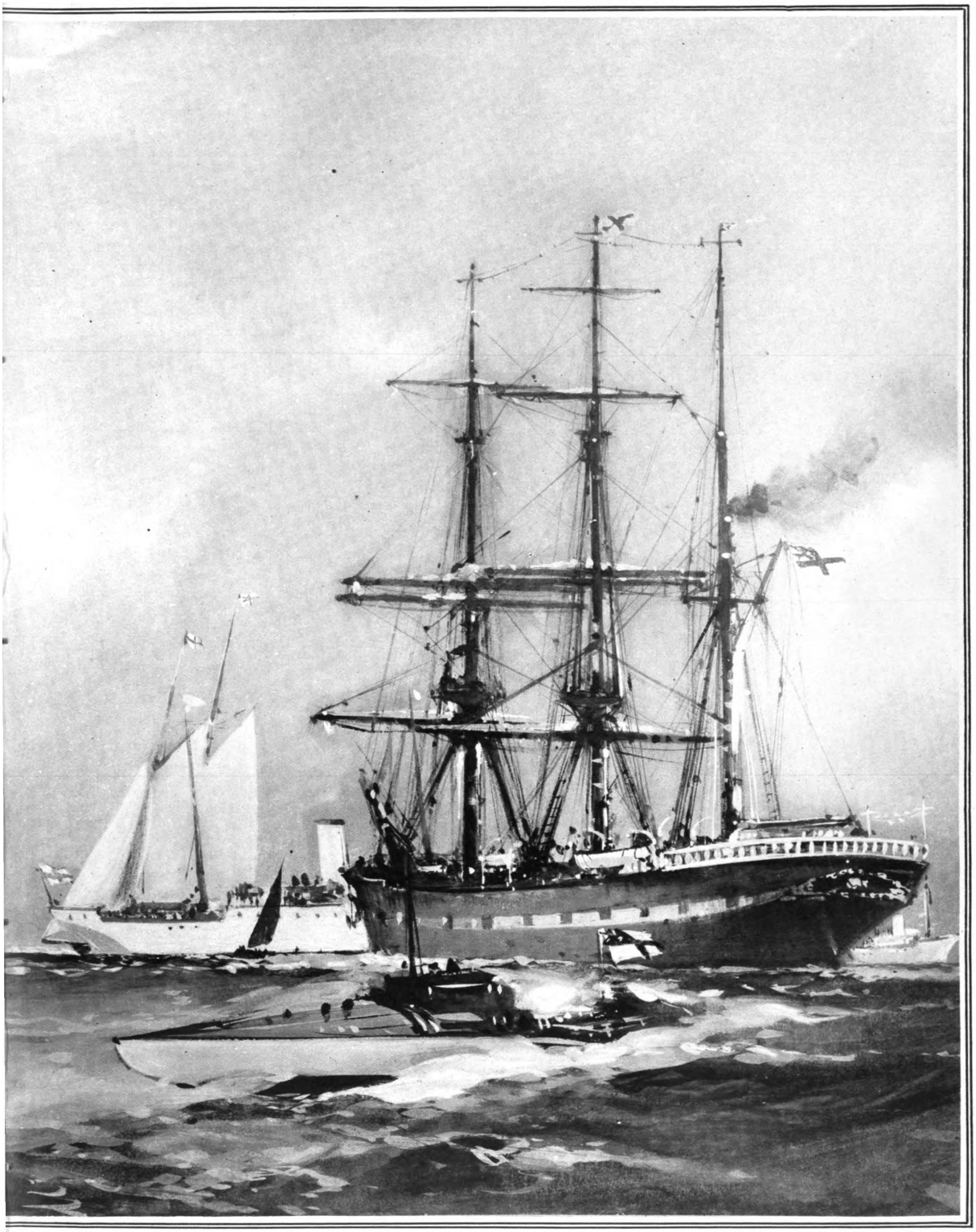


**YACHTS OF MANY TYPES OFF RYDE: (L. TO R.) BACKGROUND—"ATLANTIC," "SUNBEAM," (STEAM YACHT), "FANTOME II" (BARQUE), AND MARCONI'S "ELETTRA";**

Mr. Frank Mason's drawing shows a unique assemblage of remarkable yachts which was to be seen off Ryde Pier on the occasion of the recent Naval Review at Spithead. Cowes Regatta is, of course, a familiar rendezvous for the pleasure craft of the wealthy, but it is seldom that so many can be seen together at one anchorage as those gathered to attend the Spithead Review, just prior to Cowes Week. Conspicuous in the picture is "Fantome II.," a barque which was originally a trading vessel, converted by the Duke of Westminster, and recently acquired by the Hon. Ernest Guinness, whose flotilla likewise comprises the auxiliary ketch "Fantome I.," two converted M.L.s (of the type seen above, left foreground), and a speedy coastal motor-boat (right foreground), of the kind which made a sensational appearance in the war. The steam yacht "Ave Maria," which was originally a trawler, and is also seen in the picture, belongs

# A UNIQUE ASSEMBLAGE OF REMARKABLE CRAFT.

H. Mason, R.B.A.



"CUTTY SARK" (A CONVERTED DESTROYER), "CETONIA" (SCHOONER), "AVE MARIA" FOREGROUND—A CONVERTED MOTOR-LAUNCH AND A FAST COASTAL MOTOR-BOAT.

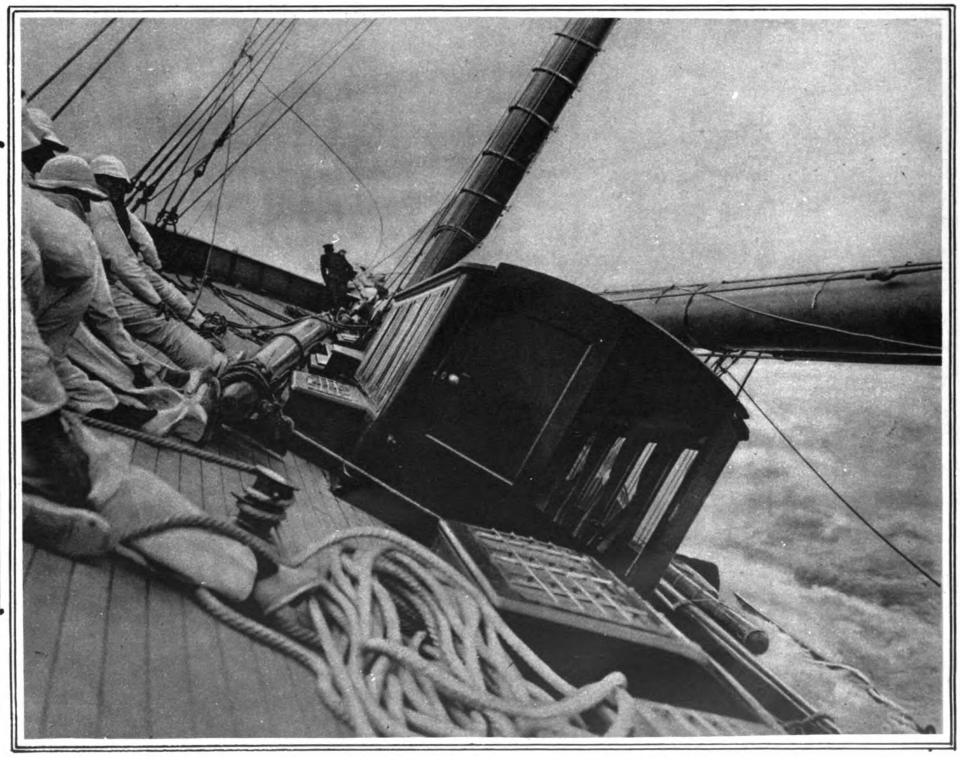
to the Hon. Walter Guinness; while the schooner "Cetonia," now owned by Mr. G. A. Tonge, belonged recently to Lord Iveagh. The Guinness family is undoubtedly conspicuous for its devotion to the sea, for other members of it are owners of still more yachts than those just mentioned. A notable vessel in the group which the artist has depicted is "Sunbeam," Lord Brassey's famous old yacht, now owned by Sir Walter Runciman, Bt.; while on the left is seen "Atlantic," the largest and perhaps the most beautiful schooner-yacht afloat, which belongs to General C. Vanderbilt. Other interesting vessels in this remarkable assembly were Senatore Marconi's well-known "Elettra," and "Cutty Sark," an example of a type which must surely be new in the history of yachts—a converted destroyer. She has no resemblance, it need hardly be said, to the famous old tea-clipper whose name she bears.—[*Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

# AS IT IS AT COWES: THE YACHTSMAN IN HIS ELEMENT.

Photographs by Sport and General.



THE CREW OF A BIG CLASS RACER: A TYPICAL GROUP ON THE DECK OF ONE OF THE LARGER YACHTS IN A REGATTA.

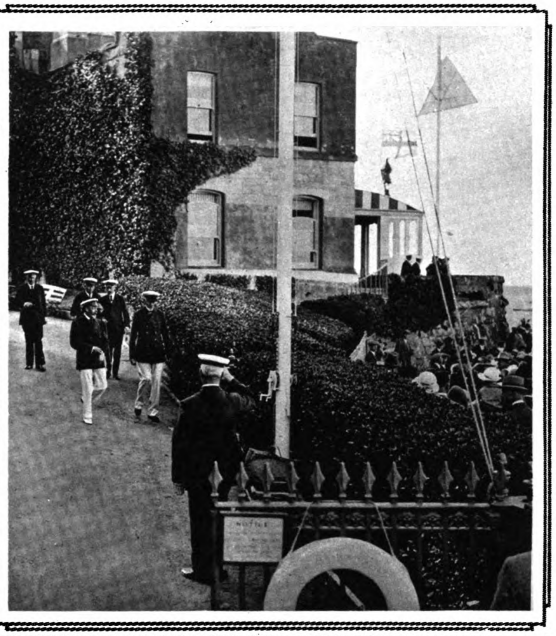


ON BOARD "LULWORTH" IN A BLOW: THE DECK OF A BIG RACING YACHT TILTED AT A HIGH ANGLE IN A STRONG WIND.

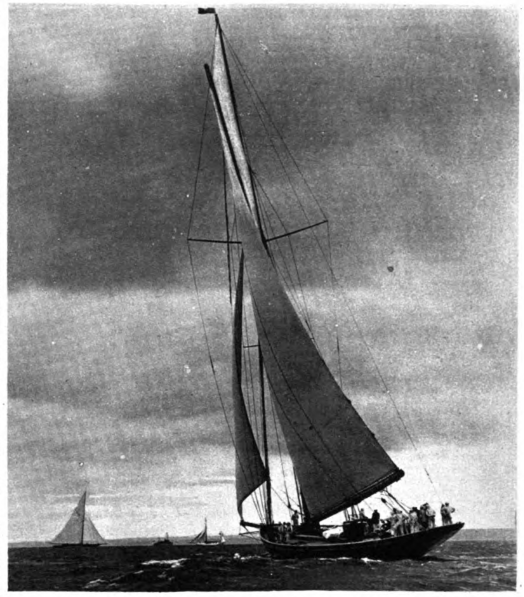
With the recurrence of Cowes Regatta, the great annual yachting festival, which began on August 4, the interest of the sporting world has been centred once more on the Solent and the craft, of all sizes, which compete in the various events. The two remarkably fine photographs reproduced above will give the uninitiated a very good idea of the conditions aboard one of the larger yachts during a race in a stiff breeze. To those who look at them with an expert eye they will doubtless recall many a thrilling struggle, and provide material for comparing notes on technical points.

# COWES REGATTA: THE KING ABOARD HIS YACHT IN A RACE.

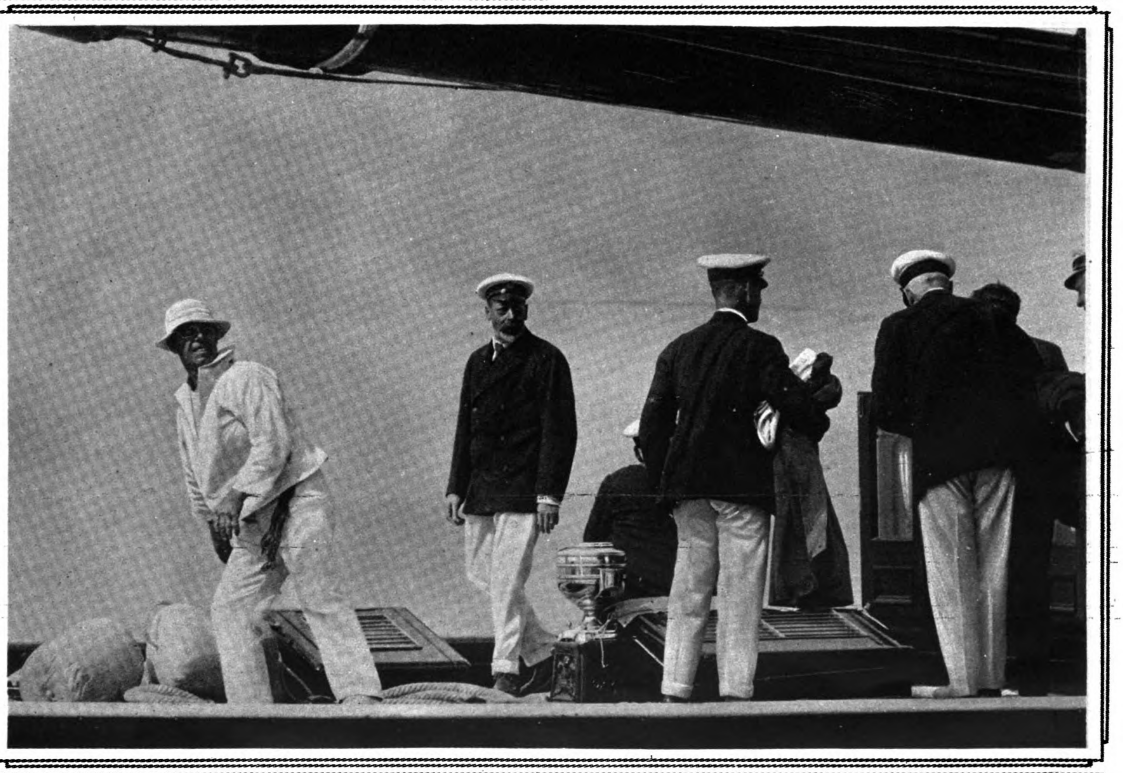
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGDON PHOTO CO. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE KING AT THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON AT COWES ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE REGATTA: HIS MAJESTY WITH THE DUKE OF LEEDS (RIGHT).



WITH THE KING AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ABOARD: THE ROYAL CUTTER "BRITANNIA" RACING AT COWES REGATTA.



THE KING AS YACHTSMAN: HIS MAJESTY ABOARD HIS FAMOUS CUTTER "BRITANNIA," THEN COMPETING IN THE OPENING EVENT OF COWES WEEK—THE REGATTA OF THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB, ON BANK HOLIDAY.

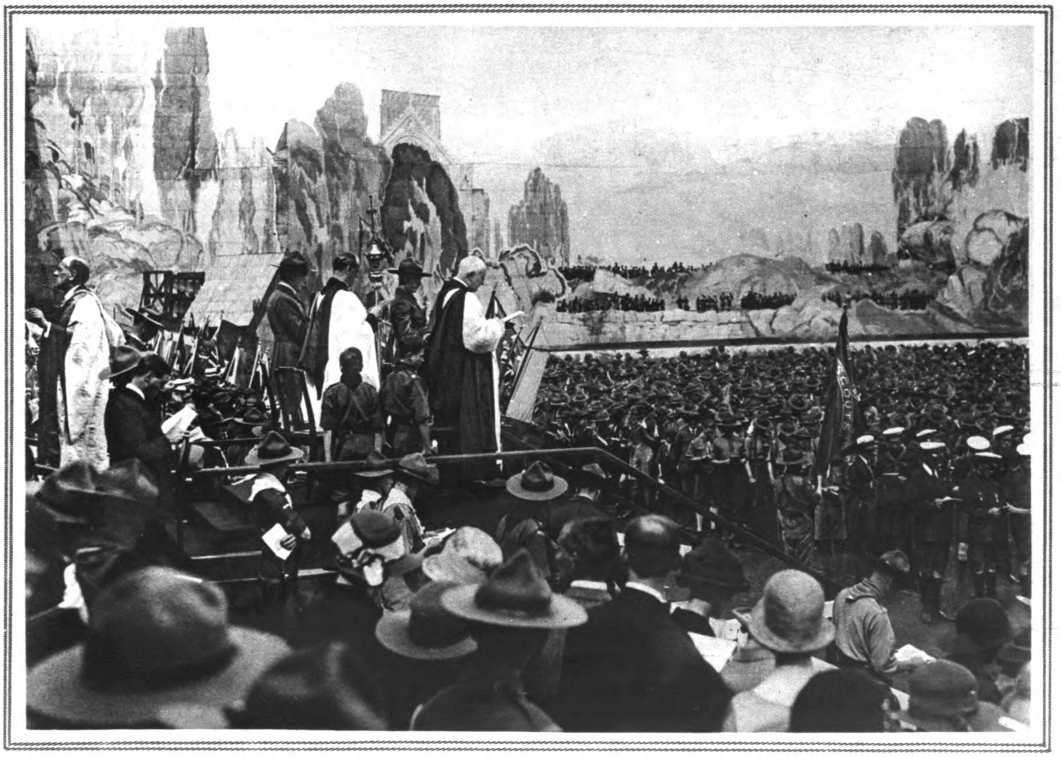
Cowes Week opened on August 4 (the tenth anniversary of the beginning of the War) with the usual Bank Holiday Regatta of the Royal London Yacht Club. The King, with the Duke of Connaught, sailed on board his Majesty's famous cutter, "Britannia," in the first event, a handicap for yachts of any rig exceeding 75 tons. The other two competitors were Sir C. C. Allom's "White Heather" and Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock," and the course was one of about 39 miles, twice round the Solent Bank and North-East Middle buoys, and back to the starting line. "Britannia" and "Shamrock" started scratch, allowing "White Heather" 2 min. 36 sec. "Britannia" took the lead at the start, but the breeze was insufficient to enable her to concede the time allowance. The result was that "White Heather" won, and "Britannia" was second. The Duke of Leeds is Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

# THE GREAT JAMBOREE AT WEMBLEY: 12,000 SCOUTS AT A

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



SCOUTS KNEELING ON ONE KNEE TO SING THE OPENING LINES OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM, AFTERWARDS RISING TO THEIR FEET FOR A TUMULTUOUS CRESCENDO: AN IMPRESSIVE MOMENT IN THE STADIUM.

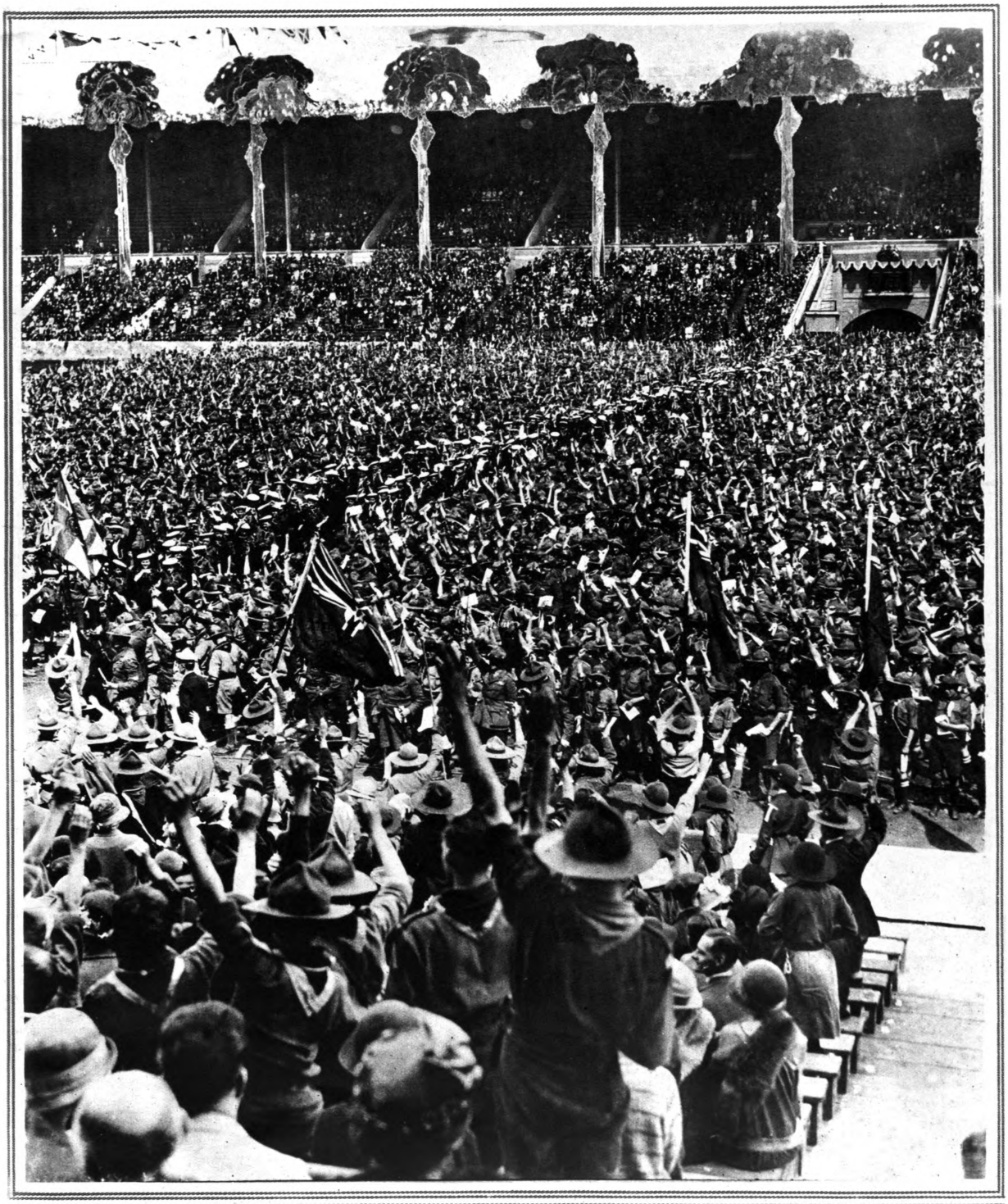


AT THE GREAT THANSKGIVING SERVICE OF THE SCOUTS IN THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY: THE GROUP ON THE DAIS, INCLUDING THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK (RIGHT), AND THE CHIEF SCOUT, SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL (LEFT).

The great Imperial Jamboree of the Boy Scouts was opened by the Duke of Connaught at Wembley on August 1. It began with a grand entry into the Stadium of scouts from the Dominions, Colonies, and the Mother Country. The Scouts then gathered in a circle round the Duke at the saluting point, and all knelt on one knee to sing the opening lines of the National Anthem. They began quietly, but with the succeeding bars of the music all rose to their feet and concluded the singing in a tumultuous crescendo that was immensely impressive. On the next day (Saturday, August 2), the Prince of Wales opened the Jamboree in the Stadium, and spent that night in camp with the Scouts at Wembley Paddocks (as illustrated on the following double-page). On the Sunday

# THANKSGIVING SERVICE BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES.

I.B., C.N., AND G.P.U.

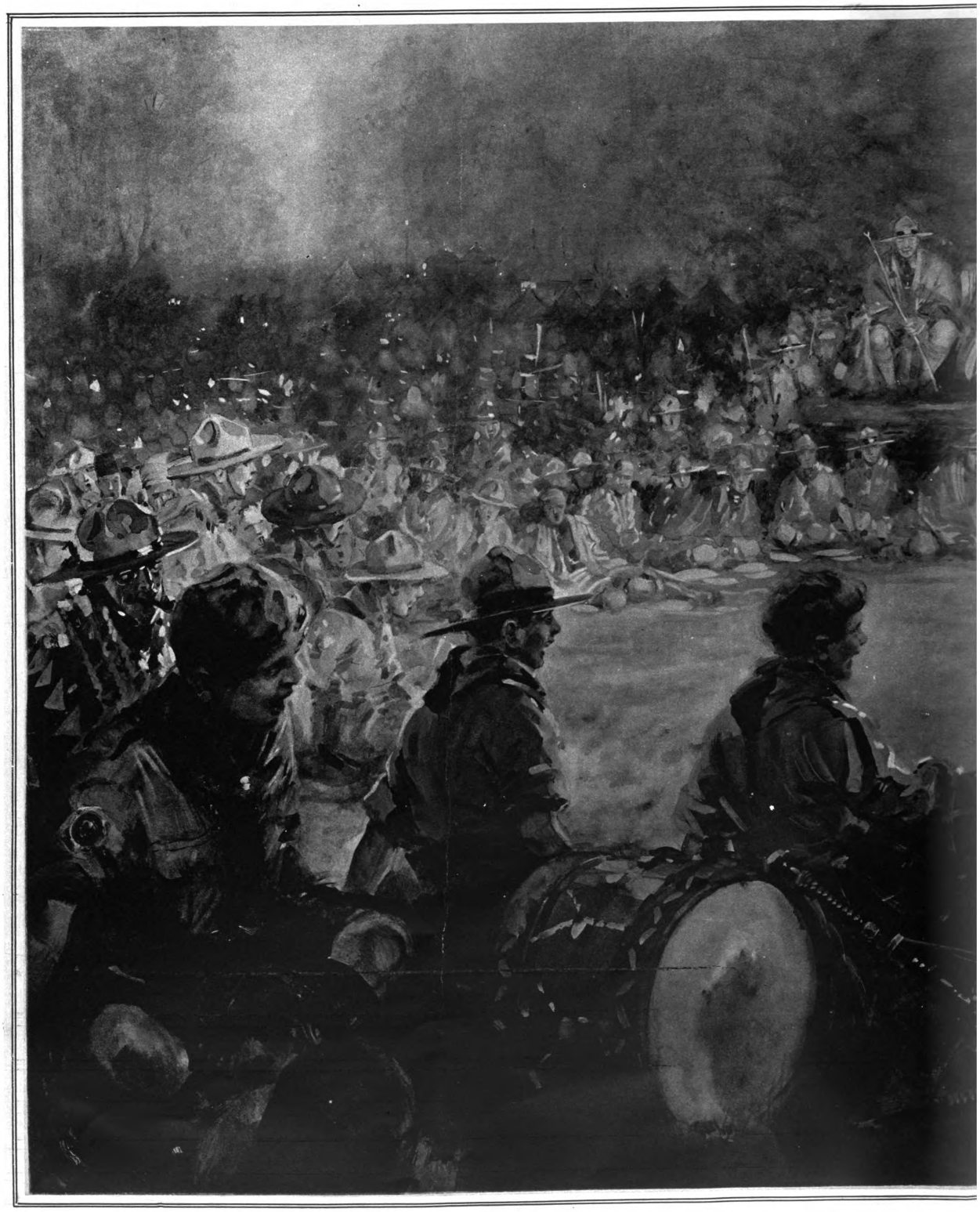


THE CULMINATING MOMENT OF THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE: THE RENEWAL OF THE SCOUTS' PROMISE BY THE 12,000 SCOUTS IN THE STADIUM—HOLDING UP THEIR HANDS AND FLAGS WITH A LOUD "I WILL," AFTER THE CHIEF SCOUT HAD SPOKEN THE WORDS OF THE PROMISE THROUGH LOUD SPEAKERS.

the Prince, with the Archbishop of York and the Chief Scout, General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, attended a great Thanksgiving Service in the Stadium, at which there were 12,000 Scouts and 25,000 spectators. After the Archbishop and the Prince in turn had given inspiring addresses, the Chief Scout repeated, through loud speakers, the words of the Scout Promise: "On my honour I promise that I will do my best—To do my duty to God and the King; To help other people at all times; To obey the Scout Law." For a few seconds there was deep silence, and then the whole body of Scouts, who had lowered their flags, suddenly rose, and, holding their hands and flags aloft, joined in uttering the words "I will."

# IN CAMEL'S-HAIR ROBE ON A TREE-TRUNK: THE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

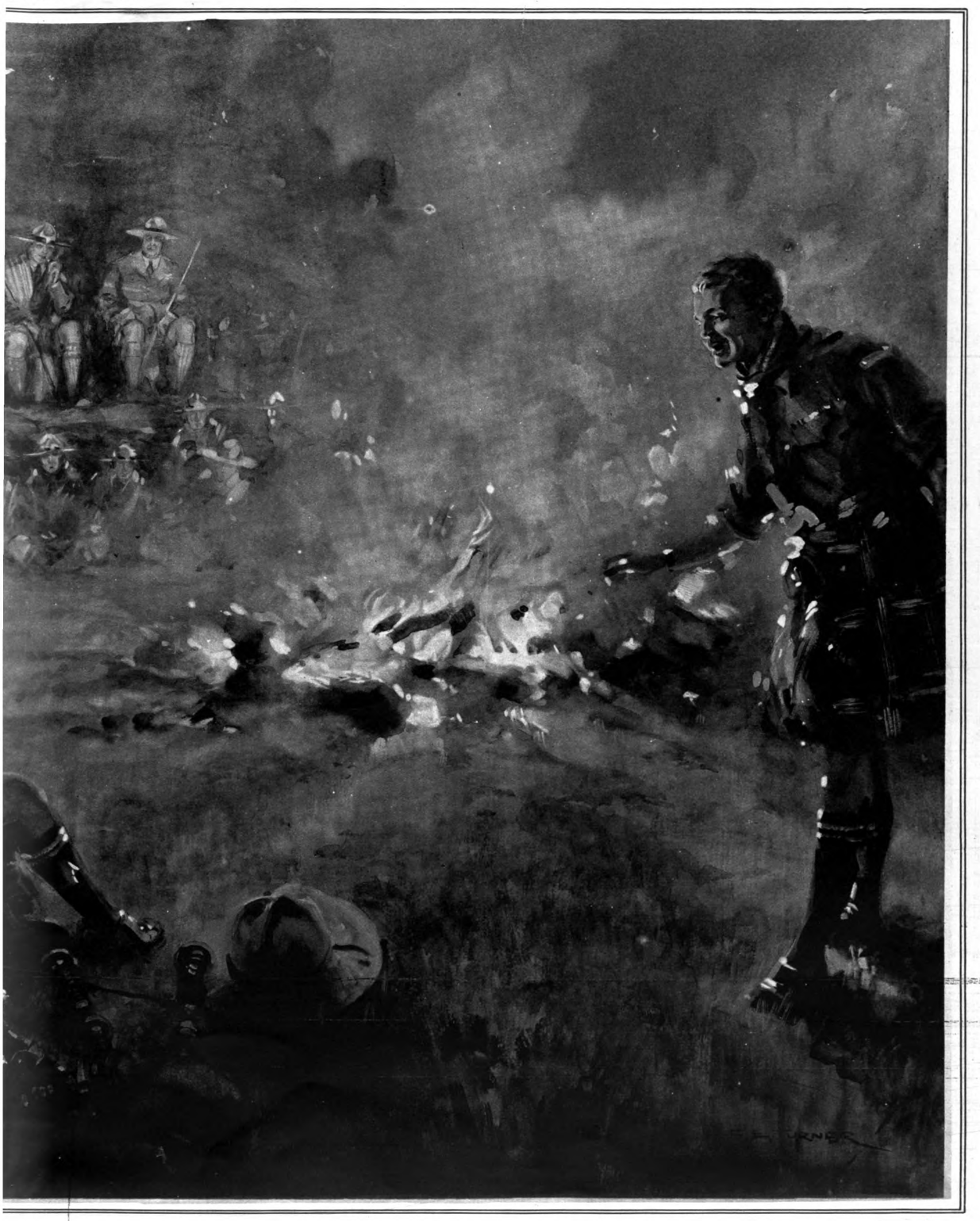


## LISTENING TO SCOTTISH SCOUTS SINGING "THE ROAD TO THE ISLES": THE PRINCE AND THE CAMP COMMANDANT, LORD G

The Boy Scouts of the Empire assembled at Wembley were immensely proud to have the Prince of Wales with them on the evening of Saturday, August 2, when he spent the night in camp, after attending a "sing-song" round the camp fire of blazing logs. At 9 p.m. the Prince was piped by Highland Scouts to a raised daïs by the camp fire, which was surrounded by more than 12,000 Scouts of all nationalities. After the Welsh Scouts had sung "God Bless the Prince of Wales," the order "Squat!" was given by the Camp Commandant, and the "sing-song" began. The drawing shows the great circle of Scouts round the roaring camp fire, while the Scottish Scouts are singing "The Road to the Isles." The Prince, wrapped in an Indian blanket, smokes his pipe. On his right is Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, and on his left the Camp Commandant, Lord Glanusk. The seat occupied by the Prince (a tree trunk) bore an Indian

# PRINCE AT THE SCOUTS' CAMP-FIRE "SING-SONG."

ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



**OF WALES (CENTRE), WITH THE CHIEF SCOUT, SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL (LEFT) LANUSK (RIGHT) IN CAMP AT WEMBLEY.**

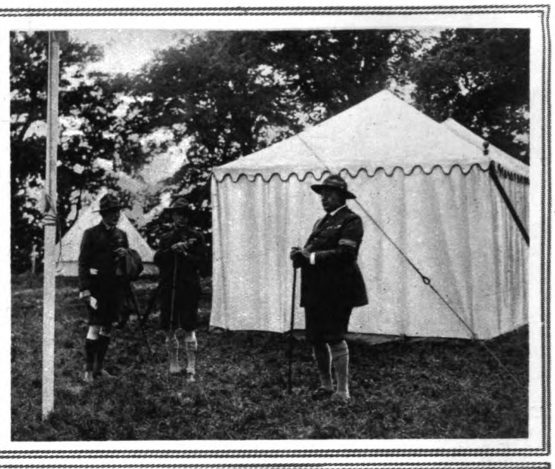
inscription to "Chief Morning Star." The Prince's blanket, worn over his uniform as Chief Scout of Wales, is described as "a camp-fire robe woven of soft camel's hair and decorated with the head and claws of a tiger embroidered in silk." During the evening he took part in a Highland Reel. The lights of the tent in which he slept are seen in the left background. The programme of the sing-song was as follows. The Staff, "The Three Wood-Pigeons"; Sussex, "Sussex by the Sea"; Australia, Yells; Scotland, "Ho Ro My Nut-Brown Maiden"; Liverpool, "London's Burning"; Bombay, Yell; West Country, "Uncle Tom Cobleigh"; Panama, Song; Jersey, "Clameur d'Honneur"; Lancashire, Song; Scotland, "The Road to the Isles"; South Africa, Yells; Notts, "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree"; Australia, "Waltzing Matilda"; Scotland and Wales, "The Animals' Fair."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

# "THE BIGGEST CAMP OF SCOUTS"; AND THE IMPERIAL JAMBOREE.

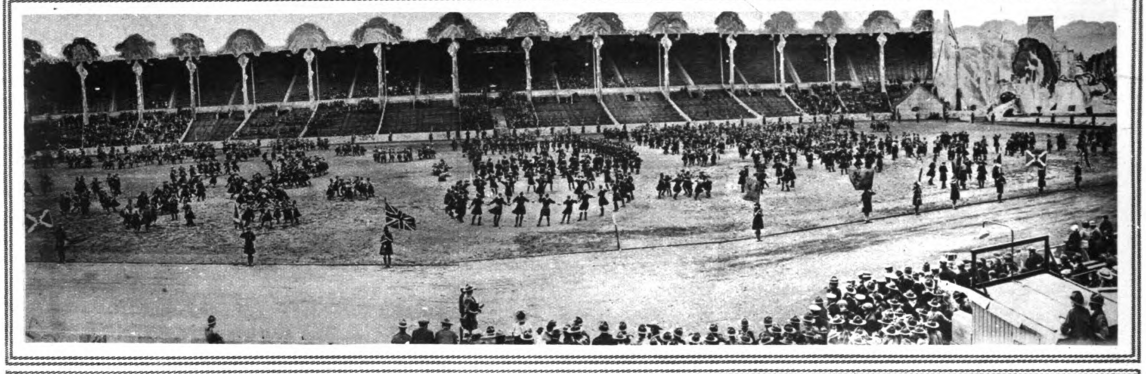
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.N.A., TOPICAL, AND I.B.



WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES SPENT A NIGHT UNDER CANVAS: THE GREAT SCOUT CAMP AT WEMBLEY PADDOCKS, SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.



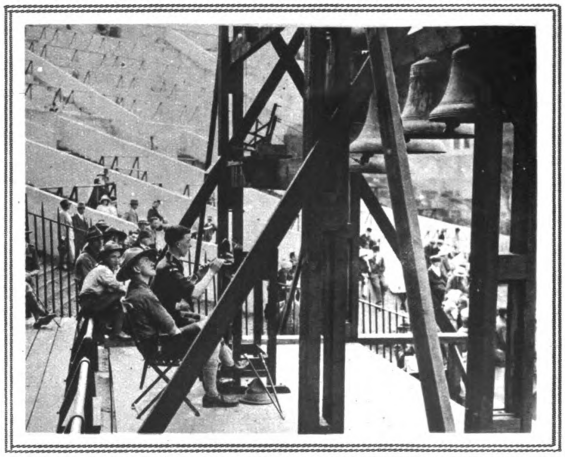
OUTSIDE THE PRINCE'S TENT: (L. TO R.) THE CHIEF SCOUT (SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL), THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND LORD GLANUSK, CAMP COMMANDANT.



A HIGHLAND DANCE PERFORMED BY TWO THOUSAND KILTED SCOTTISH SCOUTS: ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE EVENTS OF THE IMPERIAL JAMBOREE IN THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY.



HEADED BY THEIR BANNER-BEARERS IN PROUD PROCESSION: THE SCOTTISH SCOUTS MARCHING INTO THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY DURING THE GREAT JAMBOREE.

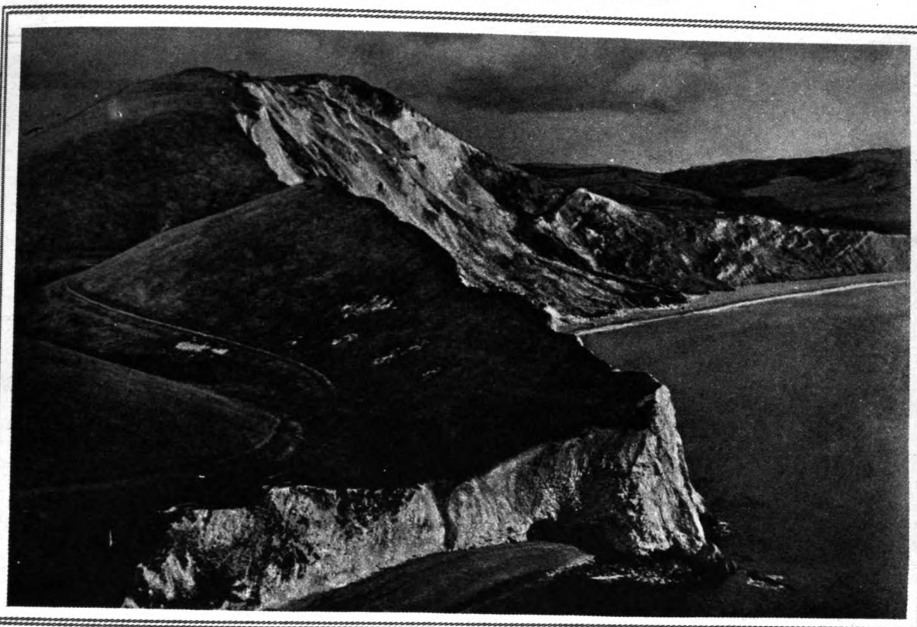


SUMMONING THE SCOUTS TO THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE: ASSISTANT SCOUT-MASTER G. A. MACKAY, OF THE IRISH FREE STATE CONTINGENT, PLAYING THE BELLS IN THE STADIUM.

There were many picturesque episodes in the great Jamboree, two sessions of which were given every day while it lasted. Among the incidents were Highland dances by the Scottish Scouts, a game of hurley by Scouts of the Irish Free State, and a complete demonstration of Scout-craft by the Ulster contingent. As already mentioned, the Prince of Wales opened the Jamboree on August 2, and in the evening, at the end of the camp fire "sing-song" (illustrated on the previous double-page), during which he danced a reel with the Aberdeen Scouts, he said: "I have not much breath left to make a speech, but I want to say how happy I am to be spending this night with you in this wonderful camp—the biggest camp of Scouts there has ever been—with Scouts from all over the Empire, and from the Old Country. I want you to give three cheers for the Chief Scout, because it is to him we owe this gathering, and it is to him that we owe the inception of Scouting. Give him three of the best cheers you have ever given." The Prince then led a great outburst of cheering for Lieut.-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, and, after the singing of the National Anthem, was piped to his quarters for the night.

# HOPE FOR LULWORTH COVE: ANOTHER SITE FOR TANK GUNNERY?

Copyright Photographs by J. Archer. By Courtesy of "Country Life."



"DESIGNED BY NATURE AS A MODEL TO ILLUSTRATE THE FACTS OF GEOLOGY": CLIFFS NEAR LULWORTH COVE—FROM ABOVE ARISH MELL TO WORBARROW BAY AND RINGS HILL, SO CALLED BECAUSE CROWNED BY AN ANCIENT BRITISH CAMP.



THE GEOLOGICAL INTEREST OF THE DORSET COAST NEAR LULWORTH COVE: DURDLE DOOR (RIGHT BACKGROUND), A SHARP RIDGE OF PORTLAND ROCK, WITH ITS LOWER NECK OF SOFT WEALDEN EARTHS AND GREENSAND, DOOMED TO DISAPPEAR BY EROSION.

The public protest against the proposal of the War Office to establish a tank gunnery school near Lulworth Cove, the famous Dorset beauty-spot, appears likely to be successful. Mr. Stephen Walsh, the Secretary for War, who was subjected to a fire of questions on the subject in the House of Commons on August 4, stated that he would be prepared to stay proceedings as soon as the owners of the land granted a short lease, during the period of which an alternative site could be sought for, and he hoped that one would be found. He added that the War Office did not propose to buy more land than they had occupied for some years, that it did not include Lulworth Cove itself, and that two Members of the late Army Council had reported that the amenities of the Cove would be little affected. There was no desire to "flout public opinion," as had been suggested. Viscount Curzon asked whether the firing of 6-pounder shells, sometimes 4000 yards out to sea, would not interfere with the amenities. Mr. J. Archer, whose photographs above show the beauty of the coast, points out that it is also of extraordinary geological interest. "One could almost imagine the locality," he writes, "to have been designed by Nature as a model to illustrate the elementary facts of the science."

# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., C.N., FARRINGDON PHOTO CO., KEYSTONE VIEW CO., RUSSELL, LAFAYETTE, ANNAN (GLASGOW), AND BASSANO.




WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES TOOK PART IN THE CEREMONY OF CROWNING THE BARD: THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD OPENED AT PONTYPOOL.



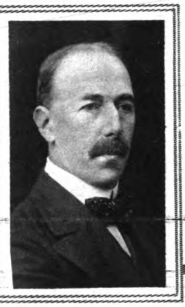
THE IRISH BOUNDARY PROBLEM: PRESIDENT COSGRAVE (LEFT) IN DOWNING STREET WITH MR. J. H. THOMAS, COLONIAL SECRETARY, WHO LATER WENT TO DUBLIN.



ATTENDED BY THE PREMIER AND OTHER MINISTERS: THE WEDDING OF THE HOME SECRETARY'S DAUGHTER, MISS ELEANOR HENDERSON—BRIDE, GROOM, AND BRIDESMAIDS.



THE GERMAN DELEGATES TO THE LONDON CONFERENCE ARRIVE AT HARWICH: DR. MARX, CHANCELLOR (RIGHT), DR. LUTHER, FINANCE MINISTER (LEFT), AND DR. STRESEMANN, FOREIGN MINISTER (SECOND FROM LEFT).



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF MAURITIUS: SIR HERBERT JAMES READ.



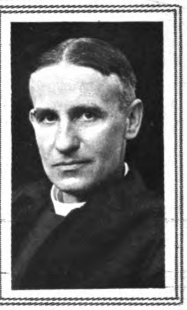
NEW PERMANENT UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA: SIR ARTHUR HIRTZEL.



A GREAT MODERN NOVELIST OF THE SEA: THE LATE MR. JOSEPH CONRAD.



OF FUEL ECONOMY FAME: THE LATE SIR GEORGE BEILBY.



APPOINTED BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM: CANON E. W. BARNES.



CHAIRMAN OF THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY: THE LATE SIR HUGH DRUMMOND.

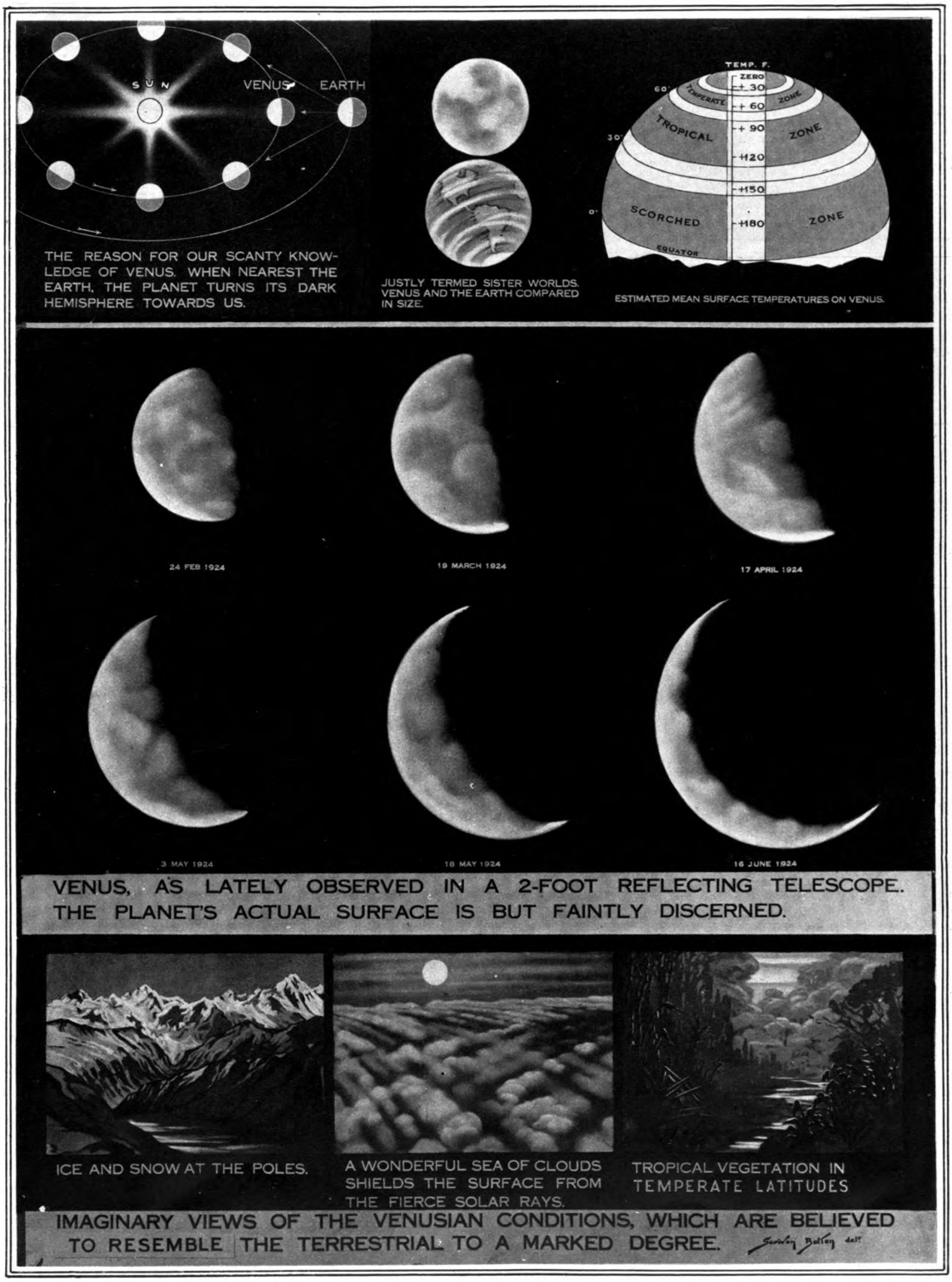


A CONSERVATIVE GAIN: MR. A. W. DEAN, M.P., ELECTED FOR THE HOLLAND DIVISION.

This year's Eisteddfod was held, for the first time, at Pontypool, in Monmouthshire. The Prince of Wales arranged to be present on August 5 to be invested as a member of the Gorsedd.——President Cosgrave, of the Irish Free State, recently visited London for a conference on the Ulster boundary crisis, and later the Colonial Secretary (Mr. J. H. Thomas), and the Home Secretary (Mr. Arthur Henderson) went to Dublin, to discuss the proposed Bill to amend the Irish Treaty.——The wedding of Miss Eleanor Henderson, the Home Secretary's daughter, to Mr. R. S. Gledhill, at Hinde Street Wesleyan Church, Manchester Square, on July 31, was attended by the Premier and most of the Cabinet. The bridesmaids were Miss Peggy Thomas, Miss Jessie Barnes, Miss Eleanor Castle, and Miss Daisy Dale.——The German Delegates invited to the London Conference on the Dawes Report regarding Reparations arrived on August 5.——Sir Herbert Read has been Assistant Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office since 1916.——Sir Arthur Hirtzel has been Deputy Under-Secretary for India since 1921.——Sir Hugh Drummond was actively associated with the L. and S. W. R. for some twenty-five years, and had been Chairman of the Southern Railway since the new grouping of lines.——Mr. Joseph Conrad was a Pole, and his real name was Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski. He was for many years in the British Merchant Service, and his experiences provided material for his stories. He was a remarkable example of literary eminence in an acquired language.——Sir George Beilby became Director of Fuel Research in 1917, and established the Fuel Research station at East Greenwich.——Canon Barnes became a Canon of Westminster in 1918, and had previously been Master of the Temple. He is a distinguished mathematician.——Mr. A. W. Dean has for many years been a magistrate and County Councillor for Kesteven.

# NEW LIGHT ON OUR "SISTER WORLD": OBSERVATIONS OF VENUS.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.




**BELIEVED TO TEEM WITH ANIMAL LIFE: THE PLANET VENUS, WHOSE SIMILARITY TO THE EARTH IN LENGTH OF DAY AND OTHER CONDITIONS IS INDICATED BY NEW SPECTROSCOPIC EVIDENCE.**

"Valuable spectroscopic results," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "have lately been obtained at the Mount Wilson Observatory, California, which go far toward solving the problem concerning the length of the Venusian day. The planet has been very favourably situated for observation during the last few months. The large spectroscope attached to the 100-inch reflector indicates that the planet's visible cloud-surface rotates once in twenty days. Evidence of rotation is derived chiefly from the behaviour of lofty superficial cloud strata, which almost hide the real surface. The Venusian clouds reach an altitude of eighty miles, at which height they do not keep pace with the planet's axial spin. The dust clouds from Krakatoa, in 1883, were shot up to a height of seventy miles. Lagging behind the earth's rotation, they took a fortnight to accomplish a single rotation. A few observers in the past have assigned a rotation period of about 23½ hours for the actual surface of Venus, but the evidence is not decisive. Judging, however, from analogy, the twenty-day period, as found at Mount Wilson, would correspond to a Venusian day similar in length to ours. Venus receives twice the amount of solar heat that we do, but its surface is shielded by a more extensive cloud envelope. In high latitudes the climate is probably productive of abundant vegetation and teeming animal life. The poles are covered by a white deposit resembling our polar snows."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



## ANGLO-AMERICAN BOUQUETS.—A NEW PROFESSION.

"MR. HORNBLOW goes to the Theatre" is a household saying in New York. For Arthur Hornblow, Englishman by birth, is the editor of the great *Theatre Magazine*—the finest of its kind, with an enormous circulation—and a critic appreciated for the independence, the fairness, and the discretion of his judgment.

But Mr. Hornblow does not only go to the theatre in New York; he keeps abreast of the European movement, and every summer sees him in London and Paris spending a well-earned holiday as the good "busman" does, at the play. Lately he has been doing a round in London, and great is his praise of our actors and actresses. When he saw Miss Edith Evans in "Tiger Cats," he exclaimed: "What an artist, that Edith Evans! She would carry the world before her in New York. If you know her, tell her that I predict a triumph for her in America." (And so say all of us!)

When he went to the Court and saw Eden Phillpotts's delectable "Farmer's Wife," he was full of praise for play and *ensemble*. He agreed that it is one of the best English comedies of modern times. It should in course of time be shipped to New York, lock, stock, and barrel. It would appeal not only to those who trip to Europe year by year, but to the American public at large. Its humour is universal. Of "The Fake," he said, what so many of us felt, that for the first time murder had been committed under humanly, if not legally, justifiable circumstances. One leaves the theatre in sympathy with the hero. He admired the fine virility, the restraint, of Mr. Godfrey Tearle, and the quiet dignity of Miss Henrietta Watson; and, with all of us, he considered the impersonation of the secret drunkard of Mr. Bellamy masterly. The pathology of the case was perfection, and the sly little ways, the sudden transitions from suavity to temper, were as impressive as they were true to life. Of Mr. Milne's new play, he made the observation that it was conversationally entertaining, but that the story was both too thin and not very original. He remarked generally on Mr. Milne's work that there was a tendency to rely entirely on dialogue and to neglect the story, which would greatly militate against success in America.

Comparing our acting with the American stage, he acknowledged, in the first place, that our men are generally superior to our women. There is more equality in America. And he added that we over here hardly knew the distinguished actresses "over there" even by name. Which is quite true. Pauline Lord is one of the few real American stars who has visited London and played here. Many come over as onlookers during the season and pass unnoticed. He found that, particularly in comedy, the Americans excelled in technique. There was greater vivacity on the American stage. On the other hand, he paid a tribute to the distinction of our actors. Recalling some scenes, we agreed that nowhere in the world was to be found such refinement of manner and speech—such perfect ladies and gentlemen, as commonplace description goes. One remark struck me in particular. Talking about a young and gifted actress who desires to go to America, he said that her accent—her English accent—might stand in the way. She would sound foreign on the American stage. This reflects peculiarly on the mentality of the American playgoer. We over here are more malleable in that respect. At first, when an American star appears in the midst of our companies, we may find the accent strange, but we soon settle down to it. We hardly notice it as the play proceeds. Perhaps the many Americans that flood the country in the summer have attuned our ear.

Generally Mr. Hornblow was impressed by the quality of the plays running just now in London. There was much worth seeing, and this is evidence of progress. I feel sure that when he returns to New York he will tell his readers that "Mr. Hornblow went to the theatre in London and found joy in the harvest!"

. . . . . .

She came into the office, flung herself into an easy-chair, and said, with despair in her eyes and a smile on her lips, "I 'm going to swap saddles—I have done with acting. Imagine it: ten years on the stage—from my eighteenth—ten years in the provinces, town in, town out, trunk packed, trunk unpacked. Two chances in town. I a success, the plays a failure. What have I got to show for it? Nothing but this—a book of provincial Press notices with a smattering of London ones, and my acquaintance with most people in the profession—for the good that does me! Most of them are too anxious to look after themselves; some of the best are out of work; they have no time to lend me a helping hand—they want one themselves!"



THE INVALID SUSPECTED OF MURDER BECAUSE HE WAS PROVED TO HAVE LEFT HIS CHAIR: MR. C. AUBREY SMITH AS EDWIN LATTER, IN "THE CREAKING CHAIR," AT THE COMEDY.

"The Creaking Chair," by Allene Tupper Wilkes, revised by Roland Pertwee, is an exciting mystery play concerning the murder of a woman. As usual, various characters are in turn suspected of the crime, including the invalid, Edwin Latter, and his Anglo-Egyptian wife.

*Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.*



"WHEN I GET MY HAND ON THE GUILTY PARTY'S SHOULDER": MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD AS ANITA LATTER, IN "THE CREAKING CHAIR," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

The girl who spoke was in appearance and experience beyond the ordinary rank and file. She had been carefully trained in London and Paris—her people had money then. In London she had two teachers known to fame; in Paris she had studied a year at the Conservatoire. She spoke French almost without an accent; German too. She was as familiar with Hauptmann as with Shakespeare. She had even made a little trip to Moscow and followed the performances at the Art Theatre. At eighteen she knew about the European theatre the best worth knowing. Then the educational career came to a sudden end: her father died. She had to go into harness forthwith, and to sit on agents' staircases until she got a provincial engagement. "Well," I said, "what about swapping the saddle—what do you intend to do now—dressmaking, shorthand and typing?" I insinuated smilingly.

"I hate the needle and I can't do the other two. No, I 'm going to try my luck in another way, I 'm going to advertise myself as an expert: 'Rehearsal Surveyor'!

"You don't follow me? Let me explain. Has it occurred to you how many plays fail, or achieve but a partial success, on a first night because something vital has escaped the eye of the producer or the manager—that a scene goes wrong because it is over-elaborated; that an act fails on account of anti-climax; that a costume of a leading character blurs or mars a picture; that there are jars in the dialogue; or that something innocent on paper becomes in bad taste when spoken or acted? Now you will say that these things should be corrected by those who watch the rehearsals. It seems obvious. But the contrary is the case—and why? Because after many rehearsals, all concerned become so saturated—I would say 'fed up'—with the play and all that concerns it that their mind becomes benumbed, their vision blurred.

"Now, I say," she continued, "that such mishaps can be averted, if the management were well advised to call in at the last rehearsals someone who is new to the play; who knows the business of the stage; who has the sense of the theatre; whose mind is so sensitive to dialogue, colour, effect—in fine, all the idiosyncrasies that influence the playgoer—that at a glance, as it were, he can discover what may be amiss. I for one—it is no boast, merely the result of experience and study at rehearsals—have a mind so attuned. I see at once where there is a flaw in the picture. I scent anti-climax as by instinct. I know exactly when the curtain should come down and no word more be said. Of course I am not infallible, but I fancy that in my mind I crystallise all the feelings and sensations of the public. Ere this, dramatic critics brought to rehearsals have called the attention of producers to faults which escaped them, and thereby saved plays. I, adopting this new profession, feel sure that I can prevent many a failure. All I want to do is to be to the theatre what the specialist is to the general practitioner—the fresh, experienced head that diagnoses the case untrammelled by routine. If I can but get a start, I am sure to become an institution—until others pick up the new profession and follow in my footsteps. Don't you think there is a 'market' for me?"

"I won't commit myself," said I prudently, "but it seems a very clever idea. I will send it forth to the World of the Theatre. Pray leave me your address—in case . . ."

# WHERE ENGLAND'S GOLD HAS GONE: A GLUT OF BULLION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK.



SHOVELLING ENGLISH GOLD INTO THE MELTING-POT AT THE U.S. ASSAY OFFICE, NEW YORK: AN EXCESS OF BULLION SAID TO BE CAUSING ALARM TO AMERICAN BANKERS, MERCHANTS, AND MANUFACTURERS.

1.

IT has been reported recently that American business men are becoming anxious about the state of affairs produced by the glut of gold, which has been pouring into the United States from Great Britain and elsewhere, and is said to be having an adverse effect on American commerce. "America," says one writer, "is being choked in a great torrent of gold. All the world's gold continues to descend on her in a cataract. Her flood of accumulated gold rises higher and higher. It is a paradox not only of worthless wealth, but of wealth that is worse than poverty, for her trade and industry are being drowned in this gold flood. Reports of bankers, merchants, and manufacturers show the alarm that is being felt throughout the United States. There is a growing conviction among Americans that the only way the peril can be surmounted is by aiding in the rehabilitation of Europe and thus reopening markets." The position appears to be mainly a result of the settlement of the British debt to the

[*Continued in Box 2.*



SHOWING THE HUGE WEIGHTS (ON THE LEFT) REQUIRED TO BALANCE THE GOLD—A HEAVY METAL: WEIGHING THE GOLD AFTER CONVERSION INTO BARS.

2.

United States. Alluding to this aspect of the matter, Lieut.-Col. A. A. Somerville, M.P. for the Windsor Division, wrote a few days ago: "Certain critics tell us that Mr. Baldwin has tied a millstone round the neck of the British taxpayer for the next two generations. But they must be foolish or forgetful, for in the next breath they tell us that our payments are choking the American Federal Reserve banks with gold to such an extent that America will soon have either to ask Great Britain to cease paying interest on her war debt, or to purchase large quantities of British goods. These latter prophecies are somewhat inconsistent with the millstone theory. If either of them comes true, Mr. Baldwin will be greatly justified. In any case, his action has decisively increased American respect for Britain and British financial honour, as I found in a visit to the States last autumn. That respect [Colonel Somerville concludes] is surely invaluable to London as the financial world centre."

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THERE were members of Goodwood house parties who turned restive about going to Goodwood the first day. It was hardly to be wondered at, because it had rained almost without cessation for twenty-four hours, and from the time it consented to stop there were still heavy showers. Yet the stay-at-homes missed one of the most delightful days possible up on the Sussex Downs. There was a breeze, the sun came out, and white, fleecy clouds chased each other over the bluest of skies, making shadows on the very green sward and over the varied foliage of the trees and lines of purple heather. Even as to the function socially and from the sport point of view, those who were not brave enough to brave the weather scored a miss.

The King, looking very gay and jolly, arrived with the Queen and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and the Duchess of Northumberland at one o'clock, and were well cheered by the waiting crowd. The King wore a dark-blue suit, a white carnation in the buttonhole, and a blue and red tie, with a black bowler hat. Before the race for the Stewards' Cup his Majesty walked through the Paddock with Major Featherstonhaugh to see Weathervane, which beautiful little horse had no success. The Queen looked splendid in a long enveloping cloak of pastel-pink velvet embroidered in gold and bronze and silver, and having a beautiful chinchilla collar. A silver tissue hat was worn, with grey velvet round the crown, and in front a high panache of small grey ostrich feathers rising near the front at one side. Very happy the Queen seemed, talking to the Duke of Northumberland and to other members of the house party—most, however, to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and the Duchess of Northumberland, who looked delightful in black with a white fur collar, and a pale-green hat trimmed with white gardenias. I write white advisedly, for there are deep écru and brown varieties of this favourite flower. Lord Lonsdale is, however, constant to the white for his buttonhole, as is the King to a white carnation.

Dress was not so summer-like as the day, but that was not to be wondered at, for the day was so much better than its promise. The Duchess of Westminster had the neatest of dark-blue serge suits, and a charming little plain cloche-shaped dark-blue hat. Lady Stanley was almost exactly the same in dress. The Duchess of Norfolk was in grey, with a black-and-white silk scarf and a grey hat. Lady Rachel Howard wore a one-piece dress of black soft material embroidered all over in a little Egyptianesque design in brown and dark-blue. Lord Dalmeny was with his bride, who wore one of the new woven silk dresses in one piece, the design in narrow lines of all shades of blue and green and cream-colour and russet. A green hat was worn.



*A practical coat and skirt in sand-coloured tweed, designed and carried out by Aquascutum, 126, Regent Street, W.* (See page 286.)



*The "Polo-Tennis" sports wrap in camel hair fleece, lightly overchecked with nigger. It hails from Aquascutum.* (See page 286.)

The business of the meeting was, of course, backing horses, and discussions on what was best to do were rife on every side. There were undoubtedly some surprises, and one heard a great many male equivalents to that detestable sentence, "I told you so," and, to balance it, some feminine crows that were certainly more lucky than that performance is proverbially said to be on the part of hens. The Countess of Brecknock looked dainty and lovely in fawn-colour; and Mrs. Dudley Coats and her sister, Mrs. Howard, were much admired. The first day at Goodwood produced, indeed, a charming crop of pretty people.

The second day was absolutely perfect—warm, with a nice refreshing breeze—and, with confidence restored, a delightful show of summer dresses. No one was more beautifully turned out than the Queen. Her Majesty's cream-coloured crêpe-de-Chine dress was embroidered in a light design like grass and fern sprays with seed-pearls and silk. There was a little shaped drapery at the back loose from the shoulders to the waist of similar embroidery. A hat of nemophila-blue and gold tissue was worn with a diamond and sapphire ornament run through the brim folds. Diamond and sapphire ear-rings and neck ornaments were worn, and a very pretty blue sunshade shot with silver-grey was carried. On arrival, her Majesty was wearing a long silk cloak almost pale-fawn in tone, finished with sweeping silk fringes the same colour. There was unmistakable pleasure in the King's and Queen's faces as they passed through congratulatory crowds in the Paddock to see London Cry unsaddled. Prince Henry was with the King, and the Duchess of Northumberland, the Countess of Mar and Kellie, and Lady Elphinstone, escorted by Sir Bryan Godfrey Faussett, with the Queen.

There were far more people than on the first day. Lady Diana Cooper was much observed as she walked across the Paddock with her husband, wearing a full long dress, transparent almost to the knees, of écru grass lawn embroidered in brown silk in a small sprigged design. The sleeves were transparent, the style rather of the early days of Queen Victoria. A brown lace and tulle hat was worn, also in the early Victorian scheme, and a brown sunshade was carried. It was a complete picture, with écru stockings and russet-red shoes, and Lady Diana knew how to carry the picture as pictures should be carried.

The Marchioness of Milford Haven and her sister, Lady Zia Wernher, made a duet in yellow ochre, orange, and pale gold. Lady Dalmeny wore a printed gauze dress in panther-like colouring, the pattern, paradoxically enough, of tea-roses. A brown hat was worn. White was worn by many women and girls. The Duchess of Northumberland was in a soft and lovely shade of green, and wore a black hat. There were few wraps that were not almost immediately laid aside. Lace was not so much worn as gauze, thin crêpes, and muslin. Lady Curzon of Kedleston, in palest-grey crêpe-de-Chine pleated as to skirt, with a cloak to match wrapped round her, wore a small pale-pastel-blue felt hat with a cut ostrich feather brush protruding below her left ear.

The Prince of Wales's arrival in the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's private stand in the Members' Enclosure on Cup Day at Goodwood was soon noticed by the crowd on the course. They had cheered themselves hoarse over the King and Queen, and broke out afresh when they saw the Prince. The weather proved kind again, and there was a great crowd. The Queen, over cream-coloured lace and net, wore a purely white coat of zibeline silk, with a deep collar and border of white fox fur, and a hat of pale-blue and silver tissue. Diamond and sapphire ornaments were worn. The King was in tweeds and a pale-grey bowler hat, and wore a grey tie—not his racing colours, as he had no horse entered. The Prince was in grey tweeds, and wore a blue-and-white pin stripe collar and cuffs, and a blue tie, with a black bowler hat. The King was in the paddock, but I did not see the Prince after his arrival, and I did not see the Queen leave the stand except for lunch. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland had two sons with them and two little daughters. The Duke of Richmond took the two girls into the paddock, one holding each of his hands: quaint, wee figures in green frocks and saffron-brown coats and hats, the latter trimmed with green. The Greek Princesses, Theodora and Margaret, sat in the paddock seats, few and much coveted, with the Marchioness of Milford Haven, Lady Louis Mountbatten, and the Countess of Brecknock, a group of very pretty people, and all in pretty frocks and hats. It was a day of lovely gowns and hats. There were, of course, many that were unlovely, but which only served to show up the beauty of the others.

A. E. L.



*A distinctive travelling coat in navy gabardine, lined and collared with fur. It must be placed to the credit of Aquascutum.* (See page 286.)

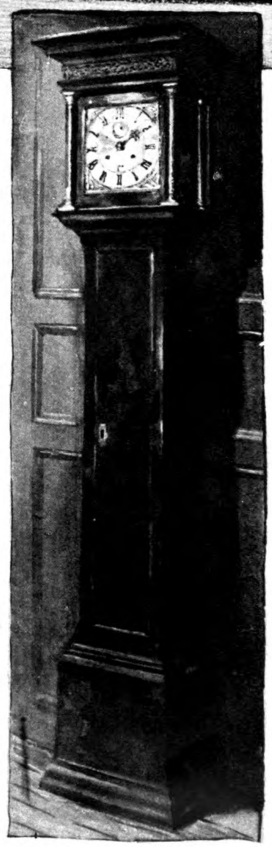


*Holyroodhouse—Mary, Queen of Scots' Bedroom.*

# The Black Rood of Scotland

LEGEND has it that David I. of Scotland founded an Abbey at Holyrood as a thank-offering for a miraculous escape from death. Unseated while hunting, a mysterious flaming cross appeared to protect him from being gored by an angry hart. More probably, however, the Abbey was built by this same King to house the famous gold cross, said to contain a splinter of the true Cross and known as the Black Rood. This national emblem was carried before the Scottish armies into battle, but was captured by the English and lost during the Reformation.

Holyroodhouse early became the abode of the Scottish Kings, and its history almost epitomises that of Scotland. Many times it has been partially destroyed in foray or riot, but there yet remain portions of each period to interest the antiquarian and student of history, notably the apartment associated with the beautiful but ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots. Charles I. was here crowned King of Scots and what is more probable than that "John Haig" was present at the following festivities, for even then—nearly 300 years ago—this King of Scotch Whiskies was famous.



*Clock in Lord Darnley's room. Late 17th century period.*



*By Appointment.*

Dye Ken

# John Haig?

Issued by JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

*St. James's 35.*

# Fashions and Fancies.

**Horlick's Malted Milk.**

There are few women in these strenuous days who are not continuously expending all their energies, whether in work or pleasure, and it is obvious that some counteractive force is necessary to sustain




*The most tiring journey holds no terrors when one is equipped with a bottle of Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets, which replace food and drink.*

the general health. Horlick's Malted Milk, which is a well-known strengthening diet for invalids, is also an excellent aid towards retaining perfect physical and mental fitness. For the busy woman it is an excellent substitute for tea and coffee, soothing and renewing the nerve force, and conferring sound, refreshing sleep. Requiring no cooking or milk, it forms a delicious beverage which is ready at a moment's notice, and is as nourishing as a complete lunch. For children it is invaluable, and they are firm adherents of Horlick's Malted Milk, for its virtues of a strengthening digestive medicine are pleasantly disguised as a delicious nursery drink for thirsty little people. Briefly, every age derives benefits from Horlick's Malted Milk, which is obtainable in tins ranging from 2s. to 15s. In tablet form it can be secured for 7½d. or 1s. 3d., conveniently packed to slip into the hand-bag. A trial sample will be forwarded post free to all readers of this paper who apply to the Horlick's Malted Milk Company, Slough, Bucks, enclosing 3d. in stamps.

**Outfits for the Scottish Moors.**

Scotland is busy welcoming the the first contingent of her annual visitors, and golf and shooting enthusiasts should lose no time in preparing their outfits for the moors. Naturally, Aquascutum, of 126, Regent Street, W., is a name which presents itself at once in this connection, and sketched on page 284 are a trio of new models for this season. In the centre is a practical, perfectly tailored coat and skirt of homespun in the new sand colourings, complete with useful button-up patch pockets. The "Polo-Tennis" sports wrap on the left is carried out in soft camel-hair fleece in the natural colour lightly overchecked with nigger. It is built with the new plain back, which is, nevertheless, full enough to allow complete freedom of movement. These two useful models can be obtained in any desired tweed, homespun, or cheviot. The warm travelling and motor coat pictured on the right, expressed in navy gabardine, is half-lined with fur and boasts a large fur collar. It can be made in nigger brown also, and lined with any type of fur. Another delightful innovation is the "Strathmore" Highland cape, designed with a flat belted front and two long scarf-ends in which are inserted two tiny pockets, securely buttoned.

**Inexpensive Furs.**

Unquestionably this is the right time of year to buy furs, for even the newest models are less expensive than during the winter season. At the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street, W., a firm whose reputation is far-famed, there is a wonderful display of beautiful furs, including the most precious of pelts and quite inexpensive varieties which are within everyone's reach. There are exquisite pure white fox stoles made from specially selected skins ranging from £21, and long ties of natural skunk, three strands wide, are £18 10s. Then, magnificent black bear ties, alluringly soft and silky, can be secured from £5 15s. upwards. They bring with them the pleasant assurance that the hardest wear will have no deleterious effects. Mole-skin stoles, beautifully worked and richly lined with ruched crêpe-de-Chine, are £13 10s. Short coats are again fashionable this year, and there are many fascinating models to be studied in these salons, as well as long coats of every description. For the convenience of residents in the country or abroad who are unable to make a personal visit, the International Fur Store have just issued a remarkably useful supplementary catalogue in which are listed the less costly furs. It will be sent gratis and post free to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper.

**Novelty of the Week.**

Perfectly tailored tweed skirts for the holidays, well pleated to allow complete freedom of movement, yet retaining the slim silhouette, can be secured for 8s. 6d. in several soft colourings. They can be obtained in many different sizes, and for the coming Scottish season and general country wear they will prove invaluable. On application to this paper I shall be pleased to give the name and address where they may be obtained.



*Convalescence is swift and pleasant when aided by frequent draughts of Horlick's Malted Milk.*


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*Why not go to Ostend for your Holiday? It is the Seaside Resort de Luxe.*

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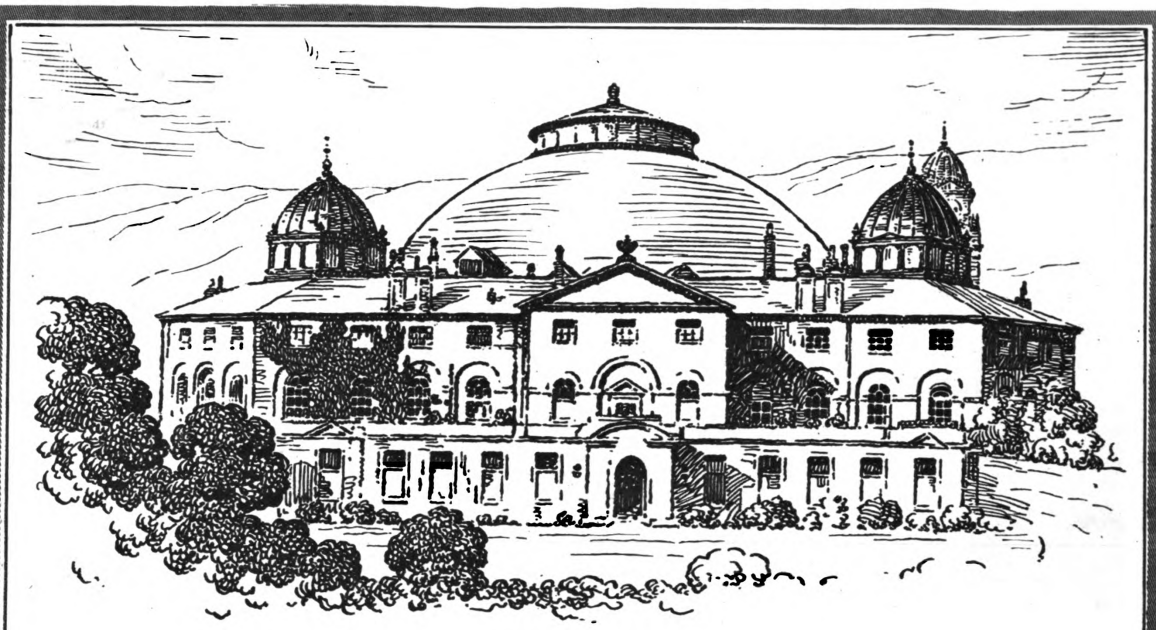
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The Devonshire Hospital, Buxton, Derbyshire, is a National Institution, containing 300 beds, for the relief of poor persons suffering from Rheumatism and Allied Diseases. It is the most ancient Mineral Water Charity in existence, having been founded in 1572, and Annual Reports have been issued since 1785.

The present Hospital was established in 1859, and the famous Dome was constructed out of money given by the Cotton Districts Famine Fund. It is the largest Hospital for Rheumatic Disorders in the Country, and is fully equipped with Bacteriological and Chemical Laboratories, Mineral Water Baths, Massage and Electrical Departments, etc.

During the 65 years over 171,600 patients have received treatment, over 4,000 being treated annually from all parts of the Kingdom.

A Grand Bazaar will be held under the Great Dome on September 10th to 13th, to raise a sum of £10,000 still required for the recent Extensions, of which H. R. H. Princess Mary laid the Commemoration Stone on October 29th, 1921.

Gifts in kind or donations will be gratefully acknowledged by
TOM B. HARRISON.
*General Superintendent and Secretary*


***The Medical Press and Circular* says: "Few modern improvements in pharmacy have done so much as Benger's Preparations to assist the Physician in his treatment of the sick."**

*THE origin of our present-day Hospitals is to be found in the "infirmaria" which were attached to all the early monasteries for the treatment of the sick, and for the housing of the aged, the weak and the blind. From these small beginnings have sprung our modern voluntary hospitals, whose noble work in the alleviation of human suffering is now an essential part of our national life.*

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## TALKING MACHINE NOTES.

### MAINLY EDUCATIONAL.

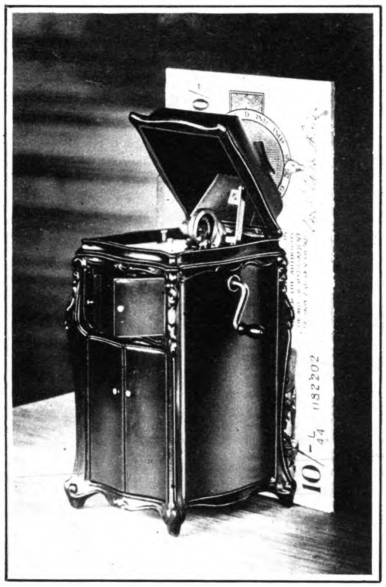
RECENTLY I was reading an extract from a report of a speech made by Lord Sumner at a dinner of the British Science Guild. It was something of a shock to read that anyone, in these days, holds such views regarding the gramophone, for this was his opinion of it. He stated that it has corrupted public taste, and that a combination of the gramophone and the moving picture would be a curse on mankind.

Leaving the cinema to take care of itself, which it is quite able to do, let us consider the real position of the gramophone in the world of music to-day. There are grades in everything, and to condemn all gramophone music because the lowest type is noisy and vulgar seems to be as illogical as to distrust all mankind because a small proportion happen to be undesirables, or to ban all books because some are trash. I maintain that, far from corrupting public taste, the gramophone has done more to improve it during recent years than almost any other agent. An immense amount of classical music has been recorded, many important works in their entirety. The operatic and solo instrumental répertoires are most comprehensive; while the artists who have made the records include practically all of the first rank.

The aspect of the gramophone as an aid in the teaching of music has received much attention, such prominent musicians as Sir Walford Davies and the late Cecil Sharp having made or superintended the making of records for this purpose. The madrigal records which were taken under the supervision of Dr. E. H. Fellowes, in connection with the Byrd Tercentenary celebrations last year, are not only of great artistic merit, but of inestimable help to the student of Elizabethan music. Then as to the lighter side, there are many of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas available in complete form, authentic and "traditional" renderings being assured by the personal co-operation of Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte; while least important, perhaps, musically are the modern dance records, which are of their type, however, amazingly clever.

It is interesting to quote the counter-opinion of so well known a musician as Mr. Harvey Grace, editor of the *Musical Times*, who has described his conversion to the gramophone in an article contributed to the *Voice*, which is a paper published monthly by the Gramophone Company, Ltd., for the benefit of its dealers. Here is an extract from Mr. Harvey Grace's remarks—

"Like most musicians, I had come to regard the instrument solely as a contrivance for the raucous



ONLY 4 IN. HIGH (AS INDICATED BY THE TREASURY NOTE BESIDE IT): A TINY "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" CABINET GRAMOPHONE MADE FOR THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE.

This perfect little His Master's Voice cabinet gramophone, now in the Queen's Dolls' House at Wembley, is only 4 in. high, yet complete in every detail. It has its stock of miniature records, each 1 5-16 in. in diameter. The National Anthem, "Home, Sweet Home," and "Rule, Britannia!" are among the selections available. Some seventy different people were employed during the various stages of the manufacture of this remarkable little instrument. The ten-shilling Treasury Note gives an idea of the actual proportions.

delivery of bad music. Again like most musicians, I was partly to blame: we had given the gramophone a bad name and waved it aside. . . . I believe I am right in saying that it was the starting of 'His Master's Voice' Education Department that woke up a good many of us. My conversion began with a visit to Hayes in 1919, when I heard some account of what had been done and what was in prospect in the recording of first-class performances of the finest music of all types. Before I left the factory, I had succumbed to some records of Cortot, the Flonzaley Quartet, and Galli-Curci, and within a few days I had bought a gramophone. To-day, after five years' regular use of it, for purposes of work and recreation, I am keener than ever."

### GRAMOPHONES IN SCHOOLS.

Most opportunely comes a letter from Sir Landon Ronald, which leaves no doubt as to his opinion on the subject. Here is the text of the letter—

To the Editor of *The Illustrated London News*.

Sir,—In these days when jazz and listening-in hold between them a scarce-disputed sway, nobody interested in musical development in this country can ignore the significant decision made by the Leeds Education Committee. Leeds has agreed to allocate a sum of £250 with which to equip its city schools with gramophones.

If it be regarded as an axiom that a comprehensive musical training is the birthright of every child, surely money has never been more wisely invested.

It is not possible to take every boy and girl to hear the best music, but, thanks to the imaginative sense of this education authority, the poorest child in Leeds will be able to experience æsthetic development under the influence of great artists such as Kreisler, and other master musicians. Furthermore, they will be able to be in personal contact with the musical achievements of the past four centuries. To them the technique of the English composers of the Tudor era, the melodic and contrapuntal creations of Handel and Bach, the great inspirations of Beethoven, the emotional romanticism of Wagner and the diversity of Elgar, Delius, and Strauss—men of their own time—will be as familiar as reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Leeds has offered a notable example in catering for the spiritual needs of her children, and there does not seem to be any valid reason why other large cities should not do likewise, and so contribute towards the broadening of the vision of their potential citizens.—Yours, etc.,

Landon Ronald, Principal.
Guildhall School of Music, July 16.

I think that these two quotations from recent writings of musicians who are both eminent in their profession show very convincingly what is the true relation of the gramophone to the formation of public taste in music.

Stylus.


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Daily Mail

NET DAILY

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*London, 7th July, 1924.*

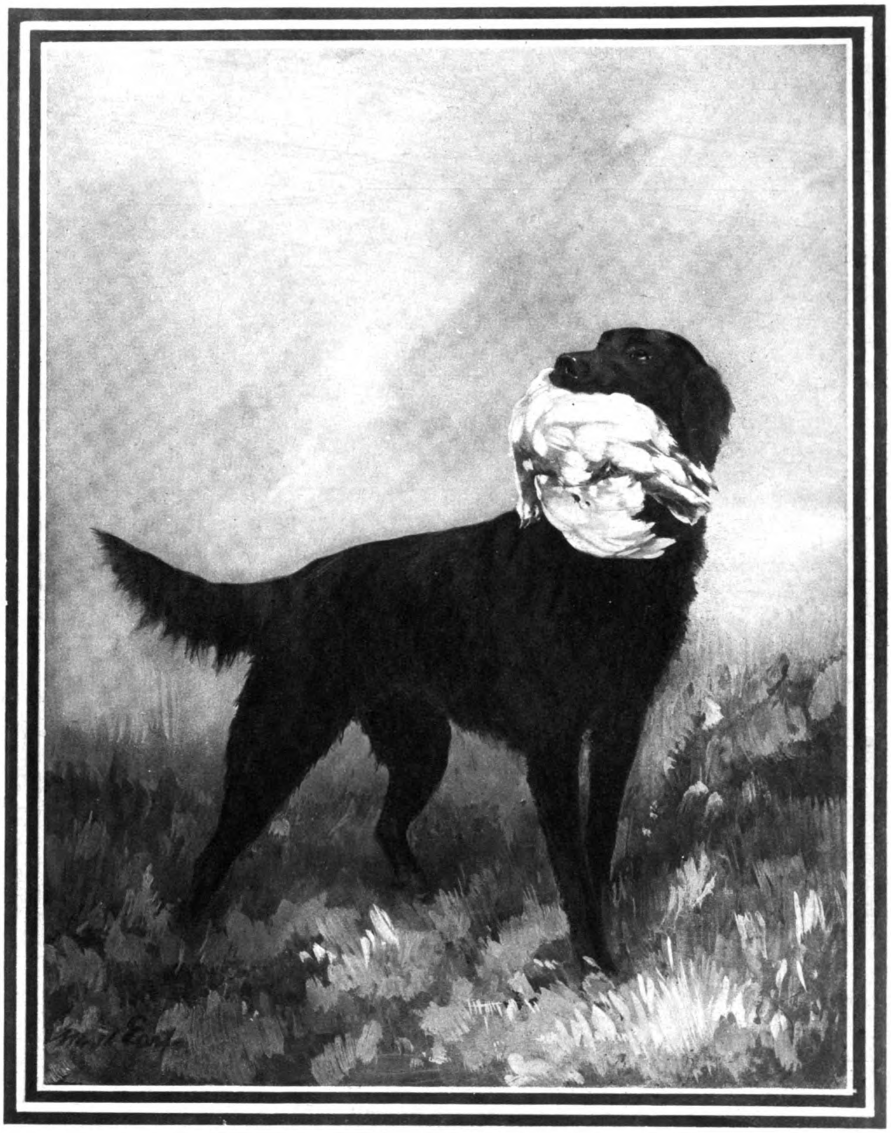
We certify that the average *net daily sale* of "The Daily Mail" after deducting all unsold and free copies whatsoever for the six months ended 30th June, 1924, was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| January | 1,720,157 |
| February | 1,723,669 |
| March | 1,722,151 |
| April | 1,730,125 |
| May | 1,742,806 |
| June | 1,759,881 |

(Signed) LEVER, HONEYMAN & CO.,
*Chartered Accountants.*

(Signed) E. LAYTON BENNETT, SONS & CO.
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## THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE SCHOOL OF PARIS. By Robert A. Hamblin. (George Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d. net.)

Although this story is largely concerned with a fantastic school of languages in Paris, run on dramatic lines, the title may be taken to refer to Paris itself as a school in the wider sense—a school of life. The long arm of coincidence is stretched a good deal in the plot. The hero and heroine are two unsophisticated young English people who both gravitate to the language school, as instructors, and there unexpectedly renew a former friendship, which develops towards romance. Meanwhile, the heroine, a young woman of independent ideas, defying convention, has arranged to spend a seaside holiday with an elderly Frenchman, purely out of kindness to him, as he is lonely and run down. She believes his feelings towards herself are only fatherly, but a tragic incident in a Dieppe hotel compromises her reputation, and trouble ensues. The situation has a good deal of originality, and is well handled in a direct and straightforward style.

TRAINER AND TEMPTRESS: A NOVEL. By H. S. ("Atty") Persse and A. J. Russell. (Mills and Boon; 7s. 6d. net.)

There have been many novelists of the Turf, but this book claims to be the first effort in fiction by a trainer. As such, it must possess a special degree of actuality, and it ought to win many readers among the racing fraternity. Mr. "Atty" Persse, one of the collaborators, is the Duke of Westminster's well-known trainer, whose greatest success was the discovery and training of that famous horse, The Tetrarch. Mingled with the racing element in the book is a spirited love story. The work is dedicated "to the whole of that vast and picturesque community of the Turf, embracing Kings, Queens, Princes, Peers, Honourables, Dishonourables, Trainers, Jockeys, Bookmakers, Punters, Touts, Tipsters, Stable-lads, Sharps, Flats, Priests, Publicans, and Sinners"—a very comprehensive classification. A novel touch occurs at the end, when the villain and the vamp, instead of being killed off in the orthodox manner, are made to marry and "live unhappily ever after."

KENYA MIST. By Florence Riddell. (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

In this, her first book, the author works out on daring lines the problem of the modern woman, determined to live her own life free from the conventional trammels of her sex. Such a resolution may be easier to fulfil in East Africa than in England, but, as the story shows, it still presents its difficulties. The heroine, at thirty-two, some years after an unhappy love affair, is "discovered" in the first chapter running a farm with two other women in Kenya. Man is taboo, and indeed absent (except for native servants), until two Englishmen take over a derelict neighbouring farmstead. The leader of the trio of man-haters, however, wants to possess a child without the usual adjunct of a husband, and boldly realises her desire for motherhood. Hence comes "the Wonderful One," round whose unorthodox existence the rest of an interesting situation revolves. The end is not so much a surrender to convention as a realisation of the natural truth on which convention rests.

SCARLET SAILS. By Margaret Baillie-Saunders. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

A romance of Cowes and the Solent is seasonable at this time of year, and will doubtless serve to while away pleasant hours for the devotees of yachting, as well as other novel-readers. The scene is laid, in part, among sleepy terraced gardens in the Isle of Wight, where the path of two daring lovers is shadowed by the cloud of a bygone tragedy; and in part on the water, where the sails of Redwing yachts follow the crimson wake of an ancient scandal. The past reaches out to threaten the happiness of the heroine, who is championed by a knight of the pen against the ambitious designs of a scheming mother. A time-honoured incident—the sprained ankle—occurs early in the first chapter, which opens at Cowes in Regatta Week. This leads to a new acquaintance, whence ensue many happenings, related in lively narrative and natural talk.

WIFE OF THE CENTAUR. By Cyril Hume. (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is no fantasy of classical mythology, but a very modern story. The "centaur," in fact, is a young American, a Yale man and a poet, of strong passions and rather promiscuous in his love affairs. We pursue his career from the death of his mother, through his school and college days, to his service in the war and the beginning of his married life. But the ending is not of the "wedding bells and happiness ever after" type. It is, as it were, a three-cornered ending. Having married one woman, and discovered that he still loves another, he is left in a mood of renunciation, writing better poetry on that account, but resigned to domesticity. So "the Centaur is tamed and his power is broken, and the man is given allotted ways." At intervals throughout the book are symbolic passages in this vein, forming a kind of chorus or running commentary on the action, to keep up the analogy of the title. The poetic hero himself talks and quotes with an emotional exuberance that is typical of American mentality.

PATRICIA ELLEN. By Mary Wiltshire. (Mills and Boon; 7s. 6d. net.)

In a prologue to this realistic story of a woman's life, the author defends her own use of actual names of places, while explaining that the inhabitants with whom she has peopled them are fictitious. The scene is laid round about Avebury, Bristol, and Cirencester. As it is a Wiltshire tale, with the locality so definitely specified, one wonders whether the author writes under her own name or a pseudonym. Patricia Ellen, daughter to the landlord of the Red Lion at Avebury, received those incongruous appellations so that (in her mother's words) "if she 's fine-ladyfied, then we 'll call her Patricia, and if she 's homely she shall be Ellen." Everybody but her mother called her Ellen. The tale of Ellen's first love match with a struggling artist, its tragic sequel, and her second marriage for her child's sake, reads so much like a "chunk" of life that to mention these leading events does not seem to be giving away the plot. The value of the book is in its local colour and character studies.

MR. ROWL. By D. K. Broster. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)

The spirit of the Napoleonic wars must have differed much from that of the Great War. No English novel would be tolerated that sentimentalised over a German officer, brought to England as a prisoner of war, falling in love with an English girl and being helped by her to escape. Yet, if we are to believe the romancers, there was no such bitter feeling against the captive Frenchmen who had fought for "Boney" against us. "Mr. Rowl" was the Anglicised version of the name of Captain Raoul de Sablières, a gallant and attractive French prisoner of war from the Peninsula, and the tale of his adventures can claim literary kinship with Stevenson's "St. Ives." The author acknowledges a debt to Francis Abell's "Prisoners of War in Britain, 1756-1815," and Dr. T. J. Walker's book, "The Depot for Prisoners of War at Norman Cross, Huntingdonshire, 1796-1816." He does not state to what extent the details of his romance are based on fact, nor does it really matter. Enough that he has written a very readable story.


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**RELIGION IN THE LAND OF THE IMBRIE MURDER.**

(*Continued from Page 266.*)

India, where he expostulated with the lion for attacking a good Shi'a. The lion explained that it was quite a mistake; it had been under the impression that the Sultan was one of the abhorred Sunni, and the error was regretted. The worthy beast then implored Husayn to allow it to be a martyr in the holy cause. Unfortunately, this could not be arranged, but it was given the job of protecting the bodies of the fallen faithful. So they proceeded together to Kerbela, where the bodies were identified by Husayn for the guidance of the lion. The fondling of the child appears to be an extension of the lion's duties to include the care of the little orphan.

The coffin is also accompanied by an angel, said to be no less than the Archangel Gabriel himself (Fig. 6), although this fact might possibly not be realised at first sight from the photograph. This mighty being mounts on the coffin when it is not occupied by the lion. In one procession the Archangel and the lion shared a horse, taking their places alternately on the coffin and the horse.

Close behind Husayn comes his charger, Zu'l Janah (the winged), which is an object of great veneration. In front of him a dozen men walk backwards chanting a mournful dirge, at a certain point of which they all rush up to the unfortunate horse and kiss his face (Fig. 7). As this occurs at intervals of a minute or less, and continues throughout the whole progress of the cavalcade—a matter of several miles—it is fairly strenuous exercise for those taking part. And as for the long-suffering horse, the merit acquired by him must be prodigious, and one hopes that he thereby attains to some degree of immunity for the rest of his life from the gross ill-treatment to which all animals are liable in Persia.

A number of headless bodies are carried along on stretchers (Fig. 5), representing the slain supporters of Husayn. Like that hero himself, these have arrows stuck into their breasts, and the performers of these parts also acquire great honour. The severed heads, represented by wooden images, are carried on long poles (Fig. 4), and accompany the living relatives who are being transported on camel-back in captivity to Damascus.

In Fig. 4 a lady and child are seen on camel-back, the part of the lady being, of course, played by a man. In the description of the Passion Play given by Sir Lewis Pelly* the following words are put into the mouth of Zainab, Husayn's sister, addressing the ghost of her father, 'Ali: "If my assembly break up for the sake of the Shi'as; if I be consumed before the fire of injustice like a fowl; since it tends to the salvation of God's elect, I am not in the least degree sorry. Even, indeed, were they to make me ride on a she-camel without litters." Possibly this figure in the procession may represent Zainab undergoing this most direful of all conceivable penalties.

The rest of the ladies and children are spared this, being carried in one procession in a covered litter borne on poles, and in another in the regular travelling litters or paniers, carried by donkeys (Fig. 2). In ordinary use they are covered over with dark cloth, so that the occupants are not only sheltered from the sun, but also from the inquisitive gaze of passers-by.

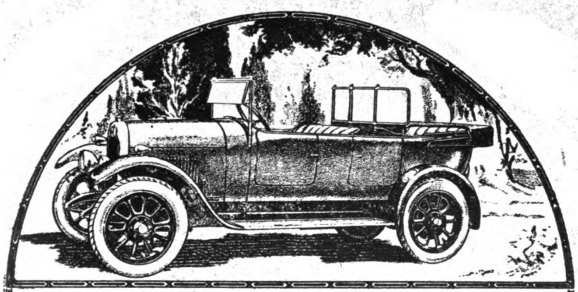
The cavalcade proceeds slowly through the city, accompanied by a vast throng of spectators. Not only are the streets packed, but the roofs and balconies of all buildings along the route are thronged. Ultimately it debouches on the open graveyard to the south of the town, across which it proceeds to the great mosque of the Imam Shahzada Husayn. Here the coffin is reverently deposited, but what actually takes place inside may not be witnessed by an infidel.

* "The Miracle Play of Hasan and Hosein." By Sir Lewis Pelly. (1879.)




**THE PILGRIM FATHERS COMMEMORATED ON THE HUMBER: SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A MEMORIAL AT KILLINGHOLME CREEK.**

At Killingholme Creek, on the Humber, on July 31, Sir Charles Wakefield, Bt., ex-Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by the Lord Mayor of Hull, laid the corner-stone of a memorial erected by the Anglo-American Society of Hull to the Pilgrim Fathers of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. The inscription states that "from this creek the Pilgrim Fathers first left England in 1609 in search of religious liberty. The granite top stone was taken from Plymouth Rock, Mass., and presented by the Sulgrave Institution of U.S.A." It was in 1620 that the "Mayflower" sailed on her famous voyage from Plymouth. The Pilgrim Fathers who started from the Humber spent eleven years in Holland before setting out for America.—[*Photograph by Photopress.*]

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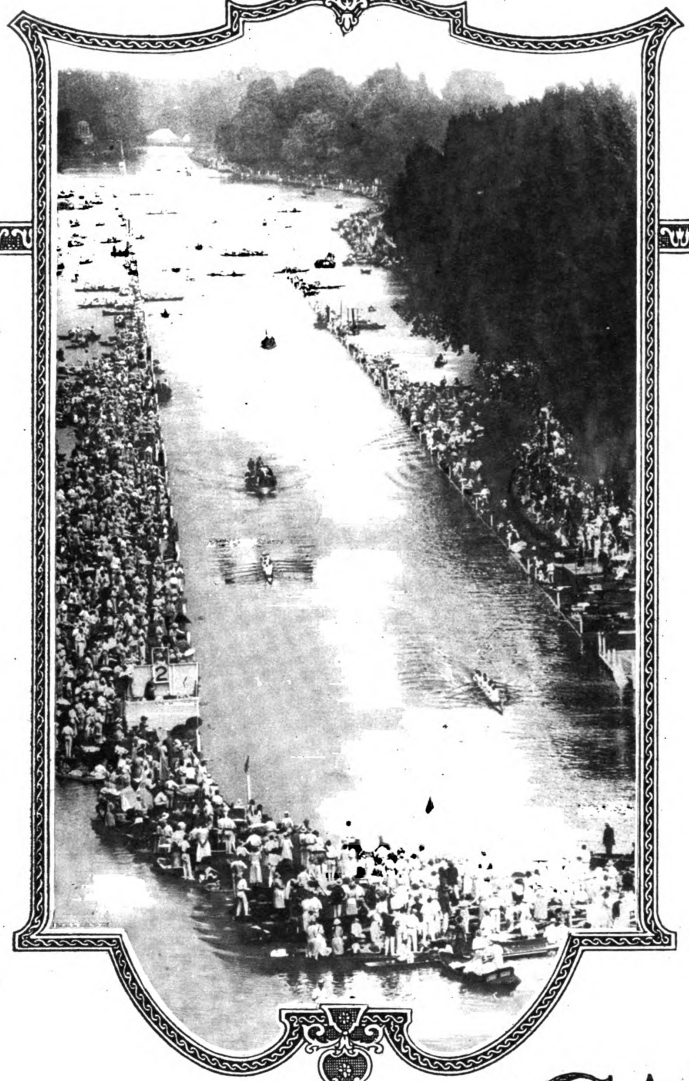
The dance is over, the last strains of the music have melted away. Possibly the dances have been a little too energetic. It is then that "4711" Eau-de-Cologne is so welcome. A few drops on your handkerchief and inhaled will prove delightfully soothing and refreshing. A little "4711" in the bath or toilet water invigorates and is an aid towards beautifying your complexion.

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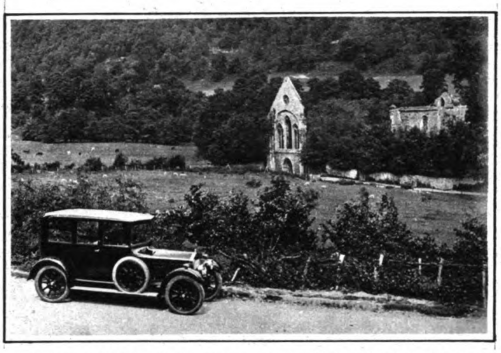
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**The Future of Reliability Trials.**

Apropos a recent paragraph of mine on the question of reliability trials in general, and that recently held by the R.A.C. in particular, it is not uninteresting to note that the Six Days' Trial promoted by the Edinburgh Motor Club failed this year to attract a really representative car entry. Only sixteen cars started in this event, which is certainly not to be described as a full entry. The moral seems to be that these long-period trials have had their day, and will not in the future be worth while carrying out at all. Not that I do not believe in them. On the contrary, in my own opinion they are very valuable indeed, not only to the purchasing public, which is able to discriminate to a certain extent between comparative performances, but to the manufacturer and his design staff. These strenuous trials have a habit of disclosing unsuspected weaknesses, which can be corrected in the light of the knowledge gained under the close observation of the officials of the promoting organisation.

It may be argued that the makers' own testers are just as likely to discover these weaknesses, and to point them out before the car concerned goes into production. That is only true up to a point. The average tester, while he is a very good man at his job, may easily miss a symptom, or just as easily put an apparently small defect right before it develops into real trouble, whereas had such a defect been left to make itself known in a strictly observed trial, the full ultimate effect would have been demonstrated. There are any amount of arguments to be advanced in favour of trials, and I shall always remain of opinion that they are very useful. But the fact seems to be that the manufacturing trade, which finds the support for these events, is not satisfied of their utility, and will not come in. If that be so, there is little use in persisting with their promotion.



AT A PICTURESQUE WELSH RUIN: A WOLSELEY "FOURTEEN" SALOON PASSING VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY, AT THE FOOT OF THE RUTHIN PASS.

**Free Imports.**

The McKenna duties have now ceased to exist, and those motorists who prefer the foreign car to the British, either from conviction that it is best or because of price considerations, can run riot through a list of substantially reduced prices. It is quite instructive to run through such a list as that published in the pages of the *Motor*, which shows in detail the old and the new prices at which French, Italian, and American cars were listed when the duties had to be paid, and at the present moment. All questions of economics or politics apart, the list is certainly interesting, and should provide a good deal of food for thought. The way it impresses me is that the British car has a very hard fight before it if it is to retain its hold of the home market, let alone to compete in the overseas Dominions. I fear it is of little use to appeal to the patriotism of the mass of the motor-buying public. Indeed, I am not convinced that this is a case in which patriotism enters into the question. Boiled down, the way it appeals to me is thus: the great majority of the British public, through its elected Government, has said that it prefers cheap foreign cars, clocks, watches, and so on, to the more expensive, though probably better, productions of our own country. Majorities, we are told, are always right; *ergo*, we are all right in this case. What matter, then, if a few more thousands of British workers are thrown on the dole? But possibly it will not be so, and that the British motor trade is in for a real boom. It may be so, but I cannot find a single British motor manufacturer who thinks that way.

**A Clement-Talbot Reappointment.**

It is not often that I feel it opportune to refer to personalities connected with the motor trade, but Mr. F. W. Shorland, well known years ago as one of the finest racing cyclists who ever crossed a saddle, and later as managing-director of Clement-Talbot, Ltd., with whom he severed his connection some five years ago, has by special request resumed control of the destinies of this concern. He has such hosts of friends, both in and out of the industry, that it is only fitting that I should make the announcement of his new appointment and congratulate Messrs. Clement-Talbot and himself upon it.

W. W.



WITH THE THREE WINNERS INSIDE: AN 8-H.P. HUMBER SALOON, VALUE £310, PRESENTED BY HUMBER LTD., TO BE SOLD FOR PRIZES IN A CARNIVAL COMPETITION IN AID OF HOSPITALS.

The proceeds of the sale of this car were divided amongst the three successful competitors (seen inside it) who tied in a Carnival Skill Competition recently organised in aid of the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital Fund. The car was presented by Messrs. Humber, Ltd., of Coventry.


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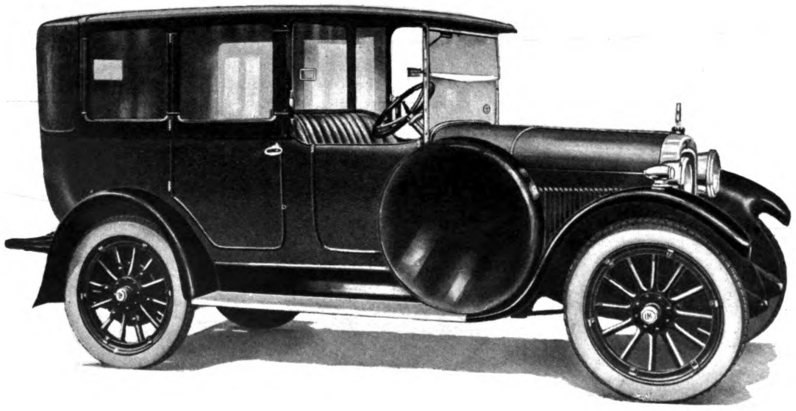
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1924.

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**WITH ONLY 30 INCHES TO SPARE ON EITHER SIDE: H.M.S. "HOOD" (THE LARGEST SHIP THAT HAS EVER PASSED THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL) IN THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK—SHOWING ONE OF THE ELECTRIC TOWING MOTORS ON THE RIGHT.**

In the course of the Navy's Empire cruise, the battle-cruisers of the Special Service Squadron—H.M.S. "Hood," "Repulse," and "Adelaide"—arrived at Balboa fron San Francisco on July 23. The "Hood" and "Repulse" at once proceeded on their journey through the Canal, while the "Adelaide" remained at Balboa for a few days. Crowds gathered on shore to watch the "Hood" enter the Canal, and the Governor and the Marine Superintendent accompanied Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Field part of the way. The "Hood" and "Repulse" both passed through the Miraflores and Pedro Miguel Locks on the 23rd, and tied up at Pedro Miguel until the 24th to take in fresh water and other supplies. The "Hood" is the largest ship that has ever passed through the Canal. As she is 105 ft. in beam, and the locks are only 110 ft. wide, there was only a margin of 30 in. on either side, which necessitated delicate manœuvring. An electric towing motor runs on rails on each side of the lock. On July 26 the Squadron reached Kingston, Jamaica.

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. HALLEN.




By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I AM one of those who always believed that the Irish question must have an Irish answer. But I never believed that there was much difference between the different English answers; even when one seemed to answer "Yes" and the other to answer "No." I remember the pamphlets of my youth: with Twenty Points for Home Rule and Twenty Points against Home Rule. It would be hard to say which of the points most completely missed the point. Curiously enough, the question enraged us by its remoteness. It dealt with strange things. It produced a vast amount of feeling in English politics because it was not an English question, but a foreign question; people flew into a passion about it as they did about Dreyfus or Kruger. But there was very little thought about it, in the sense of thought for thought's sake. I wonder whether it is yet possible to follow a line of idle but detached and disinterested reflection; which, avoiding the hot and hackneyed pros and cons, may lead us to look at this human business a little more as if it were a piece of history. Why did most of us come to accept a differentiation of national function, and on what truth did it rest?

There are two kinds of rebellion, or things that are called rebellion. The first is one in which the slave demands something that the tyrant has got. The second is one in which he demands something that the tyrant has not got. I mean, that in the first case he complains that the privileged person has more than his share of something which could be shared, and which would be enjoyed. In the second case he complains that the other man is so utterly different that he cannot provide or understand true enjoyment. It is not merely that the people do not share in the prince's powers, but that the prince does not even share in the people's tastes. Even if he wanted to give, he would not give what was wanted. When the first state of things exists, there may be a technical rebellion. There may be civil war; but it is very civil war. That is, it is really only a war of citizens. It can take place within one commonwealth, and even in the moral atmosphere common to all the citizens of one commonwealth. But when the second state of things exists, it is not a rebellion, but a war. It is not a civil war, but an international war. It is a war between two nations, and even between two civilisations. It is an international war, even if it takes place in the narrow streets of a tiny town. It is a question of two different types of difference. One is only a case in which the rich retain what the poor desire. The other is a case in which the rich respect what the poor despise. In one case, everybody likes wine, and the king locks up all the wine in his cellar. In the other case the king goes mad and declares wine to be a poison; and tries to pour iced water down everybody's throat.

Now, in the first case, where a normal property has become a narrow privilege, it is generally possible to broaden it slowly down, as Tennyson said, from precedent to precedent. It is possible to have what is called constant constitutional reform. The king can be gradually got into a good-humour, until the very fountains in the street run with wine. For there is no difference between prince and people about what is good; and most sane people see eventually that good-humour is good. Even the point on which they disagree is a point on which they agree. They both like wine. They are all in one moral tradition and can move together. This is what happened in England in the case of things like the Great Reform Bill, and the later and lesser Reform Bills, up to the Bill that established a restricted Female Suffrage. Englishmen with the traditions of the nineteenth century believed profoundly in the Parliamentary vote. They valued votes, they respected votes, they desired votes; they respected them even when they dreaded them. The reformers demanded the vote because they valued it. The reactionaries withheld the vote because they valued it. This is a case in which men are only in conflict because they are in such complete agreement. Hence the ease with which the franchise was slowly and smoothly extended, to one class after another, to one sex after the other. And the reason was that there was no discordant and distracting vision. The servants only wished to go where their masters went; to Westminster or to Windsor. That is, they only wished to follow in their masters' footsteps. The voteless could imagine nothing finer than to be a voter; the voter could imagine nothing finer than to be a Minister. When this is so, things can generally be adjusted. The trouble begins when the people *can* think of something much finer, or something they think much finer. The trouble begins when they have dreamed of something as a right, which their rulers would not value even as a privilege. Where there is no vision the people perish; but where there is a strange vision the people and the princes may fight, till both are on the point of perishing.



COMMEMORATING 7074 MEN OF THE CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES): A REGIMENTAL MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY EARL HAIG AT GLASGOW—RELATIVES PASSING ROUND IT AFTER THE CEREMONY.

Earl Haig unveiled on August 9, in Kelvingrove Park, Glasgow, this very striking war memorial to 7074 members of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). He mentioned that the memorial scheme included also a tablet in the cathedral and a regimental club. The sculptor of the bronze group on the monument was Captain P. Lindsay Clark, D.S.O. The central figure, symbolising victory, is a sergeant in the act of going over the top; at his feet is a fallen officer, and on the right a Lewis gunner.

*Photograph by Topical.*

An easy example of the second sort of rebellion is the American rebellion. That was driven to a final rupture because the American colonists had caught sight of an ideal which the English rulers did not understand, even as an ideal. It was not something that England would not give, but something that England could not give. It was something that England had not got. It was the idea of equality; that democratic level which some call a dead level. The colonists were not fighting because George III. had this and kept it to himself; but because he had never heard of it. The English King had not locked up all the English equality in his cellar; there was no English equality to lock up. If the Anglo-American quarrel had really been only a constitutional quarrel, as many of our historians considered it, it would probably have been healed, as many of our statesmen would have healed it. If it had really been some legal point about "taxation and representation," it might have been composed. But the Americans were not really thinking about taxation; and the English were certainly not thinking about representation, having hardly any representation of their own. The English were thinking about the sort of government to which they were accustomed; which was a government of gentlemen. The Americans were thinking about a sort of government to which they were *not* accustomed; which they felt as if nobody had ever tried before; a light of liberty that never was on sea or land. Chatham would have been quite ready to treat Washington as a gentleman; the trouble was that Chatham stood for the ideal of the gentleman and Washington for the ideal of the citizen; or, as some would say, for the ideal of the man. England might have given to the Americans all that England had given to the English. But England could not give to the Americans what she could not give to the English; what she had not got to give. And that was a new vision of a new world.

In the first sort of rebellion, the ruler is superior; in the sense that he has what the rebel has not. In the second the rebel is superior; for he has what the ruler has not. The ruler is at a disadvantage: it is he that is ignorant and in the dark. If he governs for ever, he will misgovern for ever. Yet the English colonies had once, at least, been English. Their culture was English; it was Protestant and not Catholic, maritime rather than military, familiar with English traditions and allusions. Their language was English—at that time, at any rate, it was remarkably like English. Their new democratic theory had only come to them as a theory; and it had come to the heirs of the Roundheads in New England and the Cavaliers in Virginia.

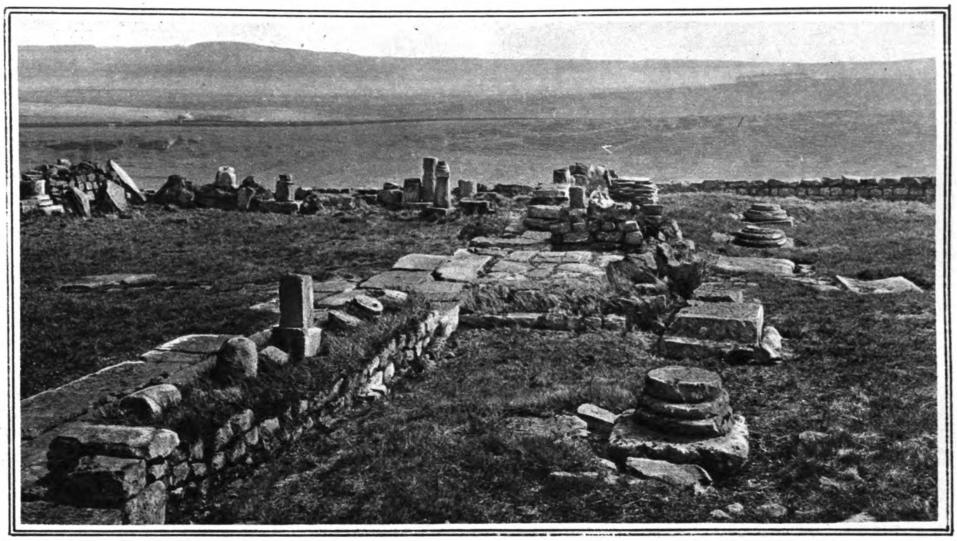
But in Ireland the old stories were more alien than the new. The traditions were more revolutionary than the theories. It was this reality that convinced me a long time ago that the Anglo-Irish quarrel was not an internal but an international quarrel; and for the same reason. The Irish were not asking for equality with the English. They were not asking for something that we could give them and would not; but for something we could not give if we would. It was a state in another style of architecture; a community with a different picture of happiness. You cannot ask one landscape-painter to live in another one's landscape; you cannot ask one Utopian to live in another's Utopia. It was such reasons that converted the wisest of the English: and the reasons remain.

## *OUR ANAGLYPHS.*

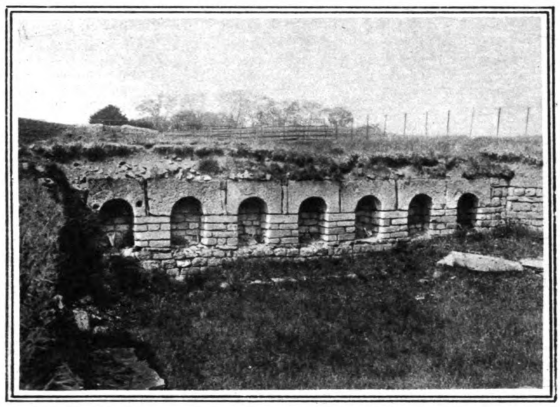
*Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 336, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.*

# COMING UNDER OFFICE OF WORKS PROTECTION: THE ROMAN WALL.

Photographs Nos. 1, 3, and 4 by A. H. Robinson; No. 2 by John Gibson.



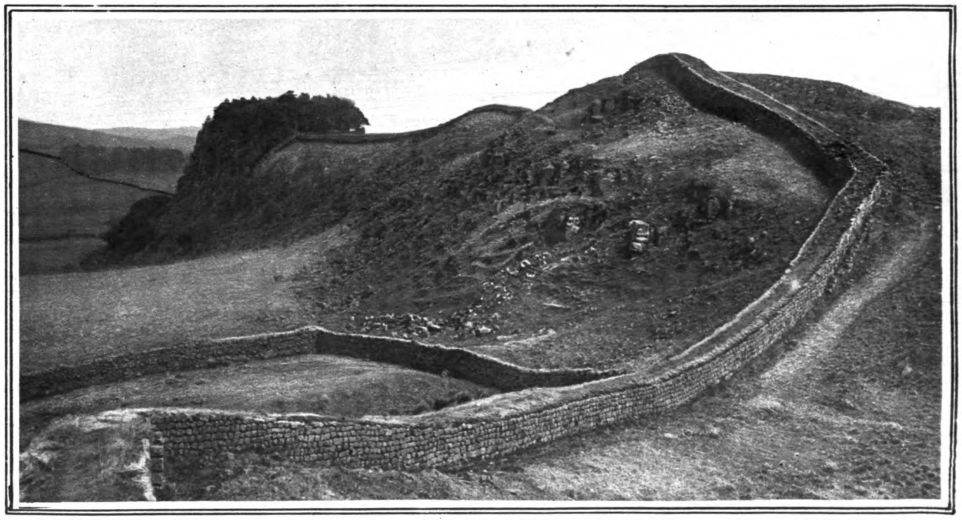
1. NOW TO BE "SCHEDULED" BY THE OFFICE OF WORKS FOR PRESERVATION AS AN ANCIENT MONUMENT: THE ROMAN WALL—THE PRÆTORIUM OF ONE OF ITS FORTS, BORCOVICIUM.



2. WITH SEVEN ARCHED NICHES, PROBABLY "CUPBOARDS FOR THE BATHERS' CLOTHES": THE "UNROBING CHAMBER" IN THE BATH-HOUSE AT CILURNUM (CHESTERS).



3. ROMAN CENTRAL HEATING METHODS ILLUSTRATED IN ONE OF THE GREAT FORTS OF HADRIAN'S WALL: HYPOCAUSTS AT CILURNUM, NEAR CHOLLERFORD.



4. THE GREATEST RELIC OF THE ROMAN OCCUPATION IN BRITAIN: HADRIAN'S WALL FROM SOLWAY TO TYNE—THE SECTION AT CUDDY'S CRAG, LOOKING EAST.

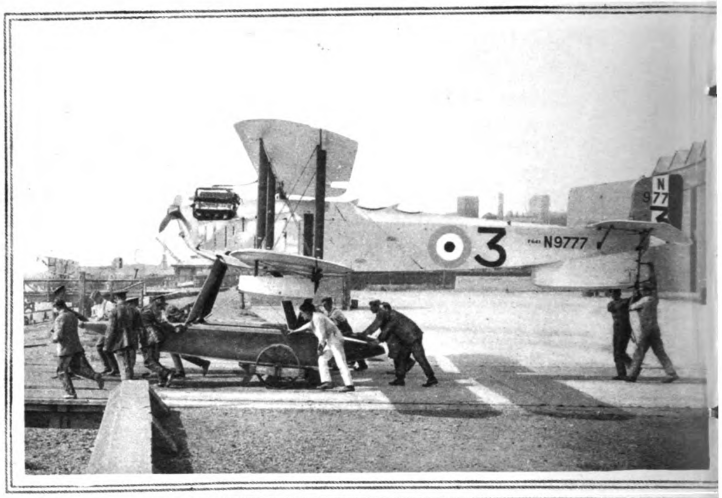
The Office of Works has taken steps to have the Roman Wall officially "scheduled" for preservation. This means that owners or occupiers of land over which it extends cannot interfere with it, except by authority of the Department, and are liable for any damage done to it. Public interest in Roman remains in this country has lately been stimulated by the discoveries at Folkestone, Yeovil, and Margidunum, a fort between Leicester and Lincoln, and by the handing over to the National Trust of the Roman villa at Chedworth (illustrated in our issue of July 12). But the Great Wall, built across Britain by Hadrian about A.D. 122, linking up the forts constructed by Agricola from A.D. 78 to 85, to keep out the Picts, remains beyond question the greatest relic of the Roman occupation. "The best-preserved building on the wall line," writes Miss Jessie Mothersole, author of "Hadrian's Wall" (John Lane) in "Wonders of the Past" (Fleetway House), "is the bath-house at Chesters (Cilurnum) on the North Tyne. . . . A large flagged chamber, probably the unrobing room, contains seven round-arched stone niches, whose purpose is not known, but it is suggested that they were cupboards for the bathers' clothes. Nothing of the sort has been found elsewhere." The building of the wall, under Hadrian, was illustrated in our issue of April 1, 1911.

# AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF

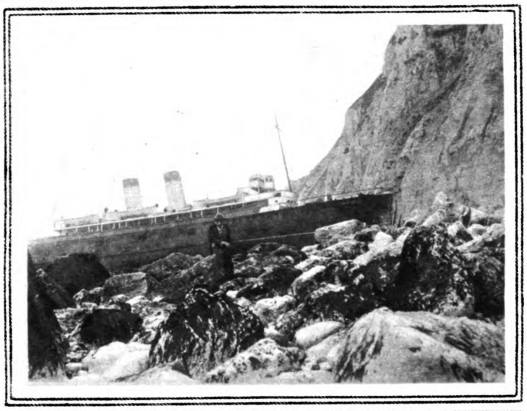
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., G.P.U., TOPICAL CA



THE SEVEN HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF ELGIN CATHEDRAL: THE BISHOP OF MORAY PREACHING IN THE RUINED NAVE.



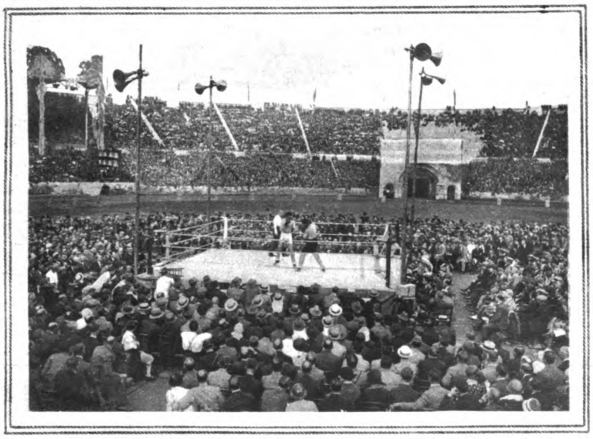

THE ONLY MACHINE TO START AND FINISH ON THE WATER IN THE ROUND-BRITAIN AIR RACE FOR THE KING'S CUP, WON BY MR. ALAN COBHAM: THE SEAPLANE "NAPIER FAIREY III.," AT FELIXSTOWE.



A CHANNEL STEAMER THAT GROUNDED ON THE FRENCH COAST IN FOG: THE "NEWHAVEN" ASHORE AT BERNEVAL PLAGE, NEAR DIEPPE.



TO BE OCCUPIED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES DURING HIS FORTHCOMING JOURNEY TO AMERICA: THE BED-ROOM IN THE SUITE RESERVED FOR HIM ON BOARD THE "BERENGARIA."



WITH "LOUD-SPEAKERS" ON POLES AT THE RING CORNERS TO CARRY SOUNDS: THE DISAPPOINTING FIGHT BETWEEN GIBBONS (RIGHT) AND BLOOMFIELD.



THE CHAIRING OF THE BARD AT THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD: THE REV. ALBERT JONES INSTALLED BY THE ARCHDRUID (ON RIGHT, IN OAKLEAF CROWN).

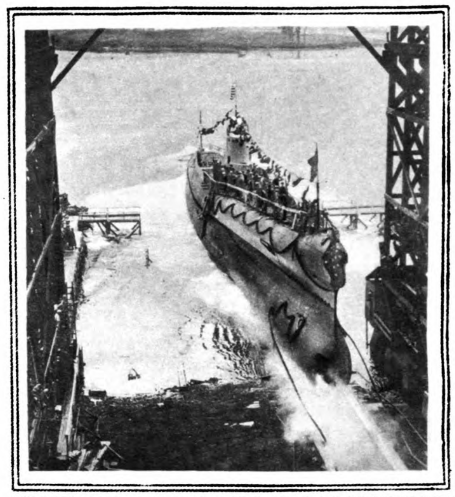
The seven hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Elgin Cathedral, whose beautiful ruins were illustrated on a double-page in our issue of August 9, was celebrated on August 6 by a procession through the town and a service in the ruined nave. The Bishop of Moray, Ross and Caithness preached from an improvised pulpit. The service was transmitted by a wireless "loud-speaker" to a still larger gathering in the adjacent Cooper Park.——In the Air Race round Great Britain for the King's Cup on August 12, won on handicap by Mr. Alan J. Cobham, one entrant, Mr. C. R. Fairey's seaplane, piloted by Captain N. Macmillan, M.C., started from the water at Felixstowe, and finished at Lee-on-Solent seaplane station; the other nine machines started from Martlesham Heath, near Ipswich, to finish at Gosport Aerodrome. Originally, it was hoped to make this year's event primarily a seaplane race, but the Air Ministry and the Fleet Air arm did not co-operate.——The funeral service for Mr. Joseph Conrad, the famous novelist, took place at St. Thomas's Church, Canterbury, on August 7, and the burial in Canterbury Cemetery. Among those present were Count Raczynski (representing the Polish Minister), Mr. Cunninghame Graham, and Mr. W. W. Jacobs. The Dean of Canterbury, preaching in the Cathedral on the following Sunday, paid a high tribute to Mr. Conrad.——The new United States

# CURRENT NEWS—INTERESTING EVENTS AND OCCASIONS.

Fernstadt (Berlin), I.B., and L.N.A.



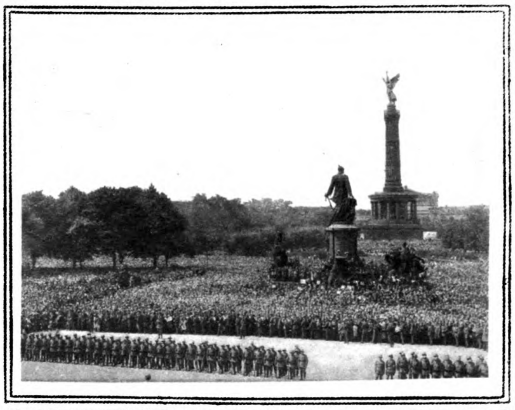
"A GREAT SON OF POLAND AND A MASTER OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE" LAID TO REST AT CANTERBURY: THE FUNERAL OF JOSEPH CONRAD.



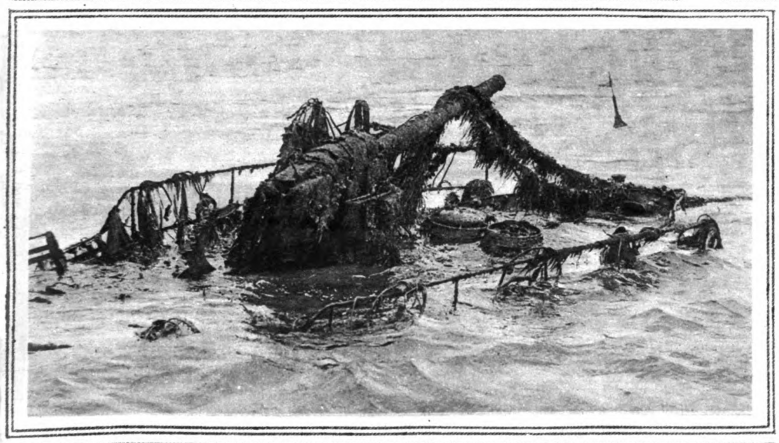
AMERICA'S LARGEST SUBMARINE LAUNCHED: THE U.S. SUBMARINE "VI." TAKING THE WATER AT PORTSMOUTH, N.H.



SHOWING THE DOOR INTO THE BEDROOM (SEE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH): THE VERANDAH OF THE SUITE IN THE "BERENGARIA" RESERVED FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.



A HUGE CROWD IN BERLIN AT THE UNVEILING OF THE GERMAN WAR MEMORIAL (SHOWN BELOW): A VIEW FROM THE REICHSTAG.



THE FIRST OF THE SCUTTLED GERMAN FLEET TO BE RAISED AT SCAPA FLOW: THE SALVED DESTROYER SHOWING ABOVE WATER AFTER BEING TOWED INSHORE BETWEEN TWO PARTS OF THE FLOATING DOCK.

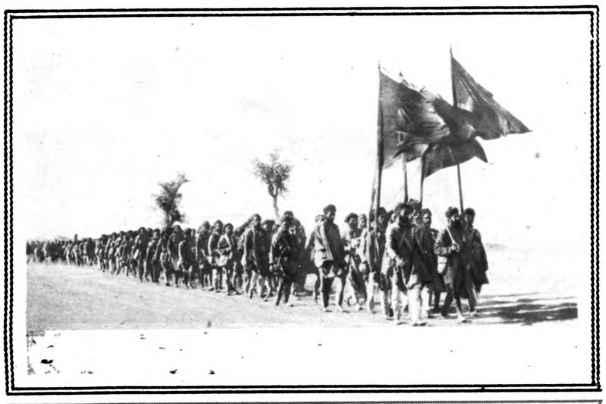


GERMANY'S "CENOTAPH": A COFFIN AS EMBLEM OF THE DEAD—THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AT THE REICHSTAG.

submarine "VI.," recently launched at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, is said to be twice as large as any other in the American Navy, measuring 341½ ft. long over all, and 27½ ft. wide, with a surface displacement of 2164 tons.——The Channel steamer "Newhaven," bound for Dieppe, ran aground in a dense fog on August 5, at Berneval Plage, four miles east of Dieppe. No one was injured, and at low tide all the passengers walked ashore. Tugs were sent to refloat the ship.——The Prince of Wales is to sail for his trip to the United States and Canada, on August 23, in the Cunarder "Berengaria."——The German national war memorial was recently unveiled in front of the Reichstag building in Berlin, in the presence of an enormous crowd.——Tom Gibbons, the American boxer, knocked out Jack Bloomfield, the British heavyweight, in the third round of the contest in the Stadium at Wembley on August 9. The fight was disappointing, and the attendance (some 40,000) not as large as was expected.——The successful Bard at the Eisteddfod at Pontypool was the Rev. Albert E. Jones, a young Calvinistic Methodist Minister at Penmaenmawr. The subject set was "To the Unknown God." Mr. Jones won the Bardic crown at Mold last year.——The methods of raising the scuttled German ships at Scapa Flow are illustrated on a double page in this number.

# SIKH RELIGIOUS GRIEVANCES EXPLOITED BY POLITICAL

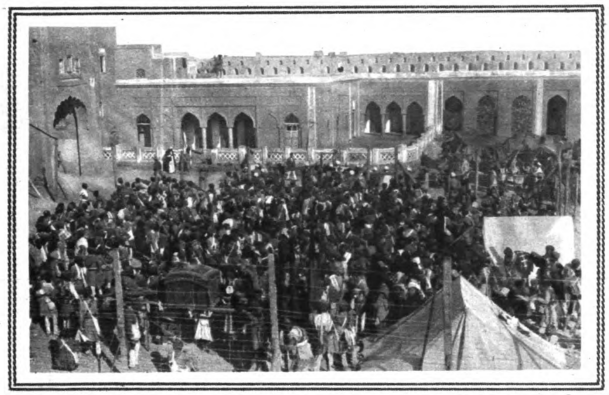
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SPECIAL PRESS, NOS. 3, 6, AND 7.



1. WITH THEIR BANNERS AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION: A *SHAHIDI JATHA* (BAND OF "MARTYRS") IN THE PRECINCTS OF JAITO.



2. AFTER THEIR ARREST BY GOVERNMENT FORCES: AN AKALI *JATHA* MARCHING TO THE FORT AT JAITO UNDER ESCORT—SHOWING THE BANNERS IN THE BACKGROUND.



4. LOCKED UP IN A BARBED-WIRE ENCLOSURE: AN AKALI *JATHA* IMPRISONED AT THE FORT AT JAITO AFTER BEING ARRESTED.



5. ALL WITH THEIR HANDS CLASPED, AND SOME WEARING RED CROSS BADGES: MEMBERS OF THE AKALI AMBULANCE CORPS WITH A *JATHA* AT JAITO.

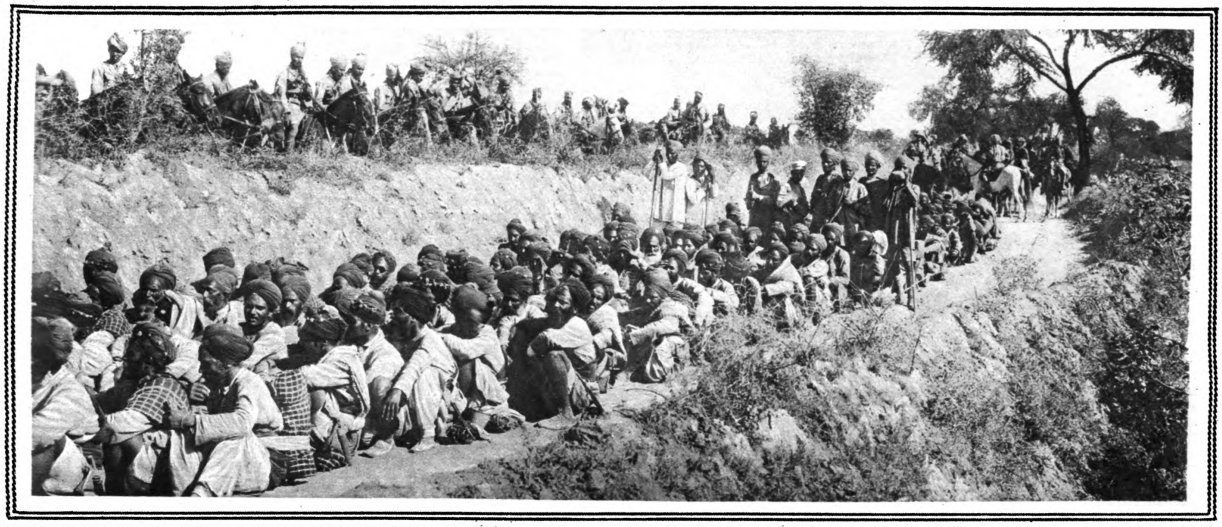


6. TYPES OF THE MEN WHO TAKE PART IN THE DEMONSTRATIONS, AND OF THEIR COSTUME: AN AKALI *JATHA* HALTED AT JAITO.

The long unrest in the Punjab, which arose originally out of religious grievances among the Sikhs, and has been exploited by political extremists for purposes of agitation, has been marked by numerous *jathas*, or processions of Akalis (Sikh fanatics) to various shrines to which they claim a right of entry, at Jaito, in the Nabha State, and elsewhere. As these proceedings involved infringement of the rights of property (often belonging to *mahants*, or priests, against whom the Akalis were demonstrating), the Government were forced to take steps to prevent them, and there have been many arrests of such *jathas* by Indian police, assisted by cavalry and infantry. A huge Akali demonstration took place recently on the occasion of the municipal welcome at Lahore to the new Governor of the Punjab, Sir Malcolm Hailey, whose statement that peace and order would be maintained in any circumstances has had a remarkable effect. Many moderate Sikhs have written to the Press to denounce the Akalis, and have formed committees to support the Government. The Akali movement,

# AGITATORS: AKALIS ARRESTED IN THE PUNJAB.

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC INFORMATION AT SIMLA.



3. WITH INDIAN CAVALRY ON GUARD THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BANK: A *SHAHIDI JATHA*, OR BAND OF "MARTYRS" (SO CALLED AS HAVING BEEN PREVIOUSLY ARRESTED), TAKING AN "EASY" IN A ROAD AT JAITO AFTER THEIR FRESH ARREST.

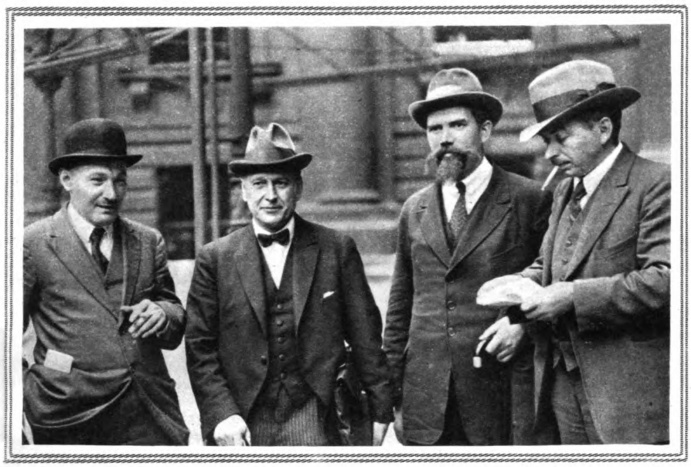


7. A MUCH-VENERATED OBJECT IN THE PROCESSION: A DECORATED PALANQUIN CONTAINING A SACRED BOOK OF THE SIKH RELIGION, BORNE BY TURBANED STALWARTS IN A *SHAHIDI JATHA*, WITH OTHERS KNEELING BESIDE IT.

which began a few years ago, was at first designed to purge Sikhism of abuses, and expel worthless priests from the temples. It led to the formation of the Gurdwara Parbandak Committee, which has since been "captured" by political agitators. It is this committee which orders the *jathas*. Feeling has been unjustly directed against the Government, whose point of view is misrepresented and misunderstood. "The Sikhs ask," said a writer in the "Times" recently, "first, that their shrines should be under Sikh control—that is, under their representative committee. . . . Second, that all Sikhs should be allowed to wear *kirpans*, or daggers, without limit of size. Third, that all Sikhs found guilty of crimes . . . regarded by an impartial body as religious should be forthwith released. Fourth, that the former Maharajah of Nabha should be restored. . . . It has been on the Nabha question that negotiations have broken down." Previous illustrations of the subject appeared in our issues of March 22 and 29 last.

# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photographs by Photopress, C.N., Lafayette Art-Pho Service, Elliott and Fry, Keystone View Co. and Sport and General.



RUSSIAN SIGNATORIES TO THE ANGLO-SOVIET TREATIES: (L. TO R.) MM. A. L. SCHEINMANN (FINANCE), C. G. RAKOVSKY (CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES IN LONDON), A. F. RADCHENKO, AND M. P. TOMSKY, OUTSIDE THE FOREIGN OFFICE AFTER SIGNING THE TREATY.



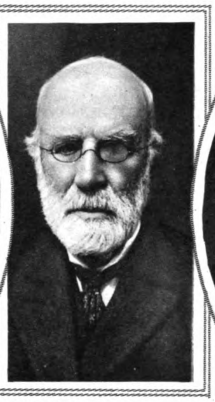
LEAVING THE FOREIGN OFFICE AFTER SIGNING THE ANGLO-SOVIET TREATIES: M. A. A. JOFFE.



MURDERED IN MEXICO: THE LATE MRS. ROSALIE EVANS, WHO REFUSED TO SURRENDER HER FARM.



PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: MAJ.-GEN. SIR DAVID BRUCE, F.R.S.



A VETERAN PEER WHO SPENT 67 YEARS IN AUSTRALIA: THE LATE EARL OF DUCIE.



FORMERLY KEEPER OF THE WALLACE COLLECTION: THE LATE SIR CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



AUTHOR OF THE DAWES REPORT ON REPARATIONS: GEN. CHARLES GATES DAWES.



THE COMING-OF-AGE OF THE HON. W. H. SMITH (THIRD FROM RIGHT), ELDEST SON OF VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN: THE FAMILY GROUP AT GREENLANDS, HENLEY, FOR THE OCCASION.

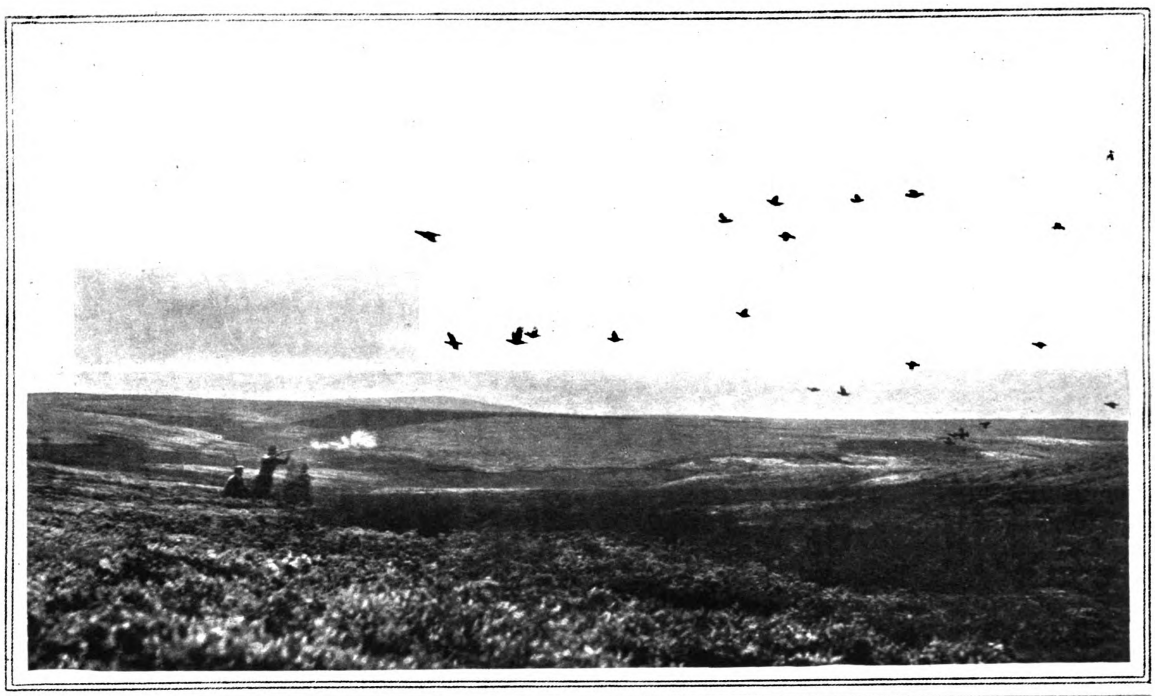


THE GERMAN DELEGATES TO THE LONDON CONFERENCE ON REPARATIONS: (L. TO R.) DR. STRESEMANN (FOREIGN MINISTER), DR. MARX (CHANCELLOR), DR. LUTHER (FINANCE MINISTER), AND HERR VON SCHUBERT.

Two Anglo-Soviet Treaties were signed at the Foreign Office on August 8, by the Premier and Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, and by Messrs. C. G. Rakovsky (Soviet Chargé d'Affaires in London), A. A. Joffe, A. F. Radchenko, A. L. Scheinmann, and M. P. Tomsky, Soviet plenipotentiaries.——Mrs. Rosalie Evans, who was shot dead on August 2, near her estate in Mexico, was a British subject, as the widow of the late Mr. H. E. R. Evans, formerly President of the Bank of London in Mexico, who was killed in the war. She herself was the daughter of an American father and a French-Creole mother. Her fight for her estate is a matter of recent history. At the trial in Mexico City on August 10 of three men accused of the murder, the British representative walked out of the Court, obviously dissatisfied with the procedure.——At the opening of the British Association meeting at Toronto, on August 6, Sir David Bruce gave his Presidential Address on "The Prevention of Disease."——The Earl of Ducie, who was over ninety, had spent sixty-seven years sheep-farming in Queensland, where he also held several Ministerial posts. He returned in 1922 on succeeding to the peerage.——Sir Claude Phillips, the well-known art critic, was Keeper of the Wallace Collection from 1897 to 1911.——General Charles G. Dawes, of "Dawes Report" fame, is the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States.——The group taken at Greenlands, Lord Hambleden's place at Henley, at the coming-of-age of his eldest son, the Hon. W. H. Smith, shows (l. to r.) the Hon. J. F. Smith, the Hon. Edith Smith, Viscountess Hambleden, the Hon. W. H. Smith, Viscount Hambleden, and the Hon. Margaret Smith. On the ground is the Hon. David Smith.

# THE "TWELFTH": GROUSE-SHOOTING ON NORTHERN MOORS.

Photographs by Sport and General.



GROUSE-SHOOTING FROM BUTTS: A FLIGHT OF DRIVEN BIRDS COMING OVER THE GUNS—A TYPICAL TWELFTH OF AUGUST SCENE ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.

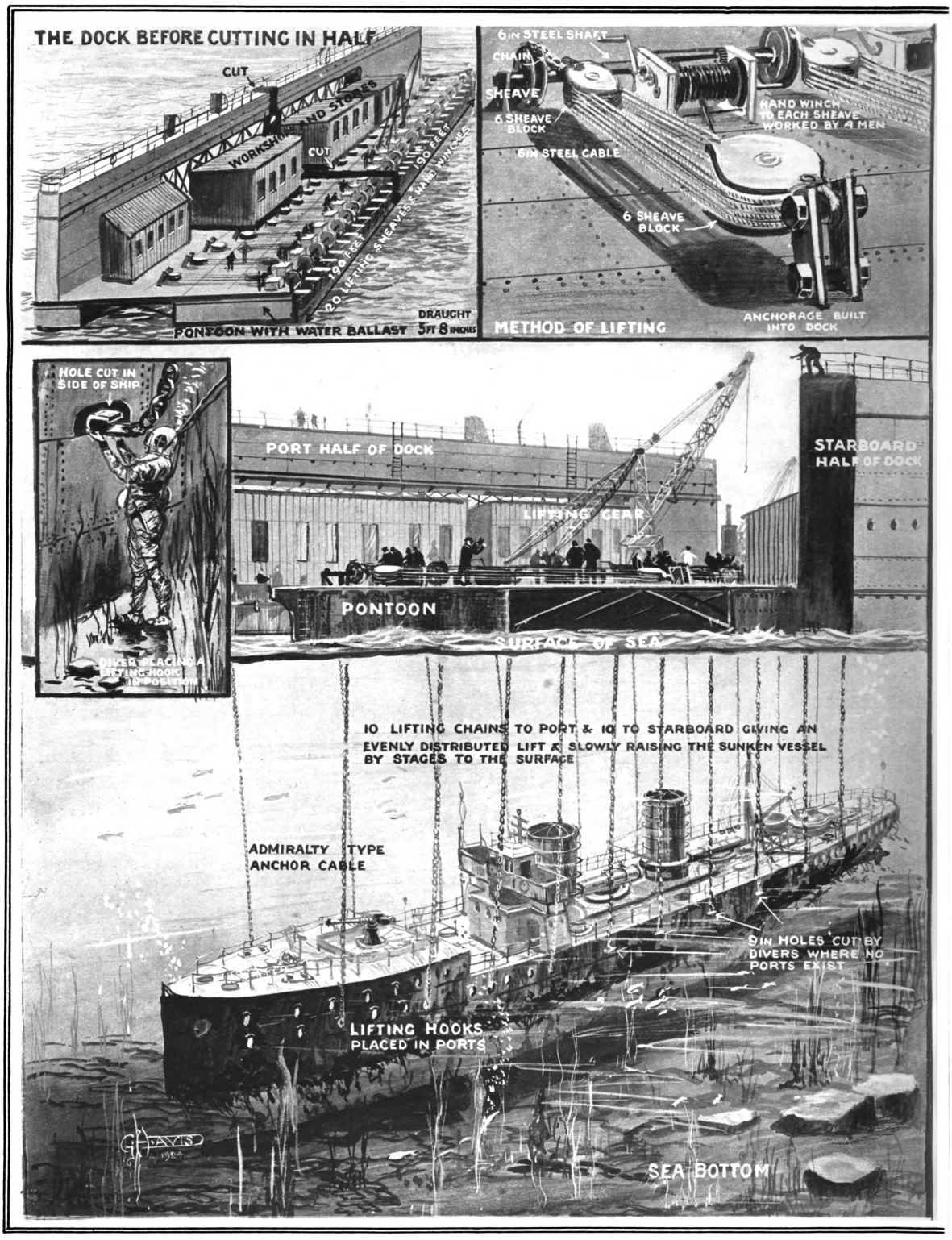


GROUSE-SHOOTING OVER DOGS: A SPORTSMAN AND SPORTSWOMAN, WHO PREFER THE OLDER AND MORE STRENUOUS METHOD, BAGGING A BRACE ON CROSCRAIG MOOR, LOCH RANNOCH.

The Twelfth of August having once more inaugurated the grouse-shooting season, sport is in full swing. There are two methods of killing grouse—shooting them over dogs, which is the usual system in Scotland, or driving them to the guns stationed in butts, nowadays the general practice in England. Above we illustrate typical examples of both styles. Discussing "the older branch of grouse-shooting—namely, that of walking them up over dogs," the Duke of Rutland (in the "Encyclopædia of Sport") speaks of "the necessity of the sportsman getting himself into some sort of 'condition' before attempting to go through the hard work entailed by this form of shooting." The prospects for the present grouse-shooting season were reported to be not very bright, owing to the prolonged frosts of last spring, which destroyed so much of the heather on which the birds feed; and, in Scotland, to the snowstorms of May, that buried countless nests and drove sitting hens from their eggs. The most successful grouse season on record was that of 1872, when 17,064 driven grouse alone were shot during August. In 1888, Lord Walsingham broke the record (his own) for one-man shooting of driven grouse by bagging 1070 to his own gun in 12½ hours, on the Blubberhouse Moors, in Yorkshire. The record over dogs is believed to be 440, shot on August 12, 1871, by the Maharajah Duleep Singh, at Grantully, Perthshire.

# HOW A DESTROYER OF THE SCUTTLED GERMAN FLEET

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

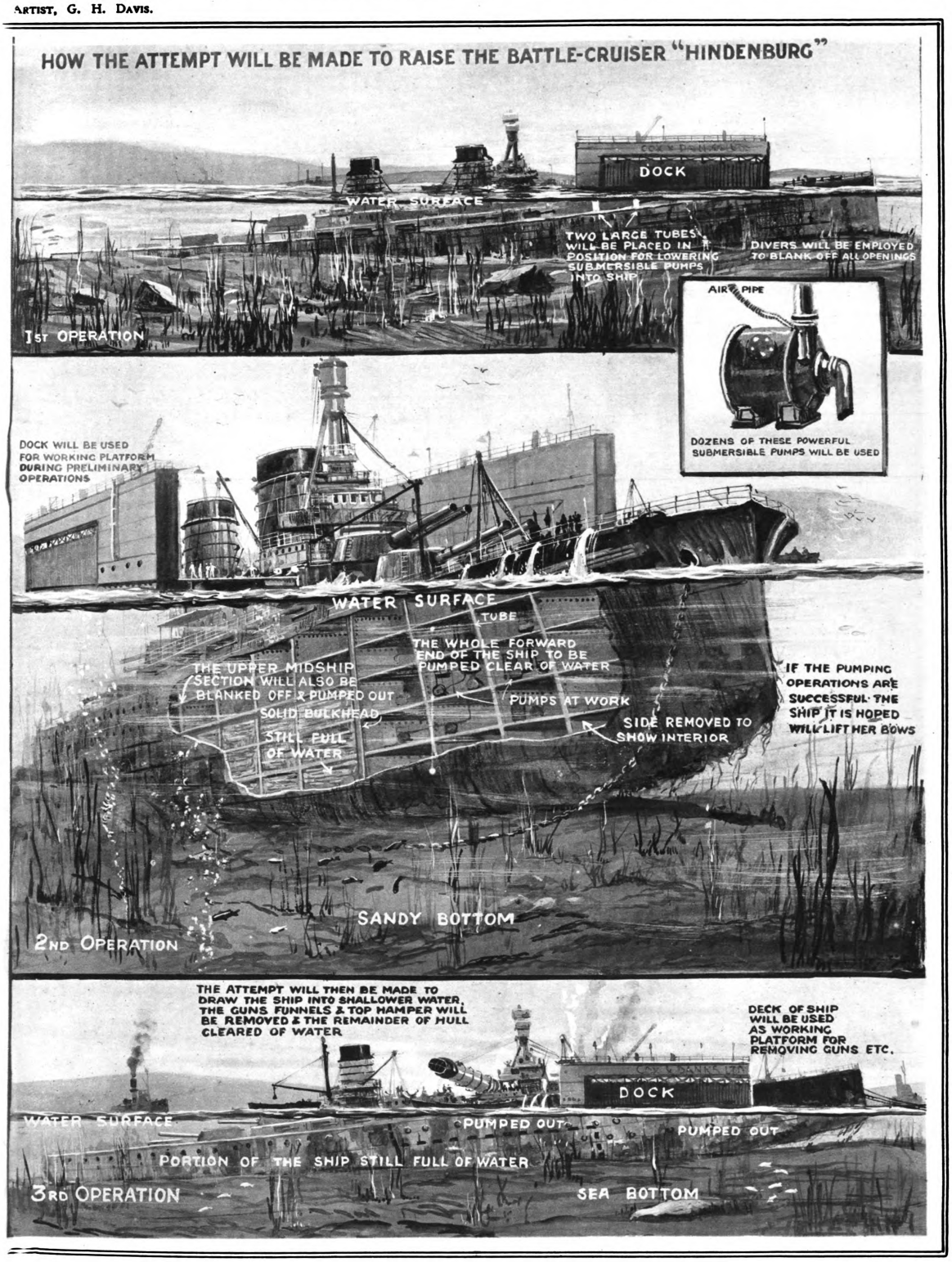



## USING A SURRENDERED GERMAN FLOATING DOCK TO LIFT SCUTTLED GERMAN

The huge German submarine dock surrendered at Harwich was adapted for the greatest salvage task ever attempted — the raising of the surrendered German Fleet, scuttled and sunk by the Germans at Scapa Flow in 1919. The first of the scuttled ships to be raised was the destroyer "V60," which on August 1, after a previous unsuccessful attempt, was lifted 3 ft. from the bottom by the use of stronger wire hawsers. The destroyer and the dock were then towed towards the shore by tugs. The floating dock had been specially altered for the work. The tubular submarine dock was detached, and the main portion of the deck structure cut. The remainder was fitted for raising the smaller vessels. On arrival at Scapa Flow, the dock was again cut into two halves, each half 190 ft. long. The two halves were moored over the sunken destroyer, and divers were sent down. All along the edge of the dock are placed lifting sheaves. From these are taken down anchor cables, with great hooks, which are fixed by divers in the ports fore and aft. Where no ports exist amidships, the divers cut holes. These various operations are shown in the left-hand half of the above drawing. The right-hand half illustrates the project of raising the sunken battle-cruiser "Hindenburg." This huge ship rests on a sandy bottom in an upright

# WAS RAISED: REMARKABLE SALVAGE AT SCAPA FLOW.

Artist, G. H. Davis.




**SHIPS: (LEFT) TACKLE FOR RAISING SMALLER SHIPS; (RIGHT) FOR THE "HINDENBURG."**

position, with her funnels, a portion of her upper works, and a small section of her bow above water. The scheme provisionally evolved by Messrs. Cox and Danks, Ltd., who are the firm concerned in the salvage work, is to blank off by means of plugs, patches, and so on, the whole of the forward portion of the ship. Steel tubes will then be built into the ship, and down them will be lowered powerful submersible pumps. By this means the whole of the forward section should be freed from water. The next operation will be the pumping out of the upper midship section, and it is hoped that this will give the ship sufficient buoyancy forward to raise her bows considerably, and make it possible to tow her into shallower water. Then, with her forecastle above the surface, this will be utilised as a working platform to lift out her heavy deck fittings, turrets, guns, and top hamper. When this is accomplished, it may be possible to blank off and pump out the rest of the vessel, so that she will float. The "Hindenburg" would then become a pontoon to raise the other vessels. There were 74 German ships interned at Scapa Flow, including 11 battleships, 5 battle-cruisers, 8 light cruisers, and 50 destroyers, and all were sunk except four of the large ships and a few destroyers. The task of raising them may take nine years.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]*

# SWITZERLAND UNDER THE CÆSARS: ROMAN RELICS.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY DR. O. TSCHUMI, CURATOR OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL COLLECTION OF THE BERNE HISTORICAL MUSEUM.



FROM A ROMAN CEMETERY AT ENGE, NEAR BERNE: ROMAN BOWLS, SOME OF FLAVIAN DATE (69-96 A.D.).

WITHIN a mile of Berne is the small peninsula of Enge, formed by the River Aar, and measuring about one-and-a-half miles long by less than a mile wide. "As a rich archæological site," says Mr. S. E. Winbolt, the discoverer of the Roman remains he is excavating at Folkestone, "there can be few to compare with it in Europe, for it gives evidence of settlement by Celts and Romans for

[Continued opposite

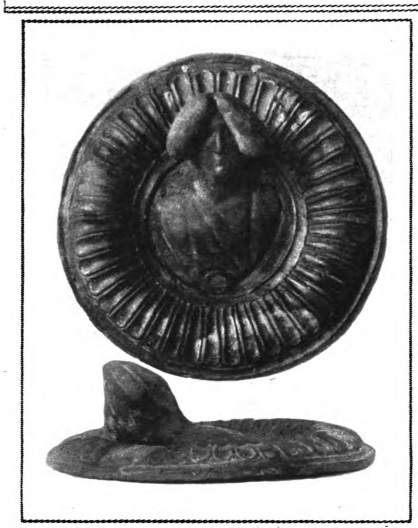
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some 800 years. The Celtic occupation was from 400 to 58 B.C., the Roman from 58 B.C. to (probably) early in the sixth century A.D." Excavations there, interrupted by the war, and since renewed, have yielded remarkable results. Dr. O. Tschumi, of the Berne Historical Museum, who directed the work, writes: "Any settlement on this peninsula must have been reasonably safe from enemy attacks. It

[Contin ued below



ANOTHER TYPE OF FLAVIAN COIFFURE: A BUST OF A ROMAN MATRON (FRONT AND SIDE VIEW.)



WITH HAIR DRESSED IN THE FLAVIAN FASHION: A ROMAN MATRON'S HEAD ON AN EARTHEN PLATE.



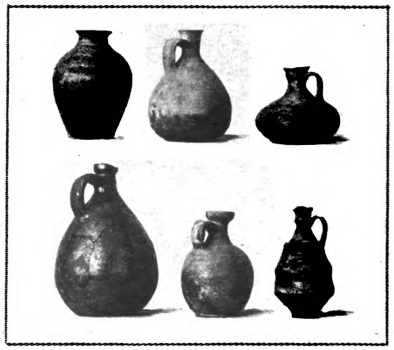
BELIEVED TO REPRESENT A CELT, OWING TO THE TORQUE ROUND THE NECK: A BUST FROM ENGE.



USED BY ROMANS IN SWITZERLAND NEARLY 2000 YEARS AGO: LAMPS (ABOVE) AND VASES FROM ENGE.



INDICATING DETAILS OF THE HARNESS: A FIGURE OF A HORSE FOUND AT ENGE.



OF A KIND FREQUENTLY FOUND IN THE GRAVES ON THE ENGE PENINSULA: ROMAN WINE-JARS.



ROMAN GLASSWARE FROM THE ENGE TOMBS: NOTABLE EXAMPLES—ONE EGG-SHAPED, SOME TUBULAR (FOR OINTMENT), OTHERS DECORATED WITH A NETWORK PATTERN, AT WHICH THE ROMAN GLASS-MAKERS WERE ADEPT.

Continued.]

was an ideal place for what Cæsar called an *oppidum*, and there is a great archæological probability that the Enge was one of the twelve *oppida* or towns which Cæsar founded in the territory of the Celtic Helvetii. Traces of the Celts were found in two small cemeteries and a large workshop. In the former the dead were buried with all sorts of adornments, like armlets of glass, fibulæ of bronze, and scarce pottery. Greek influence is betrayed in rare coins, which the ancients thought indispensable for the passage to Hades. They were found in the mouth of the dead, or, when these were cremated, in their cinerary urns. The excavations revealed one of the largest Roman cemeteries in Switzerland, with about 170 tombs, most of them richly stored with pottery, statuettes and fibulæ. The dead were sometimes buried and sometimes cremated, both rites being used by the Romans. A Gallo-Roman temple was erected not far from the necropolis, with its opening to the east. The temple offerings were largely of money, and we have Gallic coins, as well as Imperial ones from Augustus to Domitian."

# NEW GEMS OF CLASSICAL ART: BRITISH DISCOVERIES IN PALESTINE.

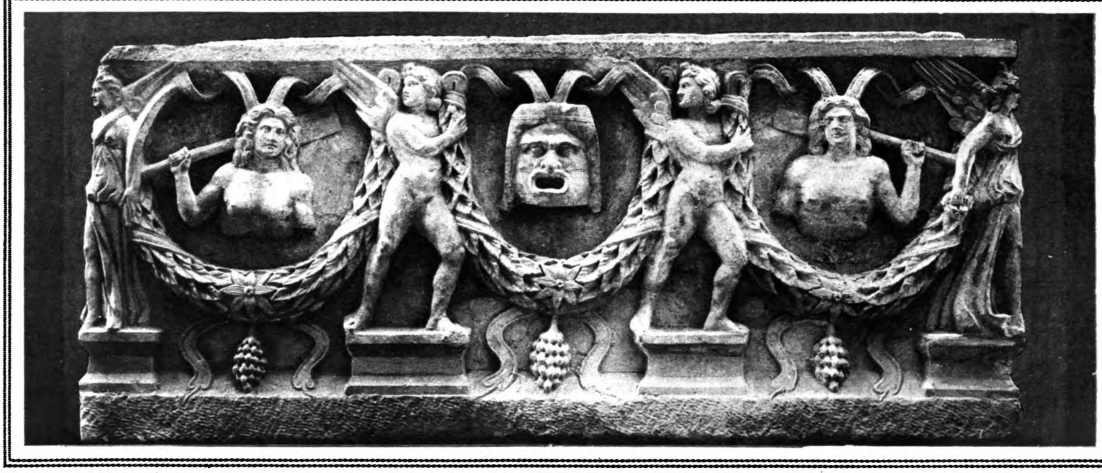
Photographs: Nos. 1 and 2, by Courtesy of Professor John Garstang, Director of the Palestine Department of Antiquities; No. 3, Supplied by the "Times."



1. THE FINEST EXAMPLE OF CLASSICAL SCULPTURE HITHERTO FOUND IN PALESTINE: A BATTLE OF GREEKS AND AMAZONS IN BAS-RELIEF — ONE SIDE OF A MAGNIFICENT MARBLE SARCOPHAGUS DISCOVERED AT TELL BARAK, NEAR CÆSAREA, AND RESEMBLING THE "TOMB OF ALEXANDER."



2. THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE SAME SARCOPHAGUS (SHOWN IN PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1) BOTH ENDS OF WHICH ARE ALSO ADORNED WITH BAS-RELIEFS OF GREEKS AND AMAZONS FIGHTING A FINELY SCULPTURED PAIR OF GRIFFINS CONFRONTING ONE ANOTHER ACROSS A SACRED TREE.



3. A LATER DISCOVERY ON THE SAME SITE: REMARKABLE SCULPTURE ON ONE SIDE OF ANOTHER SARCOPHAGUS SINCE FOUND AT TELL BARAK, NEAR CÆSAREA, ON THE COAST OF PALESTINE, TYPICAL OF THE ALEXANDRINE STYLE OF THE SECOND CENTURY.

The British School of Archæology in Palestine has recently made important additions to our knowledge of ancient classical art, by its excavations at Tell Barak, a mound beside the Crocodile River, between Kaisarieh (ancient Cæsarea) and Tanturah (ancient Dor, or Dora), both on the sea-coast. First there was found the magnificent marble sarcophagus (now in the Museum at Jerusalem), sculptured with beautiful bas-reliefs, of which those on its two sides are shown in the two upper photographs above. The battle scene of Greeks and Amazons, finely grouped and full of action, is considered to surpass in artistic quality anything previously found in Palestine. The two ends of the sarcophagus also bear sculptures of Greeks and Amazons, while one side alone (that seen in Photograph No. 2) is devoted to another subject—a pair of griffins and a sacred tree. This sarcophagus bears a general resemblance to that commonly called the Tomb of Alexander the Great, now in the Museum at Constantinople. A few weeks later the British excavators discovered on the same site a second sarcophagus, with equally striking sculpture in the Alexandrine style of the second century. One side of it is shown in Photograph No. 3. At the same time they found at Tanturah, overlooking the sea, ruins of an imposing Græco-Phœnician building, of the early Ionic order, enclosing a still earlier shrine, perhaps originally dedicated to Poseidon.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

ALTHOUGH the late Joseph Conrad had moved somewhat away from his earlier manner of late years, and had gone less frequently down to the sea in ships in quest of subjects, he will always be remembered first of all as a teller of sea-stories. The sea was one of the two ruling passions of his life—the other was literature—and he pursued both with equal devotion. Neither came easily, and one came, in a sense, unawares. The boy born in the Ukraine was a reader and a dreamer from his earliest years, and always before his eyes he had a vision of travel in remote regions. He would be a sailor, and a British sailor at that; but he was nineteen before his persistence made his dream come true.

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His Odyssey brought him acquainted with many men and cities, he saw strange things in outlandish parts, but the impulse to describe them waited until his experience had grown very rich and deep. When it came at length, it set the tale of adventure in a new key. Never before had rough life been presented in so reflective a mood. In Conrad the outlandish is transmuted by the finest of fine minds, one that had received crude impressions without being subdued to what it worked in, and the result was something apart in fiction—a realism that never sacrificed imagination, and declared itself, after its own unsentimental kind, an idealism. It was an odd destiny that forbade Conrad to express himself in his own tongue, but it was fitting that such a gentleman adventurer should adopt the speech of the folk who had made the Seven Seas their own.

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There was once a young nincompoop who put this weighty question to an old voyager. "Mr. McAndrew, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?" He had his answer. The difference in method of sailing has not destroyed the everlasting adventure of the sea. Wind or steam, it is still romantic. And, despite all changes, the spirit of the old sea-dogs is still alive and assertive. "In these days of 50,000-ton liners," says a recent writer, "with swimming-baths and ball-rooms, there does exist the real British sea-feeling; there are still men in a war-weary world inspired to go round the globe in small ships." That is spoken of one of the latest of these mariners, whom Mr. Keble Chatterton would "place alongside Voss, Slocum, and even Drake. He had the spirit of these three; the same daring independence, the pioneering skill to navigate strange waters in a small ship, and the skill to win through."

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That was written by way of introduction to a true tale of seafaring, which, if it does not actually beat fiction at its own game, at least runs it a dead heat. It is not so much a story of thrilling single incidents, as a sustained narrative of a huge adventure throughout. The author's modesty makes light of the affair and takes every new peril as all in the day's work; but the true magnitude of this sea-going exploit lies in the attempt and its successful accomplishment. For it was nothing more nor less than a voyage round the world in a cockle-shell, the third smallest boat that has ever done the trick.

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"The Cruise of the Amaryllis," by the late Lieutenant G. H. P. Mulhauser (The Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.), is the remarkable work of a remarkable man (author, also, of "Small Craft"), whose name will live among British seamen. The voyage is the more extraordinary that it was undertaken by one who was virtually a non-professional sailor. That is to say, Mulhauser was not bred to the sea, but from his earliest years "he was attracted by the fascinating glamour of maritime things and surroundings." When he was at Merchant Taylors' School he used to spend his holidays roughing it with the fishermen in the North Sea trawlers, and, when business called him to settle in Essex, he began to sail craft of his own.

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This experience was invaluable to him in the Great War. He received a commission in the Royal Naval Reserve, and served on the *Sagitta*, the Flag-ship of the Admiral of the Minesweepers. This vessel was handled with extraordinary skill, and it is related that a professional mariner has not yet recovered from the shock of hearing that all three officers of the *Sagitta* were amateur yachtsmen. His dangerous service in the North Sea might have given any man his fill of seafaring, but in 1920 Mulhauser bought the *Amaryllis*, a yawl of thirty-seven tons, Thames measurement, and twenty-eight tons gross registered tonnage (53 ft. long on the water and 13 ft. beam), and determined to sail her round the world. He did it with a crew of three at most, and not the same hands throughout. In fact, he had only two hands, and these not the most competent, to help him to cross the Pacific. Mulhauser was everything himself. Once, at Colon, when a boat bringing stores hailed him and asked if he was the steward, he replied: "Yes. Also deck-hand, bos'un, mate, engineer, doctor on occasion, navigator, and skipper. Likewise owner. At the moment I am the steward, so pass up the stores." He answered—although not for the same cannibalistic reason—to Gilbert's description of "the elderly naval man" who spun the tragic "Yarn of the *Nancy Bell*"—

> Oh, I am the cook and the captain bold,
> And the mate o' the *Nancy* brig,
> And the bos'un tight and the midshipmite,
> And the crew o' the captain's gig.

"As a feat of endurance and enterprising courage," says Mr. Keble Chatterton, in his short Memoir of Mulhauser, "this one-man show (for on him was all the responsibility) is one of the very finest voyages of the English nation, and if there were a modern Hakluyt alive it would be included in his collection." This praise is not too high.

The *Amaryllis* sailed from Plymouth on September 6, 1920, and on July 6, 1923, she anchored in Dartmouth Harbour, having completed the circumnavigation of the globe. Her course lay by way of the Canaries to the West Indies, through the Panama Canal, thence across the Pacific to Australia and New Zealand, and home by the East Indies, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean. Mulhauser writes with a delightful humour, and one regrets that he did not live to throw the whole of his notes and diaries into literary form. The finished narrative breaks off in the East Indies, but the rest of the story, as edited from his letters and papers, is still full of lively touches. As his voyage extended and his fame spread through the ports of the world he found himself no longer an unknown speck adrift upon the ocean, but a person of consequence, who was signalled, looked for, and finally fêted at his ports of call. At the end of his strenuous welcome at Alexandria, where, besides feasting, he had to inspect the Boy Scouts, the Girl Guides, and the Aspirantes, he wrote, "we feel we are going to sea for a rest." Only those who have read this entrancing story can grasp the irony of the joke, and can understand exactly how much repose the skipper of the *Amaryllis* enjoyed. The crew occasionally took easier views. One amateur steersman actually came to the wheel with a book, which he intended to enjoy in the intervals of watching the compass! The skipper kindly said he would steer while his man read.

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Mulhauser, like the seaman he was, has always a good yarn ready. He picked up endless sidelights on character and adventure in the course of his voyaging. At Suva he heard one of his best. It was an echo of the war. The Governor had reason to believe that the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* were steaming to pay him a visit. As Suva was not fortified, and resistance was out of the question, the wily Governor sent himself a wireless message purporting to come from H.M.S. *Australia*, to the effect that the ship would be in harbour at dawn. To this he duly sent a reply inviting the C.O. and such other officers as could be spared from duty to breakfast on their arrival. The *Scharnhorst* and her consort were particularly anxious not to meet the *Australia*, and on taking in these messages they prudently turned and fled and Suva was saved.



UNVEILED AT HAVRE BY THE DUKE OF BRABANT: THE "MONUMENT DE LA RECONNAISSANCE BELGE"—A TOKEN OF BELGIAN GRATITUDE TO FRANCE.

The Duke of Brabant, heir to the Belgian throne, unveiled at Havre, on August 4, the Monument de la Reconnaissance Belge, erected in token of gratitude for French hospitality during the war to the exiled Belgian Government, which from October 13, 1914, to November 18, 1918, was housed in the Hôtellerie at Ste. Adresse, adjoining Havre. The Duke was presented with a miniature copy of the monument for his parents, the King and Queen of the Belgians, and a gold Sword of Honour for King Albert, who had sent a message on the occasion to the French President, assuring him of Belgium's "faithful remembrance."—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

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On approaching Suva, Mulhauser avoided tempting channels that would have let him quickly through the outer reef into smooth water, because, having no large-scale chart, he did not care to take the risk. "Yet," he continues, "the early navigators, with no charts at all, used to work their unhandy ships into many such places in a way that now seems impossible. They were real seamen, those tough old shell-backs." But the breed and the spirit are still alive, and Mulhauser was a brilliant descendant, whose death was a loss to British seamanship. Perhaps the toils and hardships of his great voyage proved too much for him. When congratulated on his cruise, he replied, "Thanks—nobody but myself would have been such a perfect fool ever to have done it." That was his modesty, but Mulhauser's is just the sort of gallant and reasonable folly that has made Great Britain what she is on the Seven Seas.

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As a companion to Mulhauser's story you should take up the latest volume in the "Survey of Empire" series, noticed here last week. This is "The Trade, Commerce, and Shipping of the Empire" (Collins; 16s.), by Sir Charles McLeod and Professor A. W. Kirkaldy. Designed specially for all those who are really anxious to learn something of our Imperial liabilities and commerce, this excellent account opens with a succinct prologue, giving the history of the opening of the great trade-routes across the world, from the dim days when the Phœnician trader carried his civilising influence from the Mediterranean to our own shores down to the age of Captain Cook's great adventure. This is followed by a fine description of the development of ocean-transport and the evolution of the sailing-ship and the steam-ship. The later sections of the book deal with the effects of science, invention, and initiative on commerce; the effect of industry, finance, exchange, and modern methods; and the work concludes with a general consideration of the Empire and trade, together with a review of the present position and its possibilities.

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To the layman, who has at the best but a hazy notion of what shipping business involves, this book will come as a revelation. The story is not only severely practical, but attractively romantic. "If," says Professor Kirkaldy (who has written the major portion of the book), "one considers the whole position of a shipping manager, the variety of knowledge he requires, first of all in building and equipping the ship and then in the matter of operating, one finds that the position, with all its responsibilities, is a very interesting one. It demands a breadth of outlook, a ripe experience, and a steady judgment, probably greater than in any other position in the commercial world. To-day the ship-owner not only watches the markets in which he is interested for freight purposes, but, thanks to wireless, he is in direct and, practically, in complete control of his ships in any part of the world." Tracks have all been carefully thought out, and are laid down by regulations which came into force in January 1899.

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Within living memory, two important events have led to changes of great moment to shipping. One was the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, the other the opening of the Panama Canal in 1915. The full consequence of de Lesseps's project is known and realised. The extent to which the Panama route is destined to effect world commerce and the interests of individual nations is still an unknown quantity. Considerations of freight and insurance, of coaling and repair stations, price of coal and changes in the type of marine engine, will modify the situation and help to determine between Panama and Suez. And only recently have experts come to recognise how largely rates of exchange may determine which way trade shall flow. This book gives a clear and excellent conspectus of current shipping problems. Its descriptive portions are always readable, often fascinating, and the statistical tables will prove an added attraction to those who are more moved by hard facts and plain figures than by argument. The volume amply maintains the credit of a valuable series.

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On this subject of ships, shipping, and tales of the sea, it may not be out of place to note that "Bookman," in a recent number of the *British Weekly*, has given some most interesting biographical details about Mr. Dale Collins, whose amazing sea-story, "Ordeal" (already noticed here at length) has been compared, not unjustly, in some of its aspects with the work of Conrad. Mr. Collins, it appears, hails from Australia. He was born in Sydney of an Irish father and an English mother. He first saw himself in print when he was eight years old, and at eleven earned his first thirty shillings for "literature" with a contribution to *Puck*. He now lives in London. The best thing "Bookman" records about Mr. Dale Collins concerns the genesis of his powerful and forbidding character in "Ordeal," the steward. When the novelist was a very small boy the steward of an Australian coastal ship picked him up in fun and held him over the rail. The resultant terror haunted his dreams ever after. He hated and feared that steward as he hated and feared no other man, and of his tormentor's career he dreamed terrible things. Hence "Ordeal," the writing of which has relieved the author of a life-long hideous obsession. The novel is therefore a vindication of psycho-analysis as an escape from haunting terrors.

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To turn to more frivolous matters, I have just read Mr. Stephen Leacock's new book, "The Garden of Folly" (The Bodley Head; 5s.), which reminds me of a saying of Jack Point's: "An accepted wit has but to say 'Pass the mustard,' and they roar their ribs out." Perhaps I am a stiff and sceptical fogey, but occasionally the jokes of this accepted wit (about whose popular acceptance there is no doubt) leave me cold. When Mr. Leacock, that grave Professor of Economics, began as a diverting writer, he did not so obviously flaunt the cap and bells, and his "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town" promised excellent things in portraiture of the smaller Canadian communities. Later efforts in the comic essay or burlesque treatise appealed less to me personally (which does not matter), but they found Mr. Leacock a world-wide audience. It is only in parts, then, that his "Garden of Folly" found me responsive. Yet I believe this author could be equally amusing if he denied himself the cheap and crackling patter to which at times he condescends. As a writer of skits, however, he succeeds, and his present thrust at the gospel of "Success in life," memory-training, and other current fads and follies, is shrewd and well-timed. Perhaps if he were more literary, he would miss his mark with the people he wishes to reach. It may be that he denies himself dignity as a writer in order the more effectively to hold the mirror up to folly. For that sacrifice let him not be denied merit. "So Egalité did not lack virtue, then. God forbid that any man should altogether lack virtue."

# THE KING AS YACHTSMAN: HIS MAJESTY TAKES THE WHEEL AT COWES.

Photographs by C.N.



SHOWING THE KING IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND JUST THIS SIDE OF THE WHEEL, AT WHICH IS MAJOR PHILIP HUNLOKE: THE DECK OF "BRITANNIA" (FROM THE MAINMAST, LOOKING AFT.)



HIS MAJESTY TAKES AN ACTIVE PART IN SAILING HIS YACHT AT COWES: THE KING LENDS A HAND IN HAULING THE SPINNAKER.



WAITING FOR THE STARTING SIGNAL: THE KING (IN CENTRE) WITH THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT (NEXT) AND SIR CHARLES CUST (RIGHT, WITH TELESCOPE), ABOARD "BRITANNIA."




OUR GENIAL SAILOR KING IN HIS ELEMENT: HIS MAJESTY AS A YACHTSMAN ABOARD HIS CUTTER, "BRITANNIA."



THE KING AT THE WHEEL OF HIS YACHT FOR THE FIRST TIME (IT IS SAID) DURING A RACE: (L. TO R.) MAJOR HUNLOKE, HIS MAJESTY, AND SIR DEREK KEPPEL.

The King, as a sailor, is thoroughly at home on the water, and during the Cowes Regatta (from August 4 to 8) he took an active part in sailing his famous cutter, "Britannia," in the various races. On the second day, in the handicap for big yachts, "Britannia" won easily, with Mr. H. Blundell-Weld's "Lulworth" second. the other competitors being Sir C. C. Allom's "White Heather," and Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock." On other days, "White Heather" was the most successful. In one event the King himself took the wheel of "Britannia," for the first time, it is understood, during a race. It is evident from our photographs that his Majesty keenly enjoyed the sport. Although, in the latter part of the week, lack of wind made the racing somewhat slow, the fine weather caused the time to pass pleasantly. The King and Queen left Cowes on August 11 in the "Victoria and Albert," for Portsmouth, on their way back to London.

# An "International" That Has Disappeared.

**By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

*The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

*We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.*

THAT which Proudhon called disdainfully "the eternal siesta of the human race" seems to be still far distant. The fear of war continues to poison the peace which Europe has laboriously won at the price of so much blood. All the States protest that they only wish for peace, but each nation has at least one neighbour whom it distrusts, and who in its turn distrusts it; each nation denounces its neighbour's distrust as hallucination or calumnies, yet would consider it betrayal of its own country to question its own distrusts. Spectators no longer know what to think. Who is right and who is wrong in these mutual recriminations? On the other side of the Atlantic the masses, astounded by these ever-recurring quarrels, are beginning to ask themselves whether Europe has not been attacked by an incurable madness.

No; Europe has not become a madhouse. The atrocious uncertainty by which her moral forces have been wasted during the last five years have a deeper rooted cause than the waves of hate, fear, and pride which have succeeded the World War. There is a profound desire for peace in all countries, even in those which, from the point of view of their personal interest, have most right to complain of the result of the war. Who can deny it?

But during the nineteenth century Europe was attacked by a strange illness which one might call "the intoxication of perpetual upheaval." There are minds whose conception of life is simply that of tempest and combat; and of history as an immense political and social housebreaker's yard, in which the human soul can refit its energies.

For a century past the restless spirits in each generation find a literature, philosophies, doctrines, political parties, bureaucratic and economic interests, which draw them into groups, which excite them and give them the consciousness of a mission, and sometimes, if circumstances are favourable, nerve them to action.

Even the deluge of blood which has covered half the world during the last ten years has not sufficed to extinguish this effervescence of the European spirit. In nearly all countries to-day there are groups or parties who proclaim that we have so far only witnessed the prologue; the real drama—*coups de force*, white or red dictatorships, social revolutions, wars of revenge, doctrinal wars, inter-continental wars, poisonous gases, swarms of aeroplanes capable of exterminating a whole population or of destroying a great city in a few minutes—is yet to come. It is true that these groups and these parties are nearly everywhere excluded from Government; but who can guarantee that they will not reach that goal, by legal or illegal means, in the near future? Universal suffrage is everywhere a Sphinx of multitudinous riddles. And if, in one of the great European States, universal suffrage should end by demanding perpetual upheaval, either under the form of new wars of revenge or of conquest, or under the form of a social revolution, which would soon engender new wars—what would happen then?

It is this fear, probably chimerical, which condemns Europe to insomnia. The forces which want peace, and the forces which, consciously or not, are urging to new wars, are at grips in almost all countries. It is impossible to predict what will be the result of this struggle, either because all surprises are possible, or because there no longer exists a registering and regulating apparatus for the two conflicting forces which permits us to foresee, to a certain extent, where the probabilities of success lie from moment to moment, what is likely to happen, whether we shall have peace or war. That apparatus did exist in Europe before the war; it was the "International of Courts." The war has destroyed it.

We have here one of the gravest and least-realised consequences of the World War.

. . . . . .

Up to the year 1914 foreign policy was conducted by the Courts in all the States of continental Europe with the exception of Switzerland and France.

In great international affairs, the Parliaments only played a subordinate rôle, and nearly always exercised a mere appearance of control. The Sovereigns were no longer the absolute and irresponsible masters, as in 1815 and 1848; they had to take account of public opinion, of the doctrines of the various parties—and of economic interests; but within the limits laid down by these social forces they had in their own hands the direction and initiative in all that concerned the relations with other States.

This system had many inconveniences, as was seen ten years ago, but it assured great stability in the international relations of a continent which was over-populated and over-armed, and in which all the countries lived in a state of dread or suspicion of their neighbours. The Courts were also an "International," select indeed, but more active, for instance, than that of Labour. The members of these Royal and Imperial families knew each other, saw each other often, intermarried, knew languages and could talk together without the need of interpreters; they had a common diplomatic system and all the necessary knowledge for its application; they were in a certain measure bound, as are all close corporations, by an almost professional feeling of honour. By knowing the ideas and character of a Sovereign, and the counsellors by whom he was surrounded, it was possible to frame political plans of a certain solidity. If a new problem of foreign policy arose it was relatively easy to guess what would be thought of it in Rome, Vienna, Berlin, or St. Petersburg. It was a question of foretelling the impressions and psychological reactions of a small number of people whose characters, tendencies, and weaknesses were already well known. If it were desired to know up to what point it was possible to count on the maintenance of peace, or whether there was danger of war, judicious soundings could be taken at Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg in certain very select but stable quarters.

Forecasts and plans for a distant future were possible, especially when the policy and character of a Sovereign had become set with age. The critical period of uncertainty was always at the beginning of a reign. But in 1914, when war broke out, the King of Italy had reigned for fourteen years, the Emperor of Russia for twenty, the German Emperor for twenty-six, and the Emperor of Austria for sixty-six years!

The history of the Triple Alliance was the most characteristic example of this indissoluble solidity. Even now we know but little concerning the creation of that political system, its aims, or the crises which successively transformed it. Created by a powerful Minister in the secret chambers of three discreet Courts, the nations saw this Alliance stand firm for thirty-two years against the criticism of parties, the diplomatic attacks of adverse Powers, changes of Sovereigns and other events; they saw it become the centre of enormous economic interests, as if it were the secret keystone of the European system. This Alliance was the immovable Sphinx, which did not reveal its secret, known for thirty-two years by forty or fifty persons, until the day when, having preserved peace shrouded in mystery, it equally mysteriously let loose war.

Is it possible to imagine an analogous combination to-day? For five years Europe has crumbled into States and nations which have no longer anything in common, one with the other—neither language nor religion, political ideology nor social structure. "The International of Courts" has disappeared; there no longer exists in Europe a directing force of a cosmopolitan character; each politician speaks his own language, not only in a real, but also in a figurative sense, and the confusion of tongues is as great as round the Tower of Babel, notwithstanding the numerous gangs of interpreters.

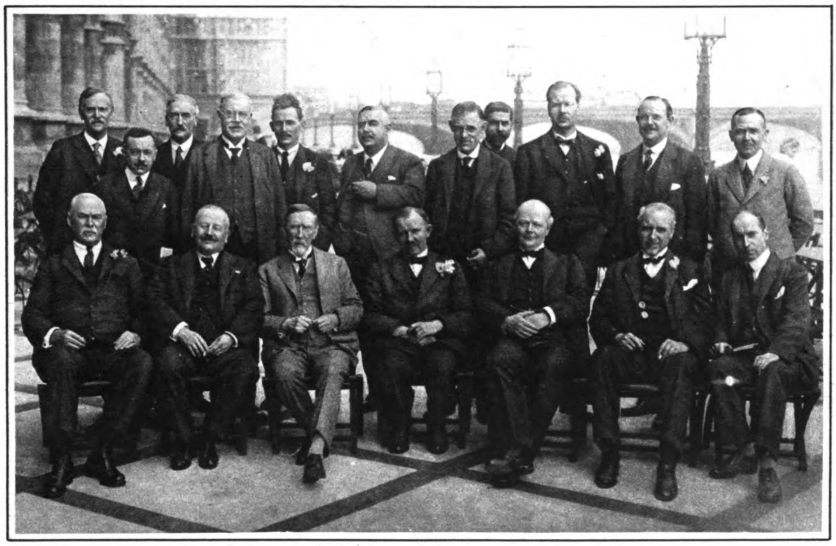
Isolated in its own particular mind, each country confides its foreign policy to a Minister who is almost always improvised and unstable, and who has at his back offices which have lost their bearings, and before him an excitable public opinion which varies according to the passionate eddies of feeling of millions of men and women. What power can the offices or the Minister have against the sudden starts, the oscillations, and the contradictions of public opinion? None, or but very little, for to-day, in all countries alike, the State only supports itself upon the soul of the people, and must bend docilely to its incessant movements. The stability of the pre-war system is replaced by perpetual motion, which threatens to make precarious, unstable, and almost fluid the inter-relations of States, and, in consequence, all the foundations of peace—treaties, alliances, "ententes," agreements, confidence, and good faith.

The nations are beginning to grow anxious about this instability, and they are right, for the danger is great, especially for a continent so over-populated—and, taken as a whole, still so over-armed — as Europe, where nations and races divided by secular hatreds are pressed close against one another on narrow territories, in a state of permanent rivalry and friction.

In America the States are protected against their own folly and that of others by the enormous tracts of uninhabited country which isolate them as in a void between purely geographical frontiers, and by the meagreness of the military forces at their disposal. The stability of international relations necessary for the general welfare is imposed on them all by the almost physical impossibility of changing them. In Europe that stability, not being a gift of nature or history, must be gained by a conscious effort of will; by the imposition of a political and moral force, capable of reminding the State which should fail in its international duties of the spirit of moderation and conciliation, of the necessity for the observance of treaties, and the sense of respect for the rights of others.

The conclusion is plain. From 1815 to 1914 Europe possessed that force; she no longer has it. Despite moments of weakness, which were especially numerous between 1848 and 1870, despite proceedings which were often crafty, and intermittent treacheries of dynastic egotism, the policy of the Courts assured a certain balance of power during the nineteenth century between the forces and rights of the Great and the Small Powers of Europe. That balance of power, despite its numerous imperfections, was the most important element in that European political stability, both before and after 1870, which has disappeared to-day. The day when the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs destroyed the monarchical system of Europe by

[*Continued on page 334.*



THE PERSONAL TOUCH IN IMPERIAL COMMUNICATIONS: BRITISH AND CANADIAN DELEGATES OF THE EMPIRE PARLIAMENTARY ASSOCIATION ASSEMBLED AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BEFORE LEAVING FOR SOUTH AFRICA, INCLUDING THE COLONIAL SECRETARY, MR. J. H. THOMAS, M.P. (SEATED, CENTRE).

The delegates (seen above) from the United Kingdom and Canadian branches of the Empire Parliamentary Association sailed for South Africa on August 8, in the s.s. "Saxon," to join the Australian and New Zealand delegates there as guests of the Union branch. The photograph shows (l. to r.), front row—Senator the Hon. R. Watson (Canada), Lord Burnham, Sen. the Rt. Hon. Sir George Foster, G.C.M.G. (Can.), Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P. (Colonial Secretary), Sir Douglas Hogg, M.P., Dr. Chapple, and Sir Howard D'Egville (Secretary of the Empire Parliamentary Association). Back row—Sen. Willoughby (Can.), Mr. E. Chevrier, M.P. (Can.), Mr. A. A. Somerville, M.P., Col. Murray MacLaren, M.P. (Can.), Mr. James Welsh, M.P., Senator Boyer (Can.), Mr. H. Snell, M.P., Sir Robert Hamilton, M.P., Mr. Walter Baker, M.P., Capt. Brass, M.P., and Mr. W. G. McQuarrie (Can.). Mr. J. H. Thomas will be the first Colonial Secretary in office to visit South Africa since Mr. Chamberlain's historic tour after the Boer War.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

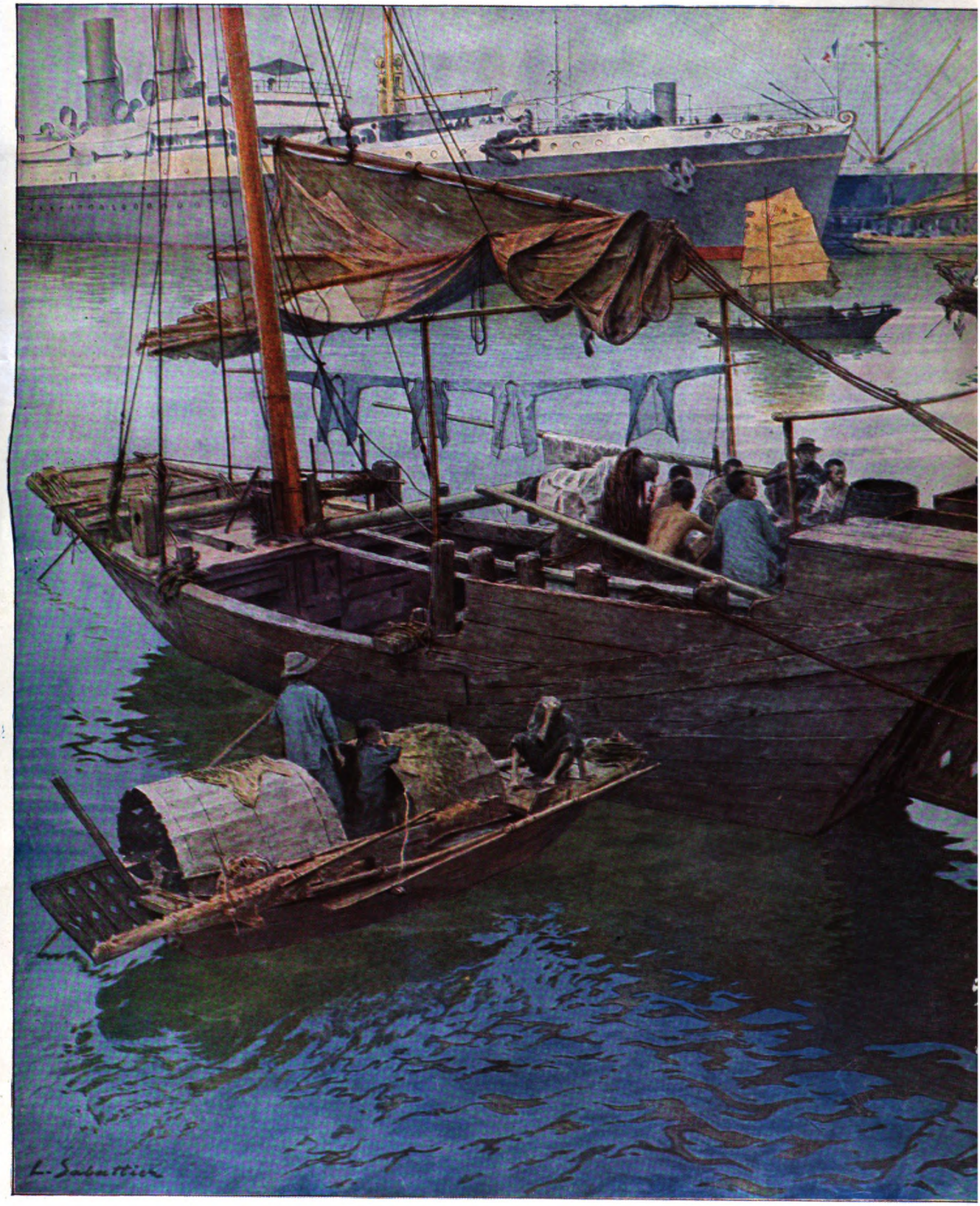
# THE OLDEST PATTERN "BOOK": EGYPTIAN DESIGNS 5000 YEARS OLD.

By Courtesy of Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie, Litt.D., F.R.S., etc., Professor of Egyptology at University College, London.



DATING BACK THE SO-CALLED GREEK PALMETTO (NO. 2) AND GREEK FRET (NO. 5) BY 3000 YEARS: ROOF DECORATION FROM THE ROCK-TOMB OF A PRINCE OF QAU, CUT IN THE NILE CLIFFS 5000 YEARS AGO (ONE SIXTH ORIGINAL SIZE).

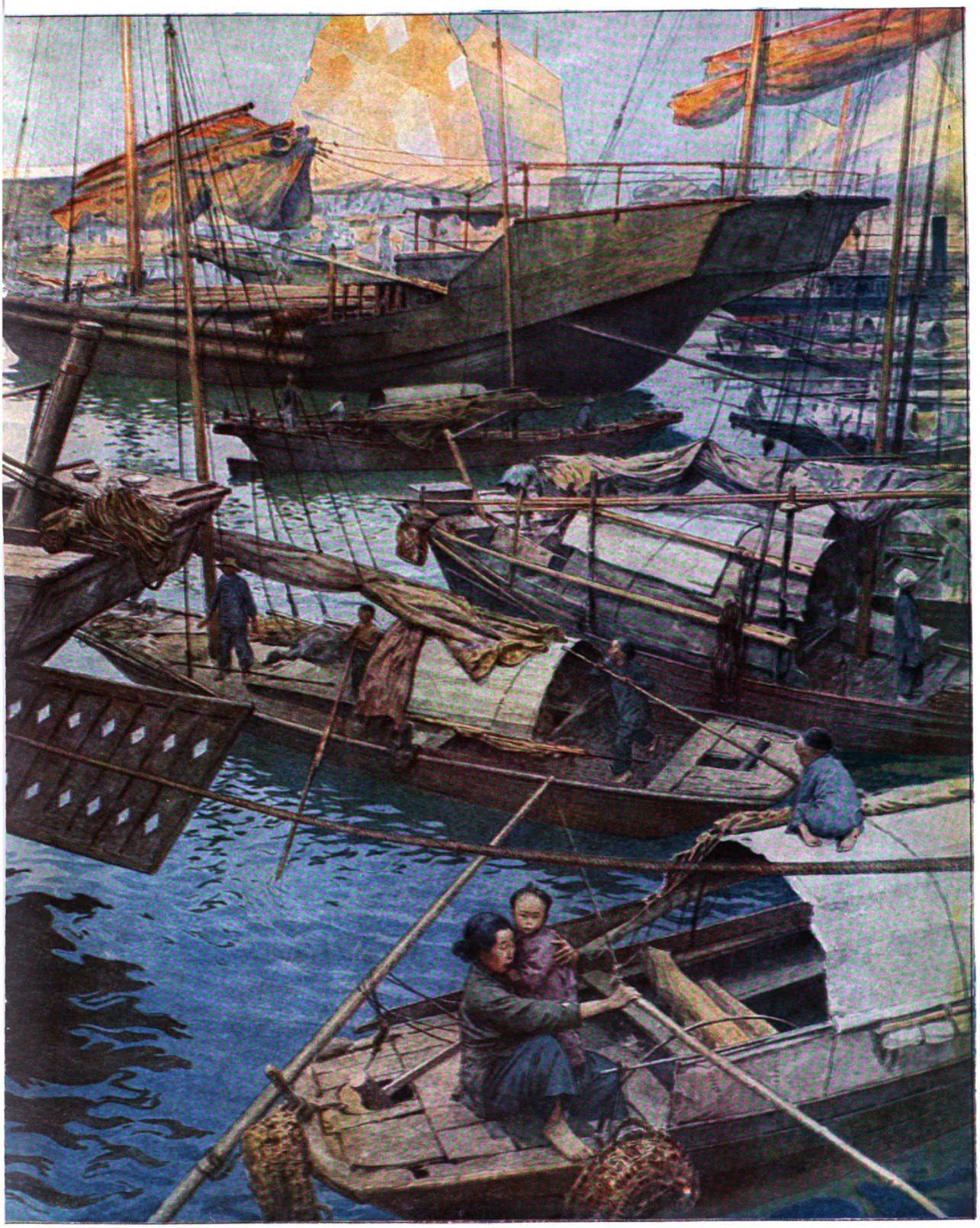
Describing these remarkable patterns from ancient Egypt, Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie writes: "High up in the cliffs of the Nile a great hall in the rock has stood open for five thousand years. It is truly cut, with an arched roof spanning more than thirty feet without any pillars. This was part of the tomb of a prince of Qau, about thirty miles south of Assiut. He had this cut in the rock, looking out over his wide dominions, with colonnades and porticos before it. The walls of the Great Hall were covered with finely drawn paintings, and the roof, over twenty feet up, was divided into a hundred squares of patterns, representing mat-work. These patterns are the oldest collection known, more than a dozen different designs, besides small variations. The copies here are a sixth of the size. What we commonly call the Greek palmetto was already known a thousand years earlier in Egypt; now, in No. 2, it is seen to be yet a couple of thousand years earlier still. The little thorn-like projections suggest that the long lines and coils were taken from some climbing plant. Another old friend is the Greek fret, so called (No. 5), which, florets and all, might be supposed not to be half as old as it is. Nos. 3 and 4 are strange combinations which were never used later; the other patterns were continued for ages afterwards. All of these were doubtless stock patterns of that remote age, and were varied according to the decorator's taste."




## THE COLOUR OF HONG-KONG: CHINESE JUNKS AND SAMPANS IN

The picturesque port of Hong-Kong presents a strange mixture of the oldest and the newest types of craft. The native Chinese junks and sampans are constructed on lines that differ but little from the vessels of antiquity and the Middle Ages, as represented in Western art. They have preserved through the ages the general form both of the ancient Phœnician galley and the Saracen vessels of the Middle Ages. As a French writer says: "The heraldic ship in the arms of the City of Paris and a Chinese junk are as like as two sisters. . . . The word 'jonque' (junk) is a French form of the Portuguese 'junco.' . . . 'Sampan' is a Chinese word meaning literally 'three planks,' and originally used as a term of derision for small European boats." Modern Hong-Kong, as a British port and coaling-station, is a great shipbuilding centre. The

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY L. SABATTIER. (COP



## THE HARBOUR, WHICH IS SHOWN IN MODEL FORM AT WEMBLEY.

Official Guide to the Wembley Exhibition, describing the Hong-Kong Pavilion, says: "On either side (of the entrance) are buildings in which are shown exhibits of the Colony's most important industry—shipbuilding. More ships were constructed in Hong-Kong last year than in all the rest of the Empire—outside the United Kingdom—put together. The large-scale model of the port, that of Hong-Kong itself, and another on a smaller scale of the whole colony, will be of deep interest to those for whom such things hold real romance." In the Hong-Kong street at Wembley British exhibitors show models of ships, rope, cement, and a model dockyard, while behind the model of the port visitors can look through peep-holes at a realistic reproduction of the harbour by night, one of the dazzling sights of the world.

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All these world-wide activities are for the purpose of making each food that bears the name Heinz pure and wholesome and good to eat—uniform in quality, and sufficient in quantity to supply a world-wide demand for them.

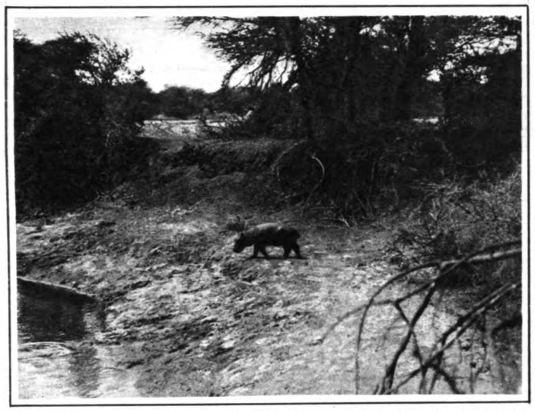
## HEINZ 57 VARIETIES

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# "MOMENTS OF MAGNITUDE AND SUSPENSE": CLOSE-UPS OF THE WILD.

## "STALKING BIG GAME WITH A CAMERA." By MARIUS MAXWELL.*

MODESTLY suggesting that his camera adventures with *E. africanus knochenhaueri* may grow monotonous despite their "moments of magnitude and suspense," and evidently unwilling to have it argued that, in the words of Swift, he is blood-brother to those geographers who "in Afric maps, With savage pictures fill their gaps, And o'er unhabitable downs Place elephants in place of towns," Mr. Marius Maxwell offers various diversions—the wildebeest; the zebra; the swamp-sheltering buffalo betrayed by insect-seeking, snow-white egrets or cow-herons; the dull-witted, fidgety, erratic rhinoceros and his tick-removing attendant birds; the hippopotamus; and the unbelievable giraffe—tallest of all mammals—travelling at from eight-and-twenty to two-and-thirty miles an hour, as registered by the speedometer of the pursuing car from which it was "taken." In each case there are magnificent photographs—"close-ups" of the wild—with enlightening comments upon the "sitters" and their idiosyncrasies: a splendid apology indeed.



STARTLED BY THE NOISE OF THE CAMERA SHUTTER: A BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS TROTTING INTO THE WATER OF A POOL.

*Photograph by Marius Maxwell. Reproduced from his book, "Stalking Big Game with a Camera."*

None, in fact, will accuse the photographer-author of monotony, however true it may be that he is especially concerned with *Tembo*. There was nothing of the oh, so simple "Take your Kodak to the 'Zoo' and we do the rest" about his journeyings in Kenya Colony and Tanganyika Territory. He craved the hunter's view, not that of the telephoto lens. He did not despise the long-distance snapshot on occasion, but he did not favour it. For the greater part of his work he used a five-by-four Reflex hand-camera fitted with a rapid lens of F 3.5 or F 4.5 aperture and six to ten inch focus. That meant that he must be within a few yards of his quarry. Further, he did not adopt shelters, blinds, perches, or other artificial means of screening his activities. He stalked with camera in place of rifle, that he might depict the greater game animals of East Equatorial Africa as they live, without distortion or false effect.

Needless to say, difficulties were many. The photographer must have reasonable light, his lens must be clear of obstructing vegetation, his subject must be within a prescribed area. The "sitter" must be tracked, watched until he permits favourable opportunity to focus and take—and avoided, even shot, should he turn furiously aggressive.

The approach alone is an art. Mr. Maxwell relied upon a placid, unassuming, and rather timid Ndorobo, a "degraded Masai," who appeared scantily "attired" in a blanket and mild confidence, and proved a master of his craft. See him answer a call. "His attitude became alert, and he instinctively picked up a handful of loose earth and allowed it to trickle between his fingers to gauge the direction of the wind.

"His fine sense of hearing had apparently warned him that a few of the elusive beasts had strayed up the valley in the opposite direction from that in which the faint trumpeting was heard. True enough, on further listening, the faint, intermittent snapping of twigs was clearly distinguishable closer. Kibendoi now kept incessantly testing air-currents by the simple method of dropping decayed tree-bark, which he deftly rubbed between his fingers into a coarse powder, deciding upon the direction of the wind from the fall of the light particles."

A vital precaution this in the case of all quarry, but particularly in that of the elephant, for, although his hearing is not very acute and he is distinctly short-sighted, "there is probably no animal possessed of a finer sense of smell than these giants of the African wilds; they will differentiate, by scent, the animals in their vicinity, and, with a suitable wind, smell the white hunter from a distance of several miles. Their natural indolence and phlegm, however, frequently leave them quite indifferent until, by the increasing intensity of the smell, they gauge the near approach of the suspected danger. That they can, to a nicety, detect such movements by the waxing or waning strength of the scent may, on occasions, be observed from their behaviour in the case of the approach or departure of the moving object."

Little wonder that it is a man's job to snapshot them. Even Mr. Maxwell, who refrains most studiously from the heroic, is constrained to write: "Admittedly, few animals give the hunter such strenuous work in their pursuit as the elephant does in bush country. You tramp for hours through the parched veldt under a blazing tropical sun, tear through thorn-scrub, climb laboriously up boulder-strewn hillsides, stumble down precipitous ravines, until finally, dead beat and thirsty, you reach the particular bush or forest where the spoor is fresh. After a few minutes' rest you plunge into the forest, and often find the growth so thick that you have to push your way through—bent double—crawling and creeping through leafy passages under a low roof of vegetation. The pursuit, lasting sometimes from early morning, before the break of day, till late in the evening, through all this elastic cover, may be rewarded merely by the discovery that the elusive animals have winded you, and are steadily brushing their way ahead, in the seemingly endless bush."

There is danger, too, although the elephant is fearful rather than a fighter. His very terror at the unexpected and unknown may make him a peril. His false charge is menace only, and stops short; a feint of trumpetings, erect head, raised trunk, out-stretched ears and rush. But there may be real, truculent action, and death on a furiously driven tusk. The chief risk it would seem, however, is from a stampeding herd. Mr. Maxwell writes: "It is remarkable that even in the headlong stampede of a herd, an elephant will show—after the first rush of a dozen paces or so—an instinctive aptitude in avoiding a collision with trees and stumps. An observer standing behind a thorn-tree of average size will usually be quite safe, provided he restrains his emotions and watches quietly the stampeding animals brushing past. The natural inclination, under such conditions, is to dash out of the way of the madly rushing crowd: this is precisely the very worst thing to do in the circumstances." And again: "Another grand sight . . . is witnessed when a large herd has become thoroughly alarmed and the frantic members are seen unconsciously bearing down straight in his direction, with ears extended, trunks poised in front of their immense chests, their quick bobbing heads growing rapidly in size and their gigantic bodies foreshortening with each approaching stride. The intermittent deafening shrieks and shrill trumpetings of the stampeding beasts, growing in loudness with every fraction of a second, and the regularity of the beat of ponderous feet announcing their increasing proximity, are rather trying to the nerves of the eye-witness, sheltering behind the insignificant cover of some isolated shrub.

"Accidents on such occasions can occur through want of rigid control over one's feelings, which are liable to run riot and prompt a confused spectator to dart across the path of the maddened and panic-stricken beasts in a fruitless endeavour to get out of their way."

Fortunate it is that Mr. Maxwell is one of those who can note coolly of his photograph of a confrontation: "It shows the Masai elephant in his native environment, at the shortest distance from which the camera huntsman is ever likely to wish to snap his object. The surprised attitude of the great beast as it finds its passage momentarily barred by the puny figure of a man is interesting, both from the point of view of the naturalist as well as from that of the keen sportsman." And: "Even the foregoing photograph of the Masai bull elephant, taken at a distance of approximately eight yards, hardly does sufficient justice to the original. A face-to-face encounter with the African elephant of the wilds is, if anything, still more impressive than a similar meeting with his Asiatic cousin. His huge ears fully spread out (more than double the width of the Indian elephant's ears), and his towering height, on an average roughly a foot greater than that of the Asiatic elephant, are exceedingly impressive when the tremendous frontal is growing in size at every advancing stride. It is one of the finest sights in nature.

"To watch for the first time the reflected image of the giant in this attitude growing larger and larger on the focussing glass of a reflex camera is perhaps one of the strangest and most thrilling of incidents for the huntsman, and one that is not easily forgotten by the enthusiastic photographer.

"The long hours of waiting when the herd is first located, the excitement when a selected bull is at length marked down, and finally the speculative work of stalking up to this particular member of the herd, until its image, in satisfactory size, is reflected on the ground glass, are all in the exciting game of animal photography. With what pleasure, finally, does the click of the shutter strike upon the ear."

So much for quarry as fearsome as the Miltonic "elephants endors'd with towers." For the rest, it must be said that Mr. Marius Maxwell has proved himself one of the greatest photographers of the wild. The very many beautiful photogravure reproductions in his book are unshakable evidence, not only of his skill and his daring, but of his knowledge and appreciation of the points of his "prey." He records and analyses action, with word as well as film; and he adds much lore and learning as to primeval man and the pleistocene *elephas*, the ancestry of modern elephants, industrial development and ancestral evolution, and so forth. His "Stalking Big Game with a Camera" will rank with the classics of its class. Primarily designed to present his pictures, it can also claim much literary merit; to say nothing of a worthily attractive and impressive format.

E. H. G.



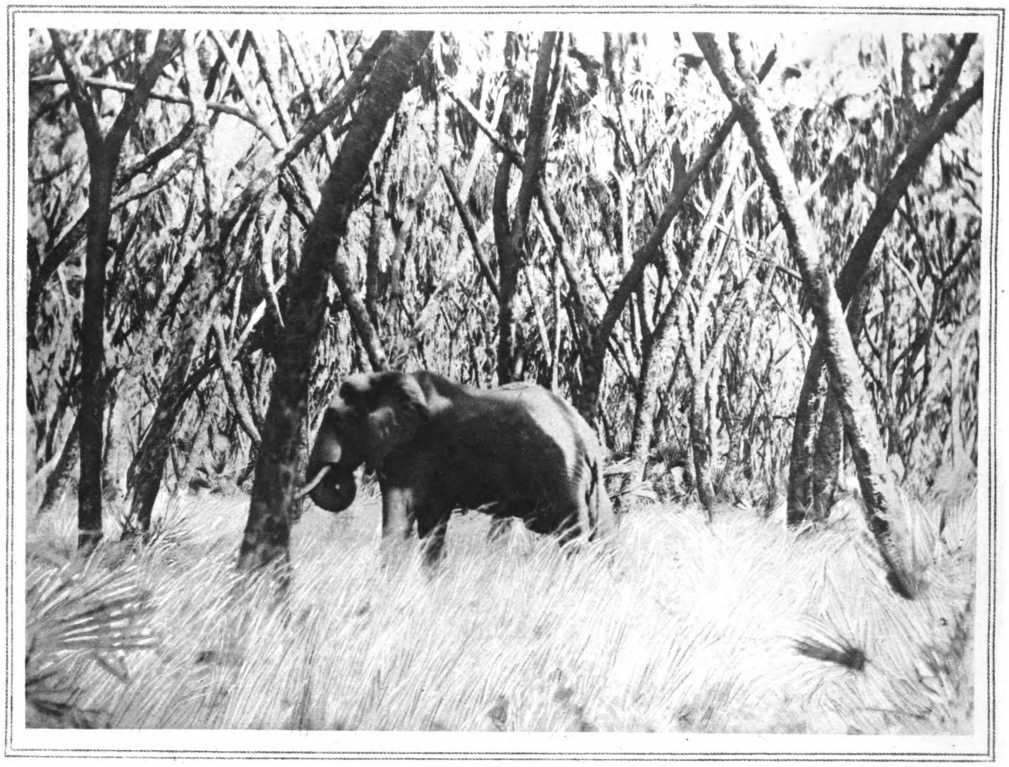
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A DISTANCE OF A FEW FEET: SURPRISED AND SLUGGISH HIPPOPOTAMI IN KENYA COLONY.

*Photograph by Marius Maxwell. Reproduced from his book, "Stalking Big Game with a Camera."*

* "Stalking Big Game with a Camera in Equatorial Africa." By Marius Maxwell. Containing 113 Plates after Photographs by the Author. With a Preface by Sir Sidney F. Harmer, K.B.E., D.Sc., V.P.R.S., Director of the British Museum (Nat. Hist.) [London: The Medici Society, Grafton Street; £12 12s. net.]

# "CLOSE-UPS" OF THE WILD: ELEPHANTS STALKED AND SNAPSHOTTED.

From the Photographs by Mr. Marius Maxwell; Reproduced from His Book, "Stalking Big Game with a Camera." (See Page 319.)



WITH TRUNK CURLED INWARDS IN THE ACT OF PUSHING A PALM-NUT INTO ITS MOUTH: AN ELEPHANT PHOTOGRAPHED IN A GROVE OF DOME PALMS, SHORTLY BEFORE IT SAUNTERED TOWARDS THE HUNTER WITH THE CAMERA.

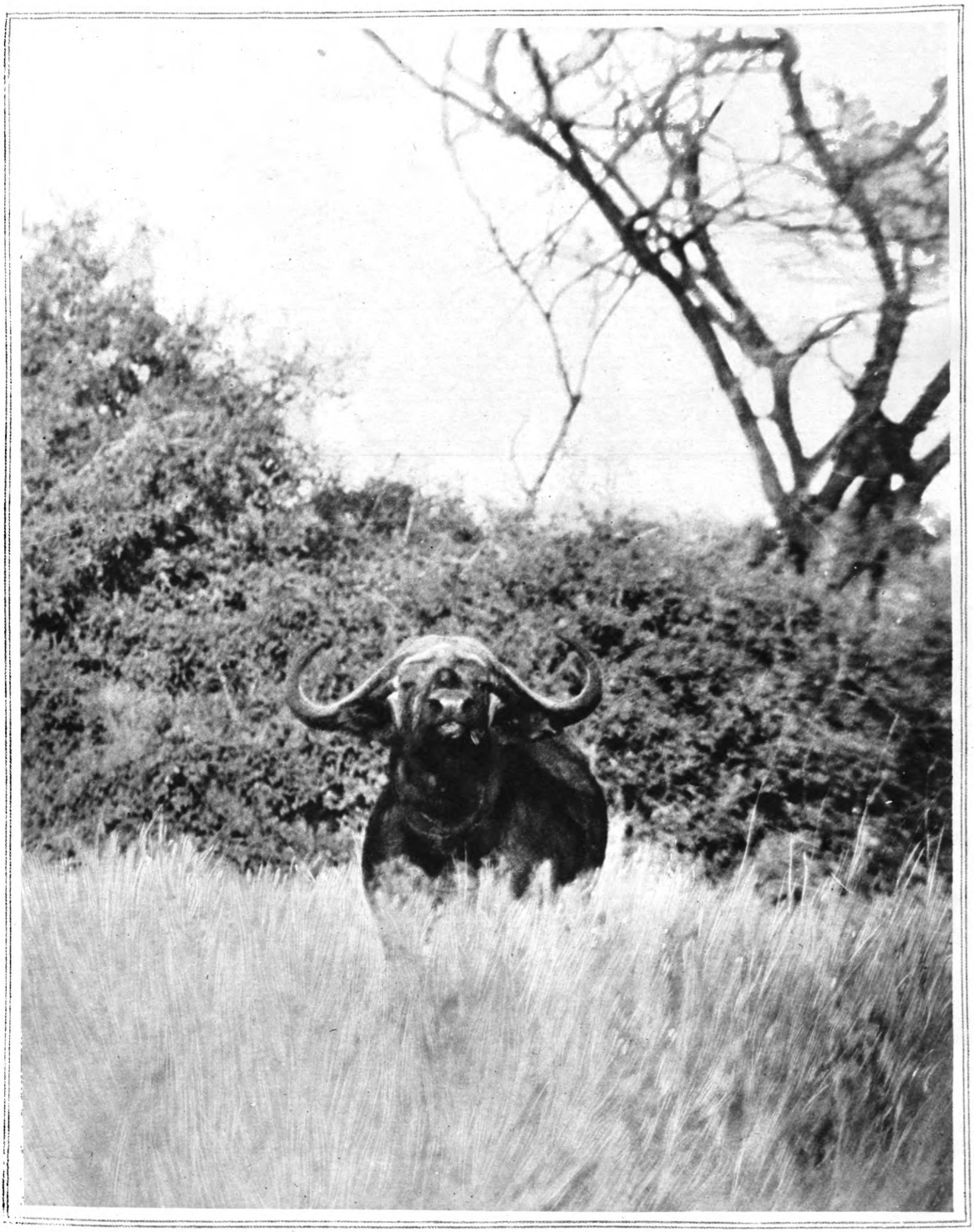


FIVE YARDS FROM THE DARING PHOTOGRAPHER WHO STALKED IT: A LISTLESS, HALF-DOZING ELEPHANT "TAKEN" IN ITS NATURAL SURROUNDINGS BY A REFLEX HAND-CAMERA USED AT SHORT RANGE.

On this page, and on the page opposite, we give three illustrations from the many superbly reproduced in Mr. Marius Maxwell's "Stalking Big Game with a Camera," short-range photographs perhaps additionally interesting at the moment in that they were taken in East Africa, to which the Duke and Duchess of York are to pay a visit in November. The first of those here given was taken near Campi Kittemaster, on the margin of the Guaso Nyiro, where the fringe of Dome palms along the river bank was skirted, that a suitable camping ground might be found. As to this district, Mr. Marius Maxwell notes: "Elephants . . . in this locality appear to be partial to the fruit of the Dome palm, and are frequently to be found loitering in the groves. The third illustration of this series [that is, the photograph given above] depicts the creature with its trunk curled inwards in the act of pushing a palm-nut into its mouth, shortly before it sauntered towards me and became suddenly aware of my presence. Startled by the strange apparition, it wheeled round unceremoniously and shuffled off." Of the lower photograph Mr. Maxwell comments: "From the accompanying photograph it may be gathered how listless or half-dozing individuals can at times be approached close enough to allow the image to show a satisfactory size on the plate, even with a lens focus of six inches, and to obtain thereby a wealth of detail of the subject. This particular individual, when the photograph was taken, could hardly have been more than five yards away from the operator."

# ALARMED: A BULL BUFFALO CONFRONTED BY THE CAMERA.

From the Photograph by Mr. Marius Maxwell; Reproduced from His Book, "Stalking Big Game with a Camera." (See Page 319.)



FACE TO FACE WITH AN AFRICAN BUFFALO IN ITS NATIVE WILDS: THE GREAT BEAST SURPRISED WHILE FEEDING AND STANDING ALERT.

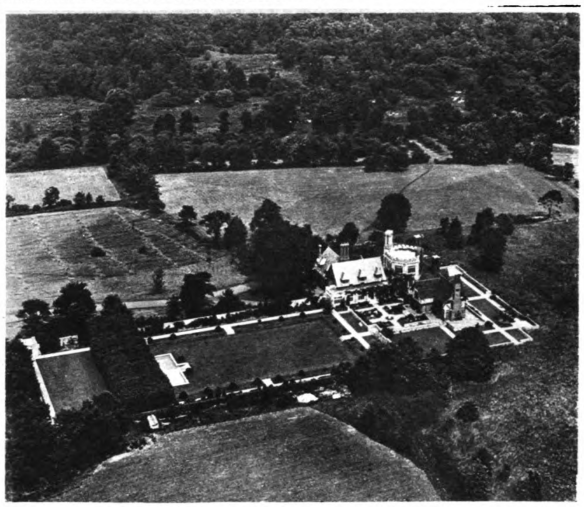
Describing this picture, Mr. Marius Maxwell tells how he surprised a laggard member of a herd of African buffalo at Bolessa, in the Northern Frontier district of Kenya Colony, and was able to take a pair of photographs of this fine solitary bull, in its natural surroundings. He had just planted the light tripod of his camera on the uneven ground when the bull suddenly raised its head above the growth and stood alert, as if listening. Then it turned, facing the camera. "With head raised, nose pointed forward, and horns laid back in a challenging attitude," he notes, "the buffalo gazed steadfastly at me, obviously mystified by the close proximity of such a strange apparition." The partly chewed heather in its mouth and the sprig on its frontlet are signs of an interrupted feed. The action of the shutter made the beast snort and move a few steps forward. "For a second time it halted, but now much nearer, and posed in a slightly altered attitude. This time the rap of the shutter at such close quarters proved too much for the buffalo: with a parting snort, it wheeled round and cantered out of sight."

# TAKEN TO AMERICA IN 688 CASES: THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE U.S.

By Courtesy of "Country Life," New York. Photographs by John W. Gillies and Roger B. Whitman. Aeroplane View by Captain James Suydam.



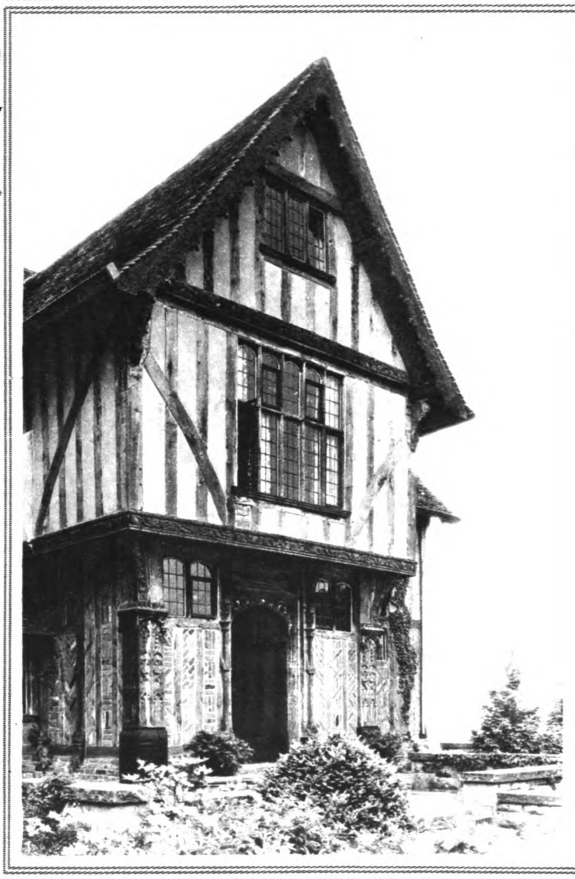
BUILT AT IPSWICH IN 1597, PULLED DOWN IN 1910, AND RE-ERECTED IN AMERICA: PART OF THE OLD ENGLISH WING AT KHAKUM WOOD, WITH CHARACTERISTIC CHIMNEYS.



WITH OLD "HIGH-LOW HOUSE" FROM IPSWICH FORMING A WING (ON THE RIGHT): AN AIR VIEW OF KHAKUM WOOD (AT GREENWICH, CONN.), WHOSE MODERN PORTION CONTAINS TIMBER FROM AN OLD BRITISH LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.



WITH ALL THE ORIGINAL CARVED WOODWORK OF TUDOR DAYS: THE FRONT DOOR OF THE OLD ENGLISH HOUSE REBUILT IN AMERICA.



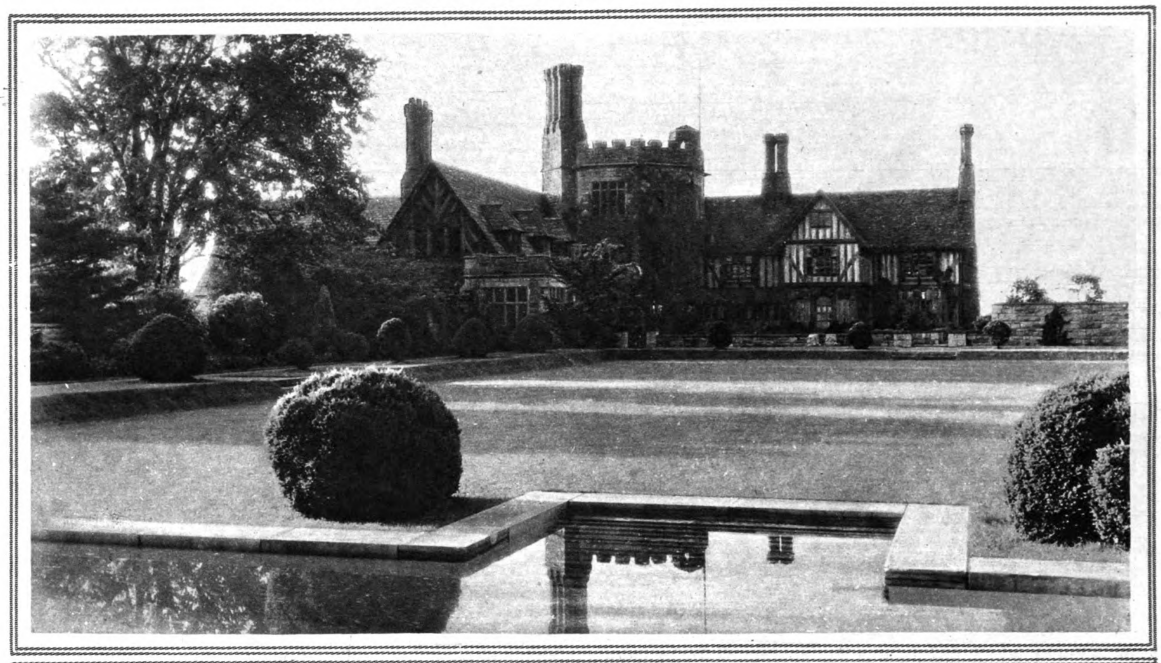
WITH EVERY BEAM AND TILE IN ITS ORIGINAL POSITION: THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE OLD HOUSE, THE DOOR OPENING ON AN ENGLISH PLEASAUNCE.

"The oldest house in the United States," we read in "Country Life" (New York), "is undoubtedly the half-timbered wing of the residence of Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, near the village of Round Hill, Greenwich, Conn. Built towards the end of the sixteenth century in Ipswich, Suffolk County, England, 'High-Low House' was condemned in 1910 to make way for local improvements, and was then offered for sale. The impression that in style and period it corresponded with the design of the house that Mr. Stokes was then building, for his own occupancy, was not only confirmed by a detailed inspection, but the dimensions were shown to be such that a combination would be practicable. Plans were thereupon altered to utilise it as a wing, and its demolition and journey took place in the following year, its reconstruction on its present site being completed in 1912. It stands to-day as it stood in England, each timber and roof tile and chimney brick in its original position, and preserving all the mellowness and irregularities that come only with age. The weathered red-tiled roof and the soft tones of the aged timbering and brickwork are in natural and charming contrast to the grey stone and slate of the main body of the house, which, although designed long before there was

[*Continued opposite.*

# REBUILT BRICK BY BRICK IN AMERICA: AN OLD HOUSE FROM ENGLAND.

By Courtesy of "Country Life," New York. Photographs by John W. Gillies and Roger B. Whitman.



A HARMONIOUS BLEND OF OLD ENGLISH AND MODERN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE: KHAKUM WOOD, CONNECTICUT, WITH THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE FROM IPSWICH FORMING ONE WING (ON THE RIGHT) AND A TYPICALLY ENGLISH PLEASAUNCE, UNUSUAL IN THE UNITED STATES.



JUST AS IT STOOD IN THE ENGLAND OF SHAKESPEARE'S DAY: THE BACK OF THE OLD TUDOR HOUSE FROM IPSWICH, TRANSPORTED TO AMERICA IN 688 CASES AND BUNDLES, AND RE-ERECTED WITH EACH BRICK, TILE, AND TIMBER IN ITS ORIGINAL POSITION.

*Continued.*]

any thought of incorporating the ancient wing, has the characteristics that make the union most harmonious; old timber from wrecked ships was used throughout, for example, the greater part being deck timbers from the British line-of-battle ship 'Duke of Wellington.' . . . The house arrived in Connecticut in 688 cases and bundles, and was re-erected by the foreman who had demolished it. . . . Placed on a hill-top, the house commands extensive views over gently rolling country of the great sweep of Long Island Sound, and of the Westchester Hills. The land immediately surrounding it has been developed into a landscape as typically English as is the house, with low-walled gardens clustering about the old wing, and a pleasaunce, quite unusual in the United States, stretching towards a screen of trees, to the north. This carpet of finely clipped turf is surrounded by a high stone wall, for the greater part screened by foliage and flowering shrubs, and bordered by clipped yew and box. Across its farther end is a pleached alley of clipped English linden, under the edge of which is the swimming-pool. In the whole picture there is no jarring note, nothing that conflicts with the atmosphere of peace and contentment and beauty."



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## THE MALLARD IN "ECLIPSE."

*By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.*

IN my present rural retreat innumerable reminders of old problems are coming back to me; and now, in the light of added experience, they take new shapes. Hand-reared wild ducks splash about in fits of ecstasy on the dyke leading on to the Broad, or sun themselves on its banks, showing no uneasiness if approached cautiously, and thus allowing one to take notes, at ease, of the wonderfully interesting phase of plumage which they now present: for they are in "eclipse." That is to say, the male, or "mallard," to the uninitiated, would seem to be missing from among these small parties by the waterside. He is there, however, all the same; but disguised by a dress which, save to the expert, is not to be distinguished from that of the female.

Darwin was the first to attempt to explain the facts concerning this change, as they were known in his day, in regard to the wild-duck. Briefly, they are as follows. As soon as the "courting" period is over, and the task of incubating the eggs begun, the male forsakes his mate, and proceeds to doff his handsome dress of green and grey and chestnut-red, and the white ring which adorns his neck. He exchanges this for that other which, as we have said, is so like the sober garb of his mate, and which harmonises so well with the dead foliage of reed and rush and sedge amid which she hides her nest. The broad facts of this "eclipse" dress have been known to sportsmen for generations. But sportsmen rarely concern themselves with attempts to explain facts of this kind. It does not occur to them that they need explanation. It was Darwin who first showed that more lay behind this interesting sequence of events than had been suspected.

He suggested that this assumption of what is, to all intents and purposes, the dress of the female, had been brought about by the action of "natural selection." He pointed out that this change was accompanied by the simultaneous "moulting," or shedding, of all the quill-feathers of the wings, so that for some time escape from foes by flight was impossible. Individuals, he claimed, which at this time tended to exchange this bright and conspicuous plumage for one which made concealment possible would have better chances of escape from enemies than those which retained their bright hues. By the elimination of the more conservative, those alone would be left wherein a protective dress was assumed.

At the time he wrote, however, less was known of the life histories of the "surface-feeding," and nothing at all of the "diving-ducks" in this regard. Hence, the case of the mallard was seen out of its true perspective. Undue prominence was given to this periodical enforced effacement, thus obscuring the relation of this moult to that of other birds with which, of necessity, it must be compared if its true significance is to be understood.

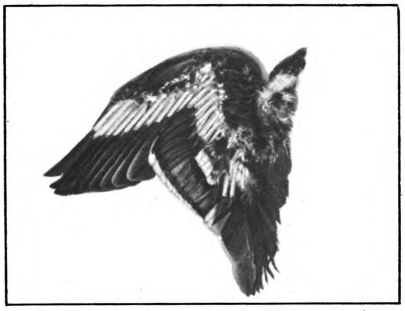
That there *is* a very material source of protection in this replacement of the resplendent plumage by one of sober hues, there can be no question. But it can be shown, with equal certainty, that this change, this "moult," has not been specially evolved to meet the needs of the mallard alone, or even of its numerous near relations which wear a similar "eclipse" dress. For, in the first place, the simultaneous shedding of the quills, which accompanies this change, is not confined to those members of the duck-tribe wherein the males wear a resplendent plumage, as compared with that of the females. For it occurs, for example, in the geese and swans, and in the grebes and rails, as well as in other groups. The key to the riddle of the "eclipse" plumage of the ducks is to be found in other groups of birds, wherein the resplendent plumage is assumed, in the early spring, as a "breeding dress," and exchanged in the autumn for a "winter-plumage." The ruff, knot, curlew-sandpiper, dunlin, golden and grey plovers, afford striking illustrations of this; and to these may be added the scarlet tanager and the bob-o-link. This list might be greatly extended.

The ruff, in the spring, puts on a great "Elizabethan" frill, and materially changes the coloration of the rest of the body. The knot and the curlew-sandpiper exchange the grey-and-white dress of winter for one wherein the breast is of a rich rust-red, while the upper parts are variegated with dark brown and buff. The dunlin and the grey and golden plovers have black breasts, and the upper parts are also black; but spotted in the one with white, and the other with golden yellow. Their coloration, in short, is absolutely different in this breeding-dress from that worn during the rest of the year. Except in the case of the ruff, it is to be noticed, both sexes participate in this change. But in the scarlet tanager, the males alone become thus glorified. In the winter plumage this bird is green, with black wings and tail. In the spring, a brilliant scarlet replaces the green. In all these cases we have a strictly "nuptial" plumage, which is soon discarded.

It seems clear that this potentiality for "hyper-pigmentation," or, in other words, the intensification of or concentration of the pigmentation to form brilliant masses of colour, is intimately associated with the reawakening of the sexual glands; which form what are known as "hormones," having the property, among other things, of thus affecting the coloration. When once this process begins, it would seem that it creates a "diathesis" in the direction of pigmentation, so that the assumption of the breeding-dress begins earlier and earlier in the year, and is worn longer and longer, until, at last, the "winter-plumage" is crowded out. We have instances of this in the case of the partridge, the black-cock, and the jungle-fowl, wherein only the head and neck put on a "winter-dress," which is but of short duration.

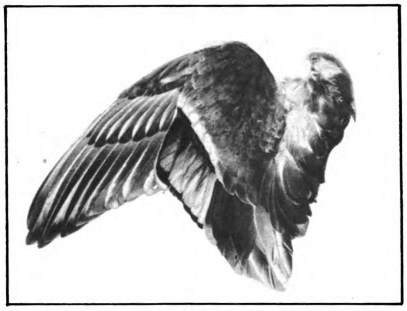
In many species, as, for example, in the pheasant, the male alone wears his fine feathers throughout the year. But the hen, if the ovaries become diseased, will also assume the dress of her lord; which confirms the contention that this intensification of the coloration is intimately associated with the secretions of the sexual glands. In other species, the female, with advancing age, shows a tendency to assume the resplendent dress of the male; and in many she at last becomes indistinguishable from her mate; as with the starling, when the young alone, for a season, wear the dull hues of their ancestors. In the case of the jay and the kingfisher, this power of intensifying the brilliancy of the plumage has been acquired also by the young, so that both sexes, throughout their lives, are brilliantly coloured.

In the wild-duck, then, we have an interesting stage towards the evolution of a permanently resplendent dress. His "eclipse" dress answers to the "winter-plumage" of, say, the ruff, or the knot. A further and final stage is that found in certain of the gallinaceous birds like the partridge and the blackcock. Laboured attempts have been made to show that the assumption of a resplendent plumage is entirely dependent on the need, or otherwise, for concealment during the nesting period. By selecting facts to fit the theory, a plausible case may be made out for this view; but an impartial survey will show that it is really untenable.



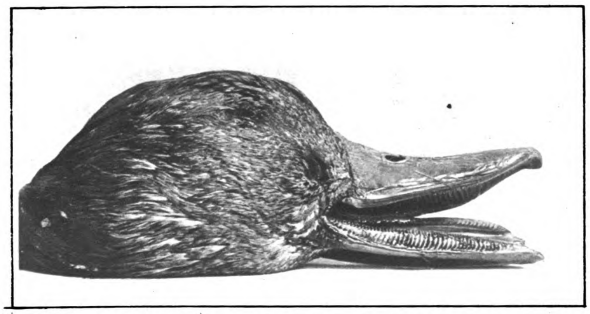
AT A STAGE WHEN THE BIRD CANNOT FLY: A WILD DUCK'S WING WITH THE COVERT-FEATHERS REMOVED TO SHOW THE DEVELOPING "FLIGHT" FEATHERS.

"The developing 'quill' or 'flight' feathers are still not more than half grown. Some of the covert-feathers are also being renewed. Until the flight-feathers have completed their growth, flight is impossible."



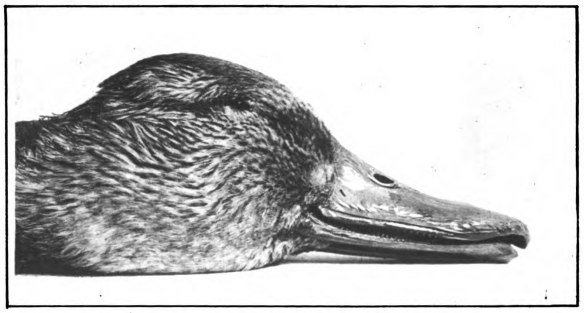
AFTER THE NEW "QUILL," OR "FLIGHT," FEATHERS HAVE APPEARED: THE WING OF A MALLARD (THE MALE OF THE WILD DUCK).

"The oblong band of steel-blue and white, known as the 'Speculum,' shown in the above photograph, is a conspicuous feature of the wings of the ducks."—[*Photographs by E. J. Manly.*]



WITH DARK, BOTTLE-GREEN FEATHERS JUST BEGINNING TO REPLACE THOSE OF THE "ECLIPSE" DRESS: THE HEAD OF A MALLARD.

"The large fleshy tongue and the lamellæ along the sides of the beak are worth noting."

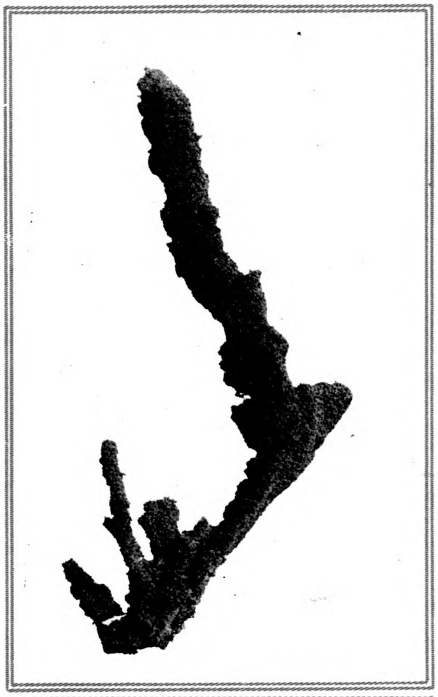


SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC PLUMAGE OF THE FEMALE: THE HEAD OF A WILD DUCK (FOR COMPARISON WITH THE MALLARD OPPOSITE).

"This is the head of a female wild duck. Only the male is properly called the mallard."

# ANT-BUILT "SKY-SCRAPERS": CURIOSITIES OF TERMITE ARCHITECTURE.

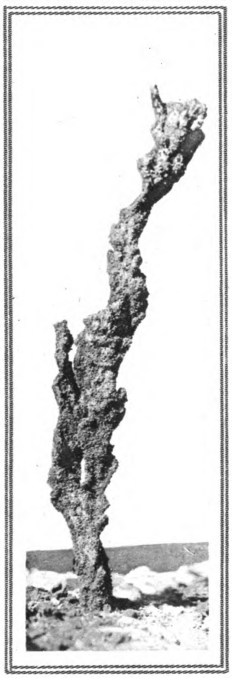
Photographs Nos. 1 to 4, by Professor R. W. Doane, of Stanford University, California, by Courtesy of "Natural History" (New York); No. 5, by Leon Bayer, M.D., by Courtesy of the New York "Zoological Society Bulletin."



1. FAULTY IN "ENGINEERING," AS ITS CENTRE OF GRAVITY WAS NOT KEPT OVER THE BASE: ONE OF A GROUP OF CALIFORNIAN TERMITE TURRETS FROM 3 TO 17 IN. HIGH.



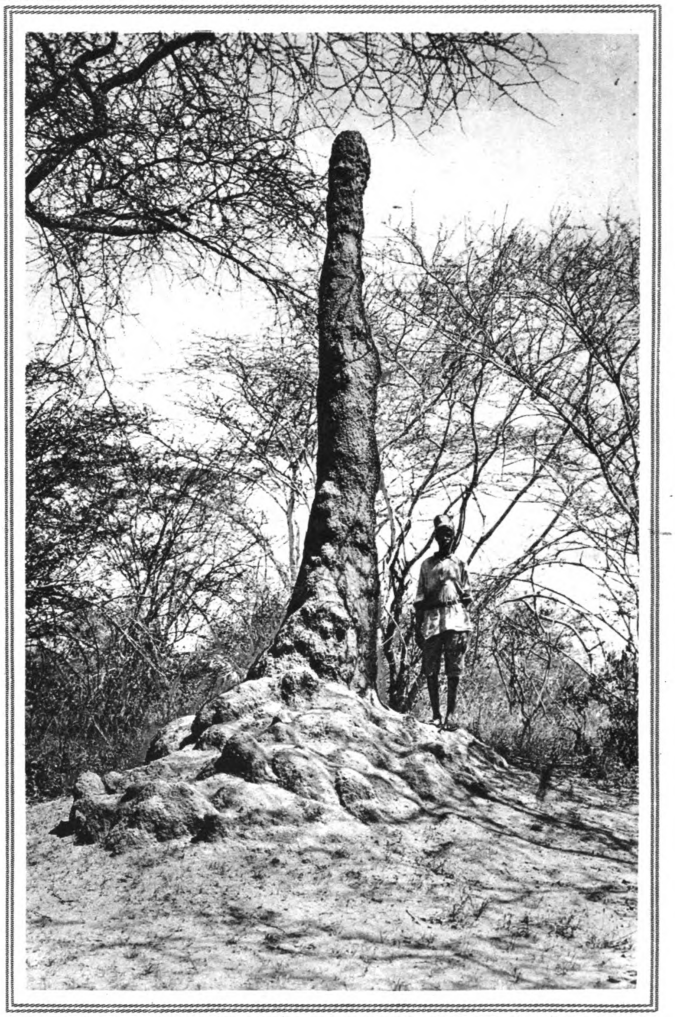
2. BRANCHED LIKE CORAL: ANOTHER GROUP OF SMALL TERMITE TURRETS IN A GREENHOUSE, WHICH CRUMBLED AT A TOUCH, WHILE WHITE ANTS CRAWLED OUT OF THEM.



3. FOUND IN THE BASEMENT OF A HOUSE: A TERMITE TURRET 8½ IN. HIGH.



4. ON A CONCRETE WALL IN CALIFORNIA: A TERMITE TURRET NEARLY 15 IN. HIGH.



5. FAR MORE COLOSSAL (IN PROPORTION TO THE SIZE OF ITS BUILDERS) THAN ANY NEW YORK "SKY-SCRAPER": A MONSTER TOWER (ABOUT 20 FT. HIGH) ERECTED BY WHITE ANTS IN EAST AFRICA.

Describing the first four of the above photographs, taken at a house in Palo Alto, California, Professor R. W. Doane says: "Termites, misleadingly known as white 'ants,' differ from the true ants in many other respects besides colour. Yet, like the ants, they lead a communal existence, have different castes, and erect structures that may well excite admiration. The first one of these turrets (No. 4) was found rising from a concrete wall that surrounded the lower part of the basement. . . . All of the turrets were very brittle, a slight touch being enough to send them crumbling to the ground. As soon as any part of a turret was broken, a few termites would crawl out. . . . Some smaller ones (No. 2) were discovered in a greenhouse. . . . The termites that built these turrets belong to the species *Reticulitermes hesperus*." Photograph No. 5, taken in the Kerio-Suk region of East Africa, shows a termite tower on a huge scale. Dr. Leon Bayer, who took it, writes: "These chimneys may attain a height of 20 ft. above the ground. They are hollow, and probably help to regulate the amount of moisture in the ant-galleries that lead many feet below the surface. The many openings at the base often give shelter to a variety of the smaller mammals. The indefatigable builders of these structures, the 'white ants' or termites, force one to move camp frequently, as they destroy much of the camp outfit if left on the same spot any number of days. The extreme solidity and height of these hills makes them useful points of vantage for hunters as well as for game."

# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## THE UNDERSTUDY.—BINNIE HALE.

URGENT whip: "Please, please come and see me, as Miss X. is off with laryngitis. It is my great chance; it may be my only one. It would mean so much to me!"

Well, it so happened that the week was nearly blank—no premières, no matinées, that mattered; so why not be the good Samaritan and, to help a young artist full of hope and bristling with ambition, sit out the play a second time?



COSTUMES OF 1850 FILMED IN MODERN SEVILLE: VIOLETTA (RAQUEL MELLER) AS A FLOWER-GIRL, IN "VIOLETTES IMPÉRIALES," TO BE SEEN AT THE NEW SCALA THEATRE ON AUG. 18.

When I went to the theatre there was no little sheet in my programme: "Owing to the indisposition of," etc. But that meant nothing. I have been over and over again to matinées and found, instead of the star, somebody else; not always the real understudy, but the understudy of the understudy, pressed into service at the last moment owing to that indisposition.

The play began, and who should take the part I came to see but the lady who was its creator and who was supposed to have a bad throat! The understudy's chance was gone—by the way, she never had another—for the original creator had miraculously recovered, or made up her mind not to risk comparisons. For these things occur. I remember some years ago, during the run of a very successful play, on a Saturday afternoon the critic of a great Sunday paper happened to drop in at a matinée: he had to escort some country-cousins, and wanted to give them a good time. Also on this occasion there was a leaflet in the programme; also the heroine was ill and her place to be taken by the understudy—a clever but fairly unknown actress who had obtained some praise for her interpretation of a character-part of an old woman. Oh dear! what a disappointment! The country-cousins came to see a name, and they were to be put off with a nonentity! Half the pleasure was gone. But the miracle happened. The understudy was neither very young nor very beautiful, and the clothes of the heroine, who was *petite* but plump, fluttered strangely around her lanky body. There was no prepossession by appearance. But then came the acting—brilliant, impassioned, moving—and the country-cousins were entranced; the critic was carried away. What a performance! Why, this was great art, not virtuosity. For once, the French adage of the seconds eclipsed when they take the place of the first was belied. The critic rushed to his paper and wrote nearly a column in praise of the understudy—and by no means in disparagement of the creator of the part. What happened behind the scenes remained unrecorded, but on the Monday the star had as by magic recovered from her "severe" illness, and she never henceforth missed a night to the end of the run, which extended over a whole year. Let me add, as a rider to the little story, that the understudy is to-day, if not one of the most famous, one of the most highly valued artists in America. She has revisited London since, not as an understudy but as a star; the play she brought was not very successful, but her work was praised by the critics without exception.

One could add more experiences—of cases where the understudy came into his or her own; where a chorus-girl stepped from the ranks and, in the absence of the star, offered her services, saying that she knew every note and every line of the play, and made good. But these are the exceptions. On the whole, the lot of the understudy is a sad one—a light under a bushel. There is one who for three long years understudied the leading lady, and never, never enjoyed one night's glamour. Most of them eat their hearts out in oblivion, and, as a subterfuge to slake their thirst of ambition, go in the provinces, there to remain in the illusion of local fame. It always recalls my old story of the actor who for years scored in the provinces, came to London in long, vain quest of employment, and lamented that he could not understand why the London managers would not have him, for "in Cardiff they had given him an ovation." "In Cardiff"—*O sancta simplicitas*!

I, for one, feel deeply for the understudy. What a life! Day after day, night after night, to report at the stage-door and to remain for hours, as prescribed by contract, waiting, yearning for the chance that may never come, or if it comes passes unnoticed by the world at large and at best impels a compliment from the stage-manager, and, with luck, from the manager. But the morrow brings nothing. The same trudge, the same hope, the same vigil, the same futility. Of course, it will be argued that many actors have to be thankful for the job, and that half a loaf is better than no bread. Again, it may be urged that many understudies are chosen as a kind of mechanical stopgap; that they are not chosen for their talent but their adaptability; that their work, in a sense, is parrot's work; that they are not expected nor wanted to create but to re-create, or rather, to imitate; and that to be successful in that way is by no means evidence of gifts beyond technical understudying and experience. Let this be freely granted: I have seen many understudy performances that evoked the comparison of chalk and cheese, and not only because of personality—that indefinable dower of nature—but simply because the performer had neither style nor grace, nor diction, and simply did what she was asked to do by reflection in a machine-made manner. But—and this is my contention—there are in our principal theatres a fair number of unknown, or comparatively unknown actors, who might come to the fore and prove that, although they had studied a part on the model of the creator, they possessed all the qualities warranting promotion. It is in these—who are prevented from progress by circumstances—that I take a deep interest. And I, for one, would, time permitting, gladly answer the call to come and see a play once again with the understudies in leading parts, in the happy expectation of a discovery and the making of a career.

. . . .

Binnie Hale's is a paternal heritage, from her wonderful father, Robert. To all of us "Bobbie" Hale is the youngest of veterans. Thirty years of stage service—without a break, without a failure; without a hair of his dark and bountiful crop turned frosty; without an enemy, but with a host of friends; and, best of all, a fund of humour as inexhaustible as the deep sea.

But it is not of Bobbie that I would write, but of Binnie, the slim girl in her 'teens, with the vivacious eyes, the flexible features, the lissom limbs and frame; the sprightly, troll-like little person who flits across the stage like a messenger from fairyland. She is all life and hustle; she is all *insouciance* and freedom; she may be conscious within, but she never shows concern or artifice. She is the regular *enfant de la balle*. Acting is her second nature. She never conveys the feeling that she has learned her part, that she interprets something second-hand, created by another. She can assimilate, create, make-believe; she can be a tomboy; she can startle us, made up beyond recognition, as a *prima donna* of ripe vintage still warbling love-songs in maidenly affectation, but also in vain quest of the high notes that vanished with youth. Here her humour changes to pathos, and the young actress reveals a heart as well as a mentality.

But her greatest gift, at present, is her 'cute observation of others; the lens of her intellect that records the ways, the manners, the mannerisms, and the weaknesses of stars. When she imitates Evelyn Laye and José Collins, her satire is a little cutting, but, oh! how true it is—a real picture reflected in one of those distorting mirrors that exaggerate, perhaps, but make us see ourselves as other people see us when in critical mood. And in all Binnie Hale does—and she is never at rest, always busy in her unobtrusive way to illuminate the picture—her charm is captivating. To behold her is to understand the meaning of the seventh heaven—the summer days of life—when joy and hope and purblindness to care make sun-rays all the way.



A FILM ROMANCE ON THE EARLY LIFE OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE: "VIOLETTES IMPÉRIALES," TO BE PRODUCED AT THE NEW SCALA THEATRE—VIOLETTA (RAQUEL MELLER) AND HER CHILDREN.

"Violettes Impériales," which Mr. C. B. Cochran has arranged to produce at the New Scala Theatre on August 18, is a film romance by M. Henry Roussell, dealing with the early life of Eugénie de Montijo (afterwards the Empress Eugénie), who married Napoleon III. in 1853. The story tells how she was prevented from marrying a Spaniard by a flower-girl of Seville, with whom she made friends. Some of the scenes were filmed in the Cathedral of Zamora, as illustrated in our issue of December 22 last, after the picture had been produced abroad.

*Photographs by G.P.A.*




*(Falstaff)*

# DEWAR'S

## THE SPIRIT OF HUMOUR

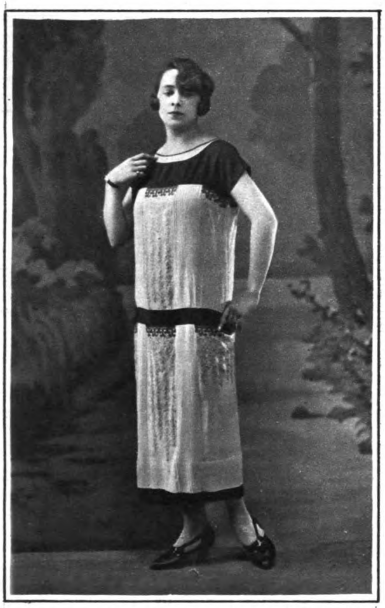
Humour is the spring that sets laughter going. It plays a great part in the scheme of things; easing many a strain and lightening many a burden. For when all is said and done a good laugh puts one in tune with life and so does the genial charm of . . . .

## DEWAR'S

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE Queen, although a fair sailor, is not a yachtswoman. At Cowes, her Majesty went for a motor trip each day, while the King was thoroughly enjoying his grand spins in the beautiful *Britannia*—the fresher the breeze, the more his Majesty enjoyed himself. The Duke of Connaught, too, went racing, and so did the Marquise d'Hautpoul, who served her apprenticeship to yachting with our "sea-king's daughter from over the sea." As the Hon. Julia Stonor, the Marquise was practically brought up by Queen Alexandra, in whose Household her father and mother were until their death. Each day those on the look-out would see the Queen seated in the royal pinnace, either going to or returning from East Cowes, where she disembarked for her car, an ordinary hired one, driven by a man who knows the island and its every nook and corner. The Countess of Shaftesbury was usually with the Queen, and also, as a rule, landed at the Squadron in the morning and met many friends. Lord Shaftesbury was staying ashore at the beginning of the week.

The Squadron gardens were the rendezvous for yachtsmen and yachtswomen, the former very smart in blue serge suits or blue serge coats and white



*The new straight tunic is a notable feature of this Parisian dinner frock of pleated cream georgette on black crepe-de-Chine.*

serge trousers and white-covered yachting caps; the second in what pleased them. There was, as a rule, a sharp line in dress between the yachtswomen afloat and the shore dwellers who came in to meet and talk to them. The women afloat were very business-like, and all furnished with oilskins. This does not mean the old order of serviceable, also smelly garments so called, either black or some shade of yellow. The ladies' oilskin of to-day is partly transparent, and is of all colours—red, blue, and green seemed the favourites at Cowes. If there was no rain, there was always a "popple" on the water, and these coats were necessities for the launch journey to and from the Squadron landing. The favourite headgear for Cowes Week was undoubtedly felt—either white, of pale pastel tints, or grey. These hats are light, they stick close to the head in any wind, and they are both businesslike and becoming.

Princess Beatrice, as befitted the Governor of the little Garden Island, was in the Gardens for tea at the earliest opportunity, dressed in dark-blue and wearing rather a wide-brimmed hat. The Duke of Connaught was often in, and when he wanted to have a long talk with friends he thoughtfully sent his Equerry to ask the ladies not to stand up on his account. The King came to dine at the Squadron on Tuesday, and there was, of course, a crowd to see him land and walk through the little side gate and thence into the Castle. The table was beautifully decorated with pink carnations and sweet peas and silver trophies, and the members in their uniforms sitting round it must be an impressive sight, but one upon which no member of our sex is privileged to gaze. Perhaps one day we shall have an L.R.Y.Squadron



*Paris has ordained that the stiff square crown shall be fashionable this autumn. An erect silver quill adorns this "chic" model carried out in black hatter's plush.*

of our own. Then we shall devise a dinner-dress on which man may pray to be allowed to look; but will we let him?—no!

Several ladies raced their own small craft, and the Countess of Albemarle, the Hon. Mrs. Adams, and many others are quite good at this pastime, and keen as mustard over it. Sailing big boats is a different affair; still, we can do most things if we set our minds to it. Much sympathy was felt for Sir Thomas Lipton, whose beautiful *Shamrock* broke some of her gear on the first day, through, it was said, the unwieldy behaviour of a heavily laden passenger steamer. However, it is always a little difficult at Cowes to ascertain the real cause of these minor accidents, since one hears several different versions in the course of conversation.

I saw the Marchioness of Crewe soon after the robbery of her jewels strolling across the Lawn to Nubia. It was an exceedingly worrying affair for Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring, most kind of hosts and hostesses. Lady Crewe, I was told, did everything in her power to make them feel more happy



*The small hat is still unconquered in Paris, a fact which is proved by this becoming affair of black suède trimmed with black and white feather mounts.*

over it; but it was a very unfortunate occurrence, and the Islanders were most indignant, for robberies on the island are very rare indeed. Lady Crewe went afloat almost every day for luncheon, wearing, as a rule, white serge coat and skirt or beige colour. Lord and Lady Albemarle were usually on the lawn at tea time, Lady Albemarle always in sailing kit. Everyone seemed pleased with Sir William and Lady Portal's success in winning the King's Cup for the second time. When they won it two years ago Sir William gave his wife a beautiful Squadron burgee in diamonds and rubies. The Marquise de Casa Maura was often in the gardens, looking very handsome and always beautifully turned out. Lord Dunraven manages to keep alert and youthful, and was, as usual, entertaining on the *Iona*. Another veteran who was quite gay and jolly was Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle. His son, Vice-Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, came over on the opening day of the R.Y.S. Regatta with a party in a big launch. The day being quite lively at sea, she stove a hole in herself at the landing. Her passengers all got off, and then they ran her, in a sinking condition, on the mud, and had to find another boat to take them home. On this day Lord and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu brought over a party in their motor-launch *Cygnet*. With them was Lady Lena Agar, whose father, Lord Normanton, was staying at the Squadron. Lady Montagu, in white and jade-green, and wearing a white felt hat, looked daintily pretty, as it is her wont to do. Her mother and sister, who were staying ashore, were with her at tea.

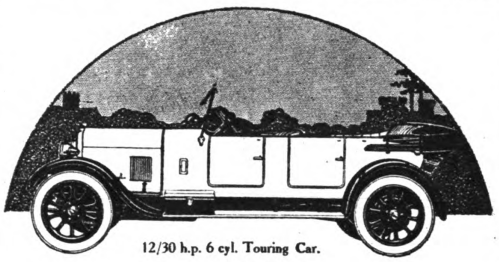
The Queen passed through the Squadron Gardens one afternoon wearing a long white coat with a deep white fur or cut ostrich feather collar, and an aquamarine-blue toque and scarf. Lady Shaftesbury was



*Coral, jet, and steel beads help to fashion the handsome embroidery decorating this graceful dinner gown of navy georgette, whose birthplace is Paris.*

in attendance, and they motored to Brook, where her Majesty honoured General and the Hon. Mrs. Seely by taking tea with them. The Queen re-embarked at East Cowes for the *Victoria and Albert*, to the disappointment of the crowd patiently awaiting her return through the Squadron grounds. However, they saw the Duke of Connaught and the Marquise d'Hautpoul go, and later the King landed. The loyalty and love of the people for our King and Queen is demonstrated by the way they wait on and on in the hope of seeing them.

Lord Inverclyde was often ashore with two or three young friends. Lady Louis Mountbatten, always charmingly dressed, and at her best in simple yachting kit of white serge skirt, Fair Isle jumper, and small round red cap, was often in the Gardens, where the scene on a fine afternoon at tea time when the band plays is charming; while the outlook on the yachts skimming about over the blue white-capped water of the Solent is as fascinating as any scene could be. There are lots of pretty girls at Cowes; one of them was dainty little Miss Millington-Drake; the Hon. Alison and the Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven were two more always beautifully turned out; and others were Lady Baring's two daughters. There were scores more, and they all looked so well and happy that their good looks were enhanced.—A. E. L.



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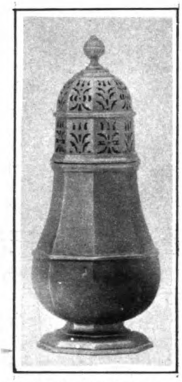
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# Fashions and Fancies.

**What Deauville is Wearing.**

The white marble halls of the new baths at Deauville are an effective setting to the rainbow-hued outfits of the fair bathers this season. Crêpe-de-Chine and artificial silk printed in gay flowered patterns or exotic Eastern colourings have superseded the old-fashioned dark-blue and black serge which was invariably worn in the days when to be conspicuous was a crime. Sea-shells, multi-coloured bead embroideries, and fantastic little mascots adorn these creations; and gay handkerchief scarves in every colour play the rôle of wraps and cloaks, lightly discarded on entering the water. After *déjeuner* come the races, and here the really beautiful toilettes, many worn by famous mannequins from Paris, make their appearance. Slender affairs of organdie, crêpe marocain, and mysterious Rodier materials in exquisite colourings, their straight silhouette is softened by plissé panels and frills introduced here and there, now as a tiny shoulder cape, an airy scarf, or fluttering pennons. Accompanying these fascinating creations it is no unusual sight, even on the hottest day, to see beautiful fur wraps of the most costly nature. Cloaks of chinchilla, attached to the shoulders by bouquets of large white camellias, and magnificent sables mingle with the charming wraps of pure white ermine, often edged with delicately tinted ostrich feathers, worn by the débutantes.



*A hand-pierced cover of geometrical design is the notable feature of this "Queen Anne" sugar-caster. It is a reproduction carried out by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.*

**Fashions in Table Silver.**

Not only in the world of dress is there a movement nowadays towards simple lines and clear-cut silhouettes. In the fascinating sphere of table silver, for instance, the same tendency has caused a marked revival of the vogue for the Queen Anne period.



*A perfect reproduction of a silver tea-set in the time of Queen Anne. It must be placed to the credit of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W.*

The furniture of this date is, of course, historically famous; and the silverware, too, has a certain genre which is peculiarly its own. The general simplicity and graceful outlines which characterise each piece appeal to every collector of beautiful silver, and these attributes render the domestic plate of this time exceptionally useful as well as attractive for modern use.



*The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company are responsible for the reproduction of this quaint old English tankard of solid silver.*

**The Queen Anne Period.**

Pictured on this page are some perfect reproductions of Queen Anne plate which may be studied at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W. The reproductions of this firm are made by the same hand process and possess the same individual characteristics of skilled craftsmanship as the originals. In the centre is a tea-set modelled from one dated 1713. This octagonal form with a plain wire decoration is a favourite one, and appears also in the quaint sugar-caster on the left, complete with a hand-pierced cover. The unusual coffee- or milk-jug on the right, height 7¾ inches, is the reproduction of a very rare piece, and combines originality with practical qualities. Last comes the old-world pint tankard in the centre, solidly built, with a graceful handle. These possess all the solid and artistic merits of the original Queen Anne pieces as well as the modern advantage of being considerably less expensive.



*A rare piece of eighteenth-century plate, reproduced by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.*

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**The Grand Prix.** For sheer interest and excitement there surely never was a road race like that for the Grand Prix de France last Sunday week. As a rule, it is possible to forecast the result of these races with something like reasonable certainty, but this year it was different. A year ago, for instance, the event resolved itself into a duel between the Sunbeam and the Fiat teams, with perhaps a shade of odds on the latter if they could stay the course. In the result, they did not, and Major Segrave won the race for Great Britain on a two-litre Sunbeam. This time, however, there were four or five teams which were well in the running. Sunbeams were more or less expected to repeat last year's victory, but the opposition was stronger, inasmuch as there were teams entered by Fiat, Delage, Bugatti, and Alfa-Romeo, any one of which might provide the winner, since all were about equal in speed. In the event, it was the Alfa-Romeo which won this classic race, with Delage second and third, another Alfa-Romeo fourth, and Segrave (Sunbeam) fifth.

Sunbeams had bad luck in not winning. Segrave held the lead for the first couple of laps, and then had to stop owing to plug trouble. Once more he had to stop in the seventeenth lap because his mechanic was exhausted by the strain of the race. In the meantime, K. Lee Guinness, also driving a Sunbeam, secured the lead and held it until the nineteenth lap, when he had to retire owing to a broken universal joint. All this time Segrave was making desperate efforts to regain the lead. His twenty-ninth lap was the fastest made in the race, being covered at a speed of 76·7 miles an hour—a terrific speed on such a twisty course as the Lyons circuit. It was not to be, however, and he could do no better than run into fifth place at the end.

The terrific strain of the race may best be gauged from the fact that of twenty-two starters only eight figure in the official list of cars finishing. The winner's average speed was a shade over 71 miles an hour for the full distance of 500 miles.



AT A HISTORIC INN ON THE DORSET COAST, WHERE CHARLES II. HAD A NARROW ESCAPE: AN OVERLAND BRITISH-BUILT "DE LUXE" TOURING CAR.

At the old George Inn (now the George Hotel) at West Bay, near Bridport, Charles II. had a narrow escape from capture while endeavouring to make his way to France.

**Sport on the Sabbath.**

In the South of England very few, if any, sporting events are held by motorists on Sundays. I believe an odd club trial here and there would exhaust the list, which is a very good thing indeed. There is no need, other reasons apart, to outrage the feelings of a very large proportion of the community by running speed trials, hill-climbs, and so forth, and it is with this in mind that club executives generally have rigidly set their faces against promoting sporting events on the Sabbath. In other parts of the country they do not seem so particular, and from time to time reports of meetings have reached me from club secretaries—reports which have always been ignored, because I do not think such events ought to be held on Sundays.

However, it is all a matter of taste, or was until lately, when it was shown to be illegal to hold such events on that day. It appears that the police of Pwllheli have dug out an old Act, which was passed 299 years ago, and have issued a summons against a member of the Liverpool Motor Club, the charge being of "congregating in concourse with other people outside his own parish on Sunday for the purpose of sport and pastime." Apparently, the summons has not been heard yet, so it is not possible to say what the result of this very far-fetched prosecution may be. It certainly opens up disquieting possibilities if the police generally take action under this old statute. What is "sport and pastime" within the meaning of the Act? Does it mean that it is an offence to motor to Brighton, for example, on a Sunday, for the purpose of attending a *thé dansant* at the Metropole? It almost looks as though it might, for one would certainly be "congregating in concourse," etc.—W. W.



BESIDE A CURIOUS INDIAN STATUE OF A CINGALESE "SOLOMON": A ROLLS-ROYCE IN THE PROVINCE OF CALCUTTA.

The photograph shows a 20-h.p. Rolls-Royce car on the road between Sutna and Rewah, in the Calcutta Province of India. "The figure in the background," we are told, "represents King Rawan, a prehistoric ruler of Ceylon, who was believed to equal ten men in knowledge—a Cingalese version of King Solomon, in fact. Three of the carved stone figures have disappeared, but enough remain to indicate the unique nature of the monument."


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The two stories came into the hands of the editor of our contemporary the *Sphere*, and are being published in that journal. "Le Masque Prophète," both original text and translation, appeared in the *Sphere* of Aug. 9, with a reproduction of the first page of the manuscript in Napoleon's own handwriting, and it was arranged to publish "La Gorgona" in the next number. The *Sphere* is to be heartily congratulated on thus giving English readers the first opportunity of reading works of such unique historical interest.

The literary side of Napoleon's career is not, perhaps, familiar to the general reader, but those who have studied his life are aware that he was always spurred by the impulse to write. A certain number of his essays and other compositions, written in youth, display a keen mind, a somewhat imperfect knowledge of French, and an art inspired by ideas then in fashion. The stories just discovered, however, had hitherto escaped investigation. They rank as the most curious of his literary productions, and show that, like Cæsar, he did not confine himself to military memoirs.

## AN "INTERNATIONAL" THAT HAS DISAPPEARED.

(*Continued from Page 314.*)

letting loose the world war, it became necessary to replace the organ which had disappeared by a new one.

What could be that new organ? The League of Nations created by the Treaty of Versailles?

I admit that at the end of 1918, after the crumbling away of the Germanic Empires, I cherished for a moment the illusion that throughout Europe the directing *élite* would turn resolutely towards a League or Society of the Great States of Europe, which should play, in different circumstances, the rôle of the Holy Alliance of former days. I can understand the indifference with which during the war the idea, at best a vague one, of a League of Nations as proposed by President Wilson was received. But after the political catastrophe of 1918 the dream of the ideologue became the most urgent of all practical necessities—the indispensable preface to all peace treaties.

The disillusionment was complete. Europe was so much accustomed to the marvellous order which she had enjoyed for more than a century that she had ended by losing all notion of the conditions which rendered it possible. In 1919, during the peace negotiations, the League of Nations was almost universally judged by the *élite* to be the most useless, the most absurd, the most chimerical of all pacifist Utopias. That hostile incredulity is responsible for the most serious weaknesses which to-day make the task of the Institution at Geneva such a difficult one. A still more surprising fact is that the diplomatists, whose professional duties ought to have caused them to feel most acutely the necessity for such an institution, were the most hostile and incredulous.

How many times in March and April 1919, during a sojourn that I made in Paris, did I endeavour to press my ideas upon those who had the formidable responsibility of giving back peace to the world?

"You are preparing treaties," I told them; "that is good. But have you taken pains to ascertain who will sign them, and who will be guarantors for their execution? The treaties of 1815 were signed by Sovereigns, whose interest and honour—conquerors and vanquished alike—were engaged to execute them. It is the moral pressure of those two sentiments—political interest and dynastic honour—far more than force of arms, which has made famous treaties into active realities. Will you have the same good fortune? Have you an idea of what the Governments will consist of to-morrow in Europe, great or small, ancient or modern, with whom you will have to treat? If you do not give Europe an authority capable of exercising a powerful moral pressure over those States, there will only remain Force with which to impose those Treaties. That has only sufficed to assure the execution of treaties in very rare cases, and sometimes at the price of very great dangers. Do not forget that the World War grew out of a Treaty which had been imposed by Force alone forty-four years previously. To create that authority is not an easy task; I know it; but the first condition for solving a problem is to realise that it exists. If one begins by denying it or by ridiculing it, one aggravates the difficulty."

But these ideas, expressed verbally and in writing, were understood by very few people. As usual, a cry was raised about foolish pacifism and corrupting cosmopolitanism. When we tried, in the month of December 1918, to hold a meeting in favour of the League of Nations at Milan, we were overwhelmed with insults both by Signor Mussolini's journal and by the official journal of the Communists, thus touchingly united! The diplomatists continued to treat the great affairs of the world as they had done before 1914; the era of disillusionments had begun. It was fatal.

The profound cause of these disillusionments, which trouble the public spirit so deeply in every country, is

(*Continued overleaf.*)


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*Continued.*]

simple. Peace was made as if Europe were as solid and well organised as she had been before the war, whereas several elements of her solidarity and order had disappeared in the war. By degrees the nations are beginning to perceive this, and to understand better the significance of events. But the change is slow, for they must renounce the illusion that the order which we enjoyed before the war was a definite conquest or an eternal privilege of our civilisation.

That order was a unique prodigy of history. The generation which saw that prodigy can boast that it was a privileged generation. But that prodigy was due to a combination of extraordinary circumstances which did not last long. Now that order has been partially destroyed it must be reconstituted. Re-construction is possible, but it requires a new plan and different measures, which means a great effort, for new generations never reconstruct overthrown edifices either in the same place or of the same shape as they were before.

---

In connection with the biscuit-making plants and model bakery in the Palace of Industry at Wembley, illustrated on a double-page in our issue of July 19, we are asked to mention that the whole of this machinery belongs to Messrs. Baker Perkins, Ltd., engineers, of Willesden Works, and Westwood Works, Peterborough, and is their exhibit.

For the first time since the war the Belgian Royal Family is now in residence at Ostend. The Queen arrived there accompanied by Princess Marie José and Prince Charles. King Albert and Crown Prince Leopold arranged to join the family party in a few days' time. The Royal Family attended the Kursaal on Aug. 8 for the special classical concert, at which Mr. Arthur Rubinstein was the piano soloist. On arriving at Ostend Queen Elizabeth at once drove to the fishermen's quarter to express personally her sympathy with the widows and orphans of the brave fishermen lost recently in a sudden hurricane. The fishing boats were widely scattered in the North Sea, and, although the Belgian life-boat service is one of the most efficient in Europe, it was impossible to rescue all the men, and some twenty-three men and boys were lost.

## CHESS.

E M Vicars (Norfolk).—We are sorry to have been obscure in our allusion, but have you forgotten the occasional somnolent fits of Homer?

Howard Staunton (Kolar Gold Fields, India).—It is somewhat surprising to find such a good solver as yourself perplexed by the problem of which you send the diagram. White's pawn at K Kt 2nd gives the clue immediately, and the answer runs: 1. P to Kt 3rd, K to Q 5th; 2. Kt to Q B 7th, K moves; 3. Q mates. If 1. —— K to Q Kt 4th; 2. Q to Q B 3rd, K moves; 3. Q or Kt mates.

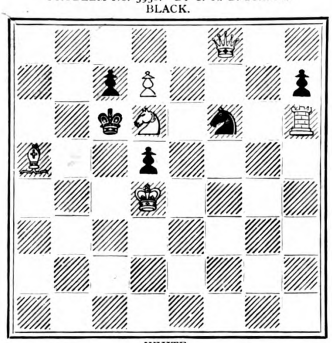
Rev. A D Meares (Baltimore).—There is some error in transcribing your solution of No. 3932. White cannot give check by R to Kt 5th.

Baron De Reuter (Evian-les-Bains).—Your letter has been handed to our publishing department for attention.

J Ransford (Clinton).—Your amended answer to No 3935 is certainly a happier move, but it is not a "happier solution." Black replies to your proposed key with 1. —— P to Q B 4th.

L W Cafferata (Farndon).—We plead guilty, alas! to both indictments, and can offer no extenuating circumstances as an excuse. A little brain-fag seems, perhaps, the most likely reason.

PROBLEM No. 3938.—By C. R. B. Sumner.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3931 received from R W Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3933 from Howard Staunton (Kolar Gold Fields, India), and A F Pirnique (Columbia University, New York); of No. 3934 from Horace E McFarland (St. Louis, Mo.); of No. 3935 from E M Vicars (Norfolk), and A F Pirnique (Columbia University); and of No. 3936 from F H White (Grantham), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), E J Gibbs (East Ham), C H Watson (Masham), Povoas de Magathaes (Oporto), P Cooper (Clapham), and E M Vicars (Norfolk).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3937 received from R P Nicholson (Crayke), M E Jowett (Grange-on-Sands), P Cooper (Clapham), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), H W Satow (Bangor), J Hunter (Leicester), R B N (Tewkesbury), A W Overton (Leeds), J J Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), C B S (Canterbury), W C D Smith (Northampton), W N Powell (Ledbury), T Cooke (Brighton), J P Smith (Cricklewood), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), L W Cafferata (Farndon), C H Watson (Masham), A Edmeston (Worsley), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), S Caldwell (Hove), and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

Solution of Problem No. 3936.—By A. Newman.

| WHITE | BLACK |
|---|---|
| 1. Q to R sq | K to B 2nd |
| 2. Q to K R 8th | K moves |
| 3. Q mates. | |

If Black play: 1. —— K to Q 3rd, 2. Q to Q B 3rd, etc.; if 1. —— K to B sq, 2. K takes P, etc. If, however, 1. —— K to Q sq, White has a waiting move with his Queen on any square of the diagonal.

An airy little problem, which, but for a flaw too deeply seated in its structure to be removed, would have ranked as a first-class miniature. Its attractiveness, however, has won the approbation of many of our solvers.

---

Will solvers kindly note that the Problem published in our last issue was numbered 3936 in error, and should have been No. 3937. All solutions will be acknowledged as for the correct figure.

The Championship Section of the Correspondence Tournament of the British Chess Federation for 1923 was won by Mr. W. A. Hooper, with Mr. W. Dobbie in the second place.

---

In the notes accompanying the illustrations (in our issue of Aug. 2) showing Commander C. Denistoun Burney's new "Prefacto" system of house-building with a material called Durocrete (a blend of concrete and wood), it was stated that the cost of such a house would be only one-fifth that of a brick-built house. We are now informed that this statement was erroneous, and that the cost of a Prefacto house would be approximately two-thirds that of a brick house of the ordinary type. Commander Burney, it may be recalled, is the inventor of the paravane, and has been M.P. (Unionist) for the Uxbridge Division since 1922.




H.Q.

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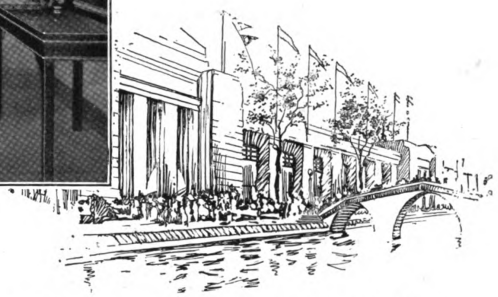
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B2





# AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE GAS EXHIBIT AT WEMBLEY

there is a series of modern and period rooms showing gas fires and gas lighting fittings which, while embodying the latest principles of efficiency and hygiene, are designed to harmonise artistically with the furnishing. The lighting is controlled by pneumatic distant switches.

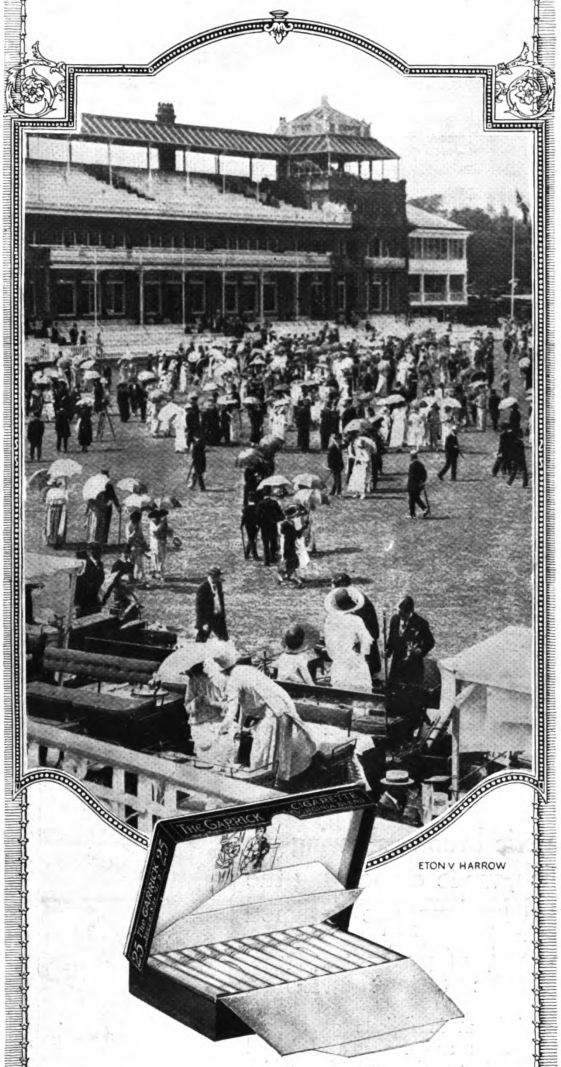
The room illustrated above (designed for the British Empire Gas Exhibit by Messrs. Osborne and Company of Grafton Street) is an example of the work of the Brothers Adam, circa 1760. The dentil cornice and frieze of swag enrichments are from models taken from the original work of these celebrated designers and the details of the fireplace are taken from the original drawings now in the Soane Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields. The colouring is carried out in delicate greens and biscuit tones and forms a delightful background to the gas fire which follows some of the Adam detail in its mouldings and decoration.

The chief pieces of furniture seen are a fine carved and gilt Hepplewhite armchair, circa 1790; an old reproduction Chippendale silver table in mahogany with fret gallery; and an Adam mirror in black and gold frame with original Vauxhall plate.

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ΦE

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1924.



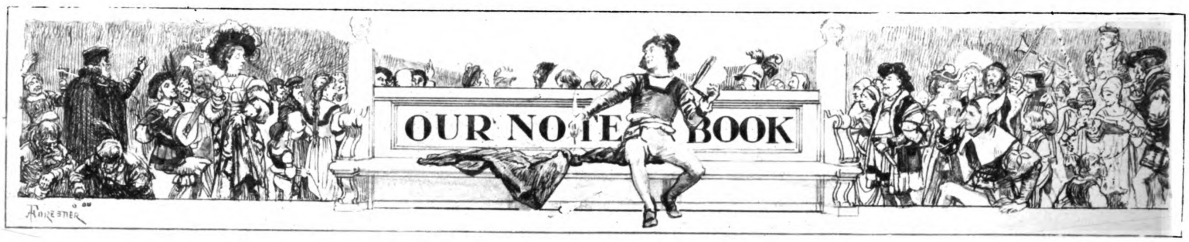
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**"THE FIRST GREAT STEP IN THE RESTORATION OF CONFIDENCE IN OUR CIVILISATION": THE PLENARY SESSION OF THE LONDON CONFERENCE AT WHICH WAS SIGNED THE LONDON AGREEMENT ACCEPTING THE DAWES PLAN OF REPARATIONS.**

The London Conference closed successfully on August 16 with the signing of the London Agreement (consisting of a Protocol and four annexes), accepting the Dawes scheme of Reparations. In our photograph (starting from the figure in the left foreground and working round the outer side of the "horseshoe" table) the seated delegates are: Gen. Norton de Mattos (elbow on table); Baron Moncheur (Belgian Ambassador); M. Hymans (Belgium); M. Theunis (Belgian Premier); next but one, Signor De Stefani (chief Italian delegate); M. Clémentel, with folded arms (France); M. Herriot (French Premier); Mr. Ramsay Macdonald (Prime Minister, presiding); Mr. Philip Snowden (Chancellor of the Exchequer); Senator the Hon. N. Belcourt; Sir Eyre Crowe (at corner); Sir Robert Kindersley; Mr. Kellogg (U.S. Ambassador); Mr. J. Logan; and Baron Hayashi (Japanese Ambassador). In the centre foreground are the four German delegates (from right to left) Dr. Stresemann (Foreign Minister) immediately below Baron Hayashi: Dr. Marx (Chancellor); Herr Von Schubert (with arm on chair); and Dr. Luther (Finance Minister). Standing in the background, between Mr. Macdonald and M. Herriot, is Sir Maurice Hankey, Secretary-General of the Conference.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.




By G. K. CHESTERTON.

AS I was passing lately down long lanes of flags in Dublin, during the great revival of the ancient Irish festival of games, there came into my head a casual comparison between the flags of tradition and the newspaper posters which may be called the flags of to-day. The posters also are of many colours, of yellow or green or pink, and are waved to encourage or excite great crowds. It seems tenable that the old flags really told more truth, and it is certain that the new flags can tell many more lies. At the best the posters only represent the reality of a moment; while the banners may be rich with all the realities of a thousand years. But the comparison was topical and to the point. For I had occasion to note not only the truth of the flags as compared with the newspapers, but a good many of the actual lies of the newspapers about the flags. It is merely a symbolic matter, or what some would call merely a small matter, but it happens to be a compact and convenient example of the different ways in which journalism can disguise realities by means of reports. It illustrates every kind of error, from the mere mistake or misstatement of fact to the alteration of the very atmosphere of truth.

To begin with, some newspapers stated that the display of Dublin flags did not include any Union Jacks. This is simply false in point of fact—in the same sense in which it would be false to say that Dublin displayed no top-hats or no tailors' shops. I saw rather more Union Jacks than I should have expected to see. They were in the minority because they had always been the emblems of the minority. Nobody has any notion about Ireland unless he understands that the Union Jack never meant there what it means here. It was not a national flag, but a party flag. But its display had a very definite importance, for it was meant to show that all parties were joining in the great Free State festival. Many who had been Unionists in the old faction fights flew the Union Jack, just as many who had lived in America flew the American flag. Partly because they had got one, and partly through a healthy instinct of the more flags the better. But the incident illustrated a truth that is very certain and very encouraging, and is therefore generally kept out of the papers. I mean the fact that a large number of loyalists, in the old party sense of the term, are now labouring heartily and happily to make the Irish Free State a success.

Next we have the more elaborate error of those who admit some such manifestations of the minority, but cannot understand yet why it is a minority. It is extraordinary enough that anybody should consent to the creation of a new State with a new flag, and then be mildly surprised at its preferring to fly that flag. But there would seem to be no depth of inhuman stupidity impossible to people who still wish to feed the old feud with the Irish. But, as a matter of fact, even this foolish question could be answered in the language of flags, like the code of flags used in signalling. All that could reasonably be suggested by the admission of the British flag is suggested by the presence of the Free State flag. It is suggested in the very form of the Free State flag. It is deliberately planned so as to include the two colours of Orange and Green; and Orange and Green have been in far fiercer conflict than England and Ireland. It says as plainly as heraldic colours can talk that it hopes for a reconciliation, even if some call it a compromise. The Sinn Fein colours are themselves a Union Jack in the sense of a symbol of Union. If there were a thousand Sinn Fein flags in a single Dublin street, one-third of the colour was Orange. It is by no means my favourite colour. It does not stand for anything I should particularly wish to include on my private pennon. I am simply stating a fact—a fact which people seem to be unable to believe even when they see it with their own eyes, in three bright, staring colours, and twice as big as a poster.

And then, behind these bare matters of fact is all that living reality which it is so much more miserable to miss. In this casual case of the flag could be found one of the very few points of fellowship and understanding between the English and the Irish peoples. Instead of bickering about whether this or that particular bit of bunting was present in this or that particular proportion or quantity, people ought to have been feeling the general spirit of a festival which wanted to have any bunting in any quantity. That marks exactly a rather indescribable something which is an atmosphere of both our two islands. There is nothing classical in our patchwork pageantry. There is something about beautiful things in England and Ireland, as compared with more classical countries, that makes those beautiful things look accidental. It is something which, both in Irish and Scottish and English love songs, suggests that the lady is not facing us as from a throne, but is walking away and has chanced to look over her shoulder.

So, while another nation wants to display the flag, our nations only want to display flags. Perhaps the only thing common both to Paris and Berlin is that both would fly the official flag on an official occasion. Perhaps the only thing common to London and Dublin is that both might feel inclined to fly all sorts of coloured rags because it was a festive occasion. Those unfortunate English Orangemen who see a sinister significance in the decorations of Dublin have evidently never looked at the decorations of Paddington or Brompton. They note the rarity of their own flag in a foreign city, without being aware that their own flag is sometimes almost as rare in their own city. Half the fun of an English flag-waving festivity is that it waves all the flags there are in the world, and some there aren't. Nothing is more amusing than to see the villa of a respectable little clerk in Clapham fantastically festooned with the colours of Hayti and Guatemala, to see a sturdy British stockbroker apparently rallying round the flag of Finland, or a maiden lady in Ealing brandishing the Royal banner of Siam. I appreciate the value of that cheerful indifference to heraldic science, that charitable ignorance of foreign complication, that intensely intimate and insular universality, that humane flippancy and frivolity, that resolution of the Englishman to enjoy himself, not as the Emperor of an ordered officialism, but rather as a King of shreds and patches. That riot of all the wrong flags, half of them upside down, is more national than any national flag.

Jingoism, or the narrow sort of nationalism, does not consist of looking only at our own nation. Rather it consists of never looking at our own nation at all. That is, perhaps, the most important moral of the journalistic blunders about the Irish pageant; when the journalists took the trouble to rebuke in Dublin what they had never taken the trouble to remark in Piccadilly. And this error of never looking sincerely at ourselves has been at the root of all our trouble with our neighbours. It is often said that the English do not understand the Irish; but that is really only another way of saying that Ireland is a nation. It is unreasonable to expect the ordinary Englishman to know Ireland — or, for that matter, the ordinary Irishman to know England. But there is a sense in which we can ask the ordinary Englishman to know what he is doing to Ireland. And the great trouble with the ordinary Englishman was that he did not know what he was doing. For instance, if he chose to make his country the workshop of the world and fill it with factory smoke and machinery, that was his own affair. But, if he had really known he was doing it, he would have known at the same time that such a workshop would not work as the only government of a Catholic peasantry.



THE "STORMY PETREL" OF IRELAND UNCAGED: MR. DE VALERA (RIGHT BACKGROUND) ADDRESSING A CROWD AT ENNIS ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ARREST IN THAT TOWN.

Mr. De Valera, the Irish Republican leader, addressed his County Clare constituents in O'Connell Square at Ennis on August 15, for the first time since his dramatic arrest in the same town, by Free State troops, exactly a year before. The square was filled by some 7000 young men from all parts of the country. In our photograph Mr. De Valera is seen standing bareheaded in the right background, with one hand on the platform rail, facing the crowd. He ignored the boundary question, and put forward no new policy, but merely re-affirmed the Republican desire for a single, united, and sovereign Ireland, to be obtained through the constant action of Sinn Fein.

*Photograph by Topical.*

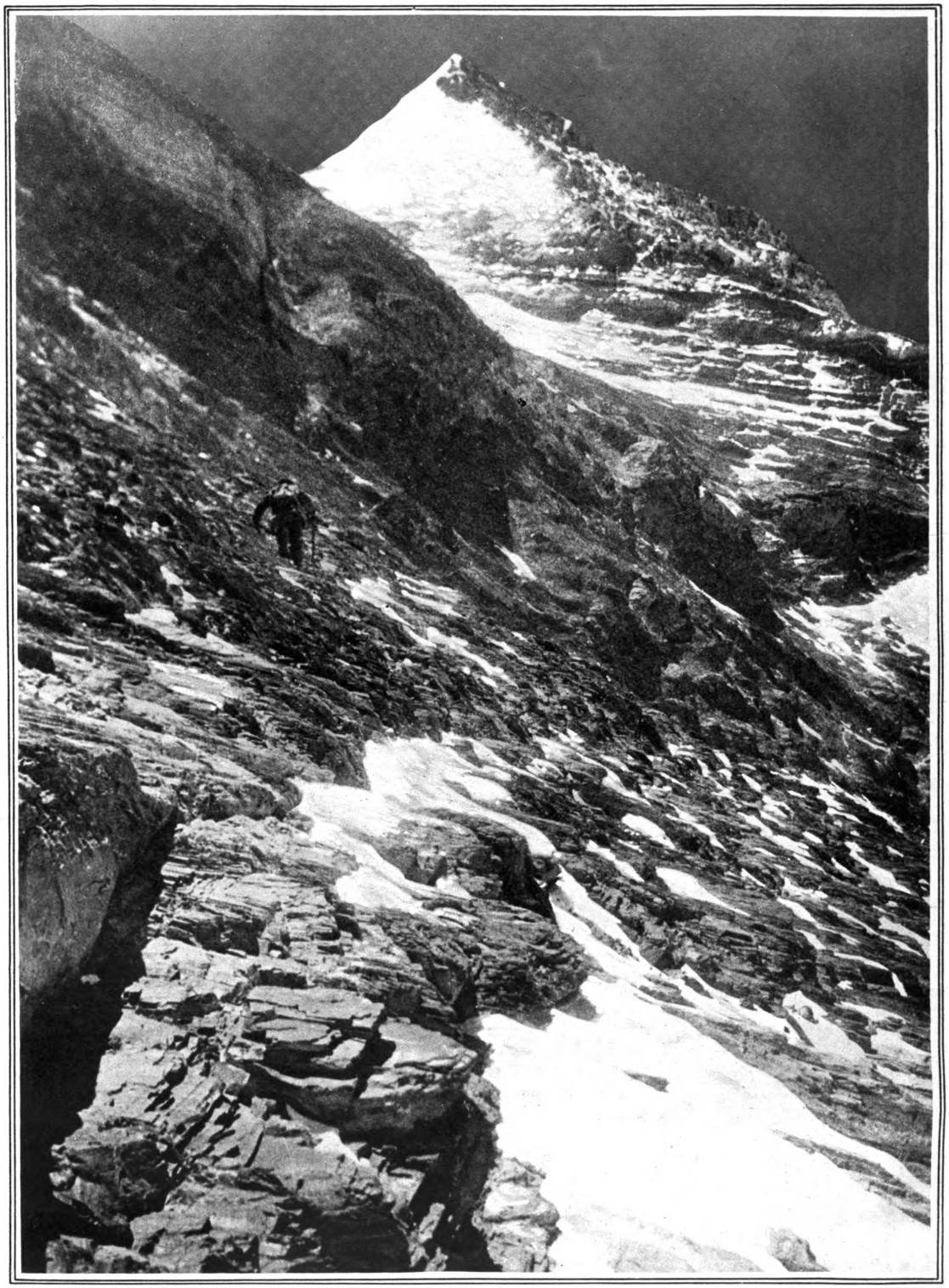
But he never measured the unique or abnormal nature of his own adventure; he vaguely supposed that he could become specialist and yet remain catholic—if only with a small "c." If a nation really had an enlightened grip on its own government and its own action, it would do less wrong even to other nations it did not understand, just as Shakespeare said that he who is true to himself will be false to no man. Therefore, every patriot should criticise his own country, and be careful about intervening in the internal criticism of another country; and I am fully conscious of the need of such restraint in the case of the Englishman in Ireland. But I should not be testifying to the truth as I see it if I did not say that the impression left on my mind was that the new State had risen hopefully and splendidly to its responsibilities. I think the Irish Free State does already fulfil the three terms of its title, and that is the test for any man with any grasp of the problem. I think it is Irish, I think it is free, and I think it is a State—that is, a sane and stable and ordered and creative thing; and there are moods when I wish the immediate prospects of my own country were so confident, so continuous, or so clear.

## OUR ANAGLYPHS.

*Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 376, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.*

# AT 28,000 FT. ON EVEREST: AN ALTITUDE RECORD IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

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This remarkable photograph of the summit of Mount Everest is of especial interest as it was obtained, not with a telephoto (or long-distance) lens, but with a small camera of ordinary type, at 28,000 ft., the greatest altitude at which a photograph has ever been taken. The top of Everest is shown, not, as usual, in the far distance, but only about 300 yards away. The photograph was taken by Dr. Somervell at the close of the great effort made by him and Colonel E. F. Norton to reach the summit, shortly before Mallory and Irvine met their fate in a similar attempt. Colonel Norton, who was the leader of this year's expedition, is seen in the foreground climbing 80 ft. beyond Dr. Somervell's position. To go only thus far took him an hour, partly through extreme exhaustion, and partly through the difficult and dangerous nature of the ground. Discussing the results of the expedition, Colonel Norton said that it had filled all gaps in the knowledge requisite for success, except one—the value of oxygen, of which he was doubtful. They now knew that they could sleep in comparative comfort at 27,000 ft., and that porters could carry loads to the same height. He thought another attempt might be made in 1926, with hope of success.

# PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

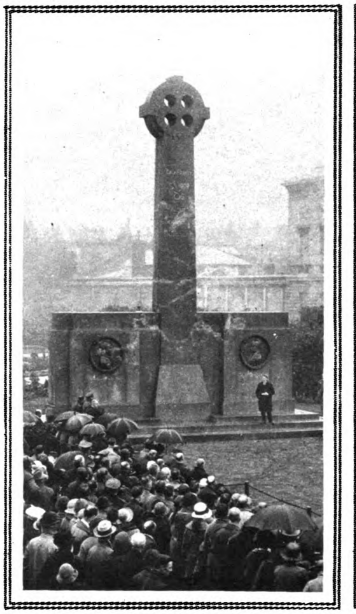
Photographs by Topical, Aitken, Alfieri, Langfier, Elliott and Fry, and H. Walter Barnett.




NUMISMATIC ART APPLIED TO SPORT: MEDALS BY M. L. C. MASCAUX STRUCK IN CONNECTION WITH THE OLYMPIC GAMES, AND REPRESENTING RESPECTIVELY (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) GYMNASTICS, JUMPING, WRESTLING, RUNNING, AND PUTTING THE WEIGHT.



A TRIBUTE TO TWO DEAD LEADERS: MR. COSGRAVE SPEAKING AT THE DUBLIN CENOTAPH, BENEATH THE BAS-RELIEF OF ARTHUR GRIFFITH.



ON THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF MICHAEL COLLINS'S DEATH: THE DUBLIN CENOTAPH CEREMONY—PRESIDENT COSGRAVE SPEAKING.



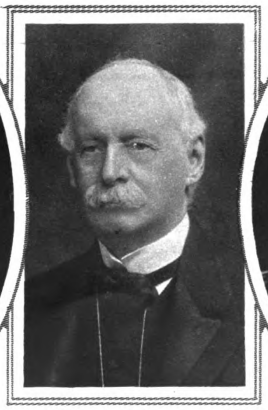
OCCUPIED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE WEMBLEY JAMBOREE: THE SEAT INSCRIBED IN THE CREE LANGUAGE—"CHIEF MORNING STAR," PRESENTED TO HIM BY A NEASDEN TROOP.



A WELL-KNOWN LIBERAL PEER AND EX-M.P.: THE LATE LORD NUNBURNHOLME.



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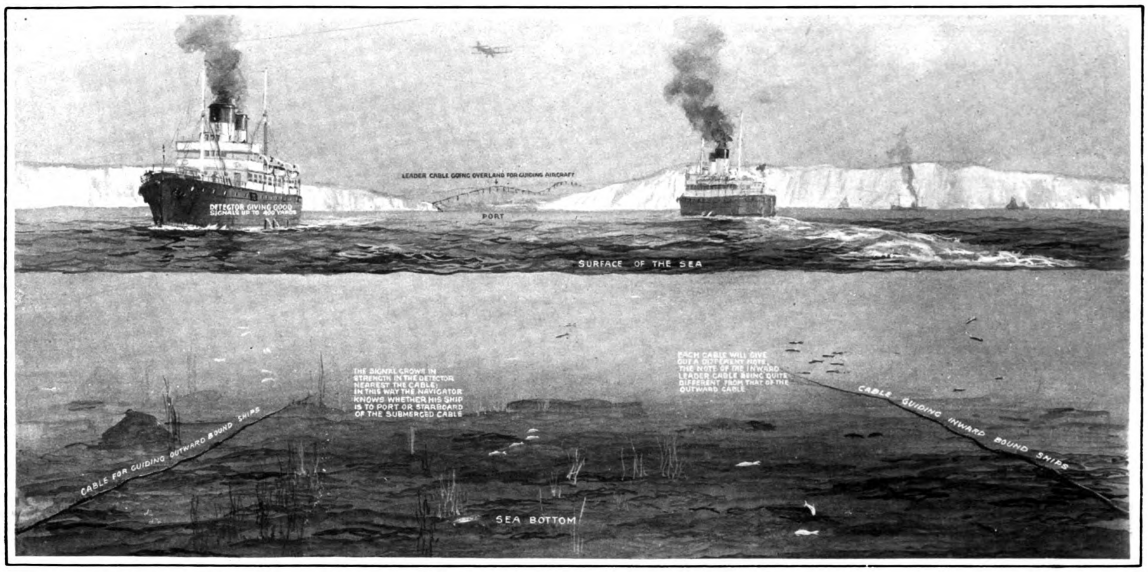


BACK TO PARLIAMENT: SIR ALFRED MOND, M.P., ELECTED AT CARMARTHEN.

On August 17, the second anniversary of the death of Michael Collins was celebrated in Dublin at the temporary Cenotaph in the Leinster Gardens, built in honour of him and of the late Arthur Griffith. President Cosgrave laid a wreath on the Cenotaph, and gave a short eulogy of their work for Irish freedom.—— At the camp fire "sing-song," at the great Wembley Jamboree, the Prince of Wales occupied a seat carved out of a tree-trunk, and inscribed "Chief Morning Star," in the Cree language. It was made and presented by the 3rd Neasden (Caddie) Troop, composed entirely of the golf caddies of the Neasden Golf Club.—— Lord Nunburnholme was the son of Mr. Charles Henry Wilson, one of the owners of the famous Wilson Line of Steamships, acquired in 1916 by Sir John Ellerman. The late peer served in the Great War and the South African War, and in 1906-7 was Liberal M.P. for Hull. During his last illness, his son and heir, the Hon. Charles John Wilson, gave two transfusions of his own blood to his father in the hope of saving his life.——The Hon. E. G. W. T. Knollys, now Viscount Knollys, served in the war with the London Regiment and the R.A.F.—— The late Lord Knollys was Gentleman-Usher to Queen Victoria from 1868 till her death. In 1870 he was appointed Private Secretary to King Edward (then Prince of Wales), a position he held for forty years. He served King George in a similar capacity until his retirement in 1913.——Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, who was in his eighty-sixth year, entered the Navy in 1853, and retired in 1904. In 1854 he served against Russia.——Sir Alfred Mond (Liberal) headed the poll at the recent by-election at Carmarthen.

# PILOT CABLES FOR CHANNEL BOATS IN FOG: SUBMARINE SIGNALS.

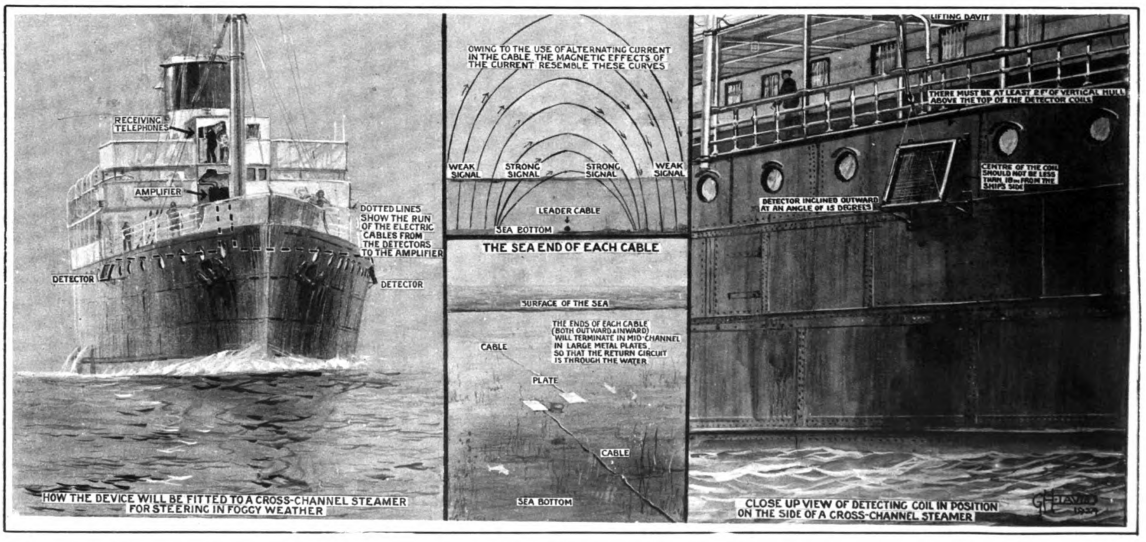
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHT.)




**A DEVICE THAT MIGHT HAVE PREVENTED THE "NEWHAVEN" FROM GOING ASHORE IN A FOG: SUBMARINE CABLES FOR GUIDING SHIPS (FITTED WITH SIGNAL-DETECTORS) IN AND OUT OF PORT—A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE SEA IN CROSS SECTION, WITH CABLES LAID, AND (IN BACKGROUND) AN OVERLAND SYSTEM FOR GUIDING AEROPLANES.**

IN a recent address to the Royal Institution on "Modern Navigational Devices," Mr. F. E. Smith, C.B.E., F.R.S., Director of Scientific Research to the Admiralty, described a system of Leader Gear of the type here illustrated. "Its object," he says, "is to enable a vessel to find and enter a harbour or estuary in foggy weather, when the usual aids to navigation, such as buoys, light-ships, land-marks, etc., are obscured. An insulated cable, 30 or 40 miles long, is laid on the bottom of the estuary and on the sea-bed along the course which it is desired the ship to traverse, and this cable is supplied with alternating current at a sonic frequency, say 500 per second. The station generating the current is on land, or on a light-ship, and the sea-end of the cable is connected to a large metallic plate, so that the return circuit is through the water. A signalling key is inserted in the cable circuit at the transmitting station, and this enables the current to be interrupted, so that messages may be transmitted if desired. The alternating current in the cable produces an alternating magnetic field around the cable, the shape of which has been very carefully investigated. Its general form may easily be deduced from the following considerations. First consider the current not to vary in strength. Then the lines of force due to the current in the cable are in the form of concentric circles. The return current will be in the sea-water, and if the cable is a straight one the return current will be in the form of a current sheet, but the density of the current will be greatest near the cable. . . . If now, instead of a current of constant intensity, an alternating current is passed through the cable, electric currents will be induced in the sea-water, and again the density of the current will be greatest in the immediate vicinity of the cable. The direction of the induced current is the same as that of the current returning through the sea-water, but owing to the variation in density about the cable the magnetic lines of force above the water will be curved. . . . Having produced an alternating magnetic field above a cable which marks out the path a ship should follow, it is necessary to place detecting apparatus on the ship. Such apparatus consists of a coil of wire on each side of the ship connected to amplifiers and to suitable telephones or other equipment. If there is a component of the magnetic field at right angles to the plane of a coil, alternating currents will be induced in the coil; if these are sufficiently

[*Continued below.*



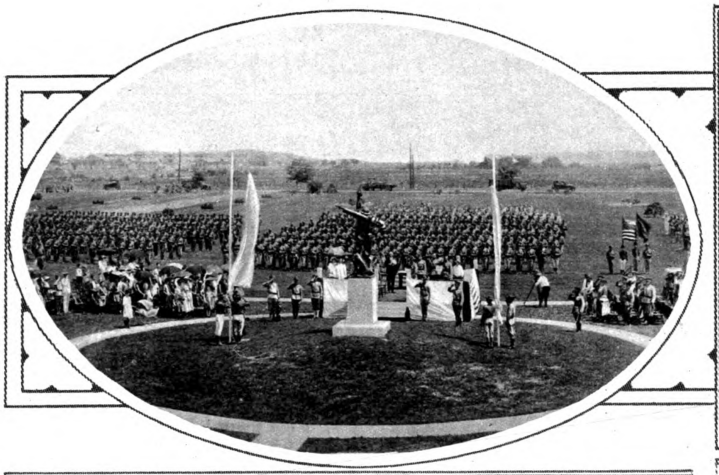

**A SYSTEM OF ELECTRIC SUBMARINE CABLES TO BE CONSTRUCTED FROM BOULOGNE TO THE ENGLISH COAST, AND ALREADY IN USE AT PORTSMOUTH AND NEW YORK: DIAGRAMS SHOWING THE DETECTOR, AMPLIFIER, AND RECEIVING TELEPHONES ATTACHED TO SHIPS; A CHART OF CURVES AND METAL PLATES AT THE CABLE ENDS.**

*Continued.*]

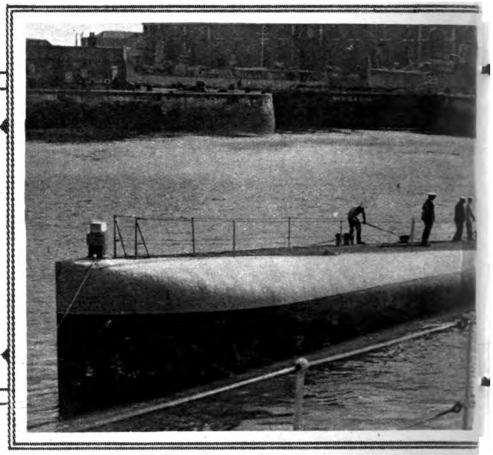
intense, the telephone connected to the coil will respond. Messages may thus be read. . . . Trials at Portsmouth (he continues) indicate that the coils should be inclined outwards at an angle of about 15 degrees to the vertical, and that there should be at least 2 feet of vertical hull above the top edge of the coils. Further, the centre of a coil should not be nearer than 18 inches to the ship's side. . . . When the ship is directly over the cable the signals in each coil system, are equal in intensity. As the ship moves away from the cable the signal in the nearer coil is the stronger, markedly at first, but the difference gradually disappears as the signals get fainter and fainter. Signals are good up to about 400 yards. . . . At present two Leader Gear systems are known to be in use, one at Portsmouth and the other in the Ambrose Channel off New York. Many ships have used these cables, and the results leave no doubt about practicability." The recent grounding of the Channel steamer "Newhaven" near Dieppe, during a fog, revived interest in such devices, which might have prevented the mishap. One well-known system is that invented by Mr. W. A. Loth, and called the Loth Cable. It was announced a few days ago that one is to be constructed from Boulogne to the English coast. In our issue of February 11, 1922, we illustrated the Loth method applied to guidance of aircraft at night, or in thick weather, by cables overland. A few days ago it was stated that the first section of the overhead cable from Paris to Boulogne would be ready next May. In 1922 Mr. Loth's submarine cable had already been adopted by the French Navy. Our drawings show clear weather for distinctness, but in practice, the weather would be thick.

# AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF

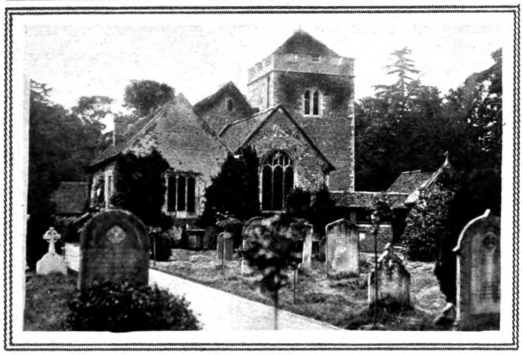
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO., PHOTOPRESS,



A WAR MEMORIAL CEREMONY IN AMERICA: THE UNVEILING OF A MONUMENT TO 2500 MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS, AT PARRIS ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.



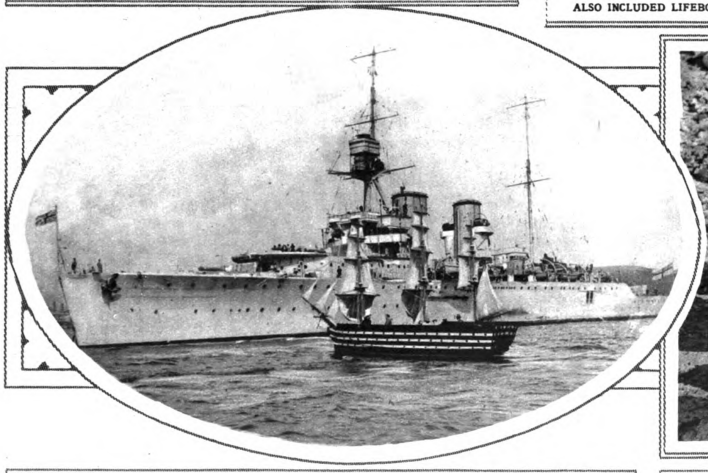
AFTER HER RETURN FROM THE LONGEST VOYAGE EVER MADE SINCE THE END OF HER RECENT CRUISE



SINCE THE RECENT REMOVAL OF THE STEEPLE: STOKE POGES CHURCH, WHERE GRAY WROTE HIS FAMOUS "ELEGY."



FOLKESTONE POLICEMEN HEADING A PROCESSION AT CALAIS: A FÊTE OF THE SEA, WHICH ALSO INCLUDED LIFEBOATMEN FROM HYTHE, FOLKESTONE, KINGSDOWN, RAMSGATE, AND MARGATE.



ANCIENT AND MODERN IN NAVAL ARCHITECTURE: A MODEL (NOT FULL-SIZE) OF THE OLD "IMPREGNABLE" BESIDE THE NEW LIGHT CRUISER "FROBISHER," IN PLYMOUTH SOUND.

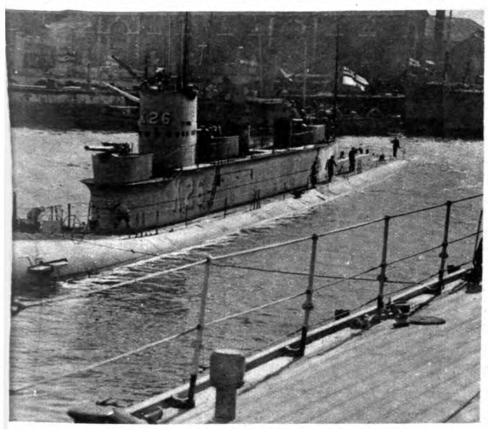


THE LEADER OF THE EVEREST EXPEDITION: COL. NORTON (LEFT) AND DR. SOMERVELL, WHO TOOK THE REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH ON PAGE 341.

Submarine "K 26" (Commander G. P. Thompson), the largest vessel of her class, arrived at Portsmouth on August 12 on her return from a 20,000-mile independent cruise, the longest ever made by a submarine. She started from Portsmouth on January 22, and visited Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Singapore, and Malta.——The King arrived at Bolton Abbey on August 12, as the guest of the Duke of Devonshire, for the opening of the grouse-shooting season. On Sunday, the 17th, he motored over to Goldsborough Hall to visit Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles. At the morning service in Goldsborough Church [illegible] day, in the presence of the Queen, a new altar frontal of crimson and gold, presented by Princess Mary, was dedicated by the Rector, the Rev [illegible] Kelk.——Stoke Poges Church, the traditional scene of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," has been restored, and an adjacent meadow bo[illegible] from villa-builders. An appeal was recently made for £2000 to complete the sum needed. It is also desired to build a new steeple in place of [illegible] to be pulled down owing to its dangerous condition.——At a Fête de la Mer in Calais on August 15, four Folkestone Borough policemen

# CURRENT NEWS—INTERESTING EVENTS AND OCCASIONS.

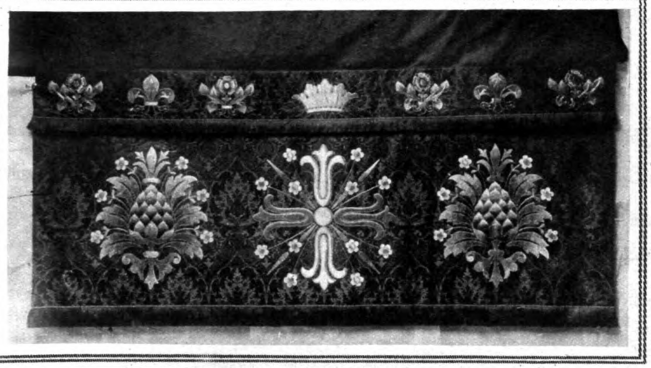
THE "TIMES" (WORLD COPYRIGHT), AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



BY A SUBMARINE: THE "K 26" IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR OF TWENTY THOUSAND MILES.



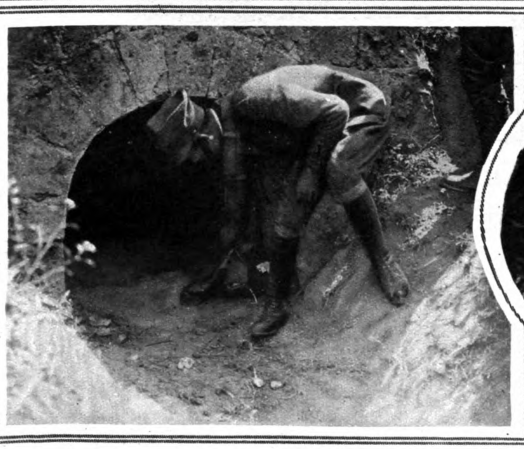
THE KING ON THE MOORS: AN IMPRESSION OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S SHOOTING PARTY FROM BOLTON ABBEY, SHOWING HIS MAJESTY, MOUNTED ON A WHITE PONY, ON THE RIGHT.



PRESENTED BY PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES, TO THE VILLAGE CHURCH AT GOLDSBOROUGH: A GOLD-EMBROIDERED ALTAR FRONTAL MADE BY TOTALLY DISABLED SOLDIERS.



IN THE NATIONAL COSTUME OF SOUTH HOLLAND: PRINCESS JULIANA (RIGHT), WITH QUEEN WILHELMINA, RECEIVED BY THE BURGOMASTER OF TERNEUZEN.



RIDDLED BY DAGGER-THRUSTS, WITH ONE SLEEVE MISSING: THE COAT OF THE MURDERED ITALIAN DEPUTY, SIGNOR MATTEOTTI, FOUND NEAR ROME.

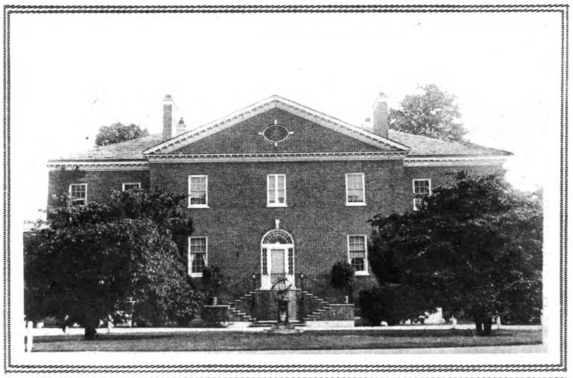


THE DISCOVERY OF SIGNOR MATTEOTTI'S BODY, AFTER EIGHT WEEKS' SEARCH, NEAR THE VIA FLAMINIA: CARRYING THE COFFIN TO THE MORTUARY.

took part, as well as a number of Kentish lifeboatmen. In return, 1000 French visitors, including lifeboatmen and fisher-girls in gala dress, attended the Folkestone Lifeboat Flag Day on August 16.——The new light cruiser "Frobisher" recently underwent her speed trials at Plymouth, before being commissioned as the flag-ship of the First Light Cruiser Squadron. The model of the old line-of-battle-ship "Impregnable" (on a reduced scale) was designed by Captain Gordon Campbell, V.C., of "mystery ship" fame.——A full-page photograph taken on Mount Everest at 28,000 ft., by Dr. Somervell, is reproduced in this number.——The body of Signor Matteotti, the Italian Socialist Deputy kidnapped and murdered on June 10, was discovered on August 16, after over eight weeks' search, in a thicket near the Via Flaminia, leading north from Rome. The discovery was due to a police dog belonging to a brigadier of the Carabinieri. A few days before, Signor Matteotti's coat had been found in a tunnel near Rome. Signora Matteotti's decision to have her husband's body conveyed direct to his home for burial, without passing through Rome, prevented any demonstrations on the occasion.

# THE PRINCE'S RESIDENCE IN THE U.S.: A LONG ISLAND COUNTRY SEAT.

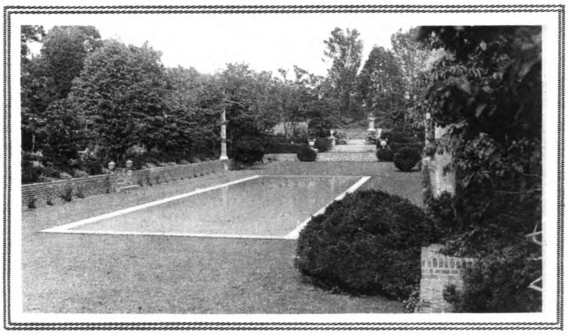
Photographs by P. and A.P., and Keystone View Co.



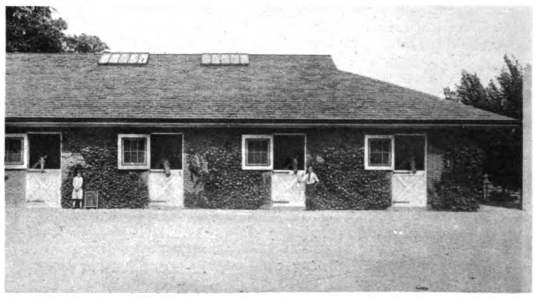
THE RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES DURING HIS STAY AT LONG ISLAND: WOODSIDE, SYOSSET.



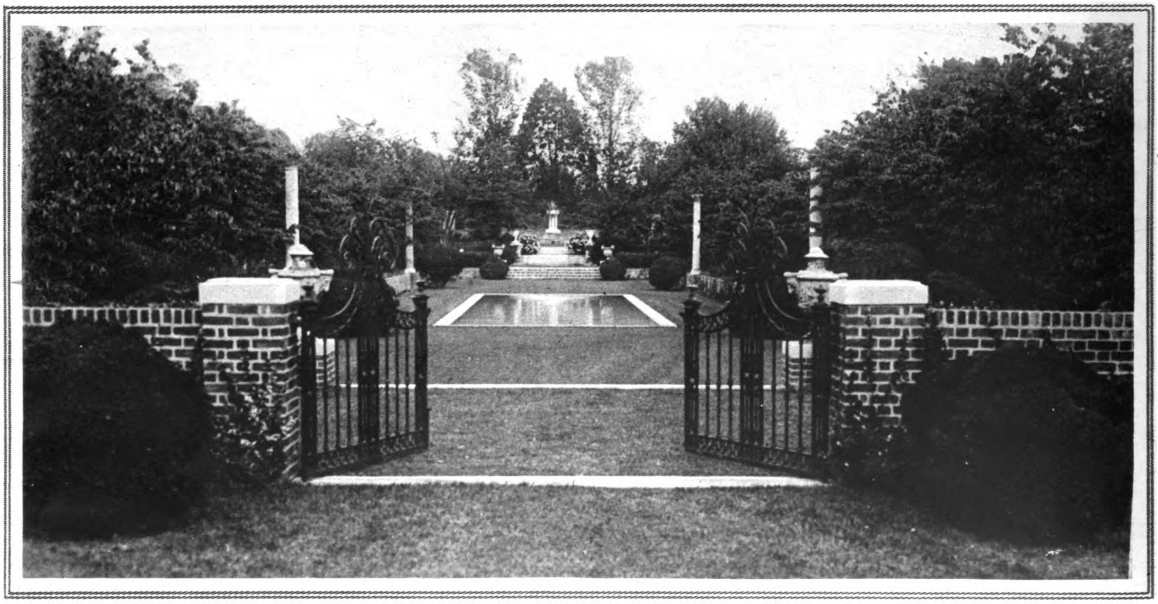
SEEN FROM THE LAWN: THE BEAUTIFUL HOME OF MR. AND MRS. JAMES ABERCROMBIE BURDEN, WHICH THEY ARE LENDING TO THE PRINCE.



WHERE THE PRINCE MAY ENJOY A SWIM: THE BATHING-POOL AT WOODSIDE.



SHOWING SOME OF MR. AND MRS. BURDEN'S HORSES: A VIEW OF THE STABLES.

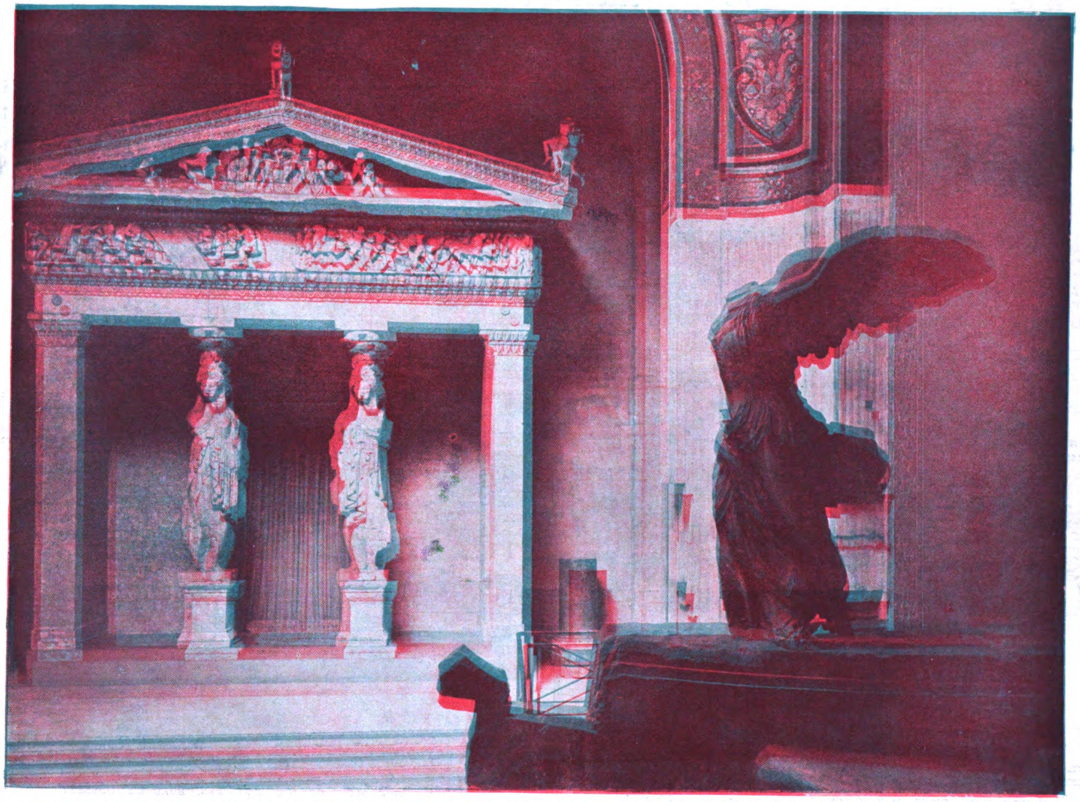


AN EXQUISITE VISTA OF GARDEN AND SWIMMING-POOL: IN THE GROUNDS OF THE HOUSE WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES WILL OCCUPY AT LONG ISLAND.

During his stay at Long Island for the international polo matches, the Prince of Wales will occupy one of America's most beautiful country houses, the seat of Mr. and Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden, which they are lending to his Royal Highness. Mr. and Mrs. Burden are well known in English as well as American Society, and have entertained many distinguished people in London this season, as they have been spending the summer over here. Mr. Burden is prominent in the American iron and steel industry, and is also an all-round sportsman. Mrs. Burden was formerly Miss Florence Adele Sloane. Our pages illustrate the beautiful house and garden of Woodside, Syosset, Long Island, where the Prince will stay—not as Baron Renfrew, as was at first rumoured, but as the Prince of Wales on holiday. His Royal Highness has arranged to go to Washington as the guest of the President, and to attend a strictly private lunch with Mr. Coolidge and his family in the White House. Under the present plans, as announced, the Prince will not visit any other city or attend any formal function, but he contemplates going to a dinner given by Mr. Clarence Mackay on the opening evening of the polo matches. H.R.H. is due to arrive in the States on August 29, and will be met by the British Ambassador, Sir Esmé Howard, who will escort him to Washington. On the conclusion of the polo matches, the Prince of Wales is expected to leave for his ranch in Alberta, where he is due on September 19.

# TO BE SEEN IN RELIEF: ANAGLYPHS OF ANCIENT MASTERPIECES.

*These Reproductions will appear in full Stereoscopic Relief when looked at through our Viewing-Mask, with Red and Green Films. A Viewing-Mask can be obtained free on application (See Page 376).*



RANKED WITH THE VÉNUS DE MILO: THE WINGED "VICTORY" OF SAMOTHRACE; AND THE REPRODUCTION OF THE FAÇADE OF THE TREASURY OF THE CNIDIANS AT DELPHI.



DEDICATED TO ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS STATUES IN THE WORLD: THE SALLE DE LA VÉNUS DE MILO, AT THE LOUVRE. [illegible]E LOUVRE.

ANAGLYPHS BY L. GIMPEL AND E. TOUCHET.

# BY A GREAT RECONSTRUCTION ARTIST: THE COLOUR OF ANCIENT ROME.

By Courtesy of the Artist, Mr. William Walcot, and the Publisher of His Etchings, Mr. H. C. Dickins. (Artist's Copyright Reserved.)



"THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME" VISUALISED BY A FAMOUS MODERN PAINTER: THE BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE, IN THE FORUM, AS IT WAS IN THAT EMPEROR'S DAY—BY WILLIAM WALCOT.

Mr. William Walcot is a distinguished artist who has specialised in the architectural splendours of antiquity, depicting the great temples of the past, not as ruins, but in the heyday of their colour and magnificence, and thronged with worshippers. His studio is in Rome; but last year, it may be recalled, he exhibited many of his works in London, at the Royal Institute of British Architects, and several of them were reproduced in our issues of April 14 and 21, 1923. The recent revival of interest in all things Roman adds value to Mr. Walcot's rare etchings, which are issued by Mr. H. C. Dickins, the art publisher, of 9, Great Pulteney Street. The Basilica of Constantine, of which three great arches still stand, is said to have afforded a model to the architects of St. Peter's for the immense span of its roof vaulting. The western apse may have contained the colossal statue of Constantine, the head of which is preserved in the Palace of the Conservatori.

# When York was Eboracum: Rome in Britain.

## "ROMAN YORK." By GORDON HOME.*

SPECIALISTS in speculation have a hoard of raw material in that centre which was Aberach, Ebrauc, or Yoroc, probably the capital and chief stronghold of the "barbarian" Brigantes; was Eboracum, most vital northern base of the Roman Empire; and is York. So little is known of its earlier days, save what has been learnt by digging and deduction, that Major Gordon Home, most diligent of delvers, is constrained to write: "If a search be made through the pages of the historians, panegyrists, poets, geographers, and official documents of the Roman Empire, in the hope of finding references to Roman York, *i.e.*, Eboracum (or Eburacum), the total will be found to reach seven. Two at least of these being merely copies of another, reduces the highest existing total of original references to five." It is possible and permissible, however, to reconstruct the place and those who peopled it "by fitting together a mosaic, consisting of indirect references and inferences, which can be considered sound if taken in conjunction with epigraphic materials and archæological evidence."

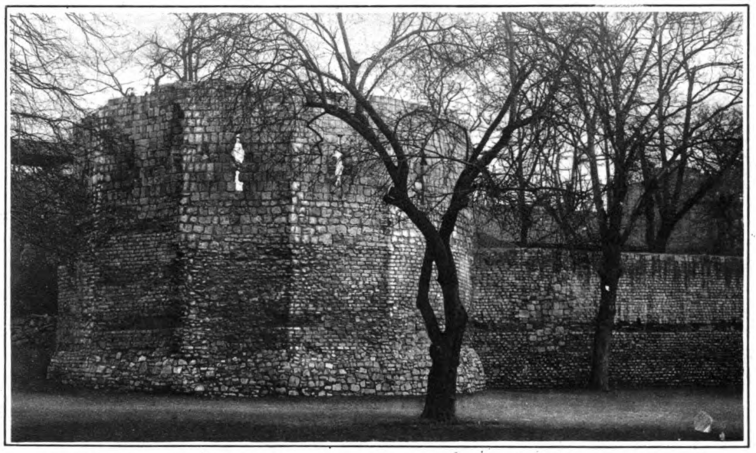
So Major Home has gone to work, and if any nickname him Catena—the chain—it will be because he has shaped testimony into true links, and not after that Paulus who forged facts into a looped line of lies! His mosaic is altogether satisfactory, and the pictures presented by its cubes are both enlightening and engrossing.

Eboracum is seen first occupied by the Romans in 71, when Quintus Petillius Cerealis took it and made it a *castra* garrisoned by the famous Ninth Legion, called "Hispana" in reward for its gallant exploits in the conquest of North-West Spain, a fighting force destined to be destroyed utterly and mysteriously in about the year 120—as completely as were Severianus Maximus and a Legión at the storming of Elegeia by the Parthians, and as ruthlessly as the Roman colony on the site of Jerusalem was by Simeon Bar-Cochba during the savage Jewish outbreak of 132—135.

Then: Roman authority re-established by Hadrian, of the Wall, and Legio VI. "Victrix"; and devastated Eboracum re-occupied. And, at this time, "a notable change came over the composition of the Roman armies . . . the legions being very largely recruited from the population among which they were stationed, as well as from children born in the *canabae*. As the men of the *VIth* would have undoubtedly married Brigantian and Parisian girls, this legion, unlike the *IXth*, became more and more identified with the locality in which it was serving." Yet during its first century as a Roman station York showed great predominance of the military over the civil element.

It was and it remained a Colony: that is one of the best authenticated facts about it. "Inscriptions and coins refer to it as 'Colonia Eboracensis.' . . . The most important place in the province, Londinium, was not distinguished, as far as any evidence exists, by any Roman municipal grade, yet, by the third century, it was obviously the capital. Even as early as A.D. 60, Londinium seems to have been the administrative headquarters, and, early in the fourth century, its pre-eminence was formally recognised by the conferring upon it of the title Augusta. . . . The rank of colony did not necessarily imply importance either in size or in commerce. A colony was, in its inception, essentially a garrison of military settlers in an enemy's country. A municipium, on the other hand, was during the first century A.D. the rank given to a foreign town which had assimilated Roman manners and customs to such an extent that it could be adopted by the Empire. Eboracum could only have been slightly affected by Roman influences when it was made the headquarters of a legion; therefore the new town, fostered by Hadrian and his successors, inevitably bore the name of colony."

Major Home describes the administration of such places. The municipium and the colonia were identical in regard to this. "The population consisted of two or three classes: the *Ordo* (the upper official class); the *Seviri*, and the Commons. The *Ordo* comprised the wealthiest and most influential men of the city and its dependent territory, and were officially one hundred in number: that is to say, in the municipal council only that number had seats; any others entitled to sit remained, as it were, on a waiting list. A member of the council was styled *decurio*." The *seviri augustales* "occupied a social position between the *ordo* and the mass of the population, and were elected by decree of the *decuriones*. Their special function was the promotion of the worship of the divine Augustus. . . . From the ranks of the *decuriones* were elected the magistrates of the city. They were six in number. First in authority were the two *duoviri*, who were presidents and chief legal magistrates, occupying the position of joint mayors. Secondly, there were two *ædiles*, who were superintendents of buildings and public works. . . . Thirdly, there were the *quæstores*, or revenue officers, who controlled the revenue and expenditure of the colony. . . . During the earlier period of the Empire at least the *duoviri*, the *ædiles*, and the *quæstores* were elected by popular vote from the ranks of the *decuriones*. Entrance to the charmed circle was rigidly guarded, petty tradesmen, gladiators, actors, exiles, bankrupts, persons guilty of libel or collusive accusation, infamously immoral persons, pimps, anyone who had conspired against the life of a Roman citizen, soldiers expelled from the army, soldiers who had lost their rank on service, and convicts being excluded. Among the disqualified trades were those of undertaker and public crier."



TEN-SIDED: THE MULTANGULAR CORNER BASTION (WESTERN) OF THE CASTRA OF EBORACUM.

"It appears that ten-sided bastions were thrown out at each of the four corners of the parallelogram at some period subsequent to the building of the stone walls. The upper half of the bastion is mediæval work. In the length of Roman curtain wall to the right, a roughly filled-in hole appears between the trees. From the evidence of a seventeenth-century engraving, it would appear that this damage was caused by a bombardment during the Civil War."

*Reproduced from "Roman York," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd.*

Eboracum, the Colony, however, belongs to the time after Hadrian, the period of progressive decline, and probably did not know election by popular vote. Was it not Severus who said: "Pamper the soldiery; despise everybody else"!

And mention of Severus recalls Major Home's reconstruction of that Emperor's day—and death. The day: "Severus rose before dawn and transacted public business until noon. He then rode out for an hour or so, and, on his return, went through physical exercise before the bath. Luncheon followed. He ate heartily, and was not particular as to the variety of his food, hating elaborate and expensive banquets. He also was not fond of much company at table. After the mid-day repast he took the usual southern siesta, and later settled down to affairs again. Followed a walk with a congenial companion (at Eboracum it would no doubt have frequently been Papinianus) with whom he could chat, preferably on literary subjects. Returning to his residence he again bathed, and ended the day with dinner."

Death: "The body, in full imperial military attire of golden armour, with purple tunic and cloak, was carried upon a gorgeous bier to the funeral pyre outside the city, followed by his sons, now joint Emperors of the Roman world, the court, the military staff, and such portions of the Army as were then at Eboracum.

". . . The body was laid upon the pyre, and the whole assembly, headed by the new Emperors, marched in solemn procession around it, those who were especially indebted to Severus throwing gifts upon the erection. Then the two sons, with faces averted according to ancient custom, applied the torch, and the flames consumed all that was mortal of the first Roman emperor to die in Britain.

"The ashes were carefully collected, placed in a vase, either of porphyry or alabaster, and ultimately conveyed to Rome, where they were deposited in the tomb of his predecessor, Marcus Aurelius."

Thus our antiquary-author; with very much else on Romano-British life; on living and means of living, roads and forts and defensive walls, shops, public buildings, baths and basilica, forum, theatre, and villa, work and games, jewellery and furniture, clothes, currency, religion and burials, doctors and colds—with gargling with honey-water. Even on Diocletian's Edict of Prices, "produced in A.D. 301 to check the high cost of living, partially caused by his own action in reforming the coinage." And proving once again that in bathing and heating arrangements Old Rome—with its furnaces and hypocausts—was often better off than much of modern Britain. "Instead of the dust and draught-producing open fire of coal, one, or in the larger houses, two or more furnaces warmed the whole building. Outside the house was a furnace burning wood or charcoal. Its heat was carried through the foundation walls and under the floors of the principal rooms, which were composed of concrete and large slabs of tile supported on short, closely set pillars of brick or stone. To create a draught, and incidentally a means of warming the sides of the rooms, flues were run up in the thickness of the walls. . . . Upon the concrete floors were laid, in good buildings, mosaic or small tiles — a form of carpet always warm to the feet so long as the stokers attended to their duties and the supply of charcoal was not interfered with."

Incidentally, it may be noted that Major Home refutes the oft-made claim that Constantine, first "Christian" Emperor of Rome, had Eboracum as birthplace, arguing, with an array of proofs before him, that, although it is possible to construct a theory to show that Constantine was born in Britain, it cannot be determined that he was born at Eboracum, and that even the theory is so fragile that it will scarce bear handling. The truth was probably in the pen of the anonymous chronicler of the *Excerpta Valesiana* when he wrote: "Constantine was born and brought up in the town of Naisus (the modern Nish); his mother Helena was of very low birth, and he had very little scholastic education. This town he afterwards magnificently adorned." Perhaps it matters little in the story of Christianity: Constantine's "vision of a cross in the sky" during the campaign begun in 312 had tardy effect, for the Emperor was baptised on his death-bed, in 337!

There we must leave "Roman York," wishing it well and assured of its welcome. It cannot but interest, and it is to be hoped that it will lead, as its writer wishes, to further excavations designed to answer a hundred questions as to the ancient city that was Rome's central point of defence against invaders from the north—"from the first century of the Christian era the most northerly military base of importance in the Roman Empire."—E. H. G.

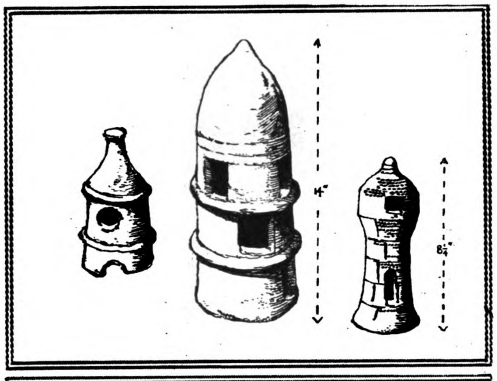
* "Roman York: The Legionary Headquarters and Colonia of Eboracum." By Gordon Home; with the co-operation of Walter E. Collinge, D.Sc., M.Sc., F.L.S., Keeper of the Yorkshire Museum, York. Illustrated. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; 12s. 6d. net.)

# WHEN YORK WAS EBORACUM: RELICS OF THE CITY THAT

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS REPRODUCED FROM "ROMAN



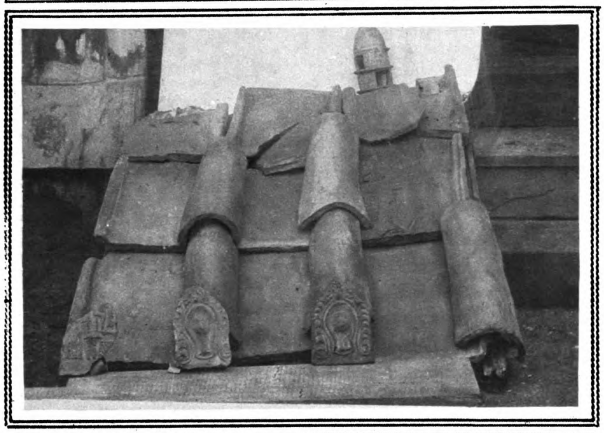

USED EVEN WHILE WAX TABLETS AND *STILI* WERE FAVOURED: A ROMAN INK-POT, IN TERRA-COTTA.




FOR THE FLUES BELONGING TO THE CENTRAL HEATING EQUIPMENT OF ROMAN BUILDINGS: TERRA-COTTA COWLS.



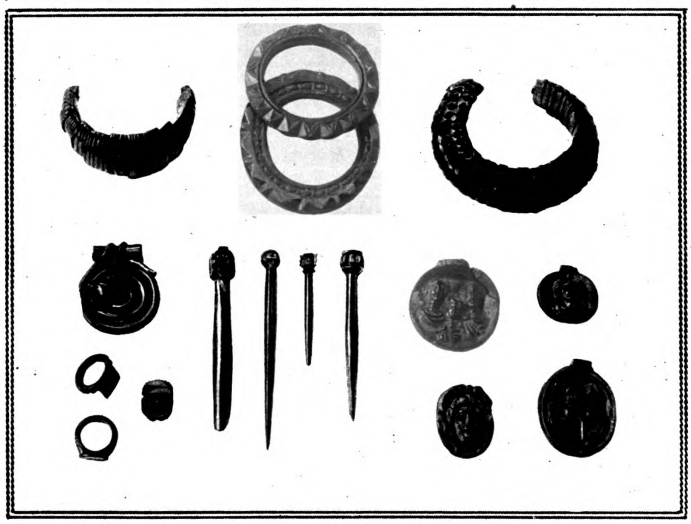

PLACED ALONG THE EAVES TO MASK THE JOINTS OF THE TILING: TERRA-COTTA ANTEFIXAE.



THE APPEARANCE OF A ROOF OF A ROMANO-BRITISH HOUSE IN YORK: ROMAN ROOFING TILES AND THREE ANTEFIXÆ.



FOUND IN THE COFFIN OF A ROMANO-BRITISH GIRL: BRACELETS, A GLASS CARAFE, AND AN INSCRIPTION SUGGESTING CHRISTIAN BURIAL.



JET OBJECTS FOUND IN YORK: BRACELETS, WHICH WERE VERY POPULAR WITH THE WOMEN OF EBORACUM; PINS; RINGS; PENDANTS; AND A SCARAB.

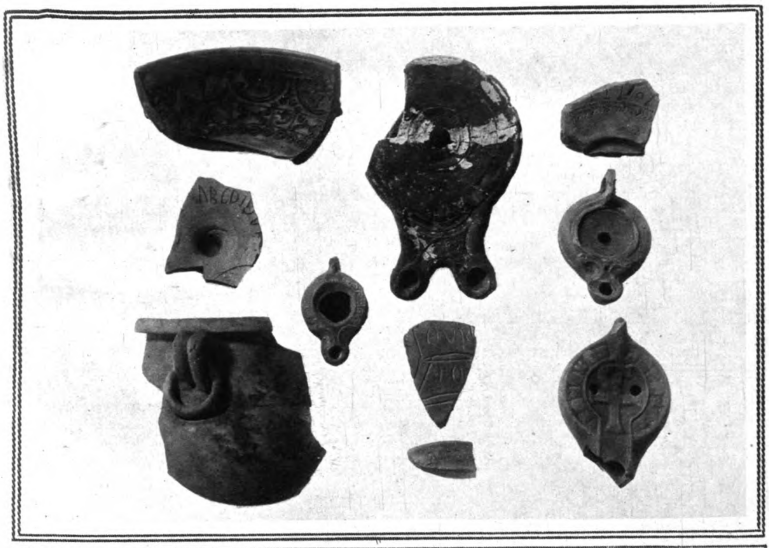


REMARKABLY PRESERVED: THE HAIR OF A ROMANO-BRITISH LADY—FOUND IN A STONE COFFIN ON THE SITE OF THE PRESENT RAILWAY-STATION.

The illustrations given on this double-page are from Major Gordon Home's remarkably interesting book on "Roman York, the Legionary Headquarters and Colonia of Eboracum," concerning which something is said on page 349. Such relics are of the greatest importance, not only as throwing light upon Romano-British life in Eboracum when it was the most northerly military base of importance in the Roman Empire, but as emphasising the suggestion that further excavations should take place in York, for it is certain that there is much more to be discovered. With regard to our photographs, we may add the following notes: Writing was carried on largely by means of pens, ink and paper, although wax tablets and *stili* were also in common use.——The Roman system of warming houses by central heating is famous and was most effective. The heat from the furnaces was carried through the foundation walls and under the floors of the chief rooms. Flues running up into the thickness of the walls created a draught and warmed the sides of the rooms. In this connection, it is particularly interesting to note the statement that this particular Roman system of central heating is to be adopted in the new Liverpool

# WAS ROME'S MOST VITAL NORTHERN MILITARY BASE.

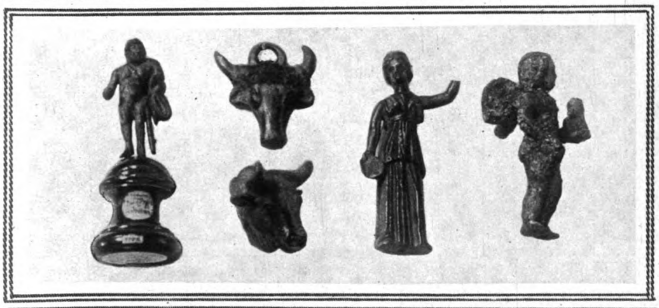
YORK," BY MAJOR GORDON HOME. (SEE PAGE 349.)



A GROUP SUGGESTING THAT SAMIAN POTTERY WAS MADE IN YORK: MOULDS FOR SAMIAN POTTERY (TOP LEFT AND RIGHT); AND TERRA-COTTA LAMPS (ONE WITH TWO BURNERS).



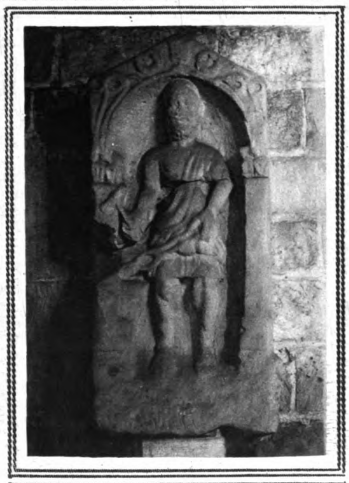
THE HUSBAND WITH HIS ARM ABOUT HIS WIFE'S SHOULDERS: A FAMILY GROUP ON A SEPULCHRAL MONUMENT.



SMALL OBJECTS OF BRONZE: A STATUETTE OF HERCULES; BULL'S HEADS (POSSIBLY MITHRAIC CHARMS), A "PRIESTESS," AND A "CUPID."



A MEMORIAL TO THE WIFE AND CHILD OF A SOLDIER OF THE 6TH LEGION.



POSSIBLY MILITARY: A MONUMENT TO A SMITH—WORKING AT AN ANVIL.



WITH THE SIGNUM OF THE COHORT IN THE RIGHT HAND: THE MONUMENT TO L. DUCCIUS RUFINUS, A STANDARD-BEARER OF THE NINTH LEGION.

Cathedral.——The sepulchral monument to Aelia Aeliana is possibly of the late second century, and was probably erected to the wife of the man shown.——The roofing tiles and antefixae were collected from various parts of the York Museum, and laid by Major Home as shown, in order that the appearance of the roof of a Romano-British house in Eboracum might be obtained.——On the slip of pierced bone shown in the photograph of articles found in the coffin of a Romano-British girl is the inscription, "S(OR)O(R)AVE VIVAS IN DEO," from which it is inferred that the burial was a Christian one.——Two of the jet bracelets shown are made in a number of sections. In two instances the heads on the pendants appear to have been made as portraits. One of the pins has its head formed into a thistle.——Jet pins were found in the hair illustrated.——In the memorial to the wife and child of a soldier of the Sixth Legion, some incised letters are almost indecipherable. The legible portion has been picked out with red paint, and in one or two letters does not seem correctly to follow the incisions.——L. Duccius Rufinus died at the age of twenty-eight. The Signum of his cohort is in his right hand, and in his left is a small box.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## STICK-INSECTS.

*By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.*

CASES by the hundred can be cited of animals, some holding a high and some a lowly position in the scale of life, which have lost all the characteristic features of their tribe, whereby the ordinary man might know them, and have assumed a likeness sometimes to dead twigs, green leaves, or flowers, tufts of lichen, and so on. Sometimes this likeness is so perfect as to deceive, at any rate for the moment, the very elect. The insects furnish a bewildering number of cases of this kind, and some are so perfect as to leave those who see them for the first time well-nigh breathless with astonishment.

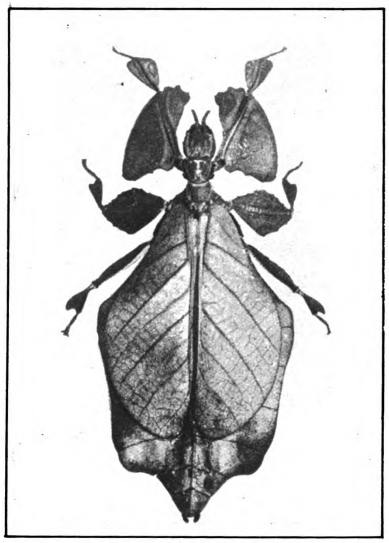
The "stick" and "leaf-insects," and their cousins the mantidæ, known as the "soothsayers" or "praying-insects," afford some most marvellous instances of this kind. And these modifications of shape have come to effect two exactly opposite purposes. For on the one hand they secure concealment from predatory foes, by the closeness of their likeness to twigs or to foliage; on the other, on account of this same likeness, the predatory species are so perperfectly disguised that their victims can be seized before they realise that danger is near them! For the moment, however, I want to speak more particularly of the "stick-insects," so called because of their singular likeness to pieces of dead twigs. In one species—*Lonchodes*, from the Malay Archipelago—the body is so excessively attenuated that it is scarcely thicker than the long, thread-like legs! Though more than 600 species have been described, from various parts of the world, only four or five kinds are found in Europe, and they are all confined to the south; but one of them occurs as far north as Central France. Australia seems to be their stronghold.



SUSPENDED HEAD DOWNWARDS FROM PRIVET: A FEMALE STICK-INSECT, WITH FORE-LEGS HELD TOGETHER.

But there is one species commonly to be seen in the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London, as well as in private hands, which is particularly interesting. This is *Carausius morosus*—it has no other name in common speech than "stick-insect." But it breeds freely in confinement. I myself have bred thousands, and am now starting with a fresh stock. They breed, as I say, freely in confinement; but, strangely enough, thousands can be reared without the appearance among them of a single male, wherein this species agrees with the aphides, which are also parthenogenetic. Among these insects, however, males appear at the end of the breeding season; but one may go on hatching out the "stick-insect" by the thousand for years without the appearance of a single male. I may be wrong, but I believe that no more than two have ever been bred in this country, and these are in the British Museum of Natural History.

As a reference to the adjoining photographs will show, the male is much smaller than the female, and neither, it will be noticed, shows any trace of wings. No one seems to know when it was first introduced into this country; neither is anything known as to its native land; but it is commonly supposed to be an Indian species, though, according to some, it hails from the East Indies. It is a very sluggish creature, and will hang for hours motionless, suspended sometimes head downwards, or by its front pair of legs, which are stretched out and held closely together, like long antennæ—which, by the way, are held immediately under the legs, as if for protection. In the photograph of the female the body hangs head downwards from a twig of privet, its favourite food. If handled, it will commonly draw the legs close together, till it looks like a dead twig, and will remain for some time absolutely motionless. If thrown down amongst twigs deprived of their leaves it is exceedingly difficult to distinguish the insect from the apparently dead bits of wood.



A LIVING "LEAF": THE FEMALE PULCHRIPHYLLIUM, A GREEN STICK-INSECT.

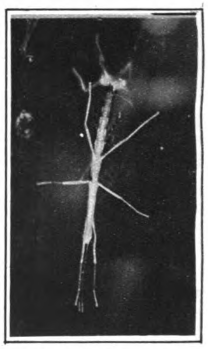
"The 'Pulchriphyllium' is one of the 'stick-insects' wherein the body is disguised by the modification of the fore-wings, which look like green leaves and are useless for flight. Leaf-like expansions are also borne on the legs. The disguise is still further aided by the flattening of the abdomen, on which the wings rest. The leaf-green colour of the whole insect makes detection an exceedingly difficult matter."

*Photograph by E. J. Manly.*

In some species the body is studded with spiny outgrowths, and these produce a singularly close likeness to a thorny twig, affording a no less efficient protection during the period when the insect is feigning death to escape being eaten. Wings, often of considerable size, are commonly present in stick-insects. In such cases the fore-wings, which form the "elytra," or wing-covers of the beetles and cockroaches, are reduced to mere vestiges. Often the great hind-wings, when fully expanded, are brilliantly coloured, and in such cases the anterior margin is marked by a broad band of a duller tint, so that when the wing is closed the bright hues are concealed.

The eggs of these singular insects are as remarkable as their bodies, for they are enclosed within a hard capsule, presenting many striking features. The egg-capsule of the species which forms the subject of these photographs, it will be noticed, has the typical ovoid shape. At one end is a lid, in the centre of which is mounted a small spherical knob, as if to serve as a handle. The capsule is of a coffee-brown colour, the little knob cream colour. In *Lonchodes* the capsule is delicately sculptured, and bears a medallion in the centre; while the handle of the lid is formed by a miniature cross!

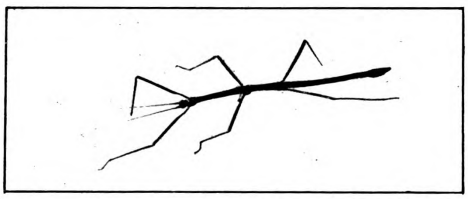
These eggs are not deposited on the leaves of the food plant, as in the case of butterflies, for example, but are discharged at random, to fall to the ground and take their chance. As a rule, not more than twenty or thirty seem to be laid in any one season. But in one species, *Diaphero mera femorata*, as many as a hundred are produced; and so numerous are the laying females that we are told the noise caused by the dropping of the eggs resembles the pattering of raindrops! When the young are ready to emerge they thrust off the lid of the capsule and creep out, often dragging the empty case about with them for an hour or two at the end of the body. They grow at a prodigious rate, and this process of expansion begins even as they emerge, so that by the time they have escaped from the unyielding walls of their prison it seems incredible that it could ever have contained so large a body. At each moult the same rate of increase is maintained. As each limb is withdrawn from its old shell it becomes about one-fourth longer and thicker than the case from which it has just been withdrawn.



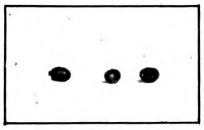
CARRYING THE REMAINS OF THE NEWLY MOULTED SKIN AT THE END OF THE TAIL: A YOUNG STICK-INSECT.

In species which bear wings these appendages do not make their appearance until the second moult, and they do not attain to their full size until the third moult. Some species moult many times, and are correspondingly long in arriving at maturity. Others moult but twice, and attain to their full growth in six weeks. The eggs laid by the female I now possess took about eight months to hatch; but in some species no young emerge from the capsule until the second year after the laying of the egg.

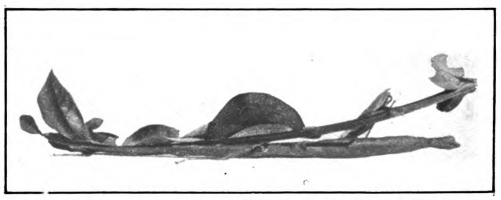
As touching the size attained by stick-insects, it may be remarked that the giants of to-day do not exceed a length of nine inches; but a primitive ancestral species from the carboniferous formation at Commentry attained to a length of nearly two feet, and had an expanse of wing exceeding two feet. The female shown in the accompanying photograph measures just 2¾ inches from head to tail—4¼ inches if the measurement be taken from the tip of the extended fore-legs to the tail.



EXCESSIVELY RARE—ONLY ONE APPEARING AMONG THOUSANDS OF FEMALES: THE MALE STICK-INSECT, MUCH SMALLER AND THINNER.



SHOWING THE CURIOUS LID AND ITS CENTRAL KNOB: EGG CAPSULES OF A STICK-INSECT.



FEIGNING DEATH: A FEMALE STICK-INSECT LYING BESIDE A TWIG OF PRIVET, FROM WHICH IT IS HARD TO DISTINGUISH HER.

# A CENTRE OF SPECIAL INTEREST IN THE ROYAL FAMILY.

FROM A PHOTO-ETCHING (BY SPECIAL PROCESS) BY JAMES BACON AND SONS, OF NEW BOND STREET AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



**THEIR MAJESTIES' ONLY DAUGHTER : PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES—HER LATEST PORTRAIT.**

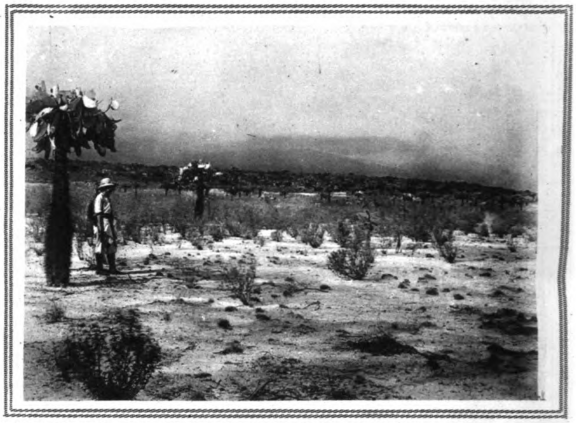
As the only daughter of the King and Queen, Princess Mary has always been an object of great solicitude, both in the Royal Family, and to the nation at large, to whom she has endeared herself by her character and public activities. Her marriage to Viscount Lascelles in Westminster Abbey, on February 28, 1922, was the occasion of a great demonstration of popular affection. Latterly she and her husband have been living quietly at their country home, Goldsborough Hall, in Yorkshire. Needless to say, there is special interest just now in the Princess and her welfare, and this was increased recently by the news that the Queen had gone to stay with her. On Sunday, August 17, her Majesty, accompanied by Viscount Lascelles, attended service in the village church, and on the same day the King motored over to Goldsborough from Bolton Abbey, where he was the guest of the Duke of Devonshire. Our portrait is an example of a new method of photo-etching.

# HAUNT OF THE NEW WORLD'S LARGEST LIZARDS: A DEAD SEA.

By Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History and Dr. G. Kingsley Noble, Assistant Curator of Herpetology.



SHOWING A WILD PIG STARTLED BY THE APPROACH OF MAN: LAKE ENRIQUILLO, IN SANTO DOMINGO—A DEAD SEA, 130 FT. BELOW SEA-LEVEL—WHOSE CLIFFS ARE HAUNTED BY HUGE LIZARDS.



EXPLORING AN ISLAND IN THE DEAD SEA IN SEARCH OF THE RHINOCEROS IGUANA: "A GREAT SAND FLAT ADORNED WITH ENORMOUS CANDELABRA-LIKE CACTI."



"THERE WERE NO BOATS ON THE LAKE . . . AS FISH DID NOT EXIST IN WATER 50 PER CENT. MORE SALINE THAN OCEAN": DRAGGING A BOAT ACROSS MILES OF MUD TO THE EDGE OF LAKE ENRIQUILLO, TO EMBARK FOR AN ISLAND UNVISITED FOR TWENTY YEARS, IN QUEST OF IGUANAS.



"LOST TO SCIENCE FOR MORE THAN 50 YEARS": A DOMINICAN SPIKE-TAILED IGUANA (*CYCLURA RICORDII*), A TUSKLESS SPECIES.

IN his article entitled "Trailing the Rhinoceros Iguana" (in "Natural History," the magazine of the American Museum), Dr. G. Kingsley Noble describes how specimens of these reptiles, the largest of the rock lizards, were obtained in Santo Domingo, in the West Indies. "Some of the natives," he writes, "said that out in Lake Enriquillo there was an island abounding in gigantic iguanas. No one had been to the island for twenty years. Enriquillo was a dead sea and there were no boats on the lake. . . . A few days later, however, the town of Duvergé was startled by the sight of a boat carried aloft on a Marine Corps' truck. . . . Early on the morrow eight pairs of hands dragged the boat across the two miles of quaking mud to the water's edge. Four miles of open water stretched between the island and ourselves. A strong wind had already sprung up and the waves washed dangerously close to the gunwale. . . . Suddenly a great black snout arose from the green waters. It was a crocodile, perhaps 12 ft. long. . . . A crocodile in a dead sea, landlocked, and separated from the ocean by forty miles, must lead a precarious existence. Surely he must be very hungry! Two hours later we reached the island. It was a long sand spit 12 miles in length by a mile wide. Strange candelabra-like cacti confronted our eyes on all

[*Continued below.*



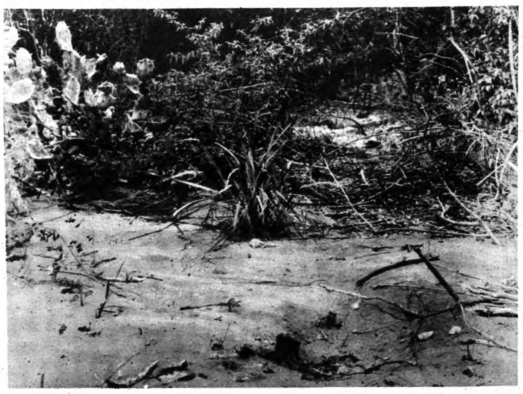
A TUSKED LIZARD: THE RHINOCEROS IGUANA (*CYCLURA CORNUTA*), THE LARGEST OF THE ROCK IGUANAS, FROM SANTO DOMINGO.

*Continued.*]

sides. As we moved inland, there was a rush and four grotesque saurians chargéd out from under some fallen cacti. Before they disappeared, I noted that they lacked the tusk of the rhinoceros iguana, but were equipped instead with numerous whorls of spikes on the tail. They were, in fact, a different species—*Cyclura ricordii*—and one that had been lost to science for fifty years. We soon found that these lizards were everywhere on the island. Unlike the rhinoceros iguanas, they dug holes into the flat, salt-encrusted playas. Of the rhinoceros iguana we could find no trace. . . . After hunting a half day we gave up and went back to the boats. . . . A few days later we . . . struck out for Lake Saumâtre on the Haitian border."

# TRACKING THE TUSKED LIZARD: EGGS HATCHED IN SAND; A BURROW.

By Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History and Dr. G. Kingsley Noble, Assistant Curator of Herpetology.



CLUES THAT LED TO A DISCOVERY: "DAMP SAND AND BROKEN EGGSHELLS SUGGESTED THAT YOUNG TURTLES OR OTHER REPTILES MIGHT HAVE RECENTLY HATCHED."



THE DISCOVERY: "MANUEL BEGAN TO DIG AND SOON FOUND FIVE NESTS CONTAINING THESE EGGSHELLS—A FEW WITH HATCHING RHINOCEROS-IGUANAS."



"THE HOME OF THE RHINOCEROS IGUANA ON THE WESTERN SHORE OF LAKE ENRIQUILLO": THE ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE BURROWS "CLAWED THROUGH FOSSIL CORALS SOMETIMES FOR A LENGTH OF 40 FT."

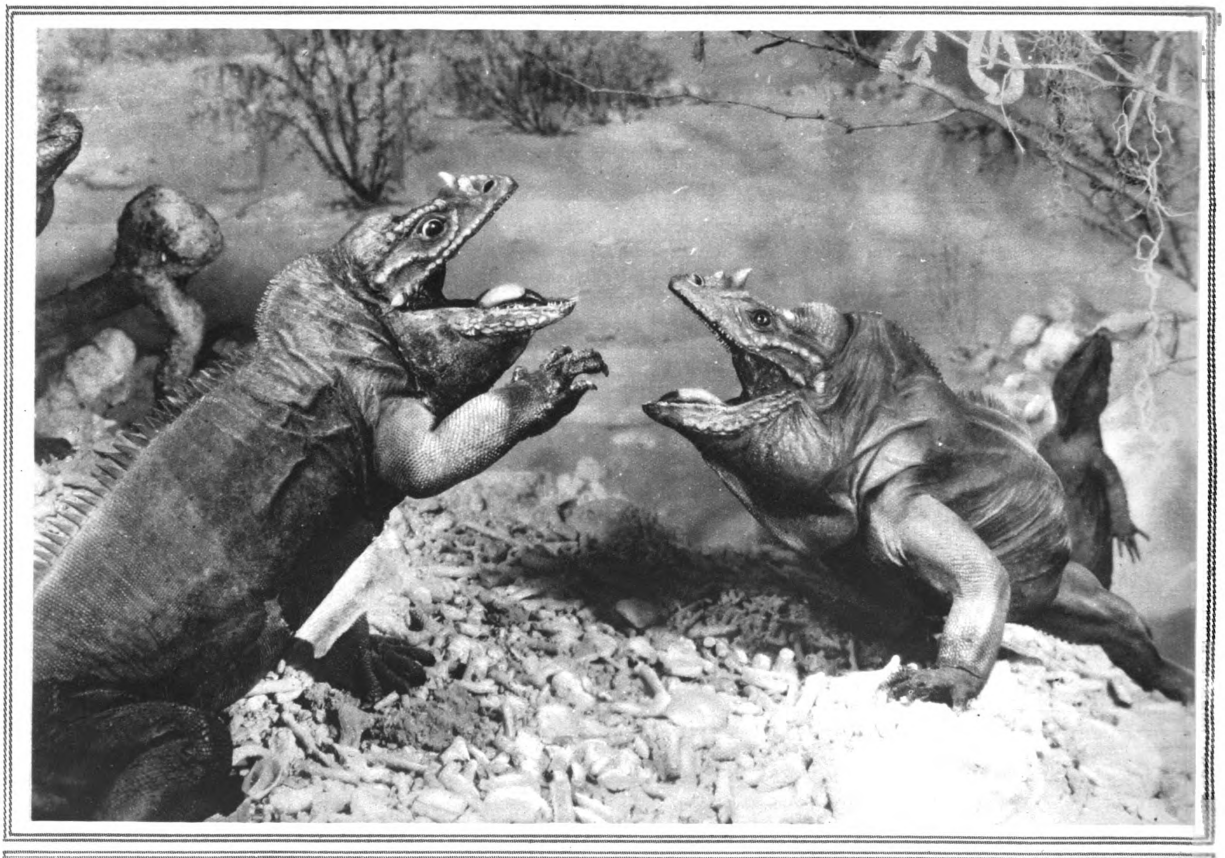
One problem which Dr. Noble, in his expedition to Santo Domingo (mentioned on the previous page) set out to solve was: "Where did the iguanas lay their eggs?" In an islet called Beata, off Haiti (the western end of Santo Domingo) the party came to a little clearing. "I began to inspect the ground closely," he writes, "and came at length upon some broken egg-shells. They were larger than chicken's eggs, but shrivelled and leathery in appearance. They could not be turtle eggs, for most of these have hard shells like those of a chicken. Could they be iguana eggs? Manuel was on his knees and digging. He was nearly down to his arm-pit when he abruptly jerked up, and there in his hand was a tiny iguana in the very act of hatching from an egg. We now began digging everywhere in the sandy clearing. In a space 150 by 70 ft. we found five nests. Obviously, the iguanas were somewhat gregarious during the breeding season. This was of special interest, for the rhinoceros iguana is supposed to be related to the Central American iguana, which is known to dig holes in sandy areas similar to the one we had just discovered. . . . The young were cross-barred with black, very much in the manner of certain species of 'black' iguanas (*Ctenosaura*)."

# RHINOCEROS IGUANAS—TUSKED GIANTS OF THE LIVIN

By Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History an



1. HUGE WEST INDIAN LIZARDS WHICH, WHEN HUNTED WITH DOGS, SOMETIMES TOOK TO THE WATER: A GROUP OF RHINOCEROS IGUANAS REPRESENTED ON THE SHORE OF LAKE ENRIQUILLO, A DEAD SEA IN SANTO DOMINGO.

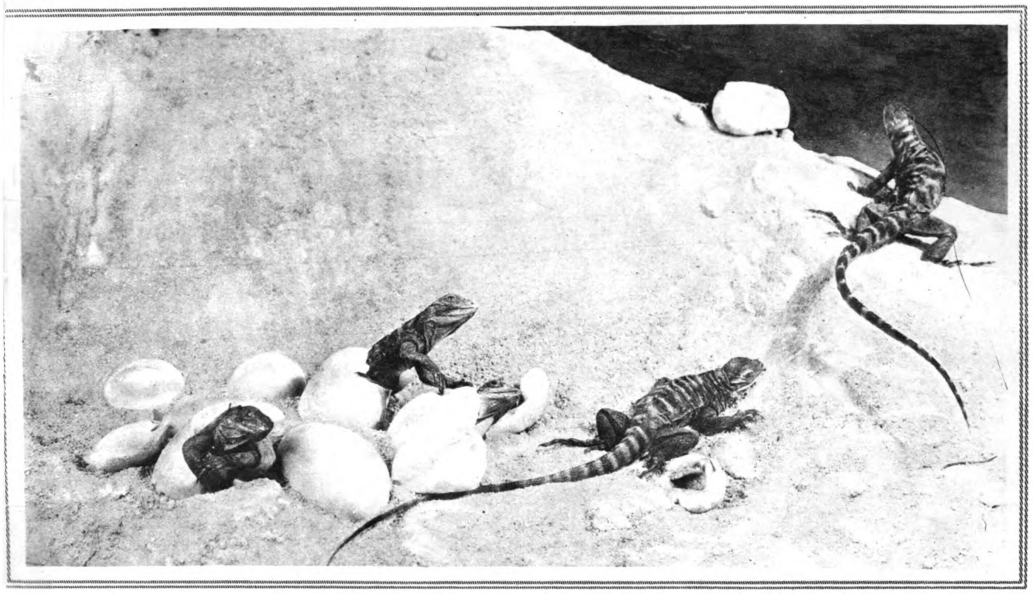


3. SHOWING THE POWERFUL JAWS OF THE RHINOCEROS IGUANAS, ONE OF WHICH SEVERELY BIT A LITTLE DOG THAT CHASED IT INTO ITS BURROW: THE CENTRAL SECTION OF THE GROUP IN PHOTOGRAPH 1.

In his article quoted on page 354, describing an expedition in quest of rhinoceros iguanas, Dr. G. Kingsley Noble writes: "Blanched cliffs of jagged corals shut in on both sides the viscid waters of Lake Enriquillo. . . . When the sun has reached its fullest intensity, great, dark-skinned lizards here and there slide out from the tunnels which they have clawed through these cliffs of coral limestone. Wagging their ponderous heads in mechanical-toy fashion, they gaze with seeming contentment upon their desolate world." Later, the party explored an island in Lake Saumâtre, on the Haitian border. "Suddenly," writes Dr. Noble, "a dog's yap broke the silence, followed by a rattle of short barks. There was a scramble, and then an iguana—mouth agape—shot from the brush, with the dog close at his heels. The reptile turned at bay a yard from the water, but the little dog dove at him. Another scurry, and both dog and iguana splashed into the water. The little dog came out quickly. . . . The iguana must surely be drowned, I thought, when after nearly five minutes . . .

# LIZARDS: LAND REPTILES OF AQUATIC CAPACITY.

Dr. G. Kingsley Noble, Assistant Curator of Herpetology.



2. "SOME OF THE LITTLE IGUANAS PULL THEIR EGG-SHELLS WITH THEM AS THEY WRIGGLE THROUGH THE TWENTY INCHES OF SAND WHICH COVERS THEM; MOST OF THEM, HOWEVER, LEAVE THEIR SHELLS BEHIND": PART OF PHOTOGRAPH 1 (RIGHT LOWER CORNER) ENLARGED.

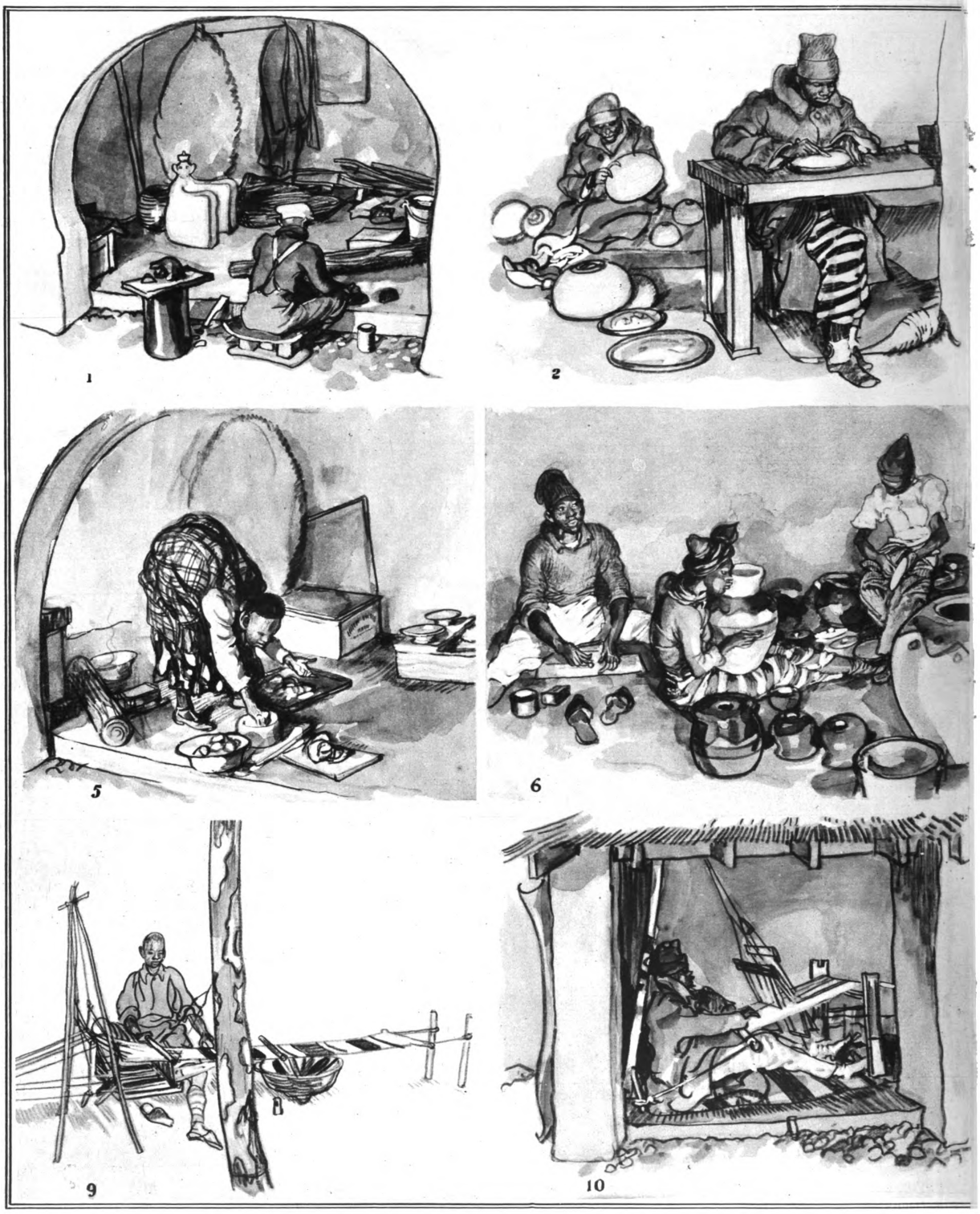


4. TUSKED LIKE THE BIG PACHYDERM FROM WHOM HE TAKES HIS NAME: A RHINOCEROS IGUANA STANDING AT THE DOOR OF HIS HOUSE—A LONG BURROW INTO FOSSIL CORALS AND SHELLS (PART OF PHOTOGRAPH 1).

a dark object rose slowly towards the surface. . . . The reptile saw the two excited dogs and the four humans gazing at him. With a gulp he dove again into the blue depths of the lake. These singular actions made clear to me a problem that had long been a puzzle. . . . Although the iguanas avoid the sea, nevertheless, when thrown by accident into it, they are perfectly at home. Potentially, they are water reptiles." A Haitian boy plunged in and caught this particular iguana. Later, on another islet called Beata, off the coast, the same dog chased an enormous iguana into its burrow. "Suddenly a shrill yelp arose from the depths, and the little dog came charging out—dripping with blood. He had been badly bitten in the head. We hastened to bandage him up and sent him back to camp." Over forty iguanas were taken alive to New York, and many were sent to Bronx Park. Some proved quite tractable and playful with their keepers. More surprising still, though apparently vegetarians, they took kindly to a diet of mice when the supply of bananas ran low.

# AFRICAN INDUSTRIES AS ENCOURAGED UNDER BRITISH

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

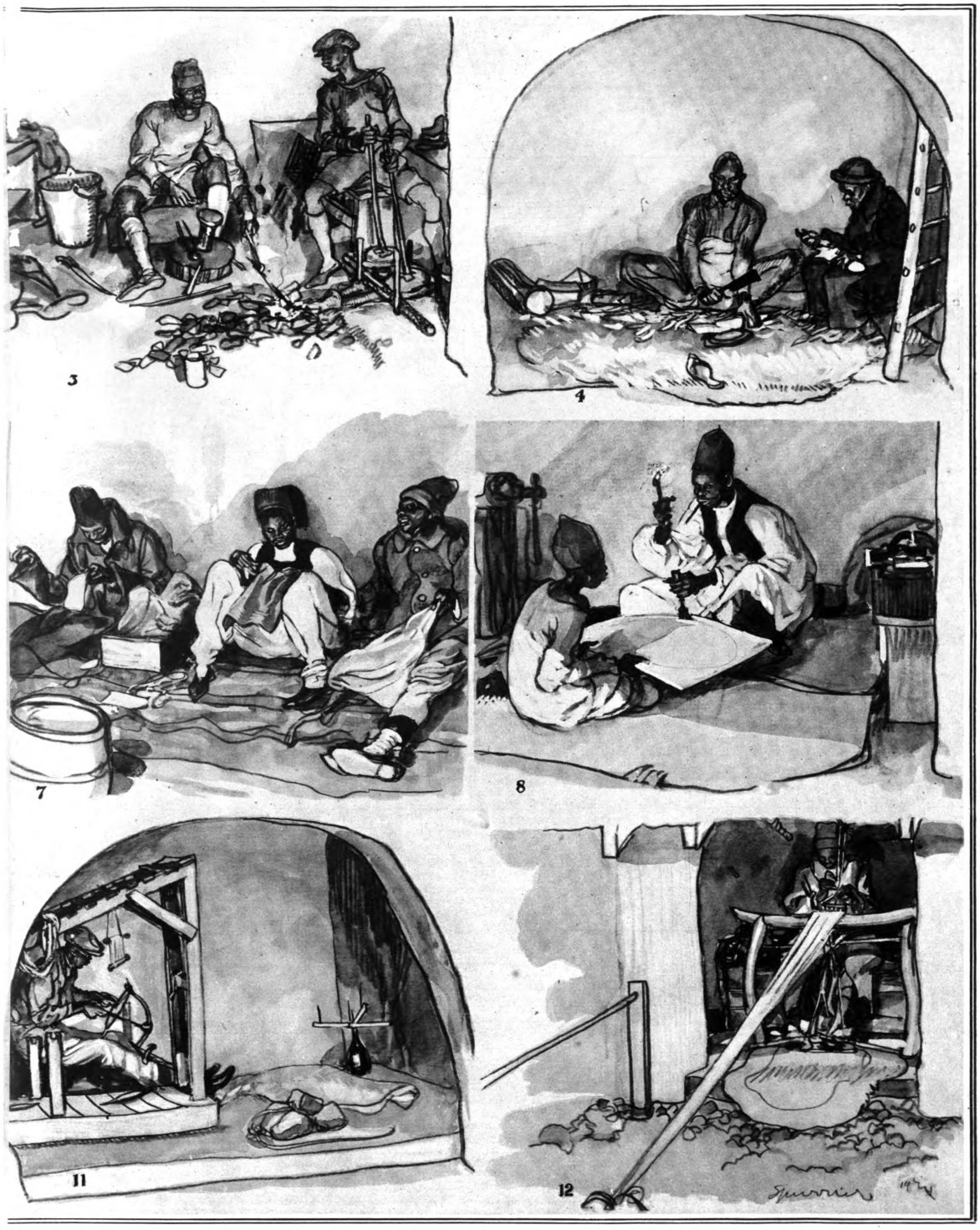



**ARTS AND CRAFTS IN "THE WALLED CITY OF WEST AFRICA": (1) METAL WORK: (5) AND (6) POTTERS; (7) HAUSA EMBROIDERY; (8) BRASS-WORK;**

British rule in Africa has turned the native from a savage into a civilised being, free from the terrors of tribal warfare and of slavery, and able to follow his occupation in peace and security. In West Africa handicraft has not yet been displaced by machinery and mass production, and the artisan remains an artist. Many interesting examples of his methods and productions are to be seen at Wembley, in the Walled City of West Africa, which represents the three Colonies of Nigeria, the Gold Coast, and Sierra Leone, each having a separate pavilion. The African Village, inhabited by West Africans under native conditions, is divided into four compounds, and occupied by members of various races, including Hausas, Yorubas, Fantis, and Mendis. "The houses," says the official "Guide" to the Exhibition, "are made of sun-dried bricks, and vary somewhat in type. Workshops show different tribesmen and their wives at

# :'JLE: NATIVE CRAFTSMANSHIP DEMONSTRATED AT WEMBLEY.

· :T, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.




**2) CARVING BOWLS; (3) ORNAMENTAL IRONWORK; (4) CARVING SPOONS; 9, 10, 11, 12) WEAVING—WITH FOUR DIFFERENT TYPES OF LOOMS.**

work on their special crafts. Some are busy weaving; others are fashioning intricate embroidery, or carving wood and gourds. Some make mats and baskets. Our artist titles his drawings thus: "(1) Kofi Kyem, son of Chief Bantama, an Ashanti warrior, as a metal-worker, making cement for moulds. Note the curious furnace on the left. (2) Wood-carvers carving plaques and bowls; (3) A blacksmith engaged in ornamental ironwork; (4) Kwaku Brempa, son of the late King of Ashanti, as a wood-carver, fashioning spoons; (5) Akosua Baa, daughter of the Queen-Mother of Taffo, as a potter, making a bowl; (6) Potters colouring, mixing colours, and glazing; (7) Hausa embroiderers sewing designs on cloth and leather; (8) A brass-worker cutting a sheet of metal; (9) A Gold Coast weaver; (10) A weaver; (11) Mr. Tay, of Quitta, Gold Coast Colony, as a weaver, preparing thread; (12) A weaver."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada*

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

EARLIER in the present year the name of one poet occurred so often on this page that at last I was compelled to pass a self-denying (and reader-sparing) ordinance, and promise that it should not appear again until the publication of a long-promised biography should justify the vain repetition. The biography, however, still tarries, but it seems as if my resolution must be broken, not only because two other books upon the same subject have meanwhile been issued, but certain personal circumstances have provided me with a cue very hard to ignore. The cue arises from holidays, and as this is a holiday article, more or less, and a Scottish holiday at that, the breach of faith may possibly find excuse.

Within the last day or two I have visited a northern district where the poet in question used to spend his earliest school holidays—that romantic hill-country which inspired several of his best-known poems. He carried the memory of those mountains, woods, and waters through life, and in his after-pilgrimages no highland region, however distant, failed to recall the scenes of his childhood. The accuracy and vividness of his recollection is the more remarkable that in all probability he never revisited those haunts after he was nine years old. But he made them his own in song, and with them his name has become linked inseparably.

It was fitting, therefore, that in this, the centenary year of the poet's death, some special commemoration should be made of his love for that fair countryside. Every other place that could in any way claim a link with his memory has held its celebration, and now a society that exists to study the historical, scientific, and literary associations of the valley of the Dee has made pious pilgrimage to the farm of Ballaterach—about four-and-a-half miles east of Ballater — where the young Byron spent part of three successive summers. On the day of the Deeside Field Club's visit, the Clerk of the Weather was in his most gracious mood. Under brilliant sunshine, heather in its richest purple, feathery birch of an almost spring-like green, and the more sombre passages of towering mountains and massed pine-woods presented a landscape of unrivalled majesty and beauty, through which the river, Byron's "sweet-flowing Dee," wound in shimmering silver. Directly opposite the place of meeting rose "the rocks that o'er-shadow Culblean," and although from that point "dark Lochnagar" was not actually visible, his soaring peak kept the party company, both going and returning. It was a perfect Deeside day, just such a day and scene as the poet must have had in mind when long afterwards he recalled the influence and associations of "the highlands' swelling blue." From the Troad, his memory leaped back to Deeside, "and Lochnagar with Ida looked o'er Troy."

The Club, under the chairmanship of its President, the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair, sat down on a slope of pleasant turf overlooking the farm and commanding the valley of the Dee with its wide amphitheatre of hills. The first business of the afternoon was scientific—a paper on "Evidences of the Ice Age in Cromar," by Lady Mac-Robert (Rachel Bullock Workman), B.Sc., F.G.S., etc. The lecturer gave a brilliant and fascinating account of glacial phenomena in the district. From science the club then turned to literature, and recalled Byron's connection with Ballaterach and the surrounding neighbourhood. The farmhouse has been greatly altered since 1795-97, and the poet's bed, which used to attract pilgrims to the place, perished by fire long ago. But the natural features have not changed, and tradition is still alive. It was at Ballaterach that the little Byron fell in love with the farmer's daughter, Mary Robertson, the Mary of "When I roved a young Highlander." She was believed to be considerably older than her boy lover, but recent research has shown that this is a mistake arising from the inaccurate statement of Mary's age on her tombstone in the churchyard of Glentanar. From the parish registers it appears that she was only two-and-a-half years the poet's senior.

Not far from Ballaterach lies the farm of Greystone, which Byron used often to visit. There they still point out the rough mountain track up which he used to come, to amuse himself with the turning-lathe and tools in a carpenter's shop belonging to the farmer, whose great-grandson is still tenant. The shop and lathe have vanished, but a few of the original tools remain. These implements suffered from the boy's inexpert handling—so much so that he became a terror, and the farmer used to post his children as scouts to notify the approach of the young spoiler. When he was seen, the shop was locked up, and the owner made himself scarce. "There was," says tradition, "nae other way o' daein' wi' him."

The club also discussed the problem of Byron's supposed return to Upper Deeside, and in this connection some new information came to light. Hitherto the sole evidence of any later visit rested on the testimony of John Davidson, an old gillie in the service of the Farquharsons of Invercauld, who said that Byron had returned and had climbed Lochnagar under his guidance. Davidson took Byron to be about sixteen or seventeen, but more likely (if the story is true) he was fifteen, and the date 1803, in which year his whereabouts are for a time obscure. If he came back at all in 1803, it must have been between the end of summer term at Harrow and Oct. 25, for from the latter date until Jan. 23, 1804, his whereabouts are accounted for in Admiral Sutton's shooting diary, recently quoted in the *Morning Post*. The whole question of Byron's return to Scotland is obscure and difficult, and one is inclined to take Davidson's story with more than a grain of salt. But a guest of the Field Club who had been pursuing the subject in the district brought forward another curious story. This was the claim of the late Rev. James Smith, schoolmaster of Glenmuick, to have acted as Byron's guide up Lochnagar. Now Mr. Smith, who died on Sept. 2, 1875, aged eighty-eight, was obviously too young in 1797 to climb Lochnagar as caretaker of another boy. In 1803, however, he was sixteen, and perfectly capable of acting as guide. Did his story, then, point to a later return?

The question remains speculative, but Mr. Smith's story is at least noteworthy. Against it, however, must be placed the tendency to self-deception which beset local admirers of Byron. In his old age, Mr. David Grant, an Aberdeen schoolmaster (not of the Grammar School) used to boast that he had "taught Byron." This is absurd, for Grant was only six years old when the poet left the North in 1798. But if the visit of the Deeside Field Club to Byron's early haunts did not solve the pleasant problem of a later return, it at least demonstrated, by reference on the spot to the poet's local allusions, the wonderful vividness and accuracy of a nine-year-old boy's memories.



SHOWING ROMAN MASONRY (MARKED BY ARROW) IN A NEWLY DUG TRENCH: THE SITE OF THE ROMAN FORT OF REGULBIUM (RECULVER), WITH THE TWIN CHURCH TOWERS, NOW IN DANGER OF BEING SOLD FOR BUILDING.

The owner of Reculver, on the Kentish coast, recently decided to sell this historic site in building plots, and Major Gordon Home, the antiquary and artist, appeals for funds to save it. Contributions may be sent to Sir Martin Conway, M.P., Craven House, Northumberland Avenue. Major Home was allowed to dig a trench, and found Roman masonry, pottery, coins, and a javelin head. The two Roman forts of Regulbium (Reculver) and Rutupiae (Richborough) guarded the channel which then separated Thanet from the mainland. The "twin towers" of Reculver are remains of a seventeenth-century church. Major Home's new book, "Roman York," is dealt with on other pages.

Before it closes, this centenary year will have added at least ten volumes to Byron literature. Several of these have already been noticed on this page. Two others, of smaller compass, are "Byron," by the Bishop of Durham (Cambridge University Press; 2s. 6d.), a lucid and able survey in brief of the poet's life work and character. It is on character that Dr. Hensley Henson dwells chiefly in this appreciation, which was originally delivered as the Rede lecture. The Bishop, though just, does not err on the side of generous judgment. Another comprehensive survey, rather fuller in treatment than is possible within the limits of a lecture, is "Byron, the Man," by R. L. Bellamy (Kegan Paul; 5s.). Mr. Bellamy concerns himself rather with the poet's life and character than with his works. The book is a clear and pleasantly written biographical sketch that does not attempt literary criticism. It is founded largely, as the author acknowledges, on Miss Colburn Mayne's two volumes. Taken as a whole, it presents an impartial portrait, and may be commended as an introduction to the study of Byron. Those who may be visiting any of the Byron countries during the holidays will find these little monographs useful and handy companions, if their pocket or portmanteau has not room for any of the more elaborate recent publications. But Byron cannot be comprehended in any sketch, however excellent. His complexities demand, first of all, a full and careful study of origins.

Turning from the literary to the sporting associations of Royal Deeside, I have been reading, with the added pleasure of local appropriateness, Mr. Alexander Inkson McConnochie's goodly volume, "The Deer Forests of Scotland: Historical, Descriptive, Sporting" (Witherby; 25s.). And chiefly, I suppose, because of my whereabouts at the present moment and my recent pre-occupations, I have turned first to the pages describing the forests of Balmoral, Glencallater, Glenmuick, Glentanar, Invercauld and Mar. Mr. McConnochie tells us that when the Prince Consort bought Balmoral, Donald Stewart, the under-forester, was retained in the Royal service. Later, when Stewart was appointed head-forester, his commission was countersigned by Queen Victoria. "Forester" is the correct designation, although latterly "stalker" is more commonly used, as anyone who reads the northern sporting news must be aware. After the Prince Consort's death, Queen Victoria took the keenest personal interest in the management of the forest; not a rifle was out without her express orders, and a nightly report of the day's sport was made out personally by the forester. "The Stag Book was regularly written up by her Majesty, she also adding pen-and-ink sketches of special heads. On the outbreak of a snowstorm she invariably sent the forester a telegram not to forget to lay out food for the deer." The author says he may quote "with advantage" a remark of Stewart's: "Should I live to be a hundred years old, I 'd still be learning something new of the deer." Mr. McConnochie gives one an inkling of how large that subject is.

Besides its purely sporting technicalities, descriptions, and statistics, this book is full of pleasant anecdotal digressions, which will commend it even to readers who never can hope to take a hand in the royal game of deer-stalking. By this morning's paper I see that prospects in Ballochbuie are very good, and here, pat on the reading, comes Mr. McConnochie with a romantic story of that lovely region. "There is a tradition that Ballochbuie was sold to a Farquharson by a Macgregor for a tartan plaid—some add at the point of a dirk. This is referred to in the inscription which Queen Victoria caused to be engraved on a stone in the forest: 'Queen Victoria entered into possession of Ballochbuie on the 15th day of May, 1878. "The bonniest plaid in Scotland."'"

Invercauld Mr. McConnochie calls one of the most desirable forests in Scotland. Within its boundaries is some of the finest scenery in Deeside; the mansion is of historical interest, and has an exceedingly picturesque situation on the left bank of the river; Balmoral is in the immediate neighbourhood; access is easy and, most important of all to the sportsman, deer and all manner of Highland game are plentiful." To hark back for a moment to the theme with which this article opened. Byron had vivid memories of "the dark frowning mountains which rise near Invercauld, together with the romantic rocks that overshadow Mar Lodge, a seat of Lord Fife's, and the Cataract of the Dee, which dashes down the declivity with impetuous violence in the grounds adjoining the house." So he wrote in 1805. According to the gillie Davidson, at the time of the problematic return and ascent of Lochnagar, Byron was a guest at Invercauld and went on afterwards to stay at Mar Lodge. But documentary evidence of these visits either does not exist or has not come to light.

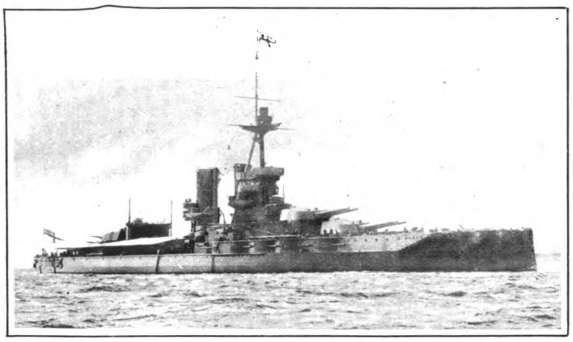
Resuming the account of that other enthusiast for the Deeside Highlands, we learn from Mr. McConnochie that few houses in the Highlands can show heads of the eighteenth century: the oldest in Invercauld bears date 1795. King Edward's stalking in Invercauld is represented by a ten-pointer killed on Craig Leachda in 1871 and a switch-horn killed the following year. Our notes and quotations are only a small sample of the information and entertainment in a survey of all the deer-stalking regions of Scotland, which should find a place in every sportsman's library.

There lies before me also Mr. McConnochie's "Deer Stalking in Scotland" (Witherby; 10s. 6d.), with an introduction by the Duke of Atholl. The two volumes are complementary, the former chiefly topographical, the latter a technical guide to the sport, always enlivened, however, by the excellent anecdote told very often in the pithy vernacular of the stalker. "Deerstalking," by the way, contains two inevitable references to Byron, whose line, "Oh, there is sweetness in the mountain air" is quoted as keynote to the work. Both works are well illustrated.

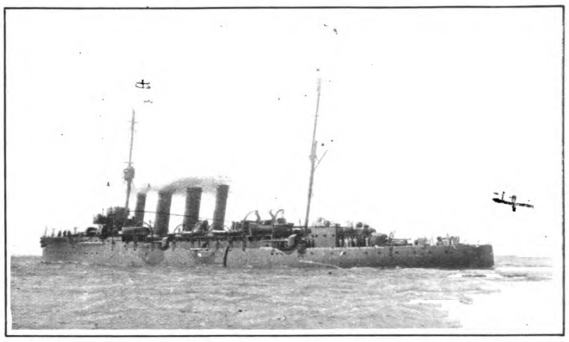
Finally, the holiday-maker in Caledonia ought to put in his pocket or knapsack Mr. Gordon Home's agreeable little work, "Through the Borders to the Heart of Scotland" (Dent; 2s. 6d.). The route described leads from Tweedside to Aberdeenshire, Moray and Inverness. Mr. Home knows his ground and its associations, and he writes in a pleasant style that evades the traditional faults of the manner known as "guide-booky." He has a sense of proportion that enables him to say neither too much nor too little, and what he says, he says well and accurately.

# ACTION IN THE SUDAN CRISIS: WAR-SHIPS AND PERSONALITIES.

Photographs by C.N., G.P.A., Photopress, and Sport and General.



SENT FROM MALTA WITH A BATTALION FOR SERVICE IN EGYPT IN CONNECTION WITH THE SUDAN CRISIS: THE BATTLE-SHIP "MARLBOROUGH," WHICH RECENTLY ARRIVED AT ALEXANDRIA.



ONE OF THE BRITISH WAR-SHIPS SENT TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE MILITARY FORCES IN THE SUDAN: THE LIGHT CRUISER "WEYMOUTH," WHICH RECENTLY ARRIVED AT PORT SUDAN.



SIRDAR OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE SUDAN: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR LEE STACK.



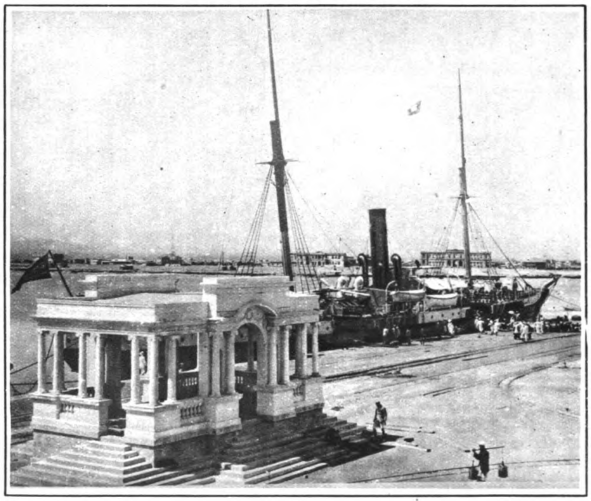
SAID TO HAVE CABLED FROM EUROPE APPROVING THE ACTING PREMIER'S PROTEST TO BRITAIN: ZAGHLUL PASHA, THE EGYPTIAN PREMIER, IN HOSPITAL AFTER BEING SHOT BY AN EGYPTIAN A FEW WEEKS AGO.



HIGH COMMISSIONER OF EGYPT: LORD ALLENBY LEAVING THE FOREIGN OFFICE AFTER SEEING THE PREMIER.



ACTING PREMIER OF EGYPT DURING ZAGHLUL PASHA'S ABSENCE: MOHAMED PASHA SAID, MINISTER OF JUSTICE.



WHERE BRITISH WAR-SHIPS HAVE ARRIVED AND TROOPS DISEMBARKED SINCE THE RECENT DISTURBANCES: PORT SUDAN, ON THE RED SEA.



SUSPECTED OF PLOTS IN EGYPT: THE EXILED EX-KHEDIVE, ABBAS HILMI, WHO RECENTLY ARRIVED IN BRUSSELS.

After the recent disturbances at Atbara, Khartoum, and Port Sudan (mentioned also on another page), Lord Allenby (High Commissioner of Egypt) and Major-General Sir Lee Stack (Sirdar of the Egyptian Army and Governor-General of the Soudan), who were both on leave in England at the time, had a conference with Mr. Ramsay Macdonald at the Foreign Office. In Cairo, also, there have been meetings between Mr. A. J. Clark Kerr (Acting High Commissioner) and Mohamed Pasha Said (the Acting Premier of Egypt). Zaghlul Pasha, the Premier, whose life was attempted a few weeks ago by an Egyptian student, recently started on a journey to Europe, with a view to a conference with the British Prime Minister. Zaghlul Pasha was reported to have sent a message to Mohamed Pasha endorsing the latter's action over the Sudan crisis, including his protest to Britain. Mr. Clark Kerr also protested against an Egyptian communiqué which gave the impression that the firing at Atbara was done by British troops and not by the Sudanese Arab Mounted Rifles. Meanwhile British war-ships and troops were despatched in case of emergencies. The light cruiser "Weymouth" and the sloop "Clematis" arrived at Port Sudan, and the battle-ship "Marlborough" at Alexandria, and it was stated that two liners had been chartered to convey troops to Port Sudan from Port Said. It was reported from Cairo on August 13 that a plot against the Government had been discovered, but that it was uncertain whether it was organised by extremists responsible for the Sudan disturbances, or by adherents of the ex-Khedive, Abbas Hilmi. He recently arrived in Brussels, where, it is said, he went under the name of his valet.

# A PRETEXT FOR ANTI-BRITISH PROPAGANDA IN EGYPT

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIE



A RACE BETWEEN THE ENGINEERS AND THE RIVER: AN ANXIOUS PERIOD IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE GREAT MAKWAR DAM ON THE BLUE NILE—THE MAKING OF A HUGE *SUDD* (OR BARRIER) WHICH HAD TO REACH A CERTAIN POINT OF PROGRESS BEFORE THE COMING OF THE ANNUAL NILE FLOODS—A VIEW SHOWING WORKS WHICH HAVE SINCE BEEN ENTIRELY SUBMERGED.



SHOWING TWO BRITISH ENGINEERS IN THE FOREGROUND, WITH AN INSTRUMENT UNDER A WHITE UMBRELLA HELD BY A NATIVE: FOUNDATION WORK ON THE BLUE NILE BED FOR THE MAKWAR DAM.



PROVIDED WITH A NEW PRESSURE GAUGE—STEEL CYLINDERS BUILT INTO THE MASONRY AND CONNECTED BY WIRES TO ELECTRIC METERS: PART OF THE MAKWAR DAM (HALF THE INTENDED HEIGHT).

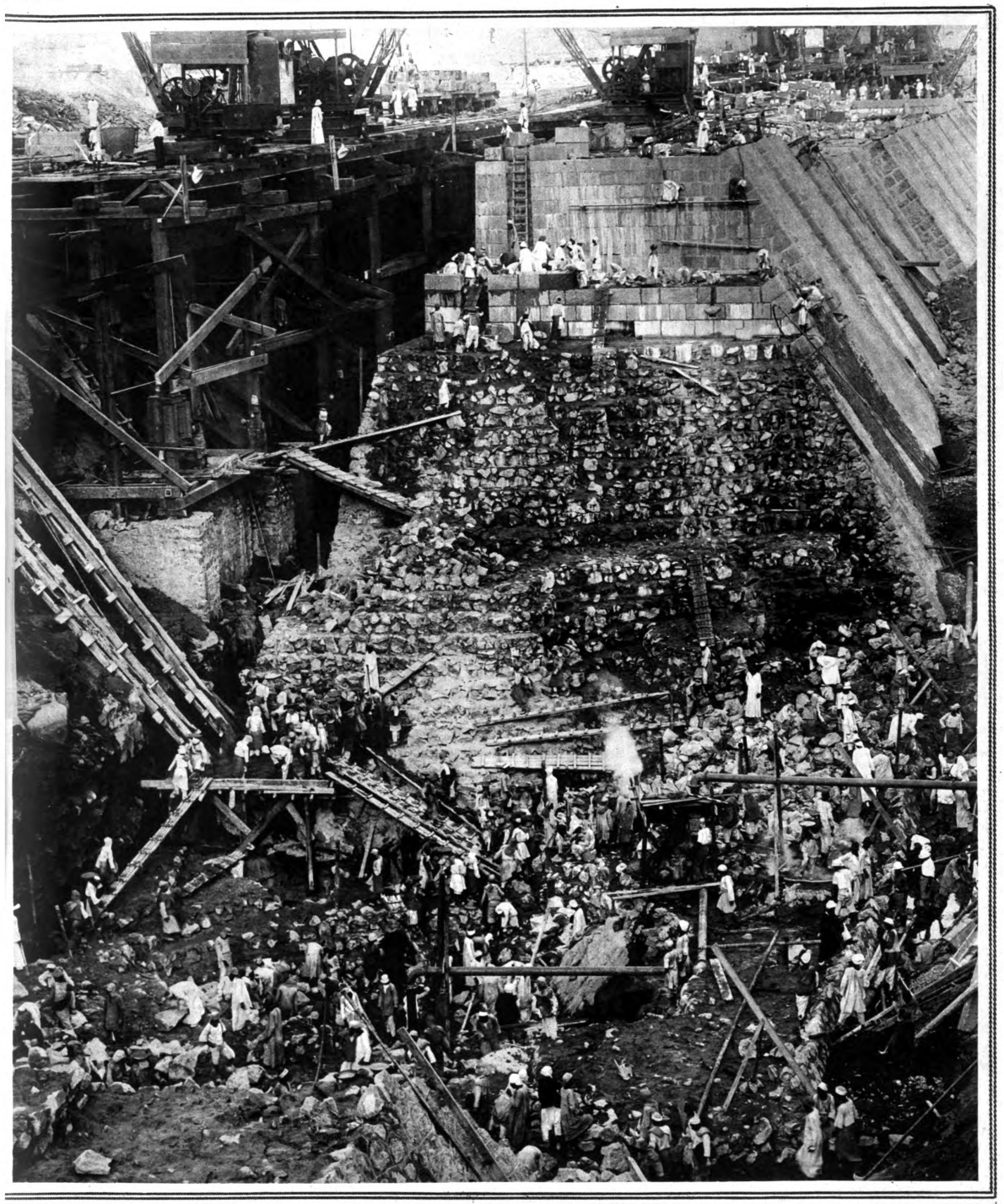


LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE MAKWAR DAM ON THE BED OF THE BLUE NILE: A VERY IMPORTANT PHASE OF THE WORK, SOMETIMES DELAYED BY THE DISCOVERY OF "POCKETS" OF SOFT SOIL THAT MUST BE FILLED DOWN TO SOLID ROCK.

One of the pretexts put forward in Egypt for claiming the Sudan is a notion that the construction of the Makwar Dam, on the Blue Nile, will enable those in control to cut off the water-supply! Engineers declare that there is water enough and to spare for both countries, and that the work at Makwar will cause a more constant level at the Assouan Dam. But, although responsible opinion agrees that the Egyptian fears are groundless, and that the idea of any such malicious action on the part of Great Britain is not worth serious consideration, the Sudan irrigation scheme, it is said, has been one of the main "planks" of anti-British propaganda. Describing the photographs given above and on the previous page, our correspondent who sends them writes: "The work will provide the Sudan with the world's largest cotton-fields, and will also afford a means of livelihood for thousands of poor Sudanese natives, who up to recent years lived a life worse than dogs under slavery conditions. The Blue Nile Dam will be the largest in the world, and will irrigate, by means of canals which

# BUILDING THE WORLD'S LARGEST DAM IN THE SUDAN.

Y Topical.



SUGGESTING THE BUILDING OF THE PYRAMIDS, EXCEPT THAT THE WORKERS ARE NOT SLAVES, BUT FREE MEN UNDER BRITISH RULE: THE CONSTRUCTION OF A GREAT *SUDD* AT THE MAKWAR DAM, SHOWING A GANTRY BUILT OUT FROM THE BANK ON MASONRY PIERS, WITH A HUGE TIMBER SUPERSTRUCTURE CARRYING RAILWAY LINES.

have been cut, 300,000 acres of land. The dam is almost two miles long stretching across the Nile, and will form a lake fifty miles long and two miles wide. On the top of this dam will run a railway (130 feet above the lowest foundations) to link up the route from Darfur and Kordofan to the Red Sea. The dam will weigh over a million tons, and will provide water for irrigating the land through eighty large sluices. Hundreds of miles of canals have been cut, the main canal being fifteen feet deep, and it is computed that the total amount of excavation would build a wall round the world three feet high by nine inches wide." Messrs. Pearson have contracted to complete the dam and the canalisation work by July 1925. Makwar was chosen for the site as the only place where the Blue Nile has a hard, rocky foundation. It has grown from a little village into a flourishing town of 15,000 inhabitants. They live in ferro-concrete *tukhls*—round, conical huts, similar in shape to those of mud-brick or reed used by the natives. Some 19,000 men are employed on the building of the dam

# COVETED BY EGYPT: THE SUDAN PROSPERING UNDER BRITISH RULE.

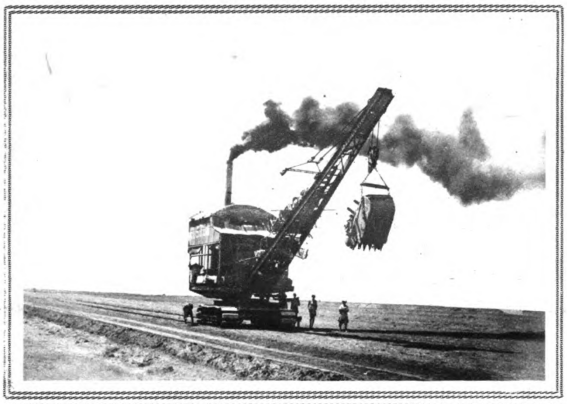
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



A CONTRAST TO FORMER DAYS OF OPPRESSION AND SLAVERY: SUDANESE LABOURERS AT THE PAY OFFICES OF THE CONSTRUCTORS OF THE MAKWAR DAM.



EDUCATION INTRODUCED INTO THE SUDAN BY THE BRITISH: MASTERS AND PUPILS OF THE MAKWAR VILLAGE SCHOOL, WITH PARCHMENT "SLATES" OF WILD ANIMAL SKINS.



ENGAGED ON A GREAT IRRIGATION SCHEME IN THE SUDAN: A STEAM-NAVVY ON "CATERPILLAR" WHEELS, FOR CANAL CONSTRUCTION, TREKKING ACROS THE DESERT.



CUTTING ONE OF THE NUMEROUS IRRIGATION CANALS THAT WILL MAKE THE SUDAN A GREAT COTTON-GROWING COUNTRY: A STEAM-NAVVY AT WORK.



IN THE ONCE-LAWLESS DESERT: A SUDANESE NATIVE POLICEMAN.



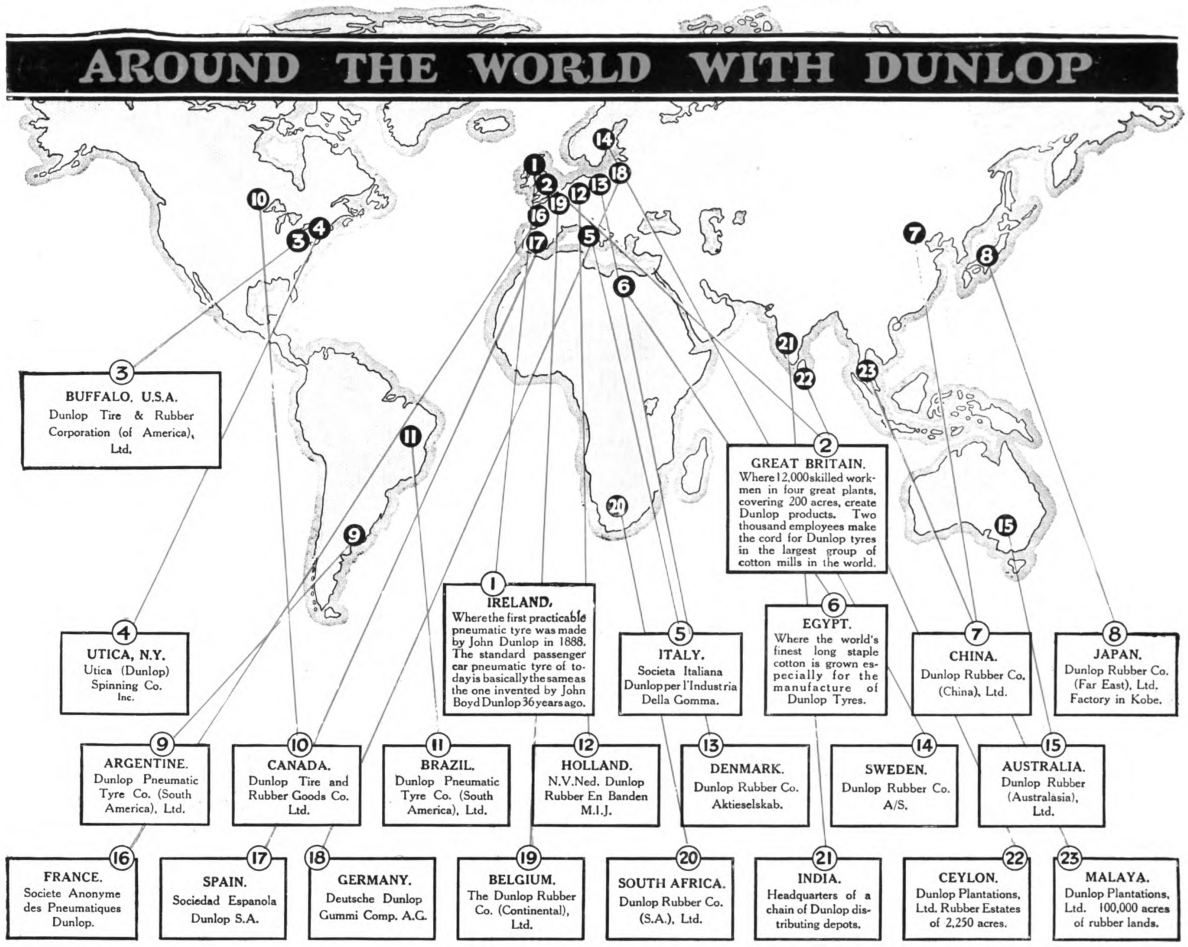
TYPICAL OF THE MODERN SUDANESE NATIVES, WHO FORMERLY WORE NOTHING BUT A LOIN-CLOTH: A GROUP OF YOUNG MEN OBVIOUSLY CONTENTED WITH THEIR LOT IN LIFE.



WEARING SOLID GOLD ANKLETS: BECKETA, A MAKWAR BELLE.

The recent disturbances among Egyptian railway troops at Atbara and Port Sudan, and cadets at the Military School in Khartoum, leading to the despatch of British war-ships and of reinforcements to the British garrison in Khartoum, were attributed to the influence of political extremists in Cairo, plotting for the complete cession of the Sudan to Egypt. After a riot at Khartoum on June 25, the leader of the White Flag Society, which is financed and inspired from Cairo, was arrested and imprisoned, and it was outside the prison that the Khartoum cadets demonstrated on August 9. On June 25 Lord Parmoor announced in the House of Lords that the British Government did not intend to abandon the Sudan. That country, which from 1820 suffered sixty years of chaos, oppression, and slavery under Egyptian rule, and was then wrested from Egypt by the Dervish power (1883-1898), has gradually made great progress under British control since the conquest of the Mahdi by Kitchener, and the establishment of the Anglo-Egyptian condominium of 1899. On June 22 last a number of Sudanese notables asserted their loyalty. The natives, who are not racially akin to the Egyptians, strongly desire the continuance of the present order, which has given them peace and security, with opportunities for work and education. Egypt herself has also been freed from danger on her southern frontier.

# AROUND THE WORLD WITH DUNLOP



**3 BUFFALO, U.S.A.** Dunlop Tire & Rubber Corporation (of America), Ltd.

**2 GREAT BRITAIN.** Where 12,000 skilled workmen in four great plants, covering 200 acres, create Dunlop products. Two thousand employees make the cord for Dunlop tyres in the largest group of cotton mills in the world.

**1 IRELAND.** Where the first practicable pneumatic tyre was made by John Dunlop in 1888. The standard passenger car pneumatic tyre of to-day is basically the same as the one invented by John Boyd Dunlop 36 years ago.

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Dunlop Cord Tyres are made by the founders of the pneumatic tyre industry. On every road in the world, wherever cars are used, these famous British tyres are giving longer mileage at a lower cost-per-mile than is obtainable from any other tyres. For that reason—wherever they sell tyres they recommend—



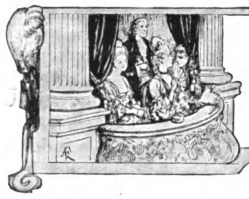
# DUNLOP CORD




*'fit Dunlop and be satisfied'*

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED, BIRMINGHAM. BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

C.F.H. 394.



# The World of the Theatre.

*By J. T. GREIN.*



## ACTORS AND SENSITIVENESS.

THE actor is almost without exception conscious of his audience. That is why we hear of first-night nervousness, second-night deadness, and matinée slackness. On the first night he is in battle mood, the game is to win or to lose; on the second, when the verdict is pronounced by the crowd and the Press, reaction sets in—one thinks of the uncorked champagne bottle: the gush is out, the sparkle has evaporated. On both sides of the house there reigns a certain lack of expectation. "The thing will go on, never mind what we say or do," prevails in the minds of the spectator and player. Then comes the matinée mood, the audience ready to be pleased, the actors shouldering their task somewhat willy-nilly; the half-way hours of the day are not apt to create magnetism. It is the old story of the operetta queen who said to her interviewer: "In the day I feel phlegmatic; nightfall makes me electric." Actors who are at their best in matinées—and many of them try hard, in contrast to former days, when they were notoriously "sloppy"—deserve our admiration and encouragement. As Wilson Barrett used to say: "After a matinée I want a hot bath, for it takes double pressure to get things over. Lunch is no actor's friend." (He meant the lunch of the audience, not his own, which on matinée days never went beyond a "crust.")

An ardent matinée-goer myself, I have often paused to think over this dictum, and I have found that its appositeness varies according to the constitution of the audience. The more professionals as onlookers in the house, the better the performance; the more suburban or provincial the audience—one cannot specify its character, but we all know it by instinct—the less lively the atmosphere on the stage. Why is this so? Because the actor by intuition gauges his public as soon as the curtain rises. There is a kind of wireless contact between the two. The actor knows at once when he can go ahead leisurely or when there is need for high pressure; and, curiously enough, the latter has a negative effect on the London playgoer, while it seems to coerce the more passive country cousin to applaud.

A well-known actor with whom I discussed this mental aspect said: "In the evening I am—except on the second night—hardly ever conscious of the audience: to me they are an entity; I never recognise a face, they are all a blur to me. At matinées, however, I do not only perceive individuals and faces, but I seek eyes." "Seek eyes?" I said—"what *do* you mean?" "Well," he rejoined, "somehow I feel that things do not go over, that I do not grip; then I let my eyes wander until I find a pair whose focus attracts me, and, lo and behold! the atmosphere changes. I fasten on to those eyes, I cling to them with the might of a basilisk. I play to that one pair of eyes, preferably a woman's, and to it only, and so I gradually get hold of the whole audience. It seems to me that a strange radiation communicates itself to and concentrates around my victim. By the expression of those two pupils, I can gauge exactly how the emotions of the whole house are stirred; and—you may not believe it—my system, which is unknown to my fellow-players, affects them all. I seem to galvanise them." "But suppose," I said, "that the eyes you have sought do not respond to your will?" "There you have me," he replied. "Like all systems, mine has its flaws. If the current fails or is deflected—if, as it were, there is no ocular sympathy, then the performance suffers. But that is exceptional. Actors are, as a rule, fair psychologists. Only once—touch wood—have I had the dread experience that my selected partner remained stony to my response. That was an unforgettable misery, for in my effort to mesmerise her I began to forget my part, I dried up right royally, and but for the prompter there would have been disaster. As it was, I frankly admit, I spoiled the act."

The sensitiveness of actors to the mental attitude of the audience is almost universal—it affects the stars as well as the rank and file. Kainz, the greatest Austro-German actor of one time, used to say that the most trying episodes of his career were performances at the Royal Palace of Munich, where the mad King Ludwig II. commanded Shakespeare productions for his *solitary* enjoyment. The idea seems grotesque—a whole crowd of artists pressed into service to please one man. They were well paid for it, of course; but the ordeal! Kainz said that the worst of these trials was the uncertainty of the King's presence. When they were sure of it they "tuned up," for he was a caustic critic; but, as he crept in like a mouse, they were never certain, and, working as hard as they could, they never reached the real pitch until by a rustle of curtains they realised that they were not playing to empty space. When asked why it was they could not "play up" when they were uncertain of the Royal presence, he said, "Because we felt like the crank-wielders at Millbank. There is nothing so disheartening as to work a machine that grinds nothing—and Ludwig, mad as he was, was to us still the symbol of pomp and circumstance."



A HYDROPATHIC SATIRE: MISS JEAN CADELL AS MISS GAYLER, A CATTY SPINSTER, AND MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD AS THE HON. WALTER BLOUNT, A "SILLY ASS" HUSBAND ON HOLIDAY, IN "STORM," AT THE AMBASSADORS'.

*Photographs by Stage Photo Co.*



A PERSONAL HIT IN THE NAME-PART OF "STORM," AT THE AMBASSADORS': MISS ELISSA LANDI AS STORM, AND MR. ARTHUR PUSEY AS DENNIS WELCH, THE SINGER WITH WHOM SHE HAS RUN AWAY.

Mr. C. K. Munro's new comedy, "Storm," like his previous one, "At Mrs. Beam's," is a satirical study of boarding-house life, this time at a hydropathic hotel in the country. The production was chiefly remarkable for a personal success by a new actress, Miss Elissa Landi, in the title-part.

Willem Royaards, the great Dutch actor and producer, until recently director of the Royal Theatre at Amsterdam, whose English is perfect, and who, for the sake of practice, played in an English touring company years ago, relates an experience in the provinces which is both amusing and instructive. He was the "Polite Lunatic" in "The Belle of New York," and, of course, gagging was part of the madly merry business. One day, in the midst of his improvisations, he dried up, full stop; an uncanny something paralysed his brain. Suddenly he discovered the cause. He saw a man in the front row of the stalls reading a newspaper in the middle of the performance, if you please. That mortified Royaards' senstive soul, but not his innate sangfroid. He stepped to the front and said, "If the gentleman in the fourth seat from the corner in the front row will stop reading, I will go on." Tableau! A pause. Disappearance of the paper, and, maybe, the man. And Royaards went on as if nothing had happened. But, if I remember well, he got the "sack" for his prowess. But his "nerve" was the joy of theatreland.

Of Sir Herbert Tree it was told that he enjoyed nothing better than to watch a fireman, riveted at the prompt side by his acting and whispering flattering words to the prompter. Of his audience he was always pretty sure, but to magnetise the fireman and to have his praise—that was praise indeed. Driessens, the great Belgian actor, never asked what the public said. His supreme judge was the prompter, whom he often needed; after the performance he used to take him to a café, and over a pint of beer elicit his opinion. If the prompter was satisfied, so was he, for he knew that he, who never *saw* the public from his little box in the middle of the stage by the footlights, was the safest thermometer of public temperature. He could foretell a hit or a frost to an absolutely sure degree. I could go on *ad infinitum* with these tales; sensitiveness is more peculiar to actors and to musicians than to any other worker in public, for, bound by his part, the actor can only go on within certain limits; he cannot, like the orator, go back, retrieve, pick up, make for renewed climax. He is, as it were, the child of the moment and of circumstances, and much depends on his physical condition—an aspect to which far too little attention is given by the onlooker, be he an ordinary playgoer or a critic. To me it is mystery and miracle how, in and out of season—as one says, in all weathers—in all moods of the public often influenced by the outward circumstances of the world (politics, monetary affairs, etc.), the actor can, day in, day out, sometimes twice and thrice a day, merge his self into another nature. To try and understand this, to envisage all it means in mental effort and physical exertion, is to apply to criticism such consideration as to render it constructive in the best sense of the word.



*The Saloon at Blenheim Palace.*

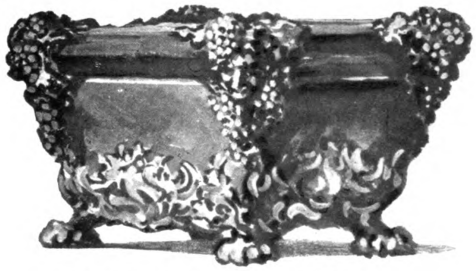
# A Nation's Gift

SUBSTANTIALLY, indeed, was national gratitude expressed to Marlborough after his great victory at Blenheim. The royal estate of Woodstock, together with Blenheim Palace, which cost over £500,000 to erect, was the reward for his brilliant generalship.

As an example of early 18th century classic architecture, Blenheim is without parallel. The exterior is most imposing in appearance, but the true proportions of the building can better be realised on visiting the magnificent State apartments.

Typical of the whole interior is the temple-like Saloon with its richly painted ceiling and walls. The graceful Corinthian columns empanel ingenious paintings, giving an impression of open windows through which figures of all nations look down. On either side of this Saloon the State rooms stretch, making, through the open doors, a vista of 300 feet from end to end.

It is interesting to note how here at Blenheim the hand of time has mellowed down and given delicacy to the somewhat heavy details of Sir John Vanbrugh's work, an action of age not by any means confined to buildings. John Haig Scotch Whisky is world famed for a mellowness which only maturity can give. It is made by the oldest Distillers in the world, 1627.



*An interesting specimen of an old wine cooler. Period about late 17th Century.*

Dye Ken

# John Haig?

*By Appointment.*

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# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

IT is an interesting question whether men or women look forward most to holiday times. I think our sex has it in this respect, because there is far more variety in a man's working life than in that of a woman—thinking, of course, of the great majority who do work. He meets lots of people in his office



*Straight from Paris comes this delightful frock of black crêpe marocain, of which the panier and tiny buttons are notable features.*

career, and has many interests. She keeps the home fires burning, and that is a monotonous, and frequently far from easy, affair. If she had no holiday and relaxation to look forward to, I think she would often go to the wall. In days not so long ago she added to her burdens at holiday time by dragging her family round, amid many discomforts unknown at home. Now men have learnt that this does not do, and are careful not to overload the willing horse; and if the family must go along, he helps manfully.

For those to whom holiday time means change of pleasure, the man, I think, looks most eagerly forward to it, because the pleasures are of a more manly kind than those available in towns. Except those women who have to move their families and resume the toils of housekeeping in unaccustomed places, holidays are eagerly anticipated by both sexes. A larger number of Americans than ever seem to have provided themselves with shootings in Scotland. They are wise; for those who have the money for it, there is no more enjoyable life than that in a good shooting-lodge in the autumn. Possibly a large part of the enjoyment comes from the healthfulness of it.

Americans will appreciate the fact that the Prince of Wales is going to visit them as his own right Royal self, not as Lord Renfrew. No one will enjoy rendering to our young Heir-Apparent the honours that are his more than our Republican friends across the "herring-pond." The old days, when our Kings and Queens were anything but democratic, Americans were rather inclined to crab them, and speak of them with derisive familiarity. Now that our Royal Family shows itself so intensely human, so interested in and familiar with the phases of the people's life, Americans find their rank and style and title decidedly fascinating. Anyway, I know Americans who think that the Prince of Wales is just the most fascinating man there is, and who will enjoy rendering to him all the honours of his historical position. There are no greater respecters of old institutions than those of the New World, albeit its newness is wearing off now, and it has history and old associations of its own.

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught will receive a warm welcome in India, where they are to go for the cold season there. Naturally, there are rumours that an official appointment may follow. Lord Reading has been Viceroy only three years. There have from time to time been rumours as to his retirement which were always contradicted; now it is being said that he will not be willing to stay on much longer, while it is felt that a Royal Viceroy would be at a greater advantage with the Indian people, who have strong feelings on this subject—feelings which increase the more that they study Western life and understand Western ideas. Princess Arthur is now the wealthiest member of our Royal Family, so could afford to keep up a Court such as would please the Oriental mind; and Prince Arthur is a clever man, and makes himself very popular. We shall see what we shall see; but those whose outlook is longest and clearest believe that members of our Royal Family will take active part in the official



*Indicative of the coming mode in Paris is this perfectly straight frock of vieux-rose and grey crêpe-de-Chine, adorned solely with a spray of flowers and tiny plissé frills.*

headship of the King's Dominions beyond the Seas, and that the idea will begin to develop directly we have a Conservative Government.

There was quite a large party at Alnwick Castle to have the honour of meeting the Queen on her visit this week. The historical associations of Alnwick would have greatly interested the Queen, who loves history. The Castle, a magnificent pile, has been in the Percy family since 1309—rather, the Barony was bought by Henry de Percy in that year from the then Bishop of Durham. The first Earl of Northumberland, fourth Lord Percy of Alnwick, was, at the Coronation of Richard II., made Earl of Northumberland, and his eldest son was the renowned "Hotspur." The story of the Percys is one full of interest, and the Castle contains most interesting associations with the story. The Archbishop of York was one of those of the house party to meet her Majesty. He is a most interesting man, with a fine sense of humour and thoroughly good sense. Colonel and Lady Helena Gibbs were also there, and Lord and Lady Salisbury, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox.

One hears varied accounts of the Dublin Horse Show now that the few people who went over to it from here have returned. One set of visitors says, "Write 'Ichabod' and you have the whole story." Another says "Dear dirty Dublin" is the queerest place in the British Isles. All sign of prosperity has vanished; very few and very shabby-looking people are seen about singularly ill-stocked shops. Hardly a motor-car is to be seen in the streets, and actually as the evenings closed in, there were processions carrying Union Jacks with "Come back to Erin" printed below them. These were strikers so angry with everything that the return of the hated but remunerative English seemed to be the one thing to hope for. One feels sorry to hear all this, but, as almost all the well-off people have either left Ireland or are contemplating doing so, it cannot be wondered at. Those who have not been interfered with, and are still in possession of their estates, are being made much of, and are implored to "stay on and not be druv out, and all will come out right yet." That is what every right-minded person would like for a most lovable people, kindly and intelligent, loyal when their affections are won, faithful and gentle. It is only when agitators pile lies upon lies to inflame their too easily raised passions that these get the better of them, and turn the finest peasantry in the world into fiends incarnate for the time being.

Our leading hairdressers confidently look for a decided change in the fashionable coiffure of the near future. What they expect is a revival of side-curls and much more expensive dressing. A blend, it would seem, of Stuart and Early Victorian periods is what they expect. Whatever style or styles (for we do not confine ourselves to one) may come, they will have to suit our lives as they are now lived—usually in a hurry. Georgian types, when the coiffure was the principal part of a very lengthy toilette, will assuredly



*Exquisite blue-and-silver embroidery enhances this distinctive dinner-gown of black velvet, which was created in Paris.*

not come in again. Early Victorian shows too much of the prim and precise to suit our smart, up-to-date women. A blend of it with the Stuart seems likely to meet all requirements, and will assuredly be a gain in becomingness.

A. E. L.



"WE all take 'Ovaltine,'" writes the mother here shown with her happy, healthy children. "The children love it with their 'Ovaltine' Rusks."

Wise mothers will always choose "Ovaltine" as their children's daily beverage instead of tea or coffee, which have an injurious effect on the digestive and nervous systems. Children much prefer delicious, fragrant "Ovaltine" to any other beverage.

"Ovaltine" is just pure, concentrated nourishment, containing a super-abundance of those essential food elements which build up sturdy bodies and give robust health. There is nothing to compare with "Ovaltine"—no beverage more health-giving or more delicious.

Mother and father, too, will also choose "Ovaltine" as their own beverage at meals and last thing before retiring. It restores weary bodies, rebuilds tired nerves and gives new life and energy. Taken before retiring, it ensures sound, natural sleep.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from Nature's tonic foods which are richest in nutriment—ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs. One cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 7 cups of cocoa, 12 cups of beef extract or 3 eggs.

# OVALTINE

TONIC · FOOD BEVERAGE

**Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body**

*Sold by all Chemists throughout the British Empire.*
*Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.*

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*Works: King's Langley.*

P 272.

## 'OVALTINE' RUSKS

More appetising, easily digested and much more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits.

*Price 1/6 & 2/6 per tin.*




## 'OVALTINE' CHOCOLATE

Children—and adults, too—will enjoy this most delicious and very nourishing food-sweet.

*Price 8d. & 1/3 per packet.*

# Fashions and Fancies.

**Outfits for the Coming Term.**

In a very few weeks the trains will be packed with schoolgirls returning for the autumn term, and the important task of purchasing new outfits is one which must be dealt with without delay. Each year the fashions for the schoolroom become more and more practical, to the delight of the critical maidens for whom they are designed. Sketched on this page are three indispensable affairs which may be studied at Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W. In the centre is a warm, double-breasted overcoat of blue pilot cloth. It costs 53s. 6d., size 36 in., and may be obtained also in blanket cloth, the price being only 43s. 6d. On the right is a neat navy-blue repp frock, relieved with cuffs and collar of white organdie, and a quaint Oriental ornament suspended from a black moiré ribbon. The price is 63s., size 42 in.; and 52s. 6d. secures the pretty little party frock above expressed in white georgette with a posy of forget-me-nots. In net, it is only 29s. 6d. Naturally, well-cut coats and skirts of fine navy-blue serge are a necessity at practically every school, and these can be obtained from 4 guineas, and tweeds from 69s. 6d.; while trimmed overcoats for special occasions range from 6½ guineas.



*Filmy white georgette has been used to fashion this small maiden's captivating party frock, which hails from Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W.*

**Knitted Suits for the Schoolgirl.**

This year knitted suits and frocks will play a large part in schoolroom fashions, for they are delightfully warm and comfortable. Practical jumper suits in all colours can be obtained for 49s. 6d. at Woollands; and knitted frocks in stockinette and wool range from 35s. Woollen coats and skirts are equally useful, and these are 63s.; while those in bouclette range from 3 guineas. For sports wear jumpers and cardigans still reign supreme, and there are fancy wool cardigans in varied striped designs to be secured for 21s. 9d., and jumpers to match for 14s. 11d. Soft Shetland wool jumpers with gay Fair Isle borders are 31s. 9d., fitting a girl of about sixteen years.

**A Rigid Expanding Suit Case.**

Each year, just before the holidays, or the journey to school, the same problem invariably recurs—is it less inconvenient to take away many clothes and much luggage, or to limit oneself severely to a small suit-case and leave half one's outfit behind? Hitherto, sad experience has proved that neither alternative is a pleasant one, but this year the problem is happily solved by the Revelation Rigid Expanding Suit-Case. This is an ingenious device which can accommodate comfortably, without ever being too empty or too full, equipment for a modest week-end, a fortnight's holiday, or a month's travel. It is built in such a way that it can be adjusted to fourteen different sizes, always rigid, and locking at each position. This useful travelling accessory can be obtained in many different styles at prices to suit every pocket, and it is well worth while visiting the show-rooms at 169, Piccadilly, W., on a tour of inspection. Everyone who is unable to make a personal visit should write for the name and address of the nearest agent.



*Whatever the weather, no harm can come to the schoolgirl who is armed with this well-built coat of blue pilot cloth. It must be placed to the credit of Woolland Brothers.*

**A Sale of Note.**

It is pleasant news indeed to hear that the sales are not quite over. Mappin and Webb, at their Oxford Street and Regent Street salons, are offering during the next few months many articles of jewellery which have been drastically reduced in price. Further details will be given on application; and inquiries from readers of this paper are cordially invited.

**Lamplough's Pyretic Saline.**

During the holidays, a change of air and long days of unaccustomed exercise often cause a general feeling of slackness to pervade the whole system. To retain perfect fitness and vigour, a simple prescription and an effective one is to take a draught of Lamplough's Pyretic Saline. It is an effervescing and tasteless salt which vitalises the blood with those essential saline principles that are lost or altered during the hot weather. It is a pleasantly cool and refreshing beverage, and is sold in patent stoppered glass bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. To travellers in hot countries and to long-voyage passengers, Lamplough's Pyretic Saline is a veritable boon, of which everyone should take advantage.

**Novelties of the Week.**

However soft and fresh one keeps the complexion, in innumerable cases it is marred by unsightly open pores, which appear swiftly and surely, especially in hot weather. An excellent open-pore paste which eradicates this annoyance can be obtained for 4s. 6d. a large tin, and on application to this paper I shall be pleased to give the name and address whence it may be obtained. It is a simple remedy which will work wonders.



*A graceful frock of blue repp, completed with cuffs and collar of organdie and a quaint pendent ornament. Sketched at Woollands.*


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**Run-down Weak and Dyspeptic**

**No man or woman whose nerves are out of tone can enjoy life. Save yourself from broken nerves by taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets.**

**Mr. Chas. E. Morris, of 47, Goodhall St., Willesden Junction, London, N.W. 10,** writes as follows: "I feel it is my duty to let you know what a wonderful result Dr. Cassell's Tablets have had in my case. After having served in the Army, I obtained work on the railway, but my health was ruined by my experiences in the Army, and I became a nervous wreck. I was uninterested in anything, and medicine did me no good. I finally made up my mind to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and I am very thankful that I did so, for it was not long before I felt a different man altogether.

"My wife, who for two and a half years was in a low state as a result of pneumonia, has also commenced taking the Tablets, and she feels the benefit of them greatly."

**Take Two at Bedtime** and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

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**A tablet of Price's Old English Lavender Soap placed in the guest room gives it a homely and charming fragrance, which in itself is a welcome.**

**Price's lavender perfume is the only one that is true to nature and keeps its strength.**

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# THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**The 20-h.p. Rolls-Royce.**

It is not often that it falls to my lot to try a car which does not appear to lend itself to adverse criticism in any detail. I have driven many hundreds of cars at one time and another, but seldom have I been able to say that here is a car in which I cannot see that it could possibly be made better by the adoption of some suggestion I could pass on. In one case I would alter the controls a little. In another the brakes could be changed a little for the better. In yet another the gear ratios are not close enough together, or, alternatively, too far apart to please. And so on, almost without end. The other day it fell out that I should try the 20-h.p. Rolls. It was not quite a stranger, inasmuch as I had a day out on it a year ago, when it impressed me very greatly. Since then, certain detail improvements have been made which have greatly bettered the performance, and now this small edition of the Rolls-Royce is a car which I honestly think will be immensely difficult to improve further. Indeed, if it were not that I realise that nothing is final and that there must always be room for improvement in the work of men's hands, I should say that it cannot be improved at all. No matter how the car is regarded, its performance is simply wonderful. There are cars of its rating which are faster—but Rolls-Royce have never bothered about mere speed. There are cars in which acceleration may be quicker, though I do not recall them. There are cars whose brakes are as good. In others the controls are as light and as convenient. But I know of none in which so many excellences are combined to make a concrete and harmonious whole. Smooth, quiet as a cat, flexible to an almost unbelievable degree, extraordinarily able on hills, and with acceleration which one would describe as fierce were it not so silky, the Rolls is really a very wonderful car. It is not for the poor man, or even for the one of moderate means, though, as one of the two classes I have named, I should feel inclined to mortgage everything I have to enjoy possession of such a car. It is a real beauty, and a fit complement of the famous forty-fifty.



ON THE ROAD AT A PICTURESQUE VILLAGE IN WARWICKSHIRE: A 14-H.P. "STANDARD" FIVE-SEATER LIGHT CAR AT BRIDGE END, WITH WARWICK CASTLE IN THE BACKGROUND.

**King's Cup Air Race.**

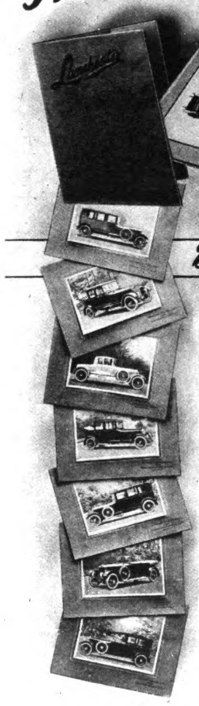
Probably there is no more strenuous test of engine efficiency than the 1000-mile race round Britain for the King's Cup. This year, for the first time, the course had to be completed in one day only, and was actually covered by the winner, Mr. A. J. Cobham (the famous trans-Continental pilot), in a flying time of 8 hours 57 minutes. Such a performance would necessitate the engine being almost fully extended throughout the journey, and affords striking testimony to the machine, the pilot, and the oil and petrol used. In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. Cobham was using "B.P.," the petrol produced at the refinery of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company in South Wales. Mr. Butler, who finished third, together with Captain Barnard and Mr. King, were also running on this spirit.

**Police Motor-Cyclist Patrols.**

A good deal more is likely to be heard of the tactics of the Leicester police motor-cyclist patrols. These men are alleged to have been placed on the roads for the express purpose of inviting motorists to a friendly little speed contest, at the end of which the motor-cyclist discloses himself as a policeman and demands names and addresses for the purpose of a summons. I have suggested already that the matter is one which the motoring organisations should take up with a view to entering a prosecution for breaking the law against the policeman concerned. The *Motor*, in an editorial, refers to the matter and makes a very valuable point. The police in such cases can only issue a summons under Section 1 of the Motor Car Act, for driving to the common danger. It is a legal point, says the *Motor*, whether by chasing the motorist and eventually overtaking him they are not contributing to and increasing the danger, and thereby aiding and abetting. The point increases in importance when taken in conjunction with Paragraph 16 of the Act, which expressly lays down that the Act applies to persons in the public service of the Crown.

W. W.


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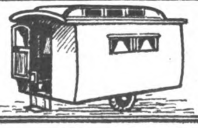
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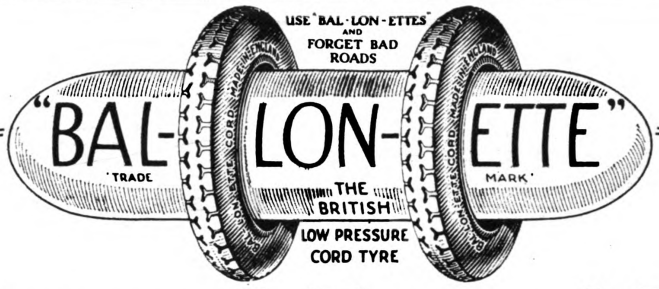


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## after four months' running

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**In order to convince you of the superiority of "Bal-lon-ette" low-pressure tyres over ordinary tyres we will sell you a set, complete with wheels, to fit your car. If you are not satisfied return them to us within 14 days and we will *refund all your money*, charging you only for the carriage incurred (if any). This is, of course, providing they are given fair wear and tear and have not been damaged by an accident.**

***"The Autocar," 11th July, 1924.***

IT is computed that some 75 per cent. of all the small cars now being sold in France are fitted with low-pressure tyres, the great bulk of these tyres being of 715 × 115 mm. or 730 × 130 mm. section. In Great Britain small car owners using such tyres are, of course, in a vastly lower proportion, and, indeed, a very small number of small cars, in regard to the total output during the past six or seven months, have been so equipped, though the wheels of quite a large number have been converted by their owners.

The majority, however, of small car owners are still without definite information regarding the virtues, or otherwise, of low-pressure tyres, and a few direct remarks on the behaviour of a set of such tyres—in this case Bal-lon-ettes—will prove of interest.

In *The Autocar* of March 21st, 1924, we recorded briefly our impressions after a distance of 750 miles on such tyres on a 10 h.p. 1924 model two-seated Singer, weighing, ready for the road, approximately 14 cwt., and promised further particulars after a more extended test.

***Better Wearing Qualities.***

Up to the present this set of tyres has covered a little over 4,000 miles. Now 4,000 miles in the life of a good modern tyre form by no means the major portion of its career, but it is certainly far enough to be able to speak with authority on the behaviour of any particular type of tyre. The tyres in question, made by Associated Rubber Mfrs., Ltd., Harpenden, Herts., are 715 × 115 mm. section. These replaced a set of 700 × 80 mm. cord tyres which had covered 2,000 miles when they were superseded by the low-pressure variety, and the latter have, therefore, covered some 33⅓ per cent. greater mileage than their predecessors. At the end of the respective mileages the low-pressure tyres are, undoubtedly, in a less worn condition than the high-pressure ones. This, it is reasonable to assume, is due almost entirely to the more perfect adhesion to the road and the consequent absence of wear through bouncing, and also to the cool state in which they run.

***Greater Comfort.***

With regard to sheer comfort, there is no comparison; to appreciate this to the full all that is necessary is to change back to the hard tyres and indulge in a short run over average suburban roads.

***Fuel Consumption.***

"But," someone will surely say, "there must be some snag about the new tyres." The only point that can legitimately be brought against them, as a result of this particular test, is that petrol consumption when driving in London traffic does seem to be increased, as compared with the consumption when hard tyres are fitted. This would point to the fact that the soft tyre demands a greater effort on the part of the engine to move the car away from rest, and as London driving is largely composed of stops and starts, the petrol consumption increase is thereby explained. When, however, we come to long drives on country roads, it is impossible to detect any material difference in the fuel consumption, because there the engine is working at practically constant speed, whatever type of tyre is used, and on approximately the same throttle opening.

***Better Braking.***

Whereas, however, fuel consumption is heavier in traffic, there is a very considerable counter-balancing advantage in that the brakes are far more efficient with soft tyres than with hard. This is doubtless due to the greater area of the low-pressure tyre in contact with the road.

***Better Road Grip—Higher Average Speed.***

Skidding, contrary to many reports, has, in this particular case, proved negligible with low-pressure tyres. Probably the maximum speed of the car is slightly reduced, but as this is never asked for in this particular case—and probably rarely by any small car user—it can hardly be advanced as an argument against the latest type tyres. On the other hand, the soft tyre permits a far higher average to be maintained, because bumpy roads become as smooth ones, and no perceptible slackening of speed is necessary. But perhaps the type of surface on which best to appreciate big, soft tyres is slightly uneven *pavé*, either of stone or wood, a type of roadway abounding in London. With a small, hard inflated tyre, the best sprung small car is not too pleasant a conveyance. With low-pressure tyres the unevenness of such surfaces cannot be disagreeably felt.

***Safe Cornering.***

One of the defects often gloomily alleged against soft tyres is as to what would happen if one of them suddenly deflated when running at speed. The writer cannot answer this question, because no such incident has occurred, but slow deflation due to the low pressure is a characteristic of the tyres, so that no untoward happening should result.

Another "bogey," namely, rolling at corners, also appears to be a myth; the tyres in question were run for several hundred miles at the ridiculously low pressure of 14 lb., as tested on a Schrader low-pressure gauge. Even with the tyres so soft that one could sway the car about sideways on them, no special care appeared to be needed in cornering. Regarding pressures, 20 lb. per sq. in. for the back wheels and 18 lb. for the front appear to provide the most satisfactory results.

***Improved Appearance.***

On the score of appearance, we have yet to meet any critic of the low-pressure tyre—in fact, the universal exclamation on seeing the small Singer so equipped is how greatly the car's appearance is enhanced.

***Efficient Shock-Absorber.***

With regard to weight, a 715 x 115 mm. Bal-lon-ette low-pressure tyre, complete with a Sankey pressed steel disc wheel, scales 38 lb., against the weight of 34½ lbs. of the original Singer pressed steel wheel, with its 700 x 80 mm. high-pressure tyre. In short, the low-pressure tyre is, in effect, an efficient shock absorber, and will be appreciated as such by light car owners in particular.




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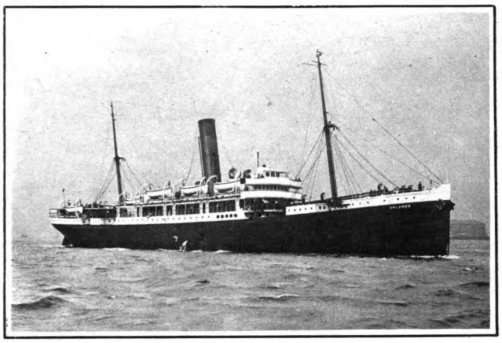
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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### THE PROMENADES.

THE jaded music critic, worn out by three opera seasons and innumerable concerts crowded into the London season, and snatching a quiet rest at the beginning of August, is not disposed to look upon the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts with the same enthusiasm as other Londoners. For many years these concerts have begun about the middle of August, and it is always surprising to discover the large number of music-lovers who apparently are confined to London during the early part of August. No doubt, they consist largely of people who have taken their holidays in July or are going to take them in September, and it would be interesting to discover what difference, if any, existed in the taste of these two sections of the August Promenade public.



THE SHIP THAT TOOK 735 BOY SCOUTS FROM ENGLAND TO DENMARK, FOR THE COPENHAGEN JAMBOREE: THE ELLERMAN WILSON LINER "ORLANDO."

Do those returned from the patrolling of seaside band-stands go to the Promenades in quite the same spirit as the wan, enduring masses who have toiled on at their desks or counters throughout July and August? Can one say that this light-headed, myriad hand-clapping after Jarnefeldt's "Præludium" or the "Valse Triste" of Sibelius comes from the same source as that deep murmur of satisfaction which follows the conclusion of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony or the "Eroica" of Beethoven? But, at whatever time you go to the Promenades, whether early in the season in August, or when the real fun begins in September, or later in October, when the gloom of autumn and the Symphony Concerts is approaching, you will find at the Queen's Hall not one audience, but a dozen audiences with tastes differing as conspicuously as the tastes of Einstein and Donoghue differ.

Nowhere else in the world, perhaps, does one get within a comparatively small crowd of a few thousand people such a diversity of character, ability, taste, and education. This is what gives the Promenades their unique character, and, incidentally, it shows how comparatively elementary is our musical education in England. Can one imagine a triple bill at a London theatre which would draw clerks, athletes, labourers, merchants, and philosophers? It would display a far more glaring disparity of items, probably ranging from Tchekov to a one-act farce about an American baby; and the baby-lovers would not sit out one moment of Tchekov, nor the Tchekovians endure a single incident of the baby farce. Yet at the Promenades there is no visible exodus either at the beginning of a symphony or at the opening tum-ti-ti of a popular waltz. This is not because the musical public is more genuinely catholic in its taste; it is rather that we have not yet outgrown our somewhat childish delight in listening to agreeable sounds. We are all more or less in the condition of receptivity of that Shah of Persia who expressed himself on a visit to a European concert as inexpressibly delighted—and, indeed, visibly overcome—by the mere preliminary tuning-up of the orchestral instruments.

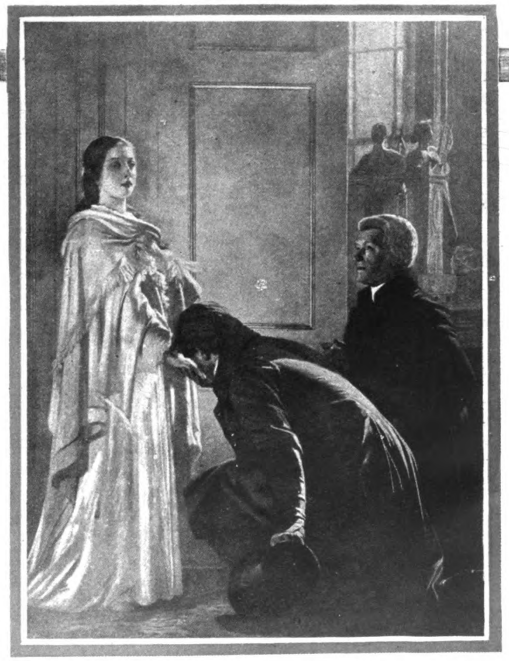
Of course, even the most experienced and judicial of musical palates may admit to getting a thrill from the mere tuning-up of the band, but this is the thrill of anticipation, and is quite another matter. I am convinced that pure delight in hearing musical sounds is the greater part of the pleasure of the average Promenader at the Queen's Hall, and there is something so primitive, so fundamental in this sensuous pleasure of the ear that even the most highly developed musical mind can share in it, just as we can all relish food and drink. Next to this general susceptibility to mere sound, a knowledge of technique is what will chiefly widen one's range of interest. How often does one not hear musical amateurs of taste complaining that they cannot tolerate the popular Italian aria but the connoisseur of singing will be able to enjoy the shoddiest of Bellini or Puccini airs if it is sung with real style and distinction. Conversely, one often finds the Queen's Hall audience applauding vehemently an indifferent or even a poor performance simply because the work itself is a fine one. The education which will slowly develop the power of discrimination of analysis, is given only by experience, and the great

[Continued overleaf]



BOY SCOUTS IN CAMP FOR THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL JAMBOREE, AT COPENHAGEN: SCOTTISH SCOUT PIPERS AT MORNING PRACTICE, IN "UNOFFICIAL" COSTUMES.

Nearly 6000 Boy Scouts from all parts of the world, representing 33 different nations assembled at Copenhagen for the second International Jamboree, which followed that of Wembley. They included 735 Scouts who travelled from Gravesend in the Ellerman Wilson liner "Orlando." The camp broke up on Sunday, August 17, after a parade before the King of Denmark, and a prize-giving by the Chief Scout, Lieut.-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell. America won the championship, and Great Britain was second. On the 15th there was a parade in honour of the Chief Scout, with games and national dances.—[*Photograph by Monbergs Pressebureau, Copenhagen.*]

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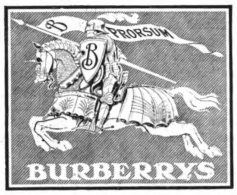
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*Continued.*]

value of the Promenades is that they provide the public with this indispensable experience. The Promenades have made more genuine musicians and music-lovers than any other institution in Great Britain, and every year they provide eight to ten weeks of intensive musical culture of the best kind. Their very variety of quality both in music and in executive musicians is a virtue and an invaluable asset, since true judgment and taste can only be exercised when contrasts in the same kind are offered to the mind. The Promenades offer the most various and even the most startling contrasts. Almost every possible shade between the extreme good and the extreme bad, both in music and musician, are presented to us weekly, and occasionally nightly. This is, I venture to declare, wholly admirable in the public sense, however irritating and infuriating it may be to the individual here and there. But, as a general rule, the extremes should, as far as possible, meet in the same night's programme, so there should always be something to satisfy the most exacting connoisseur, and also the ignorant should always be given something beyond his apprehension or full enjoyment, so as to stir in him the dormant faculties.—W. J. TURNER.

## MR. MUNRO'S NEW COMEDY, AT THE AMBASSADORS'.

MR. C. K. MUNRO, author of "Rumour" and "Progress" and "At Mrs. Beam's," and now of "Storm; or, The Battle of Tinderley Down," ranks easily as the most interesting of the young men writing to-day for our theatre, for he is not only a wit and a realist, he is also an experimenter in stage technique; but already he shows limitations and a trick of repetition. "Rumour" had, despite its garrulity, an extraordinary air of promise as a play of ideas on the great subject of war; but "Progress," which followed it, could only be reckoned a paler replica of "Rumour." "At Mrs. Beam's," again, was a singularly brilliant study of boarding-house types and atmosphere; but now comes "Storm," in a similar vein of domestic comedy, and, alas! it is far too much of a copy of "At Mrs. Beam's." Once more an embittered and mischief-making spinster has a monopoly of the play's scenes and conversation; once more the intrusion of an unmarried couple into the society of insipid or feeble-minded hotel guests makes the drama of the story. Miss Gayler, for instance, is really of the same type of spinster as the Miss Shoe of Mrs. Beam's establishment. Another disturbing feature is the author's trick of repeating phrases, of reproducing all the hesitations and iterations of actual speech. Fortunately, amid all his repetition he brings two refreshing types to our notice—Storm, the beautiful artist's model, who has thrown herself away on an egoist, and "Sammy," as she calls him, a mild and gentle nincompoop, whom Miss G. almost severs from the absent wife he adores. The interviews of this pair are delightful; and with Mr. Hugh Wakefield (so inimitable in "silly ass" parts) and a pretty and promising young actress, Miss Elissa Landi, to interpret these meetings of beauty and simplicity, they are always good fun. Miss Landi has not yet the experience or variety of voice and mood for such a subtle rôle as Storm's; but she has high intelligence, and already no little charm. Mr. Pusey, as the egotistic singer, does his little well; and Miss Jean Cadell repeats successfully enough her old performance in "At Mrs. Beam's" with some slight variations—somewhat in the direction of caricature.




# Mr. & Mrs. Brown discuss a glass of Lager

*V. A Japanese Fancy*



"Look at that sweet little family of Japs," said Mrs. Brown, whose eyes were for ever questing among the Wembley crowd.

"Ah, that reminds me—" began Henry, replacing his glass on the restaurant table.

"That reminds you, of course," interrupted his wife, "that in Japan, as elsewhere, everybody drinks Lager Beer. Now it's my turn to describe the scene.

"Picture to yourself a restaurant in—er, in Tokyo. We seat ourselves. '*Banzai!*' we cry, idiomatically. '*Saionara!*' replies the serving-maid. 'Two glasses of Lager,' we exclaim, forgetting our Japanese for the moment. It arrives . . . Yes, it's good. But is it as good as the Barclay's Lager we get at home?"

"No, it is *not!*" thundered Henry. "I actually was in Tokyo once and, though the Japs have taken as intelligently to brewing Lager as to other civilised activities, Barclay's can teach them a thing or two there."

But Mrs. Brown was taking too practical an interest in the subject under discussion to reply at the moment.

*(To be continued)*

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*I.L.N., 23.8.1924.*



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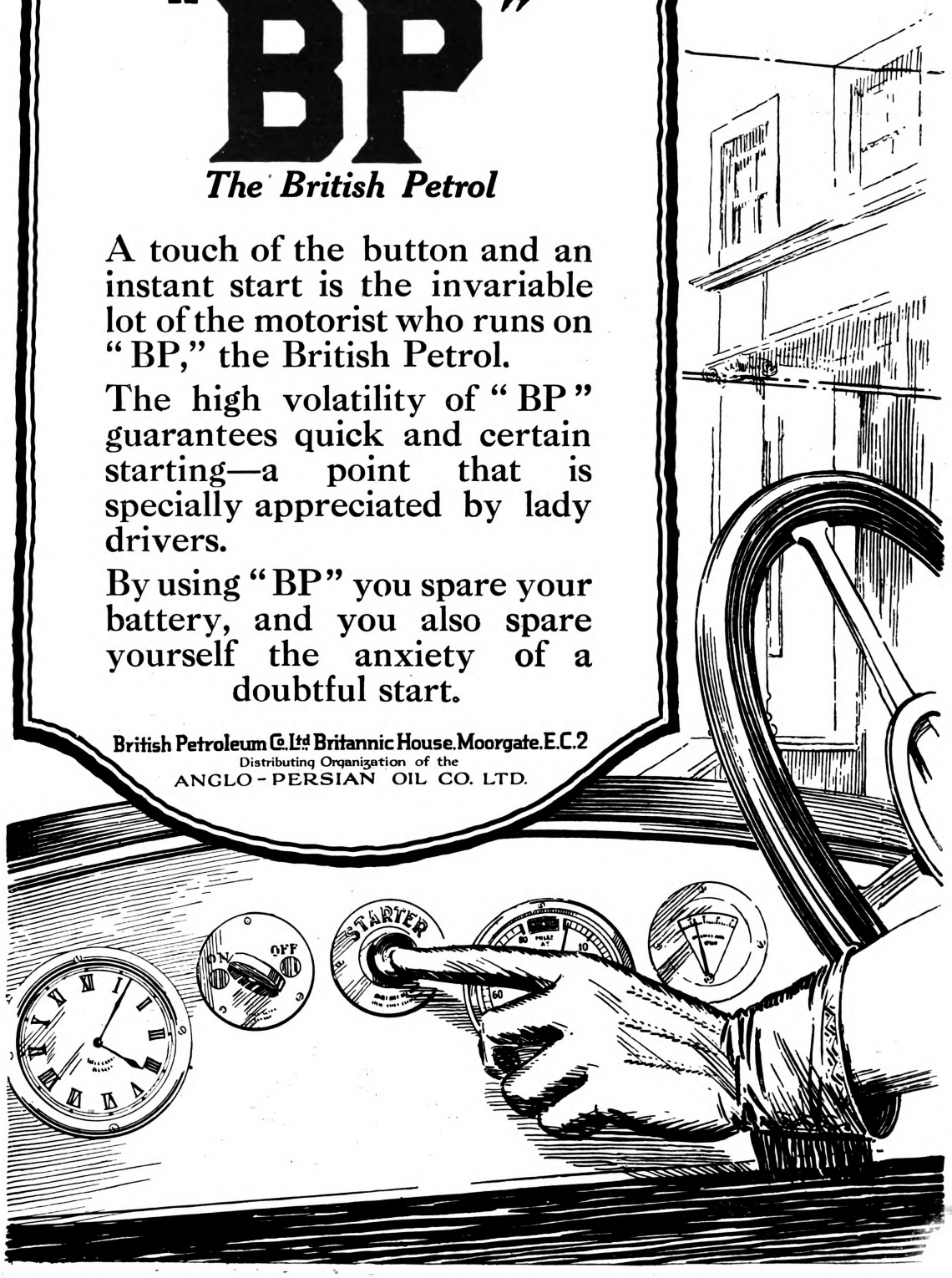
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1924.

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MOORINGS FOR AIRSHIPS AT SEA—A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT: THE UNITED STATES NAVAL DIRIGIBLE "SHENANDOAH" MOORED TO A SPECIAL MAST OF THE NAVAL OIL-TANKER "PATOKA"—A PHOTOGRAPH FROM AN AEROPLANE.

An interesting experiment in the mooring of airships at sea was recently carried out off Rhode Island by the United States Navy. A special mooring-mast had been constructed on board the naval oil-tanker "Patoka," and to this mast the famous naval airship "Shenandoah" was successfully moored, as shown in the above photograph and in another on "Our Note-Book" page. The intention was that she should remain moored to the "Patoka" for three days, but she had to cast loose to avoid a storm. Last January the "Shenandoah" broke from a ground mooring-mast at Lakehurst, New Jersey, disappeared in a gale with 22 officers and men, and was piloted back to hangar damaged. The adventure was illustrated in our issues of January 26 and February 2.

AIR PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY KADEL AND HERBERT NEWS PHOTOS, AND CENTRAL PRESS.




By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN a Scottish Member was agitating recently for the return of the Stone of Destiny to Scotland, there was one neglected aspect of the case. The Stone of Destiny is indeed claimed or claimable by many. It is said to have been Irish before it was Scottish, and presumably Israelitish before it was Irish. It is obvious enough that Mr. Kirkwood might have to lay about him with dirk and claymore to defend his prize against a mob of Sinn Feiners on the one side and a mob of Zionists on the other. He would have his work cut out to prevent it becoming either a throne for Mr. Cosgrave on the hill of Tara or a pillow for Sir Herbert Samuel when praying and fasting in the desert. But it is true that the latest and most living tradition connects it with Scotland; and the only truly traditional tradition is one that is still a living thing. Indeed, the Stone of Destiny used generally to be called the Stone of Scone; and the cakes commonly called scones are believed by some to be fragments laboriously chipped away from it.

But the fact which most firmly rivets the Stone of Scone to Scotland is, of course, the prophecy which is said to declare that wherever the stone is found the race of the Scots will be ruling. Everybody knows that the coming of the Stuarts to that throne in Westminster to which Edward I. had carried the relic was hailed as a fulfilment of the prophecy. But there have been many more real fulfilments of the same prophecy. The power of the Stuarts fell and the power of the Kings dwindled, but the uncrowned kings of our modern commonwealth have none the less had all the appearance of profiting by the prophecy. They may not have mounted the throne above, but they seem to have the benefit of the stone beneath it. The Scottish race, if not still reigning, is certainly still ruling. The present Prime Minister has almost the air of restoring an ancient line, in a Jacobite fashion worthy of his ancient name. With him returns a Scottish dynasty of Campbell-Bannerman and Balfour and Rosebery merely interrupted, one may say, by the episode of one Welshman and (stranger still) of one Englishman.

Did Mr. Kirkwood on that occasion picture the possible consequences of removing the talisman that protected his countrymen in their high places here? What would happen if this purely preternatural spell were snapped suddenly? Would Mr. Macdonald fade away into a mountain mist before our very eyes? Would Lord Balfour be hurled head over heels by a blast of witchery all the way from here to Whittinghame? Would Mr. Kirkwood himself blow up with a loud bang and come together again on the banks of the Clyde? What would happen if all the blue bonnets were thus precipitated over the border—and all the bees in all the bonnets along with them? For my part, I should regret Mr. Kirkwood as much as any, for, though I do not agree with his Communism, I have a great respect for his courage. Here, however, I am not considering the change as it would affect him or his country, but rather as it would affect me and mine.

As an Englishman, I have great sympathy with those who suggest from time to time a clearance of England for the English. I can understand the sort of Englishman who is merely irritated by the blue bonnets as if they were blue-bottles. I can understand the prejudice that there are too many thistles growing in the English rose-garden; and even that the thistle grows faster because it is a weed. I can understand his extending the sentiment even to the sacred shamrock and the harmless, necessary leek. In short, I think there is a great deal to be said for the view that the English have had too much of the Scotch and even of the Irish and the Welsh. But the English cannot have it both ways. If they are in this sense patriotic, they cannot be in the old sense imperialistic. If the Englishman becomes a new sort of Nationalist, he cannot be the old sort of Unionist. He cannot mix up all the three colours together, and then complain that the other colours are two to one. He cannot attempt to extend England without consenting to enlarge England.

The weakness of the old coercionist from the start was that he was always proving the Irish were different in order to prove that they were inferior. This is the very contrary of the conception of Unionism—or, indeed, of any kind of Imperialism. You cannot have a Union that boasts that it does not unite. If you unite Smith to Brown, you unite Brown to Smith. It is futile to unite them and still try to preserve the fine fastidious social exclusiveness of the Browns, and emphasise the repulsive and ragged barbarism of the Smiths. If you are so very exclusive, in heaven's name exclude. But do not say you have a taste for excluding people and also a talent for including them. If they are so very repulsive, in heaven's name repel them; but do not suppose you can absorb them and also repel them.

France has several provinces that were once separate principalities and might easily have become separate nations. France united them into one nation by making them all equally national in that nation. A man from Gascony can call himself the countryman of Joan of Arc, who came from Lorraine. A man from Burgundy can call himself the countryman of Danton, who came from Champagne. But people would have laughed if a man from Connemara had boasted of being the countryman of Milton. That is why Britain has not become one thing as France has become one thing. If it is true that division cuts both ways, it is equally true that union cuts both ways. It cuts into the pride and pretensions of both countries. You can say that in a particular conflict Cæsar has conquered Pompey. But you cannot found a permanent and united State upon the principle that Cæsar and Pompey are very much alike, especially Cæsar.

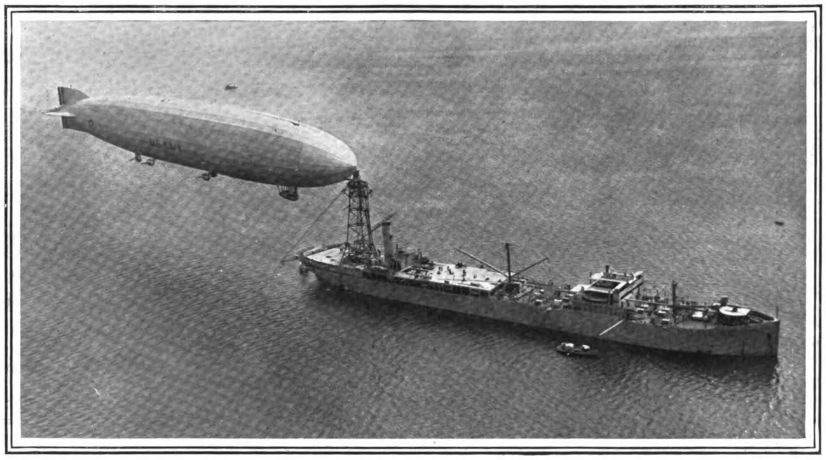
Now, for my part, I am not sorry that the nations of Britain have proved too national to be unified. I am rather glad that England was too national to be imperial. I do not blame the Englishman for feeling himself distinct from the Irishman. I only blame him for having fancied that England could be distinct from Ireland without Ireland being distinct from England—or, in other words, for imagining that he could have another man tied to him, without being tied to the other man. But, so far from regretting this instinct, I rather wish that the English national distinction had remained more national and more distinct. Everybody has said over and over again that the English are fond of compromise; few have noted why their compromise has sometimes been rather too compromising. Anyhow, their attempts at a compromise between the imperial idea and the national ideal have left them a little unprepared to be purely national if they should ever fail to be imperial. Less fortunate nations have been more fortunate in the sense of a training in that tradition of tenacity needed in evil fortune. Our national song said, in somewhat complacent tones—

> The nations not so blessed as thou
> Must in their turn to tyrants fall.

But, though the words sound bombastic, the statement is historical. England was once quite exceptionally secure. But we have lived into a world in which nothing is secure. Our version of the verse must be that nobly written by Newbolt in 1914—

> Father of all, whose equal hands
> Despair and victory give,
> In whom, though tyrants tread their lands
> The souls of nations live.

The poet was probably thinking at the moment about Belgium. But the moment those words were written it became impossible to continue the repression of Ireland. At this moment, however, I, for one, am not thinking about Belgium or about Ireland, but about England. I am thinking about that other problem: of the soul of a nation which lives in God—even when it does "in its turn to tyrants fall." I do not mean that I think it particularly probable that England will ever go through the precise experiences of Poland or Ireland. I only mean that I pray to God—in whom, though tyrants tread their lands, the souls of nations live—that, if that fate amid the changing fates of history does ever fall upon England, she may prove herself as stubborn, as heroic, and as noble a nuisance as the Irish nation.



**A NOVELTY IN OVERSEA AIRSHIP NAVIGATION: THE U.S. NAVAL DIRIGIBLE "SHENANDOAH" MOORED TO AN OIL-TANKER—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.**

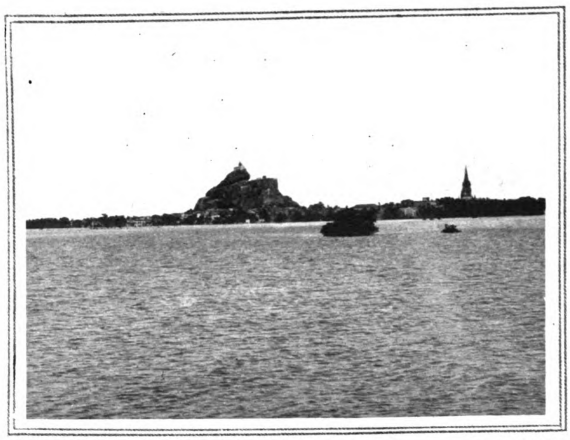
As recorded on the front page of this number, where another photograph of the subject appears, the U.S. Naval dirigible "Shenandoah" was successfully moored recently to a special mast erected on the deck of the naval oil-tanker "Patoka." The experiment took place off Rhode Island, and will doubtless have an important bearing on airship navigation. The method is of special interest just now in view of the projected flight across the Atlantic of the new Zeppelin "Z.R.3," illustrated on page 393.—[*Air Photograph Supplied by Kadel and Herbert and Central Press.*]

## *OUR ANAGLYPHS.*

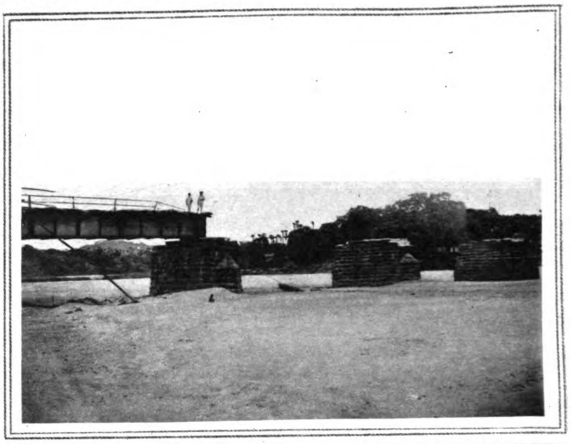
*Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 420, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.*

# FLOOD HAVOC IN SOUTH INDIA: RAILWAY BRIDGES WASHED AWAY.

Photographs Nos. 1-5 by Press Photo Bureau, Madras.



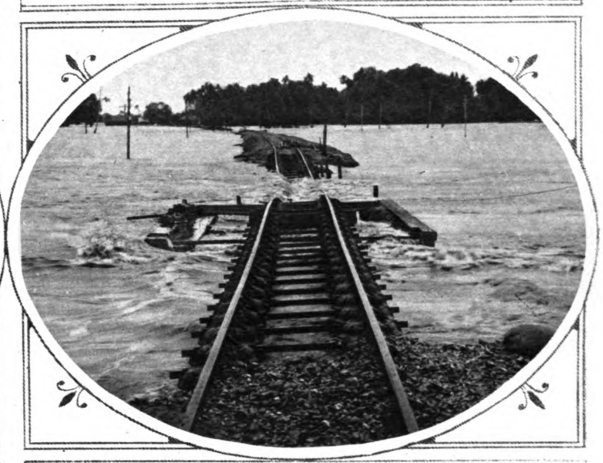
WITH THE FAMOUS ROCK AT TRICHINOPOLY RISING ABOVE THE FLOODS: THE TEMPLE AND FORT DISTRICT SEEN FROM THE KONAKARAI BUND.



A DISASTER THAT CUT COMMUNICATION WITH THE INDIAN STATE OF COCHIN: THE COLLAPSE OF THE SHORANUR RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER BHARATHA.



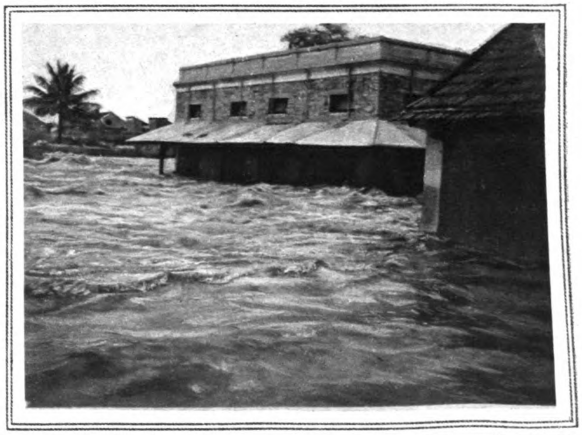
TYPICAL OF FLOOD DAMAGE THAT HAS RENDERED THOUSANDS HOMELESS: A VILLAGE NEAR BHAVANI WITH HOUSES DESTROYED OR DAMAGED.



WHERE RAILWAYS HAVE BEEN WASHED AWAY AND COMMUNICATION CARRIED ON BY BOATS AND A TEMPORARY STEAMER SERVICE: A FLOOD SCENE.



SHOWING A GREAT TREE UPROOTED BY THE SWIRLING WATER: THE FLOODS AT TRICHINOPOLY, WITH ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE CHURCH IN THE BACKGROUND.



SWEPT BY THE FLOOD, WHICH CARRIED AWAY DOORS, WINDOWS AND FURNITURE: THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT BHAVANI, ON THE BANKS OF THE BHAVANI RIVER.

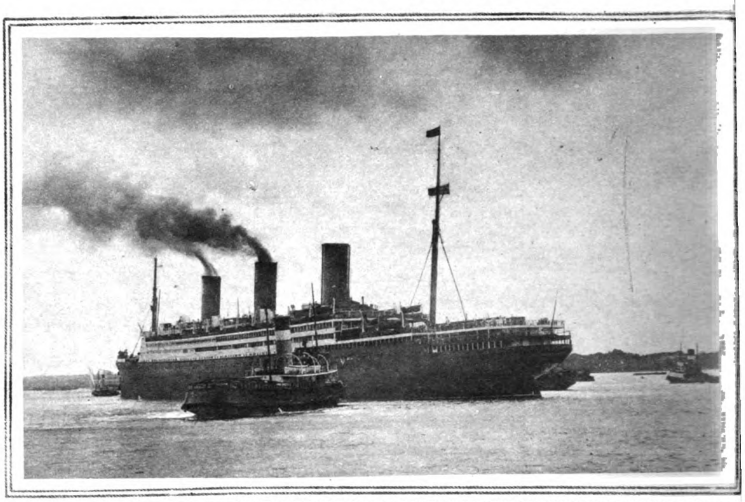
The recent floods in Southern India, including the Madras Presidency and the Indian States of Cochin and Travancore, have been the worst within living memory, both in extent and the amount of destruction to buildings and crops. They were due to an exceptional rainfall, which caused the river Cauvery and its principal tributary, the Bhavani, to sweep away bridges and houses and spread their waters over a vast area. The town of Bhavani, at the junction of the two rivers, suffered heavy damage. Hundreds of thousands of peasants lost all they possessed, and were rendered homeless, and innumerable cattle perished, but the loss of human life was less than might have been expected. The greatest number of deaths—about one hundred—occurred in the planting district of Travancore. Railway lines and bridges were washed away in many places, and communication was thus cut off between Madras and the Malabar coast, and the southern route to Ceylon. The collapse of the Shoranur Bridge (shown above) at the junction of the South Indian Railway and the Shoranur-Cochin line, severed the traffic with Cochin. Owing to the number of breaches on its narrow-gauge line, the South Indian Company introduced a steamer service at a small seaport, Porto Novo, to Negapatam, whence they could reach the main line by a loop and establish connection with the isolated southern portion of the province. Boats were much used for the rescue of marooned people and the conveyance of mails in districts when large tracts of land were under water.

# INTERESTING EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

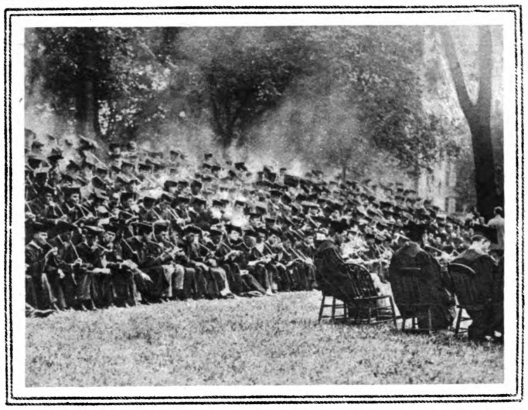
PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., SPORT AND GENERAL, CONTINENTAL PHOTO



MICHAEL COLLINS COMMEMORATED AT THE SCENE OF HIS DEATH: THE MEMORIAL AT BEALNABLATH UNVEILED.



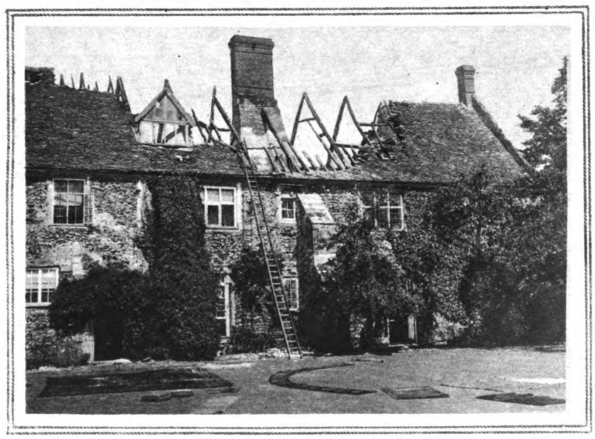
WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES ON BOARD, ON HIS WAY TO VISIT THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA: THE "BERENGARIA" (WHICH HE BOARDED AT 4 A.M.) LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON.



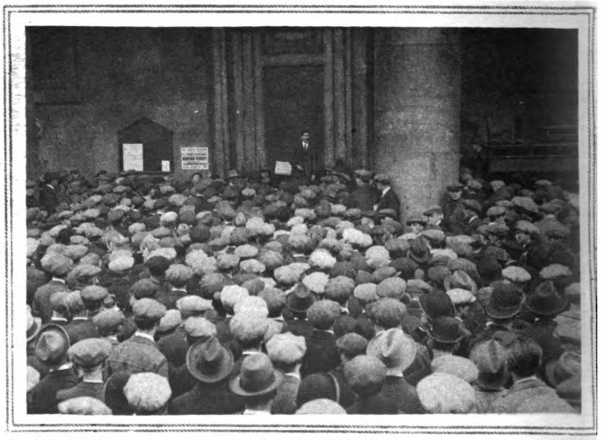
SMOKING IN CAP AND GOWN! NEW GRADUATES OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY "SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE"—AN ANNUAL CUSTOM.



THE FUNERAL OF SIGNOR MATTEOTTI, THE MURDERED ITALIAN SOCIALIST DEPUTY, WHOSE BODY WAS FOUND AFTER EIGHT WEEKS: THE PROCESSION AT FRATTA POLESINA.



AFTER THE FIRE CAUSED BY LIGHTNING: ST. FAITH'S ABBEY, AN OLD HOUSE NEAR NORWICH, EMBODYING THE RUINS OF A TWELFTH-CENTURY PRIORY.

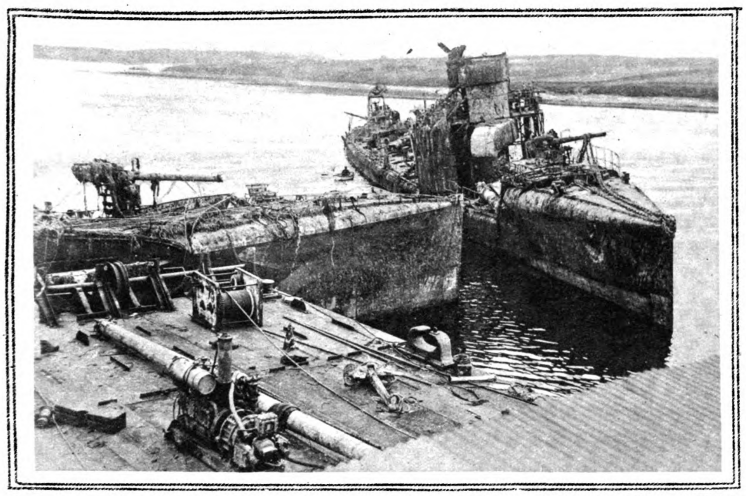


THE COVENT GARDEN STRIKE: A MEETING OF STRIKERS ADDRESSED BY ONE OF THE STRIKE COMMITTEE (CENTRE BACKGROUND) FROM THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

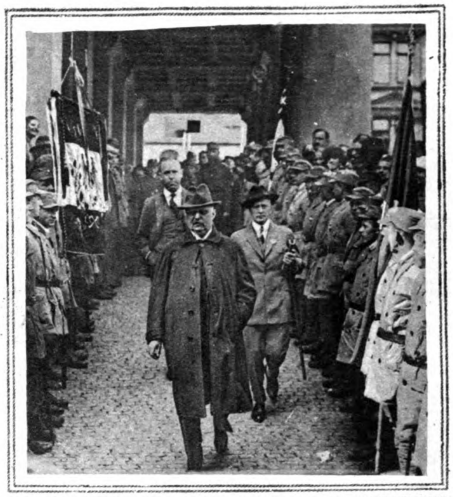
A memorial to Michael Collins, the Irish leader, was unveiled on August 22 at Bealnablath, where he was killed by Irish rebels in 1922. The ceremony was performed by General O'Duffy, seen in our photograph to right of the Celtic cross, with President Cosgrave to left of it.——The Prince of Wales left Southampton, for his visit to the United States and his ranch in Canada, in the Cunard liner "Berengaria" on August 23. He went aboard at about 4 a.m., arriving in a motor-boat from the Isle of Wight with Prince George.——Considerable progress has been made by Messrs. Cox and Danks, Ltd., in raising scuttled German ships at Scapa Flow. The methods used were illustrated in a double-page of drawings in our issue of August 16. Nearly seventy ships altogether were sunk by their German crews in 1919, and the task of raising them all may take nine years.——General Ludendorff recently attended a Nationalist Socialist meeting held in the Theatre at Weimar, where the constitution of the German Republic was settled by a national assembly on January 29, 1919.——The funeral of Signor Matteotti, the murdered Italian Socialist Deputy, took place on August 20 at his birthplace, Fratta Polesina, near

# A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF CURRENT NEWS.

(Berlin), C.N., Carl J. Delius, Central Press, and I.B.



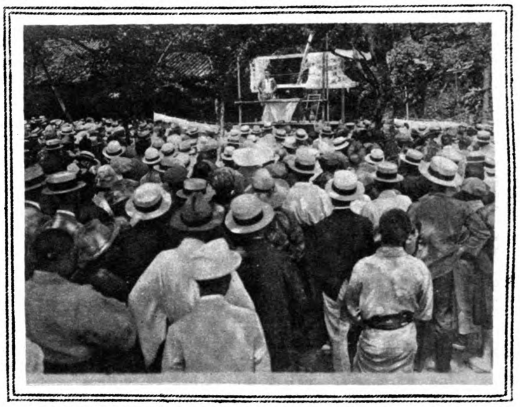
RAISING THE SCUTTLED GERMAN FLEET AT SCAPA FLOW—THE GREATEST SALVAGE WORK EVER UNDERTAKEN: TWO DESTROYERS RECENTLY BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE.



A GERMAN "WAR LORD" AS POLITICIAN: LUDENDORFF LEAVING THE WEIMAR THEATRE AFTER A MEETING.



BORNE BY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS, AND FOLLOWED BY HIS WIDOW AND MOTHER: THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE BODY OF SIGNOR MATTEOTTI AMID A THRONG OF MOURNERS.



POPULAR INDIGNATION IN JAPAN AGAINST THE EXCLUSION CLAUSES IN THE U.S. IMMIGRATION ACT: A MASS MEETING IN SHIBA PARK, TOKIO.



FULL MILITARY HONOURS FOR A BRISTOL V.C.: THE LATE SERGT. H. BLANCHARD WOOD LYING IN STATE IN THE CATHEDRAL, GUARDED BY SERGEANTS OF THE SCOTS GUARDS.



AN ISLAMIC LEADER WHO OFFERED PRAYER AT LUDGATE CIRCUS: THE KHALIFA-UL-MASSIH, NOW IN LONDON.

Rovigo, in north-east Italy.——A Japanese mass meeting of protest against the new U.S. Immigration Act was held in Shiba Park, Tokio, on July 1.——The Abbey of St. Faith's, near Norwich, the home of Mr. Warner Cook, was struck by lightning recently and set on fire. It was built out of the ruins of a Benedictine priory founded in 1105.——The strikers at Covent Garden Market on August 25 resorted to mass picketing to prevent waverers from returning to work.——The funeral service for the late Sergeant H. Blanchard Wood, V.C., of Bristol, took place in the Cathedral there with full military honours. The wreaths included one from Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, and others from the Colonel of the Scots Guards and the staff of the Ministry of Pensions.——The Khalifa-ul-Massih Bashir-ed-Din Mahmud Ahmad, head of the Ahmadia movement in Islam, arrived recently in London to attend the Conference of Living Religions of the Empire, at the Imperial Institute. On the day of his arrival he offered prayer at Ludgate Circus, in accordance with an Islamic tradition regarding prayer at Bab-ul-lud, an Arabic name resembling our Gate of Lud.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

THERE was once a historian who went to the Highlands to collect material for a history of the 'Forty-five. He went with a theory that tradition might be considered trustworthy for seventy years after an event; but he came away believing that it was not to be trusted even for seventy hours. This implies no lack of good faith on the part of the narrators of a story; but it is notorious that no two eye-witnesses (let alone persons further removed) can give the same account of any one happening.

This was well illustrated by the German professor of jurisprudence in whose class-room a row leading to a free fight broke out at the close of a lecture on the laws of evidence. When order was restored, the Professor proposed that, before anyone left the room, witnesses should be sworn and examined as to what had just occurred. No two accounts agreed, and then the lecturer told his students that the whole thing was a put-up job of his own. He had arranged beforehand that two of the men were to come to high words and then to blows, in order that the class might immediately make a practical experiment in the taking of evidence. The result was not reassuring.

These anecdotes came back to me while I was reading a curious book which has created a sensation in France, and has just made its appearance in English. It is intended to expose the untrustworthiness of even serious and careful history generally, and, in particular, the falsity of histories of the Great War. The book has been described as "a formidable indictment of the superstition of military genius," and as "a sustained effort to sift truth from falsehood, and to demolish legends of the Great War before they become fixed in the permanent fabric of history." Very well—but, one is inclined to ask—*Quis custodiet custodem?* Is this corrector himself infallible? He does not claim to be anything of the sort. He is merely a man with a passion for truth, the courage to speak his honest thoughts, and, like all his kind, he has got himself into hot water.

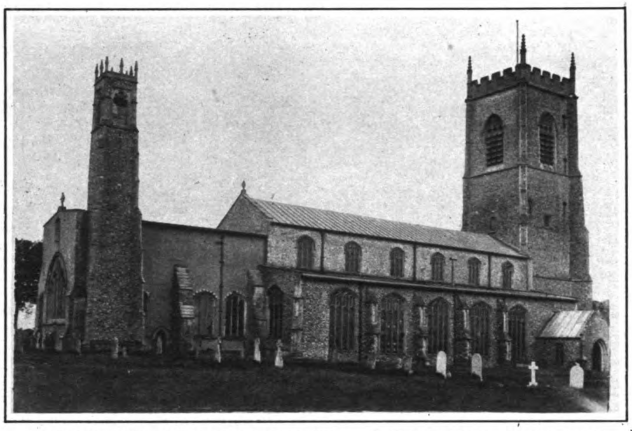
The book bears the attractive title, "PLUTARCH LIED" (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.). The author is Jean de Pierrefeu, and the translator, Jeffery E. Jeffery. M. Pierrefeu's method is a little more subtle than mere detection of errors in the narration of fact. He goes down to the causes that delude men who have no intention of being dishonest. He illustrates this from the case of the well-bred man who knocks against another well-bred man in the street. Politeness demands that one shall apologise, and the other answers smilingly, "Not at all." Yet, says uncompromising M. Pierrefeu, if you could see into the minds of these two smiling men, you would realise that one was saying to himself with the rapidity of lightning and without even knowing what was in his mind, "The arrant fool! Why did he get in my way?"; and the other, "Clumsy ass! He nearly knocked me down!" "Most men's thoughts are double-sided, and every representation of reality which occurs to their minds gives a reflection, touched up still further by their speech. To succeed in bringing off this trick on every occasion one must be a product of civilisation." With these civilities M. Pierrefeu dispenses in his writing of war history. In a Foreword to readers of the English edition he explains the method of his apparent madness.

The war turned the world upside down, but it did not alter mankind. As hitherto, men continue to observe the rules of good taste and the rites implicit in a good education. There was a rush to applaud the distinction the generals had won in the conflict. Mistakes and disappointments were glossed over by the language of compliment. "If I had not been a queer sort of man," says this frank writer, "I should have done what everyone else was doing." But his conception of historical truth prevented that. "I wanted," he says, "to pay court to historical truth. Circumstances put me in a good position to carry out this project, because for a period of three years it was my task to edit the official communiqué issued by French G.H.Q. I fulfilled my good intentions, and 'Plutarch Lied' is evidence that I did so. The result, obviously enough, could scarcely have failed to be deplorable, and I can readily understand how I came to be regarded as an ill-mannered person."

M. Pierrefeu's "ill-mannered" writing—in reality most urbane—has sold 750,000 copies of his book in France. The chances are that it will do very well in this country also. According to the weekly *communiqué* from the publisher's G.H.Q., "Plutarch Lied" has had à "glorious Press," and this it thoroughly deserved, for no more fascinating and awakening book has appeared in the recent lists. One knows, to be sure, that a "glorious Press" does not always mean a huge sale, but M. Pierrefeu ought to have it both ways. He says he is quite ready to be put in the corner if any readers wish it. Still, he has great hopes of finding among them some good soul who, after he has read the book, will send the author a small piece of plum-tart out of gratitude. He fears, however, he may not be able to promise "not to do it again." Few of his readers, I take it, will wish him to make any such promise, and many will offer plum-tart.

The romance of war only gains by this uncompromising and deliberately unromantic record. Generals may no longer appear as the sublimely inspired demigods of popular report, but the story of the Marne, for example, takes a fresh interest and poignancy from M. Pierrefeu's way of telling it. That success, it appears, was made possible only by what was an initial blunder on the part of the French, not the Germans. On Aug. 25, 1914, a Minister, for political reasons, removed from the command of Joffre (already short of troops) the whole Sixth Army and immobilised it in front of Paris. "And then—a marvellous stroke of luck! Suddenly, this Sixth Army . . . was to find itself in the very best position to carry out the manœuvre which had quite evidently been previously abandoned." It found itself, naturally enough and without moving from its position, on the flank of the enemy, who had abruptly changed his plans—

**What Joffre had vainly tried to bring about, the fears of a Minister had succeeded in doing. And the order, useless and illogical though it seemed when the Germans were rushing forward to besiege Paris, became admirably prudent when they turned away. The rivalry of two ambitions did more for the safety of the country than did the quick glance of genius. Does one diminish the fame of a great leader by acknowledging the fragile nature of military conceptions and by asserting that we are puppets in the hands of Fate? Really great men possessed more than any an intuition of their luck. Paulus Æmilius gave pledges to Nemesis. With what zest did Condé sing a Te Deum on the morrow of a victory! And had not Napoleon as much trust in his star as in himself?**



A CHURCH TOWER BUILT AS A LIGHTHOUSE: A UNIQUE RELIC OF BYGONE DAYS AT BLAKENEY, ON THE NORFOLK COAST.

The old church at Blakeney, on the coast of Norfolk, not far from Cromer, has two towers, the smaller of which was built as a lighthouse, to guide ships into the now disused harbour. It is said that the tower has not fulfilled its original purpose since the advent of railways, but it still stands as a curiosity of architecture.

*Photograph by Keystone View Co.*

Iconoclasm is the note of much current writing, particularly in memoirs. But M. Pierrefeu's shattering of idols is no cheap display of sardonic wit. It is rather a serious exposition of that strange thing we call Fate and the natural blindness of struggling mortals. The workings of Destiny are again exemplified in another new book which has the greatest of all Fatalists for subject. This is "NAPOLEON AND HIS COURT," by C. S. Forester (Methuen; 10s. 6d.). There the author takes as his leading motive the vanity of earthly power, which he illustrates by a lively account of Napoleon's career and entourage. The chief puppet and his attendant puppets rise, pass, and vanish in a dance to which the tune is called by Nemesis. The book, if more gossiping than philosophic, is readable and entertaining, none the less so that it condescends occasionally to the frank recital of a *chronique scandaleuse*.

Frankness about the war has taken an entirely new turn in that remarkable novel, "THE NATURAL MAN," by Patrick Miller (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.), a story that reverses the usual outlook. The hero, Peter Blaven, makes no bones about his enjoyment of fighting. He was not, however, a monster or a person obsessed with blood-lust—or, indeed, lust of any kind. There is something of a monkish austerity in his attitude towards the usual recreations of the campaigner; he is a monk, too, in his conception of the business of soldiering. The encounter of danger is to him a vocation, to be pursued whole-heartedly, as an experience in itself, and with an almost religious fervour. He denies the natural man, even the heroic natural man, in that he has no shrinking from peril—he cannot have enough of it. This ought, in one reading of character, to detract from his courage, for true courage has been defined as the conquering of terror; but the author has so handled Blaven that we accept him as a possible type. The war novel in its earlier form may be dead, but books like Mr. Miller's prove that it has still a future and a brilliant future at that.

In the opinion of an American bishop, the craving for sensational fiction, even of the cheapest kind, is a healthy proof of humanity's desire for "life." It is time that some definition of "life" in the more recent usage of the word were attempted. In much current fiction "Life" has become almost a character in the story, a personified abstraction that controls the destiny of mortals. It appears sometimes as an inexorable power, against which human effort is futile; sometimes as an object of desire, the pursuit of which explains or even justifies aberrations of conduct. At other times it is an object of terror, and this terror is regarded as reprehensible. The convention first became insistent, I think, in the works of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, and it has now become a sort of cant phrase, used loosely and with various meanings. The more one considers it in the fiction of to-day, the more obscure and elusive it becomes. In several instances the substitution of "Fate" for "Life" would make all clear, but in the bishop's argument this will not do. The "life" his dime-novel readers crave is only another name for a cheap and deleterious sensationalism. This term "life" threatens to become meaningless and degraded, and the writer who restores it to its proper use will do fiction and the language some service.

You will find a definition of "life" in Mr. Robert Hichens's new novel, "AFTER THE VERDICT," (Methuen; 7s. 6d.), the most powerful and finished work this author has given us for many a day. Here the principal character, who has just been acquitted of murder, speaking of his ordeal, says: "That 's life! An experience such as I 've just come through strips all the illusions away. Life is—going on, shedding things, forgetting things, forgetting people, loves, hatreds, passions, sorrows. It has to be so. Otherwise people who are sensitive would continually be destroyed by their miseries. . . . And yet I 'm wrong. Some things are not forgotten. As long as I live people will always remember that I am the man who was accused of murdering a woman."

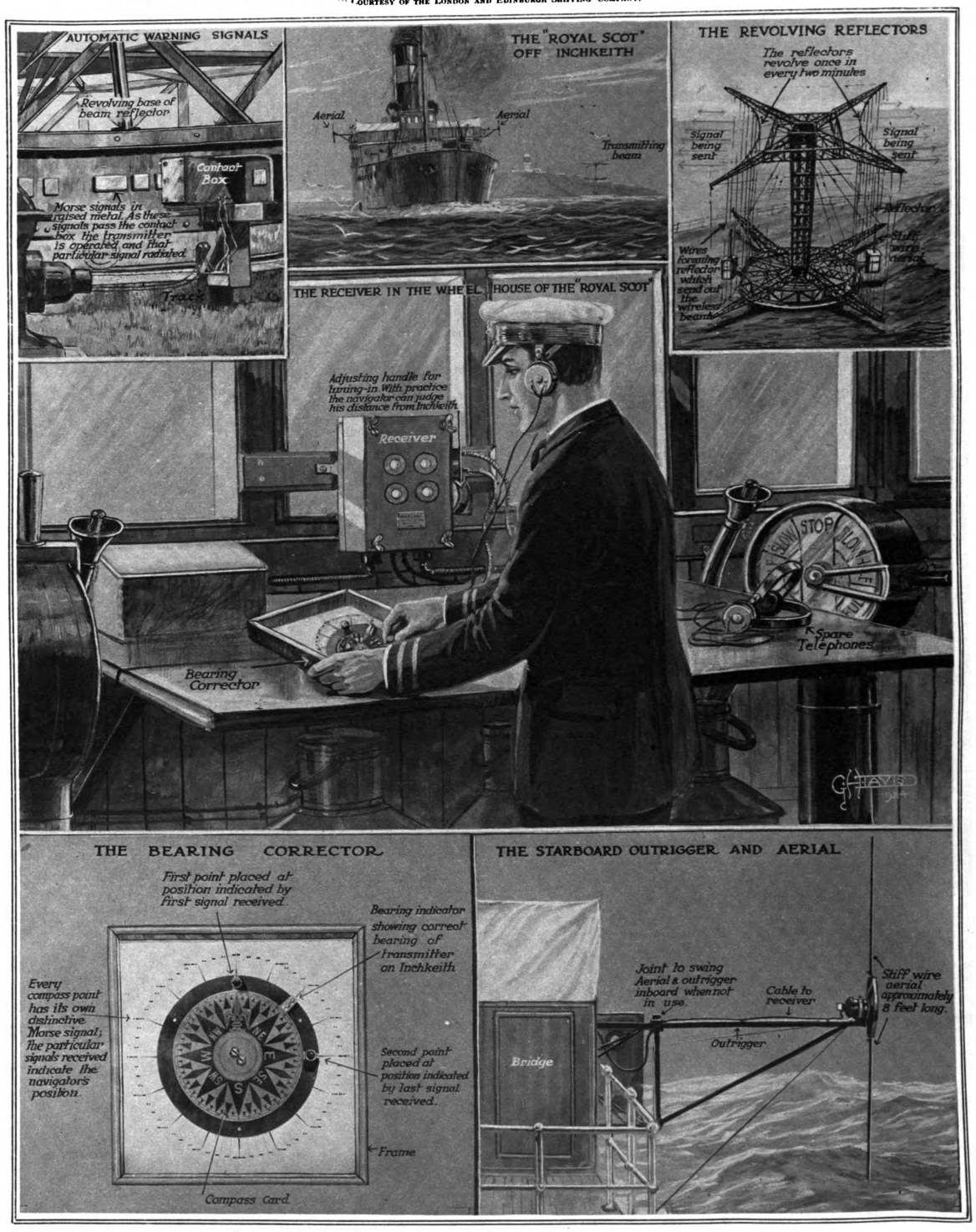
That is the "life" that remains for Clive Baratrie and presents him with an ordeal almost as agonising as his ordeal in the dock. He is inclined to shirk it and go into exile under another name, but is persuaded to return to the world by the girl he marries. The world, as is to be expected, does not use him kindly, and throughout the book the reader is haunted by the suspicion that, after all, the world's verdict may be justified. Mr. Hichens balances motives and emotions with admirable skill, and, whether you consider the ending satisfactory or not, you will at any rate acknowledge that here is a presentation of "life," clear-cut, definite, and uncompromising—a picture of the tragedy of mortal things. And underlying it is, perhaps, a hint that this "life," reduced to its simplest terms, is just action and the inevitable consequences of action.

There is a touch of mysticism in the story, but it is not that spiritualism of the *séance* which Mr. Hichens has so often introduced into his novels. It is rather the subtle persistence, after death, of the hero's evil genius, the woman he was accused of murdering, who still fights against him and the woman he married.

The persistence, not only of actions and their consequences, but of dead people, plays a prominent part in Mr. Alfred Noyes's volume of short stories, which are distinguished not only as the work of a poet, but for their own intrinsic excellence. The second story, "Checkmate," in "THE HIDDEN PLAYER" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.) takes high rank among tales of the weird. Part of it would make a charming essay on "the Game and Playe of the Chesse," as a true chess-lover sees it, but the little drama is the thing. "Checkmate" describes a game played against an invisible player by a successful writer, who for all his good fortune is uneasy about his life and work. He is menaced by the sense of some unseen power lying in wait for him, and at the end of the spectral game he is checkmated in a very terrible way by an early false move. The same idea runs through all the stories except two—"The Wine Beyond the World" and "The Red Rat." The former is a joyous piece of serio-comic relief; the latter, more elaborately amusing, proclaims Mr. Noyes's deft touch as a satirist and parodist of contemporary fads in literature. Of the others, the pick are "The Troglodyte," "Court-Martial," and "The Parson's Tale." This book ought "to be read as widely as good writing can hope to be read," and, happily, the public for that, once found, is not so restricted, after all. I hope Mr. Noyes will soon give us further stories in a manner that fits his hand so well.

# A WIRELESS "LIGHTHOUSE": RAYS TO TELL SHIPS THEIR POSITION IN FOG.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, from Material Supplied by the Marconi Company, and from his Sketches Made on Board the "Royal Scot"
Courtesy of the London and Edinburgh Shipping Company.

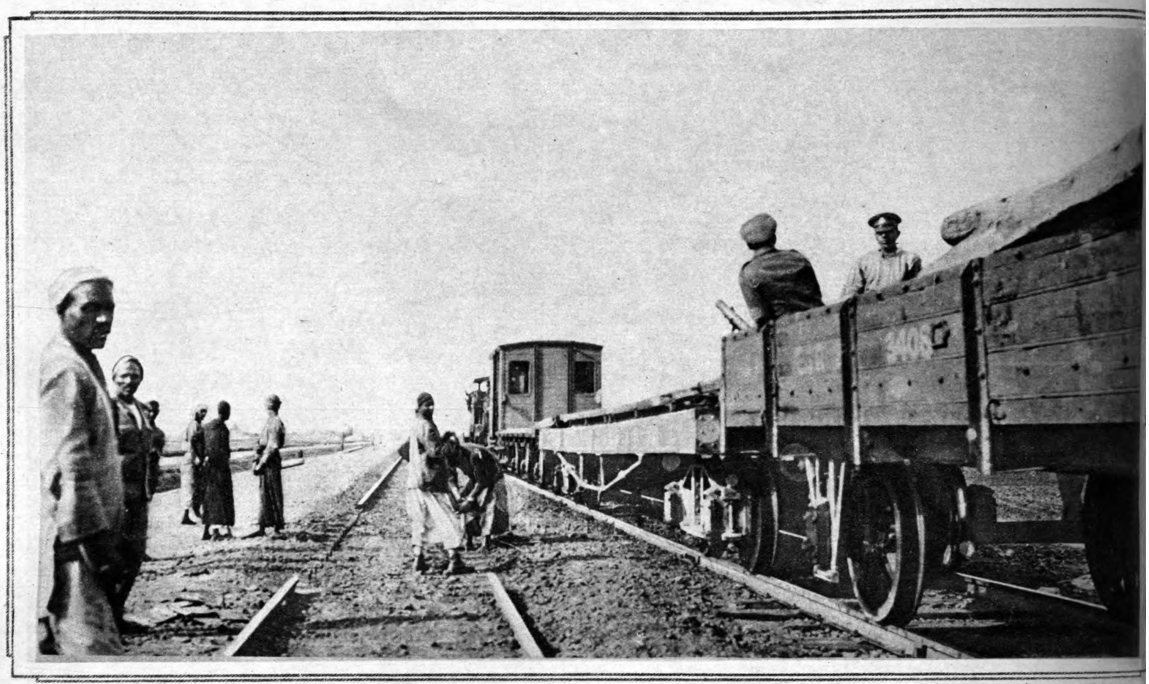



**THE WIRELESS "BEAM" SYSTEM, RECENTLY USED TO COMMUNICATE WITH SYDNEY AND BUENOS AIRES, APPLIED TO THE GUIDANCE OF SHIPS OFF A DANGEROUS COAST: THE APPARATUS AT INCHKEITH AND ABOARD THE "ROYAL SCOT."**

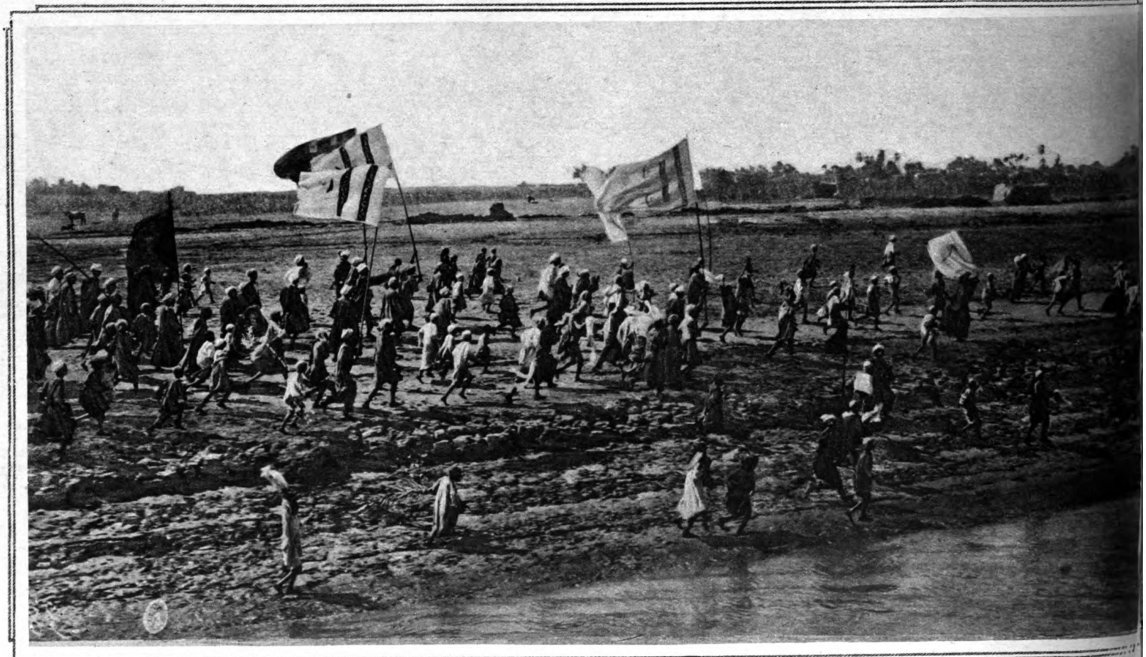
The short wave wireless used in the Beam System is the latest development of the inventions of Senatore Marconi, ably assisted by Mr. C. S. Franklin. The Beam system has been successfully used for long-distance wireless communication to Australia and South America. The reflectors consist of a large number of vertical wires arranged in a parabolic curve. The message from the transmitting aerial is projected on to the reflector and sent out in a direct line. The first of the ships thus fitted is the "Royal Scot," of the London and Edinburgh Shipping Company, which on its weekly voyages to and from London and Leith regularly passes the rocky island of Inchkeith in the Firth of Forth. The messages are received at a distance of nine or ten miles from Inchkeith. On the base of the revolving reflector are placed in raised metal a number of Morse signals. As these dots and dashes pass the contact-box, the transmitter operates and radiates that particular signal. In the ship is a compass card, with pointers attached, called the Bearing Corrector. Around the card at all points of the compass are Morse signals corresponding to those on the base of the projector. Therefore, when the ship's navigator hears a certain Morse signal come through his telephones, he sets his pointer to the point of the compass indicated; then, when he again hears, he sets the second pointer in position. The Bearing indicator spaced between these two points will give him the correct bearing of the transmitter. By adjusting the tuning-in handle at the side of the receiver, he can (with a little practice) learn by the difference in the signals exactly how far he is away from the island. The aerials on the ship are placed at either end of the ship's bridge, and consist of stiff wire aerials (similar to the transmitting aerials) fixed to out-riggers.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

# WHERE SUDANESE SOLDIERS FIRED ON RIOTOUS EGYPTIA

PHOTO



REINFORCEMENTS ON THEIR WAY TO ATBARA AFTER THE RECENT DISTURBANCES THERE AND ELSEWHERE IN THE SUDAN: A MILITARY TRAIN, SHOWING TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS WITH A MACHINE-GUN.

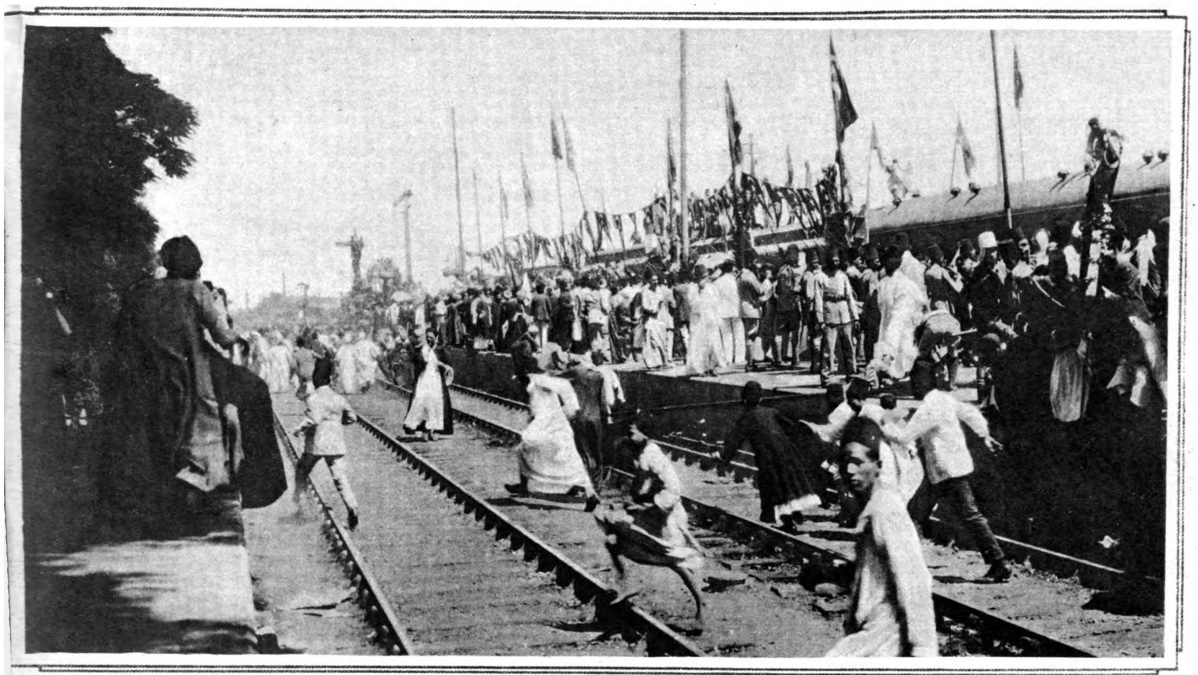


WHERE AN EGYPTIAN RAILWAY BATTALION COMMITTED ACTS OF SABOTAGE AND WAS FIRED ON BY SUDANESE TROOPS: AN EXCITED CROWD ON THE WAY TO ATBARA.

It was stated on August 21 that the Egyptian Railway Battalion which caused the trouble at Atbara, in the Sudan, was being evacuated to Egypt, and that advance sections had arrived at Shellal on August 24. Part of the battalion was to be absorbed in other units, and part sent to the Reserve. It may be recalled that disturbances in the Sudan, which have since been the subject of an exchange of Notes and other communications between the British and Egyptian Governments, broke out on August 9 at Khartoum, on the 10th at Port Sudan, and on the 11th at Atbara. On August 12 the British Residency in Cairo stated: "The news from Atbara is that soldiers of the Railway Battalion left their barracks on the morning of August 11 and proceeded to demonstrate in the market place. They were surrounded by two British platoons and a half-squadron of Arab Mounted Rifles who had been sent on the previous day fr[illegible]hartoum. Finally the demonstrators returned to barracks and a guard of Arab Mounted Rifles was placed over them. Later in the day some Egyptian [illegible] the Railway Battalion attempted to break the cordon established by the guard, who repulsed them, using the butts of their rifles. Subsequently the [illegible]oldiers attacked the guard, throwing bricks and other missiles, whereupon the guard fired. No British troops were present at the time of the firing

# RAILWAY TROOPS: ATBARA—FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS TO ARRIVE.

G.P.A.



WHERE 250 MEN OF THE EGYPTIAN RAILWAY BATTALION (SUBSEQUENTLY EVACUATED) WERE CONFINED TO BARRACKS, AND 16 OF THE RINGLEADERS ARRESTED: ATBARA—EXCITEMENT AT THE RAILWAY STATION.



CARRYING BANNERS BEARING ARABIC INSCRIPTIONS MEANING "COMPLETE INDEPENDENCE": A STREET PROCESSION IN ATBARA, WHERE EGYPTIAN AGITATORS ARE SAID TO HAVE FOMENTED DISTURBANCES.

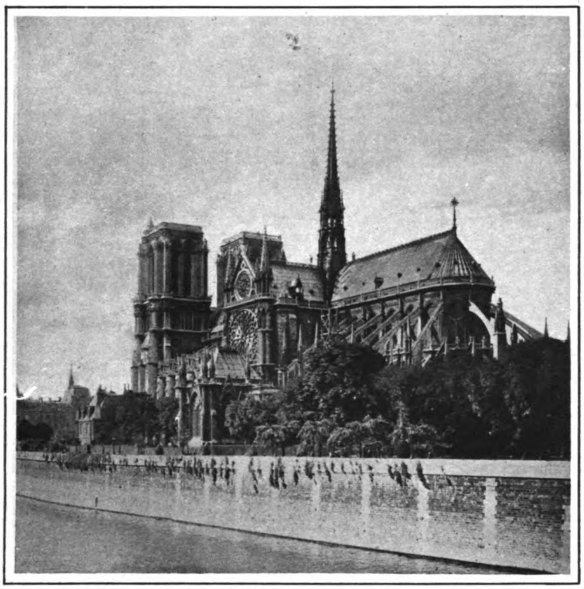
by the Sudan Mounted Rifles, which apparently occurred without orders and under extreme provocation. The casualties among the Railwaymen are 2 killed, 2 died of wounds, 11 seriously wounded, and 5 slightly wounded. Two boys who were in the barracks at the time were slightly wounded." A later communiqué added: "Further information now available from Atbara shows that the soldiers of the Egyptian Railway Battalion committed considerable sabotage within the railway works, using long iron bars in order to destroy motor-cars, machinery, and stock, and setting fire to some offices. They refused to respond to the moderating counsels of their commanding officer and two senior officials of the Sudan railways. By the Sirdar's order a Court of Inquiry has been set up, and is now hearing evidence, and will in due course issue its report. It appears that the order to fire was given by a Mulazim [subaltern] of the Sudanese Mounted Rifles, who instructed the Shawish [sergeant] to make the men fire over the heads of the Egyptian soldiers who were attacking the Sudanese." On August 14 it was stated that Atbara was then quiet, but that much damage had been done to motor-trollies and machines, while workshops and offices had been wrecked. Of the Egyptian Railway Battalion 250 were confined to barracks and 16 of the ringleaders placed under arrest.

# The Living Wine: "Almost Unearthly Perfection."

## "THE WINES OF FRANCE." By H. WARNER ALLEN.*

IN potent youth, fiery and frenzied; in days of full-bodied discretion, warm and kindly; in velvet-clad age, mellow and of "almost unearthly perfection," like "a prime old gentleman, a little bent with years perhaps, but still with all the fragrance of finest intellect," the great wines live their capricious span with Burgundy as King, Bordeaux as Queen, and Champagne as Court Jester bladdering the jaded into laughter.

If they are to be sung by a Lord of Language, such as the panegyrist will have D'Annunzio to be, alone in this our generation, they must be nurtured patiently under the most cherishing of guardians.



SHOULD THE TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME BE CROWNED WITH SPIRES, AS INTENDED BY THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY ARCHITECTS? THE CATHEDRAL AS IT IS TO-DAY.

Writing in jest, but thinking in earnest, Mr. Warner Allen would have Chairs of Wine in our ancient universities! "The degree of Bacchi Baccalaureus would have an attractive punning flavour, and the most learned Don would be proud to boast that he was Vini Magister."

Then, in truth, would undergraduates have tantalisingly intricate questions to floor them: much cramming would go before a Pass, before the student could hope to be the complete cellarer or the Crichton of butlers. Many mysteries would have to be his: the growing of the grapes and their gathering; pests and "illnesses," their prevention and cure; the vital alliance between soil and climate and vines producing delicacy, bouquet, or fire; the pressing, and the fermentations when the temperature of the vat is "watched as closely as that of a fever patient, and each vat has a kind of hospital chart attached to it; the casking and the rackings; the fining; the clearings of sediment, when the practised *dégorgeur* of champagne can uncork and temporarily re-cork a thousand bottles or so a day; the bottling; the duration of the liquids' life; storage and the perils of travel; and service—especially service, with its elaborate ceremonial of handling, corks, glasses, baskets, and decanters, its precise temperatures and its "processional order" of classes and vintages.

Let us take that phase; the phase dearest to the connoisseur. The lures of the wine are four: its colour, its bouquet, its fruit, and its body. That is the ruling of M. Rodies. To see that each has its due is an art. Here is the manner of it.

"Wine glasses should be chosen so that every virtue in the precious liquid they contain may be appreciated. Generally speaking, coloured glasses are an abomination, since they deliberately obscure one of wine's most glorious qualities, its appeal to the eye. . . . In principle, then, glasses should be colourless. They should also be as thin as possible, so that when required the heat of the hand may be promptly transferred to their contents. . . . On one point the wine-lover should insist; the glass should be generously large. A horrid fashion prevails in England of filling wine glasses to the brim . . . a glass should be little more than half full, so that it can be tilted this way and that, and scientifically rotated, and a space should be left above the surface of the wine, where the subtle essences of the bouquet may gather."

To decant or not to decant is a problem much discussed. On the whole, expert opinion is against the decanter, and more particularly that of M. Mathieu. Mr. Warner Allen notes as to this: "One of the chief objections brought against his attitude is the difficulty of pouring out an old wine without shaking up the deposit. A steady hand is not enough, because if the bottle is tilted back after pouring, the wine rushing back from the neck will certainly disturb any loose sediment in the bottle. M. Mathieu relies on the basket to prevent this disaster, and Professor Saintsbury explains in greater detail how the basket must be used. 'As for Burgundy baskets . . . to make them of any real good, the *whole* of the contents should be poured into successive glasses, at only the necessary inclination, till the sediment is reached, and no tilting back permitted.'"

So to the temperatures at which wines should be served. "White wines should be a few degrees colder than the room, but not too cold. . . . Red wines should be drunk at the temperature of the room, since warmth develops their bouquet. . . . The heavier a wine, the colder it should be drunk."

Then to the actual drinking. "The cork should be drawn by the master of the house, who amid general anxiety smells it with infinite solicitude, being careful to wrap round it a napkin, so arranged that it cuts off all that part of the cork which has been exposed to the air and may therefore smell of mould and decay without fatal results to the wine. . . . With a steady even movement the wine is poured into the glasses that await it, until the first glimpse of sediment shows itself at the neck. In silence host and guests raise their glasses level with their eyes, for colour paves the way to smell and taste. . . . After colour, bouquet. The glasses should be passed quietly beneath the nostrils, and its perfume lightly aspired. For a fuller appreciation of the bouquet the sense of smell must be assisted by an artifice. . . . A movement of rotation is given to the wine, so that its volatile elements may the more easily be set free to reach the sensory organs. . . . The warmth of the hands should be applied to the glass until the perfect temperature is reached. . . . The wine must be drunk as birds drink water, in little sips, to be turned over and over, and rolled attentively round the tongue."

After that, it is not a matter for wonder when Mr. Warner Allen continues: "For the wine-lover the food should simply be a frame for the wines."

The next point is all-important. "As concerns the order of the wines there is one general and immutable principle: wines must be served in a gradually ascending scale, beginning with the youngest and lightest and gradually working up to the oldest and fullest bodied." Mr. Warner Allen's ideal is that of Mr. C. W. Berry, "prince of wine-lovers."

"With the *hors d'œuvre* came a Very Old Amontillado. . . . Chablis Moutonne 1904, with the soup, was the perfect expression of Chablis. . . . The full orchestral music of Montrachet, 1889 (Marquis de la Guiche) . . . was accompanied by a sole marguery. The same wonderful grape, the chardonnay or white pinot, produced both Chablis and Montrachet, but what a contrast between them! The deep gold and almost overpowering magnificence of the Montrachet, with its intensity and force, is the birthright of the greatest of white Burgundies, and, owing to its very splendour, theoretically, it was not perhaps quite in place in the banquet. . . . There followed a saddle of mutton and a pheasant to escort the three great Clarets, which were the crowning glory of this Dionysiac Agape—Château Lafite 1865, Château Lafite 1875, and a Magnum, the last illustrious Magnum, of Château Lafite 1864, all château-bottled. . . . After such a wine an anti-climax seemed inevitable, but the Sercial Madeira, 1854, which followed after a cheese *soufflé*, brought no sense of disappointment. . . . It heralded most honourably the coming of those rarest Cognacs, Grande Fine Champagne 1810 and 1830."

Thus one who is both master and willing slave of his subject, a writer who can be lyrical and practical in turn; now dealing with the making of wines, now with the elusive subtleties of the vintages, with the romantic history, the traditions and the legends of the vineyards, and with the art of those whose claims accord with those of the Dukes of Burgundy who were proud to call themselves "immediate lords of the best wines in Christendom on account of their good land of Burgundy more famous and renowned than any other where wine grows."

If ever there be a Chair of Wine, "The Wines of France" will entitle Mr. Warner Allen to be its first occupant! Nothing could better prove his knowledge and his enthusiasm, or his ability to hold an audience fascinated.

E. H. G.



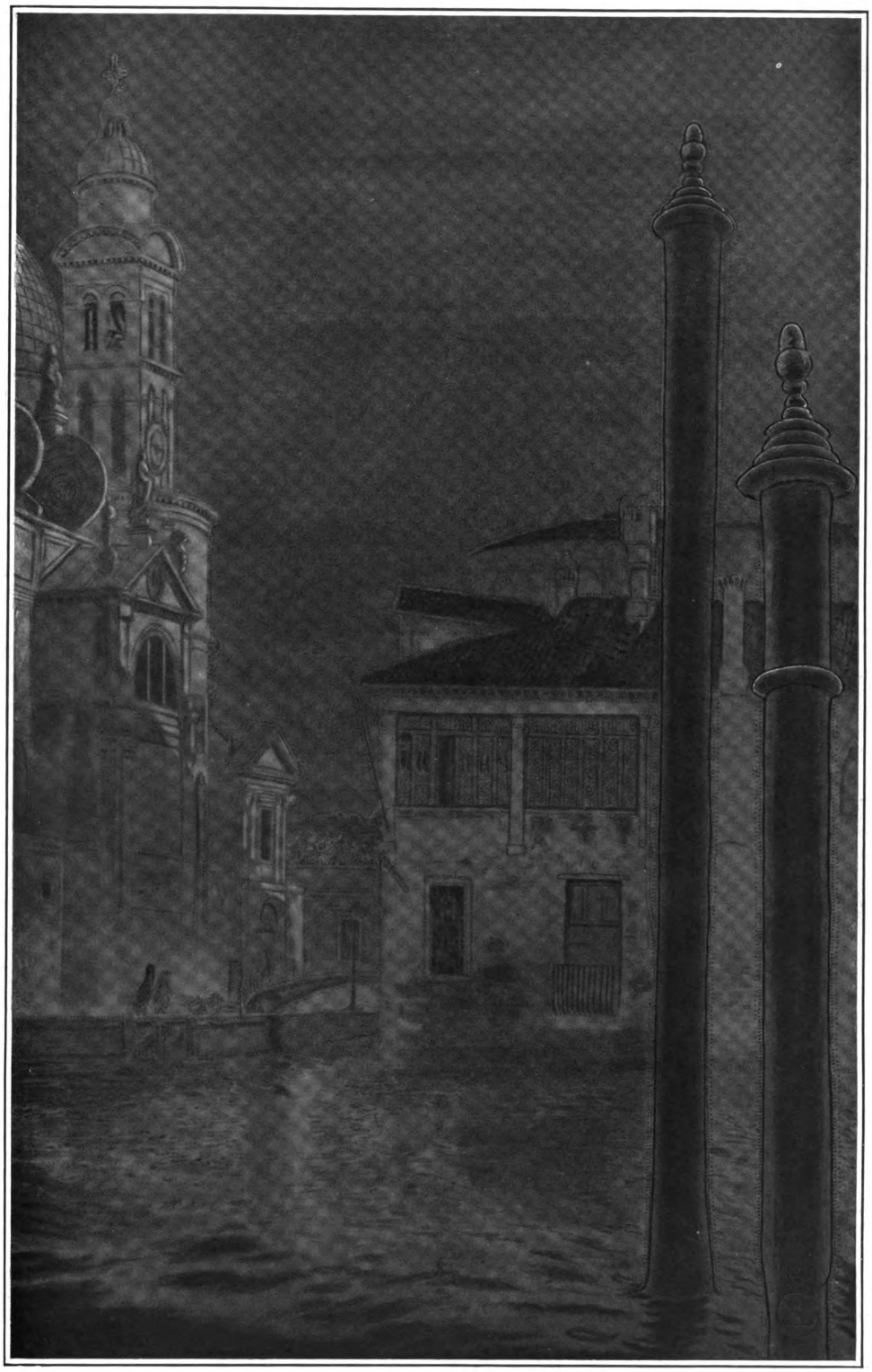
AS IT WOULD BE IF THE PLANS OF VIOLLET-LE-DUC WERE CARRIED OUT: NOTRE DAME WITH SPIRES ADDED ON THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Paris has been discussing lately whether the towers of Notre Dame, left unfinished by the thirteenth-century architects, should now be crowned with spires, as originally intended. Certain rich Americans have offered to help in paying the cost. Leading Parisians are practically unanimous against the idea. The central spire was added in 1855 by Viollet-le-Duc, who designed spires for the towers that would increase their height from about 220 ft. to 406 ft.

* "The Wines of France." By H. Warner Allen. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.; 8s. 6d. net.)

# OLD ROMANCE AND MODERN HOLIDAYS: TWILIGHT IN VENICE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LESLIE W. LANG, R.B.A.

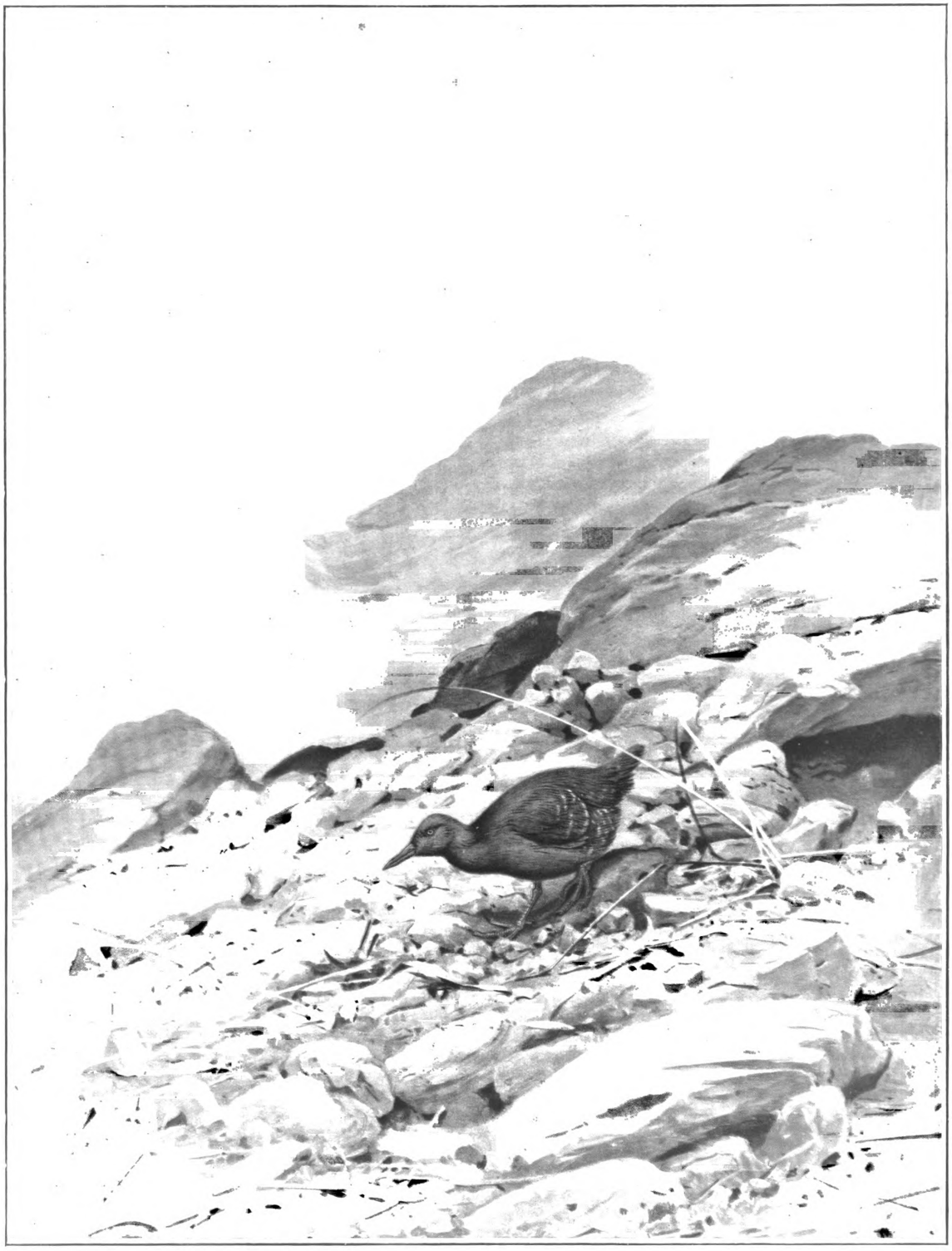


**RECENTLY VISITED BY BRITISH WARSHIPS: VENICE—A PAINTING BY LESLIE W. LANG, R.B.A.**

Venice, which once held "the gorgeous East in fee," has become in latter days a lure to holiday-makers from the West. While some love to muse on her romantic past, explore her splendid buildings, or glide along in a gondola through the maze of her canals, others, of a more mundane sort, enjoy the delights of bathing on the Lido. Recently a squadron of the British Mediterranean Fleet, under Admiral Sir Osmond de Beauvoir Brock, visited Venice, and exchanged hospitalities with the Italian naval authorities. Admiral Giovanni entertained Sir Osmond Brock on August 14, and on the following Sunday a reception was held on board the "Iron Duke," the British flag-ship. H.M.S. "Wren," moored in the Grand Canal, was an object of great interest to the Venetians.—*[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

# A NEW FLIGHTLESS BIRD: THE RAIL OF INACCESSIBLE ISLAND.

SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY G. E. LODGE.



**FOUND IN A REMOTE ISLAND NEAR TRISTAN DA CUNHA: THE FLIGHTLESS RAIL, A SPECIMEN OF WHICH, ONLY LATELY BROUGHT TO ENGLAND, IS "THE RAREST THING" AT WEMBLEY.**

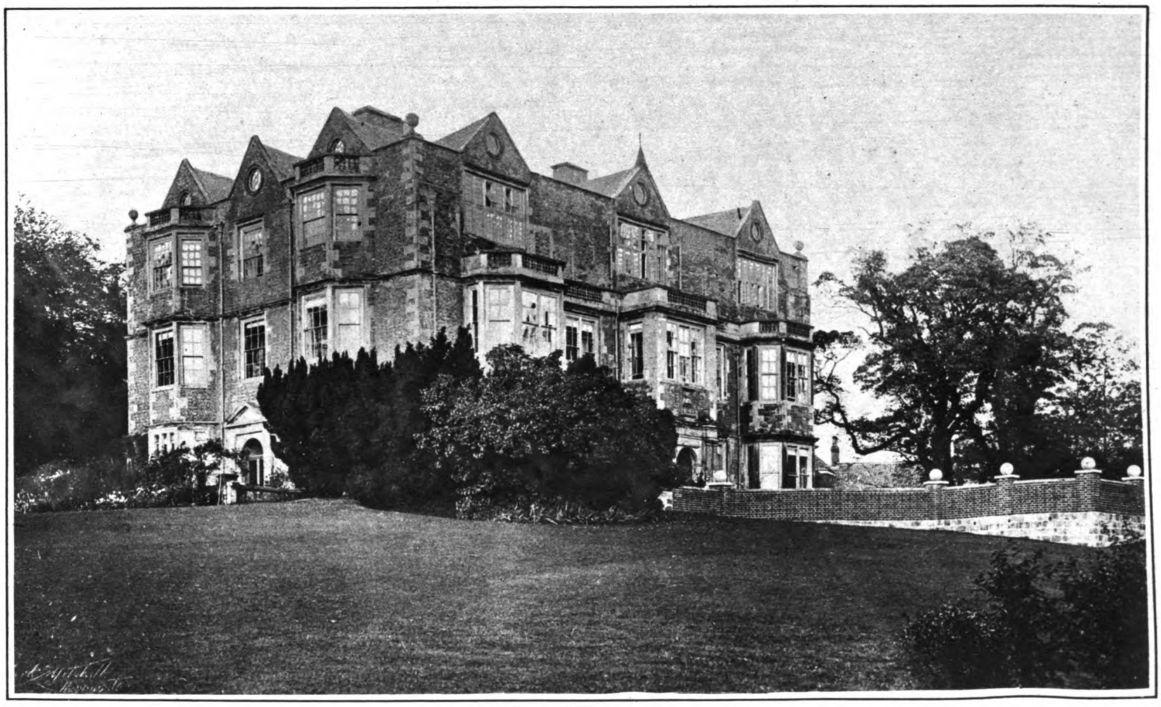
In the Tristan da Cunha section of the South African Pavilion at Wembley is a specimen of the Flightless Rail (*Atlantisia Rogersi*) from Inaccessible Island, Mr. Douglas M. Gane, through whom it was obtained, writes to us: "The British Museum have been seeking a specimen for the last seventy years, and two were sent to me last year. One of these is shown at Wembley, and it is probably the rarest thing in the Exhibition." Describing the finding of specimens, the Rev. Martyn Rogers, the missionary of Tristan da Cunha, who sent two to the British Museum, says: "The men of Tristan have recently made the great journey to Inaccessible Island. Natural history specimens were obtained, including that rare and peculiar bird known as the 'island cock.' This bird is small, of a black plumage, has red eyes, and is almost wingless. It never flies, but runs with amazing swiftness, and is very clever and cunning at escaping men and dogs. The 'Quest' expedition sought vainly for this bird. Its eggs have never been seen or obtaincd."—[*Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

# THE KING'S LONDON GRANDSON—NOW WITH A YORKSHIRE BROTHER.

PHOTO-ETCHING (BY SPECIAL PROCESS) BY JAMES BACON AND SONS, OF NEW BOND STREET, AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



NOW PROVIDED WITH A LITTLE BROTHER BORN IN YORKSHIRE: PRINCESS MARY'S ELDER SON, THE HON. GEORGE HENRY HUBERT LASCELLES, WHO IS A NATIVE OF LONDON, HAVING BEEN BORN AT CHESTERFIELD HOUSE ON FEBRUARY 7, 1923.

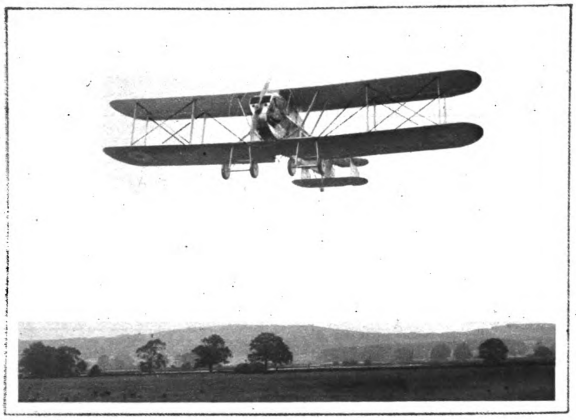


THE YORKSHIRE BIRTHPLACE OF THE KING'S SECOND GRANDSON: GOLDSBOROUGH HALL, WHERE PRINCESS MARY'S NEW BABY ARRIVED ON HIS PATERNAL GRANDFATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Yorkshire is very proud of its association with the Royal Family, as the home county of the King's only daughter, and as providing the title of the Duke of York. There was great rejoicing, therefore, over the fact that the birth of a second son to Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, and Viscount Lascelles, had taken place at Goldsborough Hall, their Yorkshire seat near Knaresborough. There had been some slight disappointment when the Princess's first boy was born in London, though his christening at Goldsborough made up for it. By a happy coincidence, the new baby arrived on the birthday of his paternal grandfather, the Earl of Harewood, who was seventy-eight on the same day, August 21. It has been suggested that the baby may be given the name of Ulick, after the Earl. The news of the birth was announced by a notice posted on the outer door of Goldsborough Hall, and was quickly telegraphed to the King at Balmoral and to the Queen at Alnwick Castle. A bulletin of August 23 stated: "H.R.H. the Princess Mary and her son are both making excellent progress. No further bulletins will be issued." A photo-etching of Princess Mary appeared in our last number.

# THE WORLD'S LARGEST SINGLE-ENGINED AEROPLANE: THE "CUBAROO."

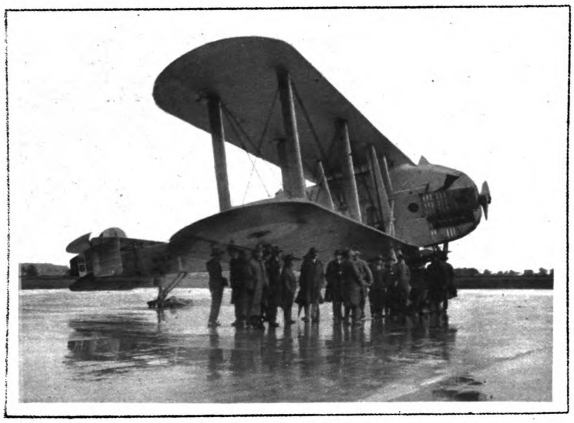
Photographs by Special Press and Central Press.



WEIGHING NINE TONS, BUT MANŒUVRED AS EASILY AS A SINGLE-SEATER SCOUT: THE HUGE BLACKBURN-NAPIER "CUBAROO" ON ITS TRIAL FLIGHT AT BROUGH.



HOW THE HUGE WINGS ARE FOLDED FOR STORAGE: THE HINGE OF THE RIGHT-HAND WING (TURNED BACK TOWARDS THE TAIL).



INDICATING THE IMMENSE SIZE OF THE MACHINE: TWENTY AIR REPRESENTATIVES SHELTERING UNDER ONE OF THE WINGS DURING A SHOWER OF RAIN.



SHOWING THE TORPEDO RACK (ABOVE THE MAN ON THE EXTREME LEFT): A CLOSE VIEW OF THE LARGE LANDING WHEELS (4 FT. HIGH).

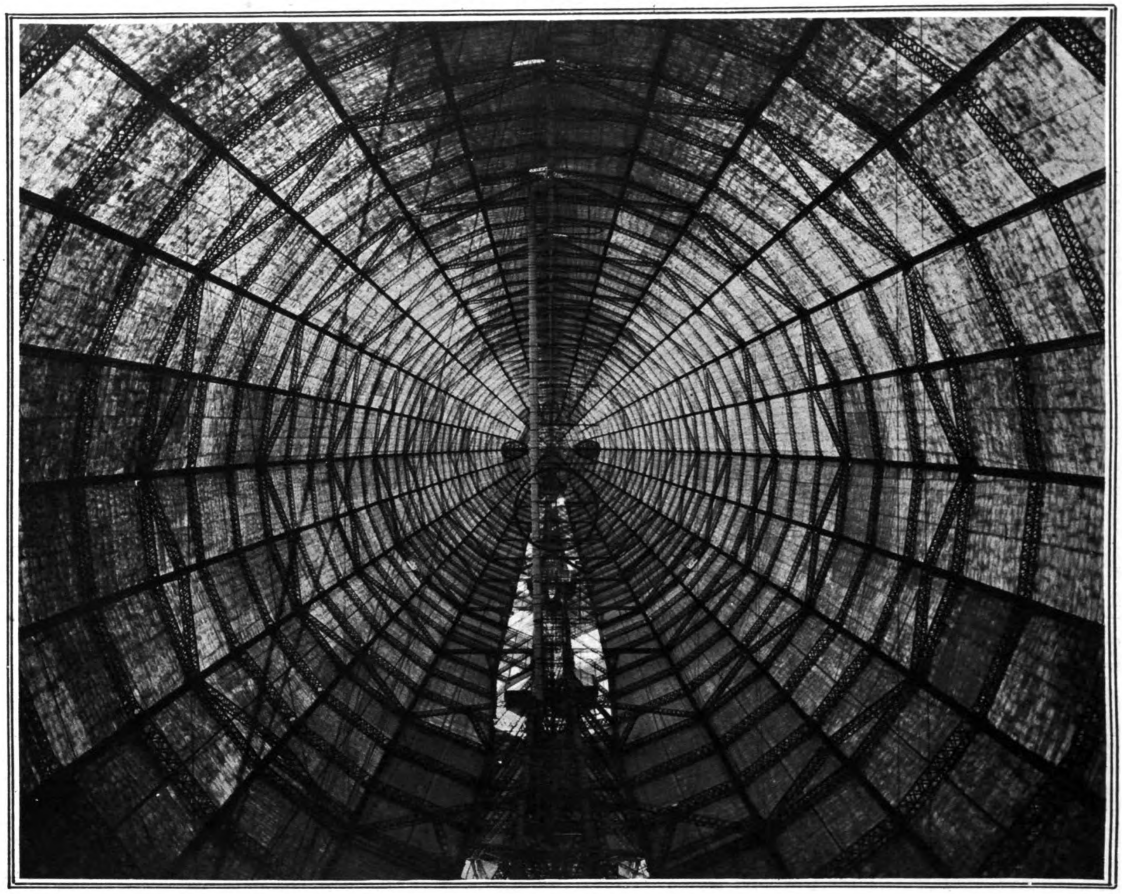


WITH AN OVER-ALL HEIGHT OF 19 FT., LENGTH OF 54 FT., AND WING SPAN OF 88 FT.: THE "CUBAROO"—FINISHING TOUCHES BEFORE THE FLIGHT.

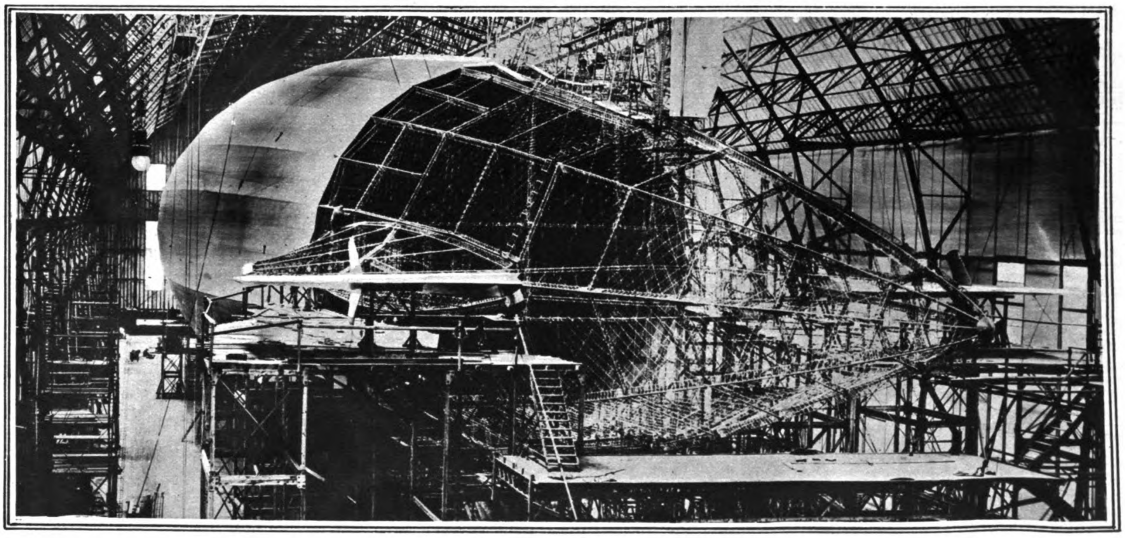
The new monster bombing aeroplane known as the "Cubaroo," built for the Air Ministry by the Blackburn Aeroplane Company, with a 1000-h.p. engine by Messrs. D. Napier and Son, made its first official flight on August 21 at Brough, near Hull. The pilot was Flight-Lieutenant W. S. Bulman, a well-known test-pilot from the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, who handled and manœuvred the great machine as easily as though it were a single-seater scout. It rose into the air after a run of less than 200 yards, and after a twenty-minutes' flight, during which it turned, banked, climbed, and moved in a small circle, a perfect landing was effected. The test was very successful, and a triumph for the aeroplane and engine builders, who were congratulated by a party of distinguished British and foreign air representatives present. The "Cubaroo" has a gross weight of over 9 tons, a carrying capacity of 3 tons, wing-span of 88 ft., length 54 ft., and height over all, over 19 ft. There are two pairs of landing wheels, with a rack for bombs or torpedoes between them and under the body (as may be seen in the two lower photographs). The wings can be folded back for storage. The machine is the largest single-engined aeroplane in the world, and the 1000-h.p. Napier "Cub" that drives it is the highest-powered aero engine ever constructed.

# A ZEPPELIN TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC: REPARATION FOR THE U.S.A.

Photographs by Neumann Film Production, Berlin.



SOON TO START ON HER FLIGHT FROM FRIEDRICHSHAFEN TO NEW YORK AND (IF SUCCESSFUL) THE FIRST CIVILIAN ZEPPELIN TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC: THE "Z.R.3"—THE HUGE INTERIOR AFTER COMPLETION OF THE FRAMEWORK.



WITH THE OUTER SKIN IN POSITION ON THE FRONT HALF: THE EXTERIOR OF THE NEW ZEPPELIN "Z.R.3," TAPERING TO A SHARP-POINTED STERN, DURING CONSTRUCTION IN ITS SHED AT FRIEDRICHSHAFEN, ON LAKE CONSTANCE.

The new Zeppelin "Z.R.3" (the official American number), or "L.Z.126," as the Germans call her, has been built at the expense of the German Government as a substitute for two rigid airships awarded to the United States, by way of reparation, under the Versailles Treaty. The German airships surrendered in 1918 were destroyed by their crews in their sheds. In deciding to take a single airship equal in volume to two of those destroyed, the U.S. Government stipulated that it should be of a civilian, not a military, type, and should embody the latest designs. It was arranged that the "Z.R.3," which was recently completed, should begin some preliminary trial flights on August 25, and start for America early in September. The probable route is from Friedrichshafen to the south coasts of England and Ireland, and thence across the Atlantic to Newfoundland and Lakehurst—a total distance of 4350 miles. If successful, she will be the first civilian Zeppelin to cross the Atlantic, but not the first airship, as the flight to America and back was accomplished some years ago by the British "R.34." The "Z.R.3" is of the usual torpedo shape with blunt rounded nose and sharp-pointed stern. She was built in a shed on the north shore of Lake Constance. Her length is 665 ft., greatest diameter about 90 ft., and greatest height about 101 ft. It takes 2,472,000 cubic feet of hydrogen to inflate her. The total lift is about 86 tons, not including the weight of the gas, and the ship is designed to carry twenty passengers and a considerable amount of cargo. Her maximum speed is about seventy-six miles an hour.

# The World of the Theatre.

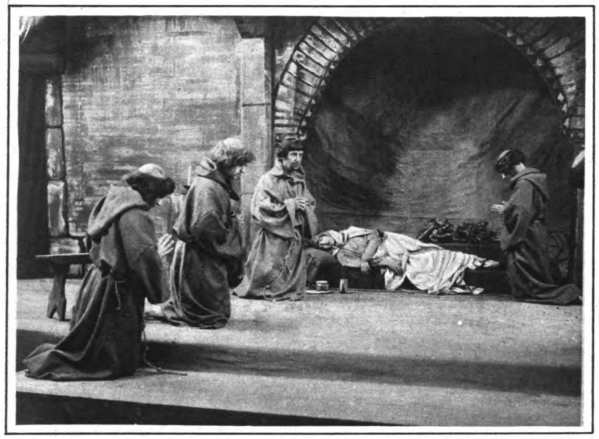
By J. T. GREIN.

## THE AMERICAN WAY.

THEY all knew him in London, for he has a good Cockney name, and his father is well known round Carey Street—not because he has been a bankrupt (perish the thought!) but because he has a business where lawyers run in and out to buy stationery and have a pow-wow with the dear old fellow: a character, perfect digest of law and Shakespeare. He was a great amateur in his day, and that is perhaps why his son, my hero, was no good in business as a junior with Dutch egg and butter and cheese importers on the quay by the Custom House. He was a bright lad, but he had no head for figures, and he loathed the Dutch farm produce which brought him eighty a year—not so bad a salary twenty years ago. He was always full of the theatre: he saw all the plays; he knew the career of all the actors of the day from A to Z; he could quote epigrams from Wilde and tirades from Shaw with rare retentiveness of memory. Had he been as well versed in his trade, he might have become the Cheese King of London—as his employer told him. But the theatre was in his blood—and who knows what that means could predict what would inevitably happen. He took time by the forelock—for the "sack" was hanging over him—and he ran away; or rather, he sailed forth. In those days steerage to New York cost three pounds—and no questions asked at Ellis Island with regard to percentage of immigration; so, with a month's salary safely in his pocket (he was wise enough to skedaddle on pay-day), he felt a Crœsus with worlds before him to conquer.

He arrived duly in the great Transatlantic city, where he did not know a soul. With one thing and another, his cash had melted down to ten dollars—at a pinch, enough for a week or two on frugal rations. He had heard of a paper called *Variety*, and bought it. There he read: "Call Boy wanted at 50c. a day; apply Blank Theatre, Herald Square." He entered the stage-door keeper's lodge with a bland face and the firm determination that he would get in, and that one day the theatre would be his. It is. But I must not disturb the regular course of evolution. In America, it appears, they do not worry much about references, as with us; all they did was to ask about his experience, and he told the tale. Oh, yes; he knew all about the job: he had been at the Haymarket in London—the little liar!—and had come over to better himself.

The truth was, so he told me, when I met him in Switzerland the other day, and enticed him to unfold the story of his successful life, that he had read a series of articles in an old theatrical paper in London, and had paid particular attention to the chapter, "Call Boys" and "Stage Managers" (the "producer" was hardly mentioned in those days of actor-managers, who took all the credit). So he had at least a theoretical smattering of his future activities. He set to work many times with the cold sweat of fear on his brow, but he got on. His "boss" called him a "'cute guy," and gave him 25c. rise. When the act is in progress and all the characters are "on," the call-boy has a little leisure. He used it well. Night after night he stood by the prompter and learned his trade; night after night he dogged the steps of the stage-manager and learned his. The prompter fell ill, the stage-manager ditto; and our friend boldly walked into the manager's sanctum and asked for a chance, was looked at askance, pleaded hard, got it, and did well. He felt equipped and sought an engagement on the road as A.S.M. (Assistant Stage-Manager); the cents grew rapidly into dollars. He careered all over the States, from New Jersey to New Orleans. It was a hard, restless, responsible life—oh, those one-night stands, those endless railway journeys, those thousandfold worries with people and with luggage! However, it was all in the day's work. The prompter became a full-fledged stage-manager. Sometimes he acted in a case of emergency, but, as he candidly admitted, "I was a damn bad actor, and it wasn't my game." That theatre in Herald Square, that was the goal. It was yet a long way off! Never mind, where there 's a will there 's a way; when brain helps progress, there 's no limit.



ONE OF MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S "LITTLE PLAYS OF ST. FRANCIS," AT THE GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL: "SISTER CLARE"—THE BRETHREN PRAYING AROUND THE SLEEPING SISTER (MISS WINIFRED BARROWS).

Now by that time he had learned all there was to be known of the theatre; he had seen and helped to produce untold plays—he would write one; it was "as easy as that"! Yes; but how to get it on when it was written? He had to find the missing link—to league in with a dramatist who had the hearing of managers. Of course, he knew many authors, but there is a gulf between a young stage-manager and a successful playwright; a partnership such stuff as dreams are made on. Still, he was bold and he was imaginative, and he was indeed the "'cute guy" of his first laudation. He found a plot, a wonderful story of crime, in Albert Bataille's famous volumes of French trials. He composed a minute scenario, and, certain that it would "catch on," he sent it—"'cute guy"—under the pseudonym of a lady to a well-known dramatist. Whether it was the lady or the scenario that did the trick, our hero is unable to say, but he got a most affable reply, full of praise for the scenario, a proposal of collaboration, and an invitation to discuss terms and other matters. The situation, however promising, was a little ticklish; he had to make a clean breast of his false pretence of sex, and he went to the interview with lead in his shoes. But the dramatist was also a humorist; after his first astonishment, he took the hoax in good part, and the young Englishman into partnership. That was not a stride—it was a leap. Herald Square came a few miles nearer within sight.

Meanwhile, he continued his career as a stage-manager. He believed in the bird in the hand. In due course the play was completed and performed. It was a fair success—it did not set the Hudson on fire, but it ran a hundred nights, and ran on the road. He had made a little name (for, of course, the collaborator got the lion's share of kudos and of the shekels) and some money.

In London, with his fees in the bank, he would have gaily started as a lessee and a manager. But in New York, management is a far costlier game than in London. He would play the waiting game and forge ahead. Instead of plunging into the managerial vortex, he worked hard on the stage and the social ladder, and he fell in love with a budding leading lady. She was a charming woman, popular in Society, and, to him, a real helpmate, as the sequel will show. One night he and his bride were bidden to a supper party. The neighbour of the young wife was a rich banker much interested in theatres. He was charmed by his companion, and she, with true feminine power of divination, perceived that "Kismet" had not for nothing placed her next to the millionaire. Can you imagine what a loving, ambitious wife will pour into willing ears of the hopes and dreams and aspirations of her husband? To make a long story short, when she reached the climax of her plea, and told him the wonderful opportunity to rent the Blank Theatre, near Herald Square, the rich man, in post-prandial mind, and no doubt under the spell of the fair charmer, asked her how much would be wanted for the enterprise. She named a figure, and he—these things happen in America—said without further ado: "Very well; it 's clinched. You will hear from me in the course of to-morrow." After that the guests rose, and there was dancing. In the interval the millionaire sought his late supper partner, and said: "Referring to our little chat, I find that I have my cheque-book on me—I may as well give it you now." Whereupon he whipped out a cheque-book from his pocket, a fountain-pen, and scribbled. A second later 50,000 dollars, "On account," said he with a smile, slipped into the corsage of the future manager's wife. "There is but one condition," he said; "and I take your word for it. No one except your husband must know that I am your banker—you are too young and too pretty, you know. People will talk."

"And that 's how I, a little later, became the owner of that theatre not far from Herald Square," said our hero.

And that 's why I, a confidant who heard the tale, but asked no questions (in fact, I have no idea who the millionaire is), must not divulge the "Who 's Who" of the case. But it is the true chronicle of how a young English City clerk fared well in the American Way.

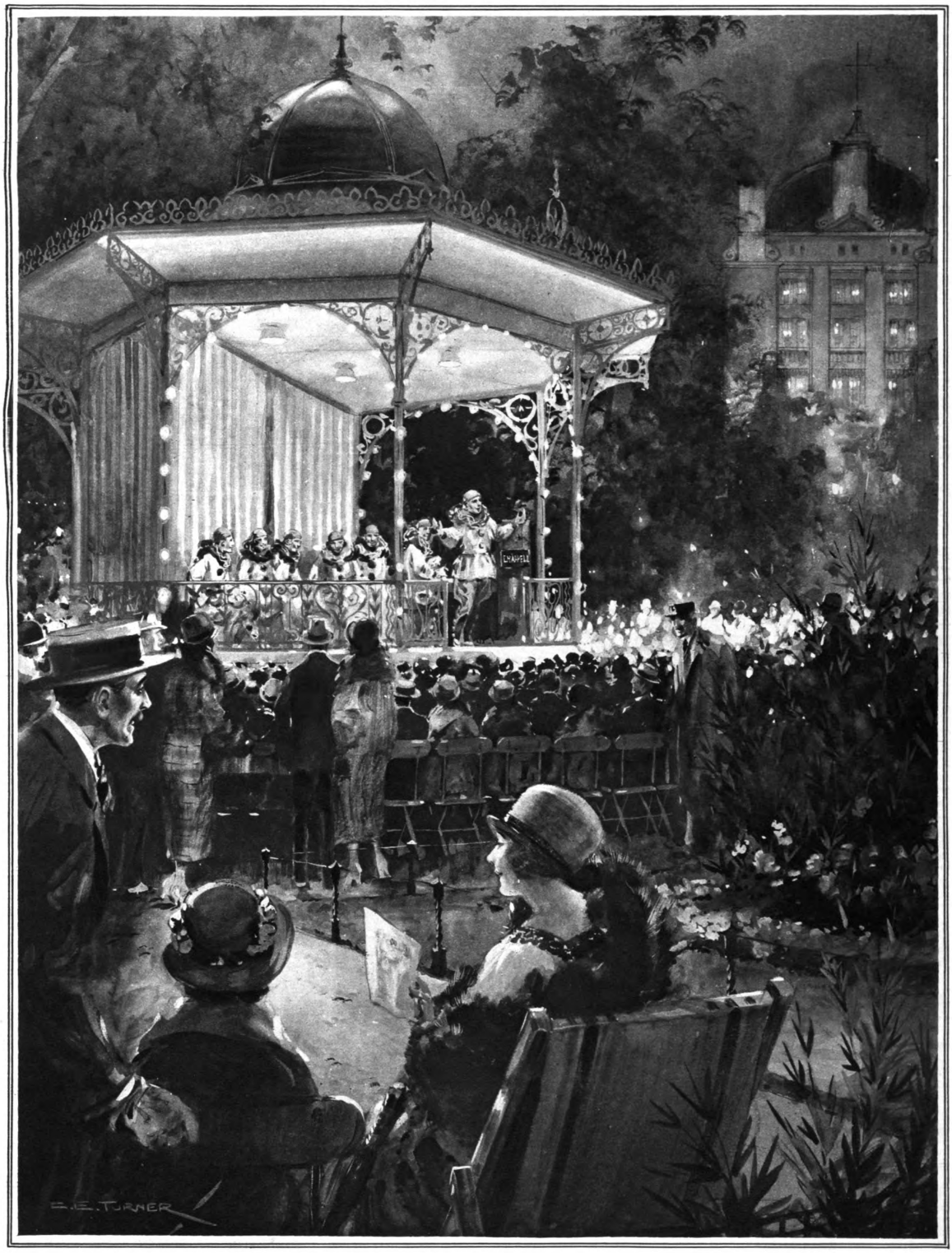


GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL PLAYERS IN "OUR LADY OF POVERTY": THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY (MISS WINIFRED BARROWS) AND HER MAIDENS LISTEN TO A TOURNEY OF SONG AT THE COURT OF LOVE.

The Glastonbury Festival Players recently gave in the Assembly Rooms at Glastonbury six of the eighteen "Little Plays of St. Francis," by Mr. Laurence Housman, including "Sister Clare" and "Our Lady of Poverty." The latter play sets forth the early career of the Saint, who appears as a young gallant, named Francesco, at the Court of Love, where the Queen of Beauty listens to a tourney of song. Next there enters a leper, and after speech with him Francesco renounces the world. This play (like some of the others) was accompanied by incidental music by Mr. Rutland Boughton, whose new opera, "The Queen of Cornwall" (a setting of Thomas Hardy's play, "The Famous Tragedy of Tintagel in Lyonnesse") was given later at the Festival.—[*Photographs by C.N.*]

# A SEASIDE TOUCH ON THE EMBANKMENT: PIERROTS AND DECK-CHAIRS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.




**A "SEASIDE" ENTERTAINMENT IN THE HEART OF LONDON: A TROUPE OF PIERROTS GIVING A PERFORMANCE IN THE BANDSTAND OF THE EMBANKMENT GARDENS NEAR CHARING CROSS.**

Londoners can now enjoy the illusion of imagining themselves at the seaside, by attending the new type of entertainment given in the bandstand of the Victoria Embankment gardens. By permission of the London County Council, a troupe of Pierrots, known as the Gold Tips Concert Party, recently gave a concert there, and the performance is to be repeated every Wednesday. This is a change from the ordinary band programmes. The illumination of the bandstand with coloured lights, and the deck-chairs provided for part of the audience, make the whole scene reminiscent of an evening on the front at Brighton or Margate. The ripple of the Thames against the Embankment, and the occasional note of a barge on the river, represent the sea.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## MONTAGU'S HARRIER.

*By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.*

NO longer am I a dweller in the wilds. Much against my will, I have returned to a barren waste of bricks and mortar, where the only wild beasts are motor-cars and "taxis." But, though the days of my "retreat" were all too short, they were joyous while they lasted. The throbbing pulses of life all around me quickened my own, so that I saw long-familiar facts in a new light. But more than this: one evening I had the great good fortune to see an otter disporting himself in the water, and every day I was able to watch the aerial evolutions of a pair of Montagu's harriers (Fig. 1), which were breeding within a mile of the house which gave me shelter when the day was done.

Time was when this bird, its near relation, the Hen-harrier, and the Marsh-harrier, were common wherever country suitable to their habits obtained. But the drainage of our fen lands slowly reduced their numbers, and the gamekeeper harried the few pairs that clung tenaciously to their few remaining strongholds, so that their utter extermination seemed inevitable. Thanks, however, to the efforts of the Wild Birds Protection Society, and of a few landowners who take large views in the matter of the preservation of our vanishing birds, Montagu's harrier, at least, has in a measure been restored to us; since for the last few years a pair or two have bred almost annually in East Anglia, and fairly often in Cambridgeshire, Hampshire, and Dorsetshire. It is devoutly to be hoped that this remnant will be jealously guarded.



FIG. 1.—AT THE NEST, AND IN FLIGHT: THE ADULT MONTAGU'S HARRIER.
*From a Picture by Thorburn.*

To see these birds on the wing, day after day, was a never-ending source of delight. Twice I made my way to the nest to inspect and photograph the nestlings. It was a toilsome journey, made in the broiling sun, followed by a black cloud of flies—some of which had a most vicious bite—through a jungle of long grass, and reeds which seemed to dispute every foot of the way. But the goal was worth it. Long before the nest was reached, the old birds gave evidence of their alarm at the sight of intruders on their domain. They made, however, no attempt to beat us off, as some birds will, but, instead, retreated to what they regarded as a safe distance, calling, wheeling, turning, and gliding round on widespread pinions, the quills of the hand being splayed out so as to present a serrated edge against the sky. Every now and then they would give two or three rapid wing-beats, and then glide downwards for yards. Sometimes the legs would be suddenly dropped, to aid the long tail in steering; but for the most part they were held close up under the tail, as is usual with birds in flight.

At last the nest, a mere platform of reed-stems amid the towering reeds, was reached. There crouched the youngsters, thickly clad in a downy raiment of spotless white. But the older bird showed a V-shaped band of dark-brown feathers on the back. It was a great moment; for never before had I seen young harriers in the nest. After I had photographed them, I searched, but in vain, for remnants of their last meal, hoping to find bones, fur, or feathers, or remains of snakes or frogs. But the old birds had left no broken meats of any kind to satisfy my curiosity.

A week later I paid a second visit. The parents behaved in precisely the same manner. But the youngsters had now grown strong enough to obey the command to hide which was, so to speak, shouted at them from above. For on reaching the nest, we found it empty. A moment's search, however, showed the fugitives crouching among the reeds just outside the nest. They were tenderly lifted out, in spite of their protests in the shape of a ferocious display of open mouths. The elder bridled up and showed fight. Nevertheless, they were placed in the nest, and again posed for a photograph, which is shown here (Fig. 2). The larger, older bird was now showing traces of feathers on the breast, while his back and wing feathers had also grown considerably. In the younger bird no more than the V-shaped band of feathers on the back had made their appearance. Again I found no trace of food at the nest, but some distance away I picked up a pellet, doubtless dropped by one of the parents, and this consisted of fur and portions of a young rabbit. Before I left this paradise, both had grown strong enough to take short flights of some thirty or forty yards at a stretch, and I fervently hope that they will escape the gun to return next year to the haunts of their birthplace.



FIG. 2.—PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE NEST: TWO YOUNG MONTAGU'S HARRIERS.
"The younger, crouching bird shows the V-shaped band of feathers pushing their way through the down. In the older bird, which is standing up, feathers are appearing on the breast."
*Photograph by W. P. Pycraft.*

There is little difference in the matter of size between the sexes of the adults; but the male is distinguished by the ashy-grey of the upper parts, and the streaks of pale chestnut on the under-parts. The female is dark-brown above, and has the under-parts streaked with a rufous brown. The spread of the wings is about three feet. This bird may be distinguished in the field from its near relation, the Hen-harrier, by its slightly smaller size and more graceful build, and in having a grey, rather than a conspicuously white, rump-patch. So closely do the two species resemble one another that the older ornithologists failed to discriminate between them. It was Montagu, the author of the famous Ornithological Dictionary, who first realised this, when he pointed out, just over 120 years ago, that two species had been confused under the term, "Hen-harrier." This second he called the "Ash-coloured falcon." Later this name was dropped for the more appropriate "Montagu's harrier."

By the older ornithologists the harriers were regarded as forming an annectent link between the hawk and the owl tribe. And this because the harriers display a curiously disc-like arrangement of the feathers of the face, resembling that of the owls, though less markedly developed. The fact that both lay white eggs was taken as a further witness to this relationship. The disc-like face feathers of the harrier are shown in the accompanying figure (Fig. 4), taken from Witherby's incomparable book on British Birds.

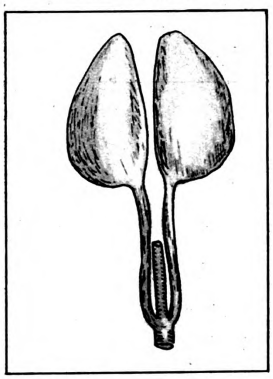


FIG. 3.—A POINT OF CONTRAST BETWEEN OWLS AND HAWKS: THE FLASK-LIKE CÆCA OF AN OWL.
This photograph shows "the cæca, or 'blind gut,' of an owl, wherein, as in the Night-jars, they terminate in the form of a large, bulbous chamber of unknown function. In the hawk-tribe the cæca are represented by mere stumps."

But the anatomy of the two types shows that they have nothing in common, save that both are predaceous. Apart from profound differences in their musculature and skeletons, there is singular contrast between the two in the matter of the cæcum, or "blind-gut." In the owls this portion of the intestine presents the peculiar flask-shape (Fig. 3) which obtains in their near relations, the night-jars. In the hawk tribe no more than vestiges of these cæca are found. And this is really a very remarkable fact, so far inexplicable. The night-jars are entirely insectivorous, feeding mainly on beetles and moths. The owls, like the hawks, are "flesh-eaters." One would have supposed that, in consequence, as in the hawks, these cæca would have disappeared. It is true that many owls live largely on beetles, and it might be argued that therefore they had a use for the large cæca. But so also do many of the hawk tribe. The harriers, for example, will readily eat beetles. Some of the small falcons feed almost entirely on these insects. They should, then, one would have supposed, have large cæca. They don't. One must assume, then, that in the owls these appendages have taken on some new function, otherwise they would have become reduced to the condition of vestiges, as is the rule with organs which have ceased to serve any useful purpose. But we have yet to find what that function is.

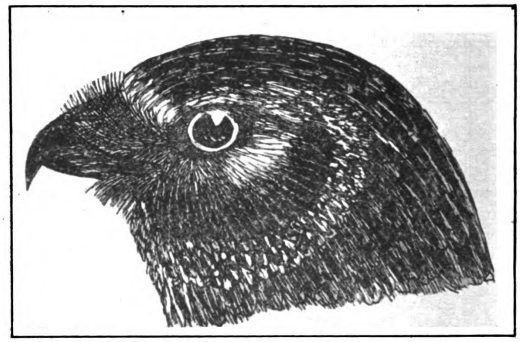


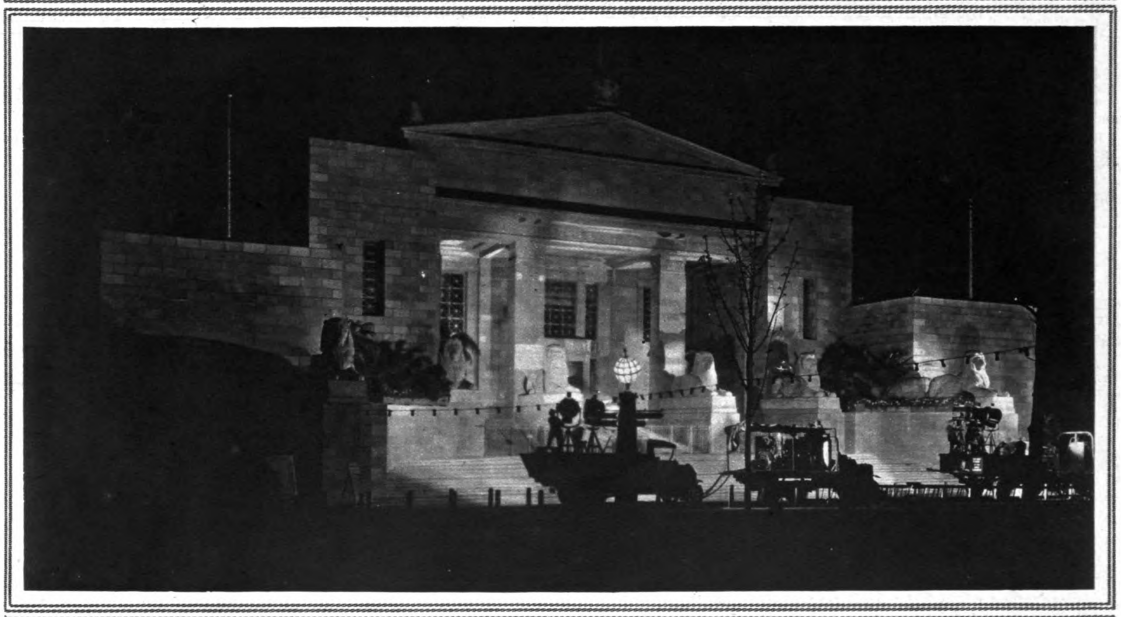
FIG. 4.—SHOWING THE CURIOUS ARRANGEMENT OF THE FEATHERS OF THE FACE TO FORM A DISC, AS IN THE OWLS: THE HEAD OF A HARRIER.
*From Witherby's "British Birds."*

# WEMBLEY UNDER THE "SEARCHLIGHT": STRIKING SCENES AT NIGHT.

Exclusive Photographs by Campbell-Gray, Taken during the Filming of the Exhibition by Night.



WITH THREE OF THE GREAT 1½-MILLION-CANDLE-POWER ARC-LAMPS: FILMING THE INTERIOR OF "CANADA" ON A SUNDAY—SHOWING SOME OF THE LANDSCAPE MODELS AND DECORATIONS MADE OF CANADIAN SEEDS AND GRAINS.

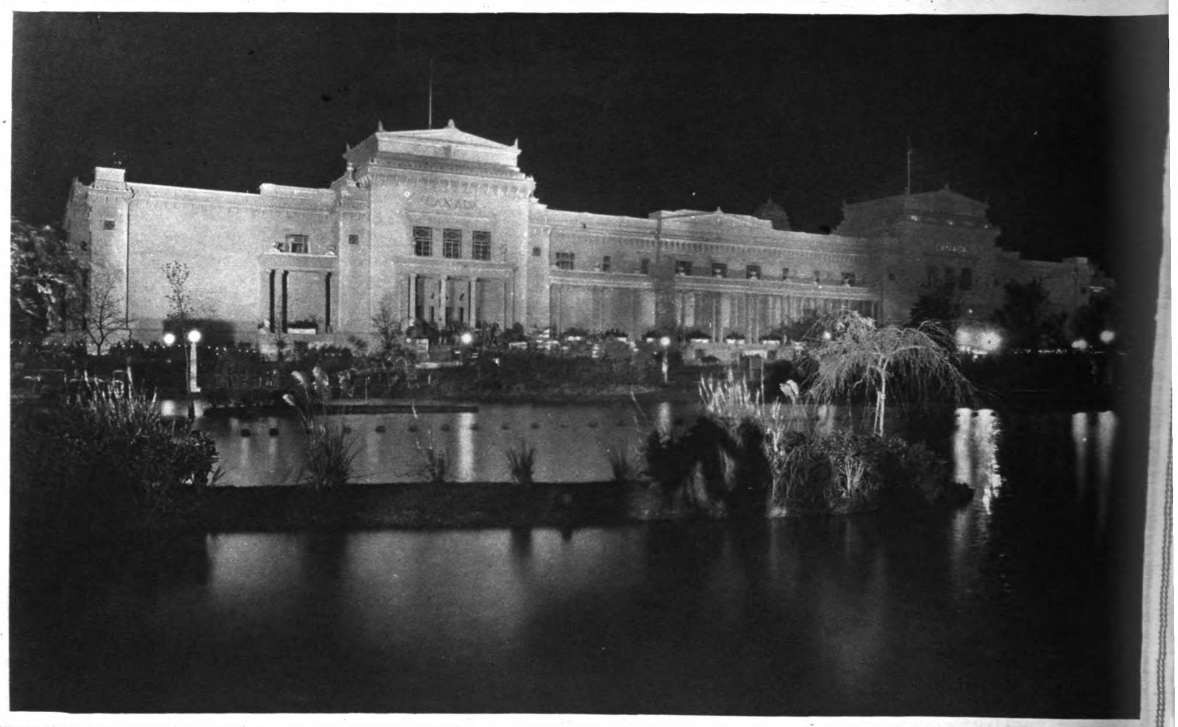


THE MOST POWERFUL LIGHTING EVER USED FOR CINEMATOGRAPHY: "SUNLIGHT" ARC-LAMPS TRAINED ON THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT PAVILION FROM LORRIES THAT CONVEYED THE APPARATUS ROUND THE EXHIBITION.

On this and four succeeding pages we give a set of magnificent photographs of the British Empire Exhibition, taken recently during the making of the official film, "Wembley By Night." The apparatus for the film was very elaborate, including nine sunlight arc-lamps each of 1½-million candle-power, and six lorries for conveying them from point to point. It was the first time that such powerful lighting had been used for cinematography. The staff of operators and assistants numbered twenty-five. Among the subjects filmed were the "Storming of Zeebrugge" in the Admiralty Theatre of the British Government Pavilion, and various scenes in the Amusement Park. There was great eagerness on the part of the crowds of visitors to be included in the pictures, and they followed the operators about in thousands, oblivious of the warning not to look at the lamps because of their blinding brilliance. After eleven o'clock, when the Exhibition grounds are cleared of visitors, the film operators took night views of the principal buildings, and on a Sunday, when the Exhibition is closed to the public, they obtained some new pictures of the interior of the Canadian Pavilion and of the Queen's Dolls' House in the Palace of Arts. Our photographs show some of the most picturesque scenes, taken with and without attendant crowds of onlookers.

# WEMBLEY UNDER THE "SEARCHLIGHT": STRIKING NIGHT

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL-GRA



CANADA: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE IMPOSING CANADIAN PAVILION, SEEN ACROSS THE LAKE, WITH ITS PICTURESQUE LITTLE ISLANDS IN THE FOREGROUND.



BURMAH: THE EXQUISITE BURMESE PAVILION, WITH ITS PAGODA-LIKE SPIRES OF CARVED WOOD—SHOWING A CROWD ON THE LEFT AND PART OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE BEYOND.

# CENES—ORIENTAL, MEDIÆVAL, AND MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

EN DURING THE FILMING OF THE EXHIBITION BY NIGHT.



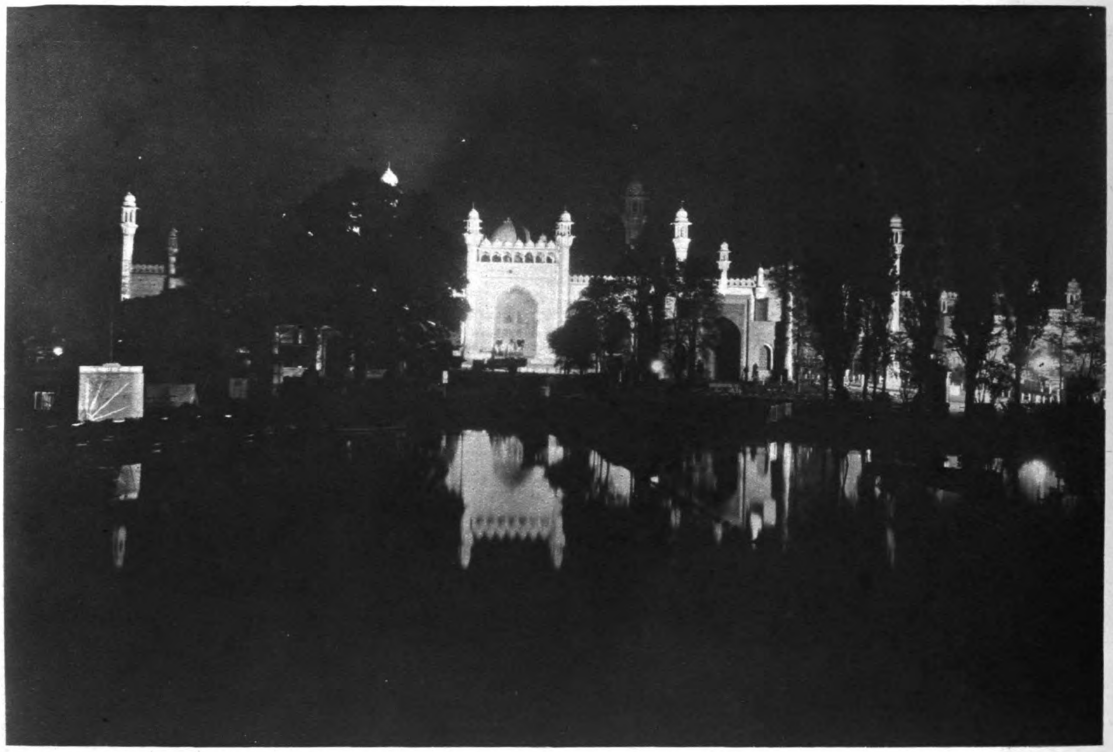
OLD LONDON BRIDGE: ONE END OF THE BRIDGE BUILDINGS LIT UP AGAINST THE DARK SKY, WITH A CROWD OF VISITORS EAGER TO BE IN THE PICTURE.



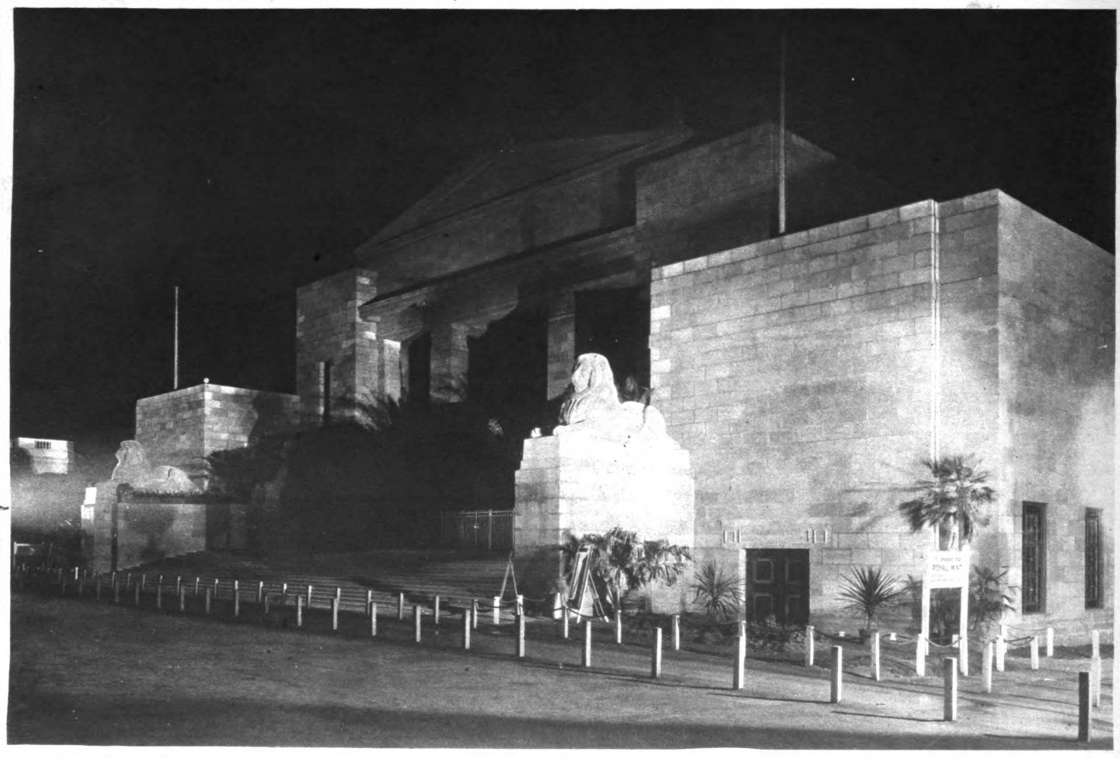
INDIA: PART OF THE GREAT COURTYARD OF THE BEAUTIFUL INDIAN PAVILION, WITH ITS GRACEFUL PILLARS AND ARCHES, AND TALL MINARETS RISING INTO THE NIGHT.

# WEMBLEY UNDER THE "SEARCHLIGHT": STRIKING SCENES AT NIGHT.

Exclusive Photographs by Campbell-Gray, Taken during the Filming of the Exhibition by Night.



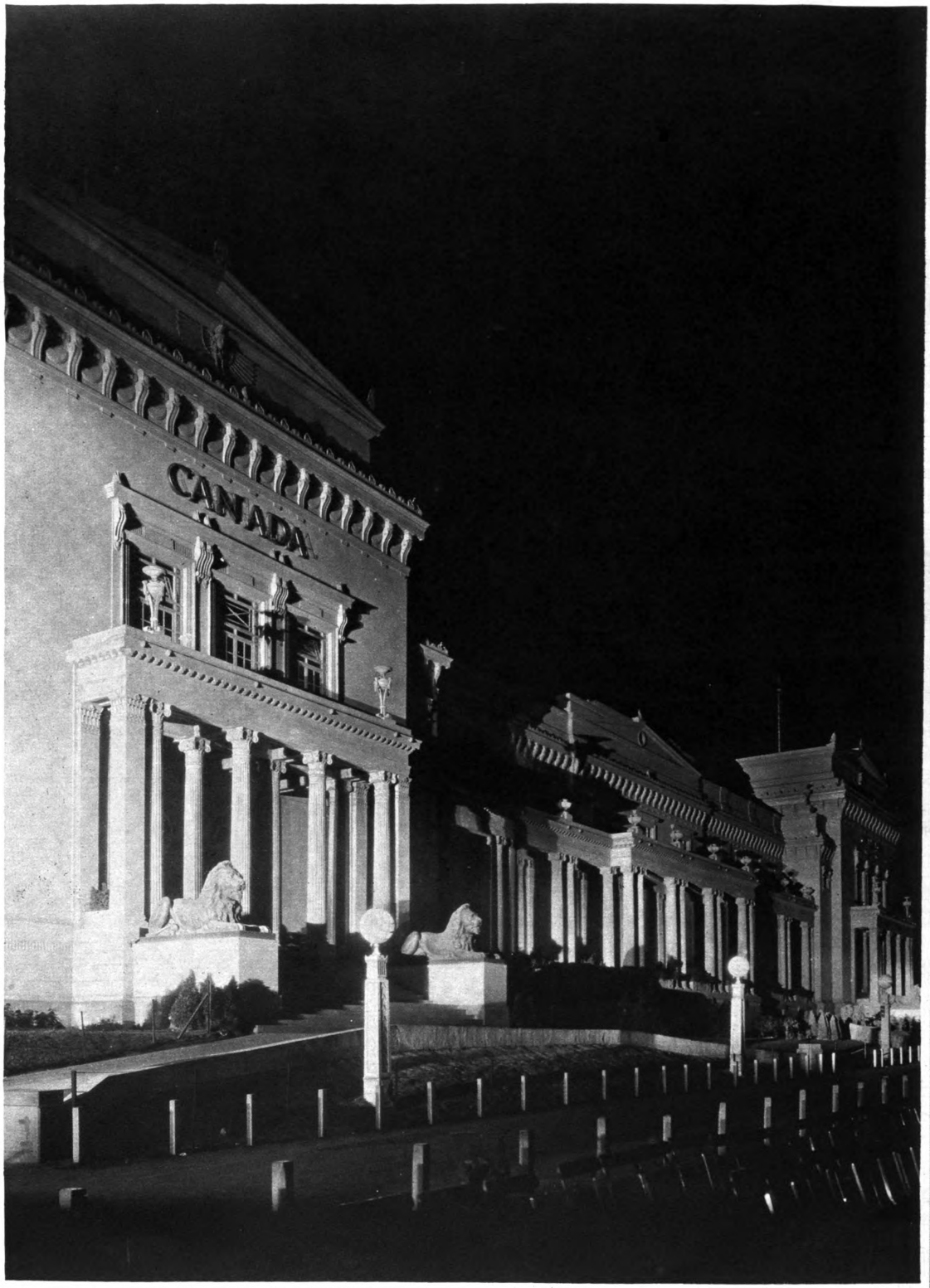
THE GLORY OF EASTERN EXUBERANCE IN ARCHITECTURE: A FAIRY-LIKE VIEW OF THE INDIAN PAVILION, WITH ITS CLUSTER OF MINARETS, REFLECTED IN THE WATERS OF THE LAKE, AND GLEAMING THROUGH THE TREES.



THE GRANDEUR OF WESTERN SIMPLICITY IN ARCHITECTURE: THE SEVERELY PLAIN FRONT OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT PAVILION, MASSIVE AND CYCLOPEAN, SHOWING SOME OF THE SIX COLOSSAL LIONS THAT GUARD ITS PORTALS.

# WEMBLEY UNDER THE "SEARCHLIGHT": STRIKING SCENES AT NIGHT.

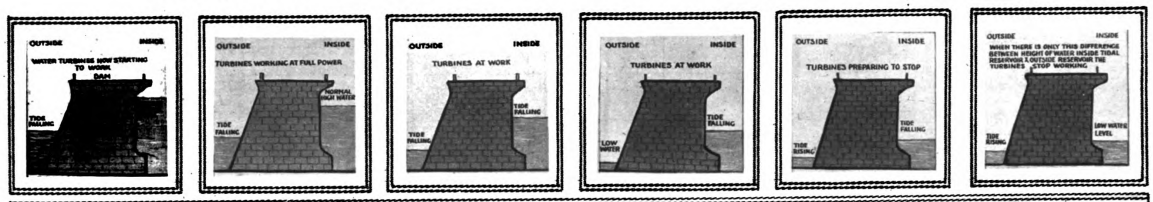
Exclusive Photographs by Campbell-Gray, Taken during the Filming of the Exhibition by Night.




A MAGNIFICENT EXAMPLE OF A MODERN FAÇADE, IN CONCRETE ON CLASSICAL LINES: THE FRONT OF THE CANADIAN PAVILION—A NIGHT PHOTOGRAPH THAT SHOWS THE DESIGN IN DETAIL AND IN ITS TOTAL EFFECT.

# ALLOTTED £95,000 FOR INQUIRY: A PROPOSED SEVERN BARRAGE.

Diagrams Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, from Material Supplied by Mr. A. J. Liversedge, A.M.I.C.E., Author of the Article and Map Below.

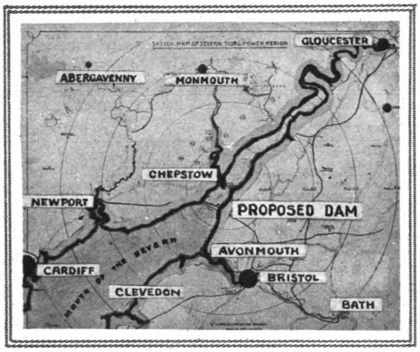



HOW THE TIDAL POWER WOULD OPERATE WITH FLUCTUATIONS OF THE TIDE: DIAGRAMS SHOWING A CROSS-SECTION OF THE PROPOSED SEVERN DAM, WITH VARYING TIDE LEVELS OUTSIDE (ON THE LEFT) AND INSIDE (ON THE RIGHT), AND CORRESPONDING VARIATIONS IN THE ACTIVITY OF TURBINES ACCORDING TO THE STATE OF THE TIDE.

1

"THE Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Philip Snowden," writes Mr. A. J. Liversedge, "has authorised expenditure up to £95,000 for the purpose of finding out whether this great power project is feasible, technically and commercially, or not, at the present time. This development arises out of the Water Power Resources Committee appointed by Mr. Lloyd George's Government in 1918. This Committee was one of the strongest bodies of its kind ever set up in this country. In an interim report dealing with Tidal Power, issued in December 1920, the Committee unanimously and strongly recommended that 'The Board of Trade, in consultation with the Ministry of Transport, should set up a special Technical Commission, consisting mainly of expert engineers and persons of scientific attainments, to investigate the possibility, from a commercial standpoint, of utilising the tides for power purposes,' and that 'the enquiry should be pursued with special reference to the Severn Estuary.' In the Committee's Final Report, issued in November 1921, these recommendations were repeated. It is remarkable that the setting up of this enquiry should have been left to a Labour Government. While £95,000 is a large sum to spend on an enquiry, it indicates that the Board of Trade and their advisers do not mean to run any risk or take anything for granted. This project, in certain ill-informed quarters, has been described as a 'wild-cat' proposition, but the Committee was about the last body in the world to recommend the expenditure of a penny of public money on any proposition whatever of the 'wild-cat' order. The picture on the opposite page gives a very complete representation of this project as it may probably be carried out if the inquiry provides the necessary support. Many alternatives in important details are possible, but in the present state of knowledge no other kind of scheme seems practicable, as was discovered by the Ministry of Transport in Sir Eric Geddes' time, when one was developed there under Sir Alexander Gibb. The views

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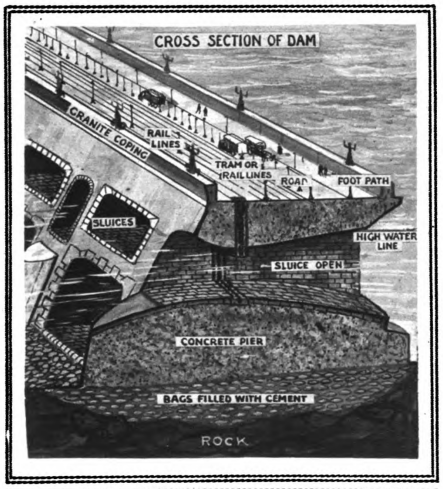



THE GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION OF THE PROPOSED SEVERN BARRAGE: A MAP SHOWING THE CHIEF TOWNS WITHIN A RADIUS OF THIRTY MILES.

2

shown are mostly taken from plans submitted to the Water Power Resources Committee. The dam shown, constituting the 'barrage,' will be over two-and-a-quarter miles long—the longest in the world. It will be perforated wherever possible by openings controlled by some form of sluice gate. There will be a very large number of these sluices to permit the easiest possible flow of the tidal stream up through the dam. The operation of this barrage will be very simple. The tide will be allowed to flow up through the open sluices until high water is reached, when there will be the same level of water above the dam (that is, in the tidal reservoir) as below. The sluices will then be closed, and therefore, as the tide ebbs away below the dam, there will be produced a difference of level between the water in the tidal reservoir and the water below the dam. As soon as this difference of level is sufficient, the water in the tidal reservoir will be allowed to run out through water-power turbines in the power houses, developing power as it runs through. How this operation proceeds is shown by the diagrammatic sketches on this page. There is this difficulty, which is inherent in any tidal power project whatever. As everybody knows, the tide is a constantly varying and intermittent function; for our purposes here, it will only 'work' during certain hours out of every twelve, and never for precisely the same hours for two days together; but a power station must be able to supply power all the time. This difficulty is to be got over in this way. While the tide 'works,' a certain number of tidal water turbines will be developing electricity directly, but certain others will be pumping water from the estuary to a high-level storage reservoir, where it will remain until the tide ceases to work, when it will be let down through other turbines in the 'Secondary Power House,' which turbines will also develop electricity. In this way, electricity will be provided every hour of the day and night, whatever the state of the tide. When the scheme is fully developed, it will be capable of

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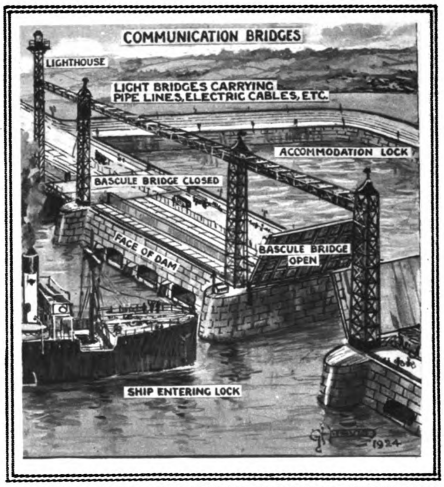



SHOWING THE GENERAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE SLUICES, WHICH WOULD BE VERY NUMEROUS: A CROSS-SECTION OF THE PROPOSED DAM, OR BARRAGE, AT THE MOUTH OF THE SEVERN.

3

supplying over 200,000 kilowatts, or Board of Trade units of electricity, continuously, or more than 1,500,000,000 units a year, which is more than was supplied last year by all the London public authorities and companies and the seven largest electricity power stations in this country outside the Metropolitan area—that is to say, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds and Bradford. The station would thus be able to supply all the electricity at present used within a radius of thirty miles, and have enough over to supply all London, and the next five biggest towns in the country. The high-level reservoir may be at a height of anything from 350 ft. to 800 ft. above the level of the water in the estuary below—there are various sites available—

[Continued below.




WITH TWO BASCULE BRIDGES—ONE SHUT (LEFT) AND ONE OPEN TO ADMIT A SHIP INTO DOCK: PART OF THE PROPOSED DAM, WHICH WOULD FORM A ROAD AND RAILWAY BRIDGE.

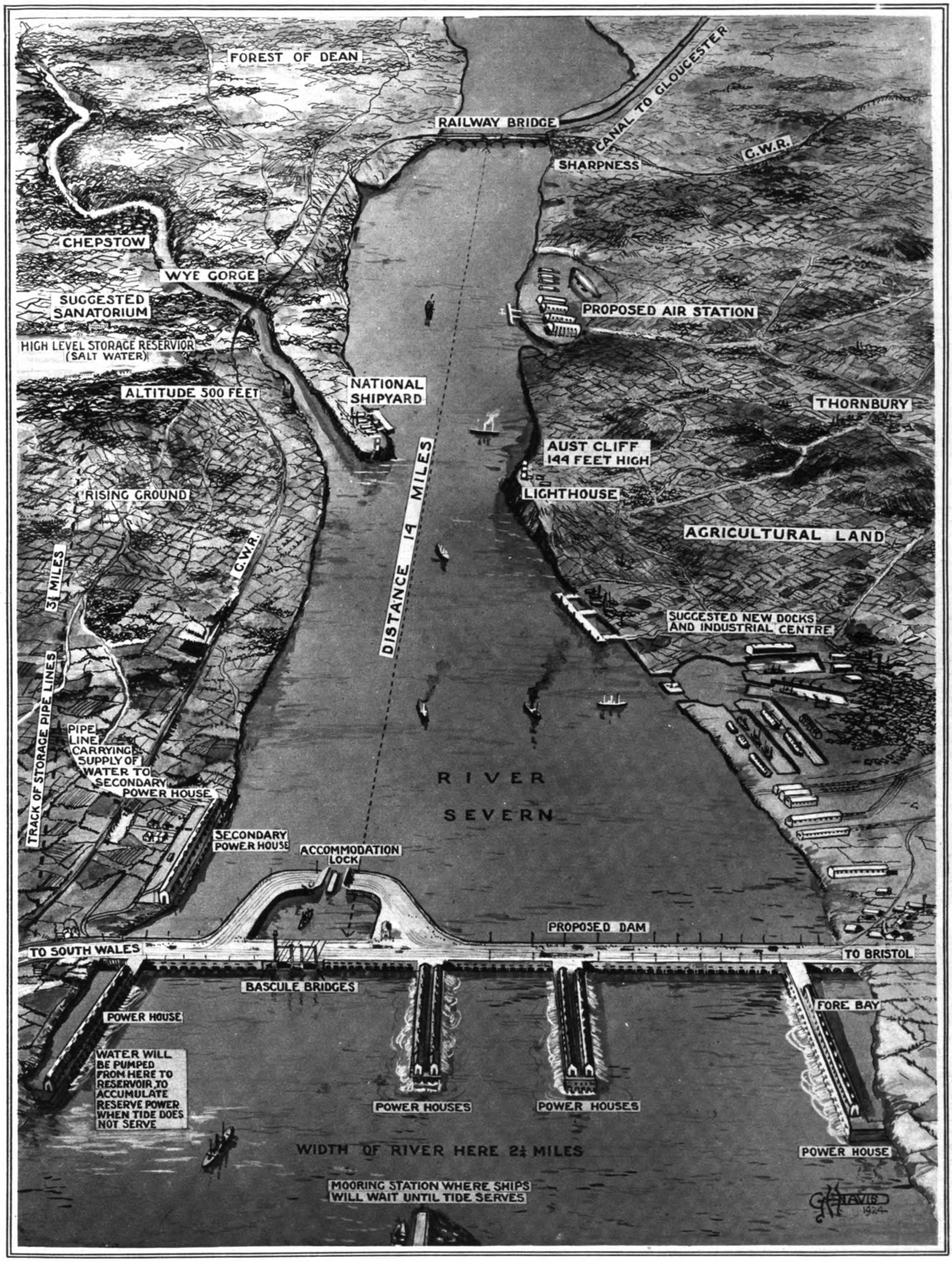
[Continued]

and, incidentally, might well be made the basis of a great sanatorium and a paradise for the sea angler. There may, and probably will be more than one of these reservoirs. The situation on the Severn is unique. There are only two places in the world where the tide runs higher than it does in the Severn; one is in China, and the other in the Bay of Fundy, between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; and neither has anything like the local advantages of our own Severn, where the conditions are ideal. While the project is thus important as a power development scheme, it may be utilised to provide much-needed additional means of communication across the Severn. The Severn Tunnel service is now, and has been for some time, greatly congested. In the picture, trains are shown running along the summit of the dam. The locking arrangements indicated will permit the railway service to run without interruption by ships passing through the locks, but various alternative arrangements are possible. These locks are shown at about what is called 'The Shoots,' where there is the greatest depth of water in the present channel. The lattice towers shown, with the beacon light at the one end, are to provide means for continuous electric cables along the dam, and perhaps water-pipes also. Then the project may mean a great new port or harbour—shall we say Port George V. or Port Mary?—and a great new

[Continued opposite.

# HARNESSING THE TIDE FOR ELECTRICITY: A UNIQUE POWER SCHEME.

Pictorial Diagram Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, from Material Supplied by Mr. A. J. Liversedge, A.M.I.C.E.



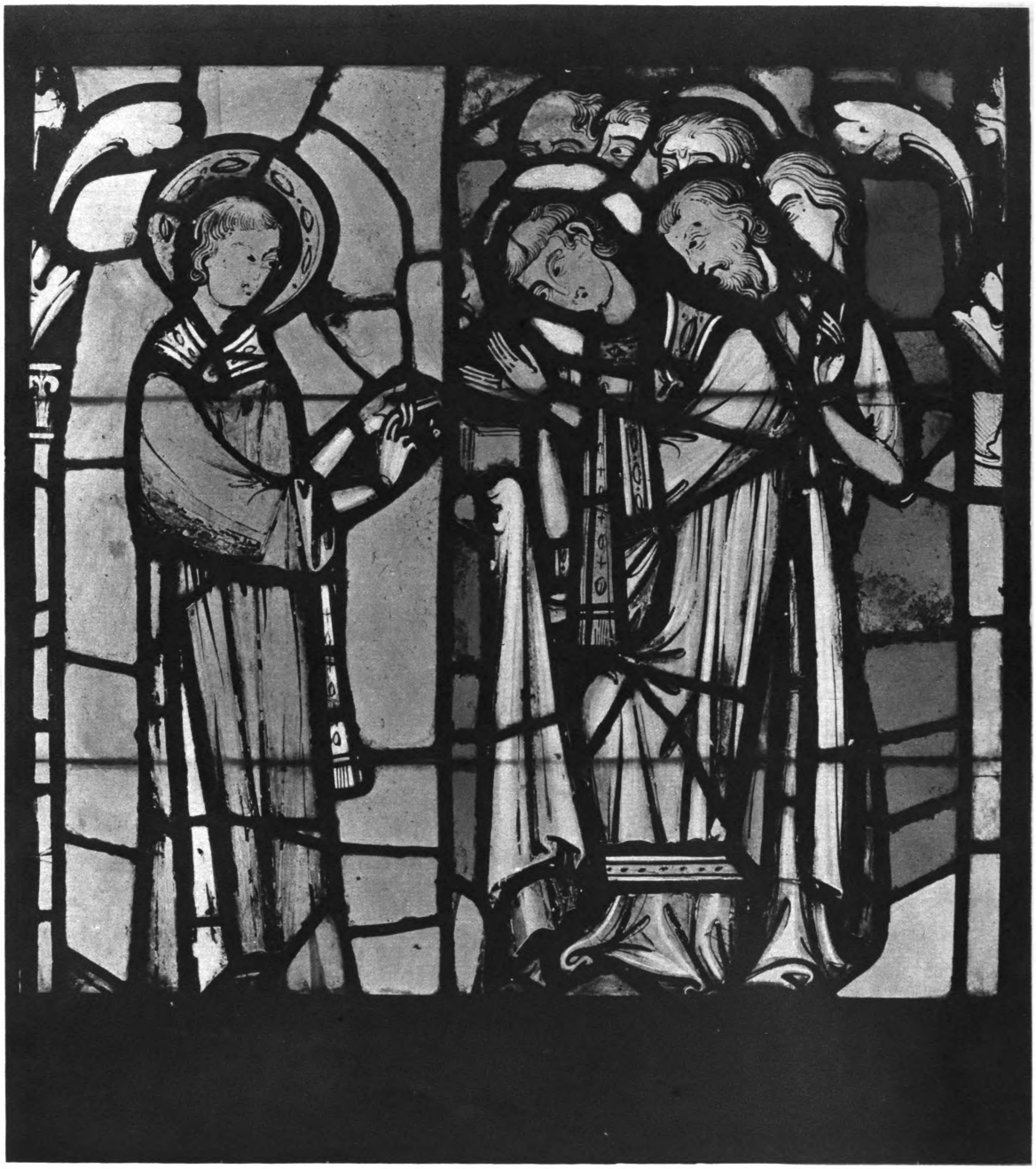

**THE LONGEST EVER DEVISED, AND ABLE TO SUPPLY ELECTRIC POWER TO ALL LONDON AND THE NEXT FIVE BIGGEST TOWNS: A PROJECTED BARRAGE (AND BRIDGE) ACROSS THE SEVERN, WHICH HAS THE THIRD HIGHEST TIDE IN THE WORLD.**

*Continued.*]

industrial centre, an ideal, smokeless city, based on the sure foundation of cheap power, which might well be a model and an example to the whole world. By the improvement in the value of the land on both sides of the tidal reservoir, which may be considered as about eighteen miles long, which would accrue from the realisation of this scheme, it would be possible to pay off a considerable proportion of the cost. Mr. Snowden mentions engineering difficulties; but no such difficulties are likely to arise that cannot be readily surmounted. It is a very large project, and there is nothing of the kind in existence; that is all. It is certain to be done one of these days. The only immediate question is whether the project is commercially sound at the present time. The dam shown above runs from a point near Redwick on the right (Gloucestershire) to one near Sudbrook on the left (Monmouthshire); it runs approximately parallel with the Severn Tunnel, and a little to the north of it. A power house is shown on each wing, and two intermediate, to accommodate the very large number of water turbines. The right-hand power house extends more or less over what is now known as Salmon Pool. The dam will present no obstruction to the passage of salmon or other fish up the river. A site above the cliff on the right (Aust Cliff) will make an ideal air station."—[*Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

# A NEW NATIONAL ART TREASURE: 13TH-CENTURY STAINED GLASS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



**"THE ART OF STAINED GLASS AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS ACHIEVEMENT": A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY PANEL, REPRESENTING "A SAINT DISPUTING BEFORE AN AUDIENCE," RECENTLY ACQUIRED FOR THE NATIONAL COLLECTIONS.**

Mediæval stained glass, which is of great artistic and technical interest, is exceedingly rare and valuable. Describing the specimen here illustrated, an official note of August 22 announces: "With the generous assistance of Sir Otto Beit, K.C.M.G., and the National Art-Collections Fund, the Victoria and Albert Museum has recently acquired a fine panel of thirteenth-century stained glass. The panel, about 20 in. square, is in a remarkably good condition, very little decayed, and practically free from restoration. It shows a saint disputing before an audience, and is a typical example of the bold, conventionalised style of the thirteenth century. Its place of origin is unknown, and it belongs to a period of stained-glass design in which it is very difficult to make a distinction between the schools in France and in England, but the history of this particular panel makes it probable that it is English, and in any case, it is an example of the art of stained glass at the height of its achievement. It is exhibited among the thirteenth-century stained glass in Room 110." It may be recalled that in our issue of September 2, 1922, we illustrated a discovery of the remains of a fourteenth-century stained-glass window (bricked up for three centuries) in Chelsea Parish Church, and, in an article on the subject, Mr. Clifford Hosken wrote in the same number: "There is no church in London, with the exception of Westminster Abbey, that possesses glass of so early a date, and very few that possess any pre-Reformation stained glass at all." In our issue of February 12, 1921, we illustrated a panel of thirteenth-century stained glass (30½ inches high by 31½ inches wide) which at a sale in New York about that time realised the enormous sum of 70,000 dollars, or about £18,500. The subject of this panel was a Jesse tree with a half-length figure of Christ wearing a golden crown.




*(Glendower & Hotspur)*

# DEWAR'S

## THE SPIRIT OF HOPE

Hope is the mother of optimism. In its promise many a soul finds contentment and in its reality happiness lies waiting with its gifts. Hope is sometimes fickle in its favours but never when it concerns the bracing and balanced qualities of . . .

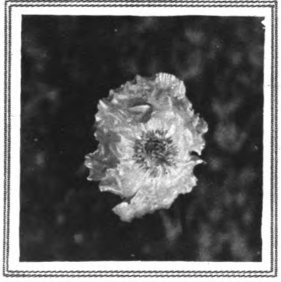
## DEWAR'S

# A FLOWER CAUSING WORLD-WIDE CONTROVERSY: THE OPIUM POPPY.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND ARTICLE SUPPLIED BY A WELL-KNOWN AUTHORITY.



"EVERY POD IN THE FIELD IS THUS TREATED": INDIAN OPIUM CULTIVATORS LANCING AND RE-LANCING POPPY PODS AND COLLECTING THE EXUDED OPIUM—A PROCESS INVOLVING "COLOSSAL WORK AND TROUBLE" AND ONLY PRACTICABLE IN THE EAST, WHERE LABOUR IS CHEAP



SUBJECT OF A CONVENTION OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: AN OPIUM POPPY IN FULL BLOOM.

"THE growth of the opium poppy, and the production of the valuable drug which it yields . . . is once again the subject of keen controversy amongst members of the Opium Convention of the League of Nations. . . . There is much that is novel and interesting in the method by which the drug is extracted and collected. . . . The crop is sown from seed, and takes about four months to mature. . . . Shortly after blooming, the large fleshy petals drop to the ground; leaving a large, more or less circular capsule or pod at the end of the stem. At this stage it is quite green, comparatively hard, and, unlike the pod of the garden poppy, quite smooth and hairless. It is now ready for the surgical operation to which it will be subjected. The cultivator invariably divides his field into sections, and works one section at a time. He carries with him a sharp three-pronged lancet, like a vaccinator's needle, with which he lances each pod, the incision running from top to bottom, and being only just sufficiently deep to pierce the outer skin. A white, milky substance exudes almost immediately, which darkens on exposure to the atmosphere with a

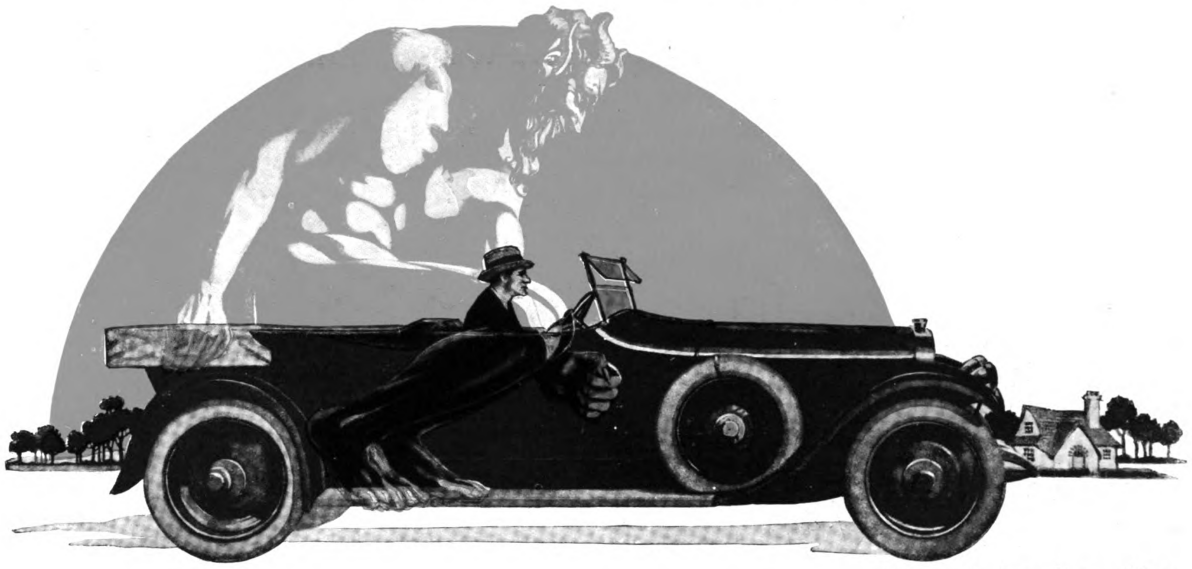
[*Continued below.*



WITH OPIUM EXUDING FROM CUTS: A LANCED POPPY CAPSULE (LEFT); AND ONE UNLANCED.

*Continued.*]

tendency to solidify, gathering along the scarification the following morning in minute brown globules, whence it is scraped off with a small, spoon-shaped instrument and transferred to a larger receptacle. Every pod in the field is thus treated, lanced, and re-lanced till no further yield is obtained. This yield, dried, classified, and purified, is what is known to the world as opium. It all sounds very simple, of course, but it does not require much imagination to appreciate the colossal work and trouble which such a process entails. The drug exuding from a pod lanced one afternoon must be collected the following morning if the best results are to be obtained; and when, moreover, one considers the delicate nature of the plant itself, its susceptibility to frost, blight, and insects, and the constant weeding and watering it requires, it is easy to see that the opium cultivator's lot is beset with difficulties. In European countries no farmer would think of cultivating it, so that it is only in the Orient, where labour is cheap, where it can be rendered financially worth while." A committee on opium in Malaya, in a recent report, recommended registration of smokers, leading to rationing, rather than precipitate suppression.



*Friction—the Unseen Enemy of Power*

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The Chart of Recommendations exhibited at all garages shows you the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil which is scientifically correct for your particular car. Make the Chart your Guide and ensure satisfactory performance under all running conditions.

*Remember:*

*Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say, "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.*

*If you purchase Gargoyle Mobiloil "loose," see that it is drawn from a container bearing the trade mark shown in this advertisement. A fair average price for Gargoyle Mobiloil from bulk is 1/9 a quart.*

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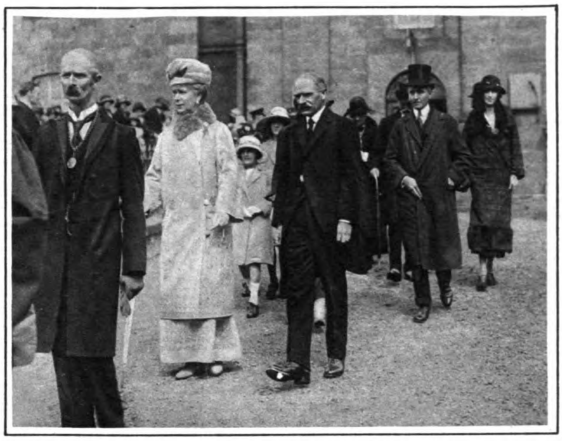
C.F.H. 300

# THEIR MAJESTIES IN THE NORTH: THE KING AND QUEEN ON HOLIDAY.

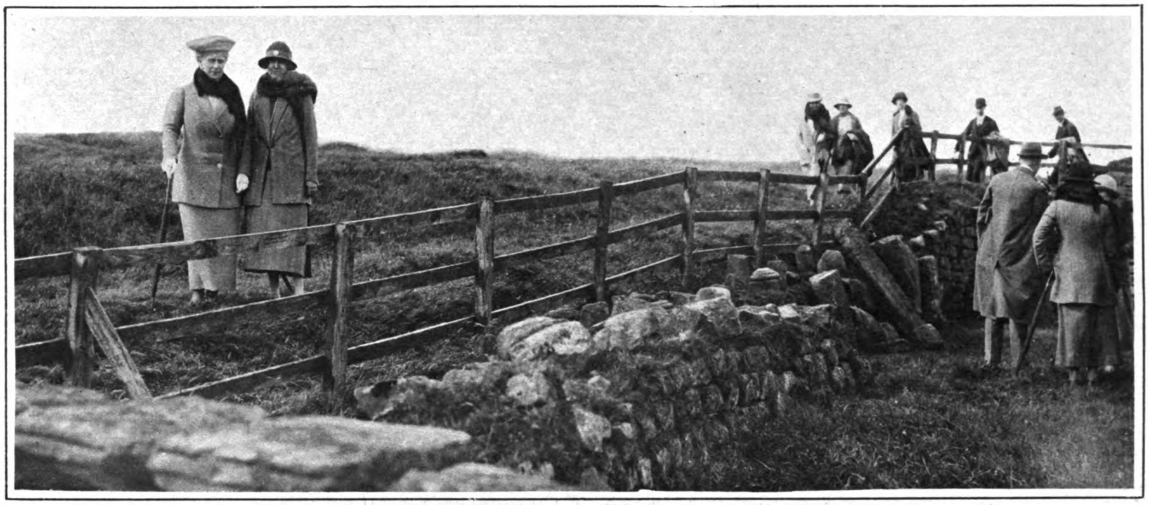
PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U. AND C.N.



THE KING'S ARRIVAL AT BALLATER: HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING THE KING'S GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE 1st BATTALION OF THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.



THE QUEEN LEAVING INVERESK CHURCH AFTER THE MORNING SERVICE: HER MAJESTY, WITH LORD AND LADY ELPHINSTONE AND THEIR CHILDREN.



HER MAJESTY INSPECTING HADRIAN'S WALL: THE QUEEN WITH THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND AT HOUSESTEADS (BORCOVICIUM)



SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. THOMSON, THE KEEPER OF THE CAMP AT BORCOVICIUM: THE QUEEN LEAVING THE ROMAN WALL.

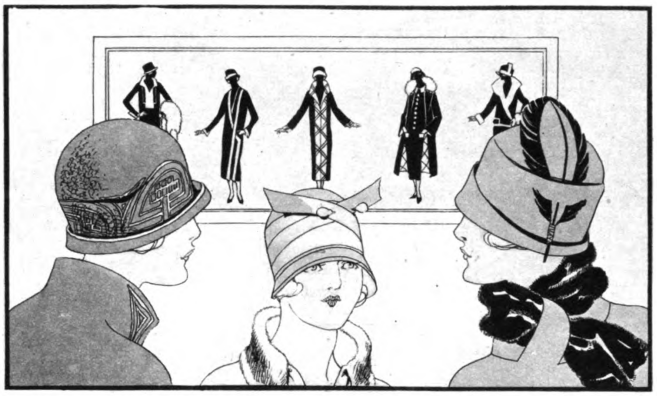


ADMIRING THE SHETLAND PONY AND BATH-CHAIR PROVIDED FOR HER, BUT PREFERRING TO WALK: HER MAJESTY AT THE ROMAN WALL.

His Majesty the King arrived at Balmoral last week, from Bolton Abbey. The King's guard of honour of the 1st Battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, under the command of Captain Ronald Bell, was mounted on Ballater Station, and his Majesty inspected them on arrival.——Her Majesty the Queen also reached Scotland last week, and on Sunday attended Divine service in Inveresk Parish Church, accompanied by Lord and Lady Elphinstone (her host and hostess for this week, at Carberry Tower, Musselburgh), their children, Lord and Lady Clinton, Lady Bertha Dawkins, the Hon. Hew Dalrymple, and Sir Herbert Maxwell. During the Queen's stay at Alnwick with the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, she paid a visit to the Roman Wall and Camp at Housesteads (the old Roman Borcovicium). There is quite a walk over rough ground to be negotiated after leaving the road, and a bath-chair drawn by a Shetland pony had been provided to convey her Majesty to the Camp. She preferred, however, to walk. On August 25 she drove to Edinburgh and visited Holyrood.

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN

"IT'S a bit saft, Mem," is a very usual morning greeting in the Highlands. How saft one discovers later when, descending to breakfast, one beholds a very beautiful but very drenched world, grey skies all round, and rain continuing to descend mercilessly. Are we disheartened?—do we discuss our good Scotch breakfast to a running fire of abuse of the climatic conditions? No, nothing of the kind; we go on with preparations for the day as planned overnight and hope for better things. The keepers talk about Lammas flood, and say, "Ay, they 're bad, but they git over," and we copy their philosophy and make the best of our rainy days. After all, there was bright sunshine yesterday, and may be again to-morrow, or even before the day is out. Then, although the guns of our little party must take time off, the rods, looking hopeful, pack up ready for their day on loch or river in mackintoshes and long rubber boots, and, looking rather like vagabonds, more or less beloved, start off in the motor wagonette or afoot to try to deceive the fish and lure them to their doom and eventual end down our hungry throats.



*Three charming interpretations of the coming mode, which may be studied at Harvey Nichols's, Knightsbridge, S.W. Navy-blue duvelure expresses the captivating model in the centre; cornflower chenille embroidered with coral, that on the left; and nigger duvelure the high-crowned affair on the right.* (See page 412.)

A very enthusiastic man of business was heard to declare over a steak of a fresh-run salmon of his own catching that he had pouched many a thousand pounds with far less satisfaction than he had killed that superb fish, and enjoyed eating it far more than the purchases of the cool thousand. So the natural man emerges up here from his artificial shell, and, like Jack and Jill, the woman comes tumbling after. At first that rude Boreas and Jupiter Pluvius disarrange her hair, making additions to nature in complexion matters of extreme difficulty or of amusement to others, and upsetting Jill. After a few days spent indoors with tidy hair and an impeccably smart make-up, she finds these things of no comfort, and that the outdoor Jill has all the best of it. So the weather ceases to alarm her; out she goes, and soon the soft air and rain and the health of the open do that for her which could never come out of boxes and bottles, and she also returns joyfully to being natural.

Coming north within hail of the great "Twelfth," it seemed that there were not so many people travelling as usual. Even here, nearly seven hundred miles from Wembley, the great B.E.E. is said to be the cause of a smaller proportion of travellers. This seems a little far-fetched, for the people who come up here are not the people who spend all their money at Wembley and have none to spend anywhere else. One imagines that the Continent is once more exercising its attractions on us islanders, and voyages long and short are more popular. They give a moderate-priced holiday, the cost of which is fairly fixed at the start. Whatever the cause may be, seaside resorts are feeling a pinch, but up here the cry is, I think, largely of the parrot variety. The lodges are all full, and visitors come to and go from them. The golf centres are doing well, although Dornoch, one hears, did badly in June and July, and is not likely to be full in September, which will, I think, prove wrong, for people are asking freely about rooms now, and September is a delightful month. North Berwick is, as usual, full, and so is St. Andrews; and the Turnberry and Glen Eagle courses are well patronised. Both are provided with large and first-class hotels, which makes enormously for the success of golf centres. The game is one to keep folk fit; and to be fit without comfort is like being ravenously hungry and set down to a meal of deleterious kickshaws.

Brora's fine but quite in the rough eighteen-hole course is this year deprived of what little hotel accommodation it possessed. The Station Hotel was recently burnt, so that now only a portion of the outer walls remain. It was not insured up to its value, the foundations are not fit for rebuilding, so what will happen no one at present can foresee. On Sept. 10 a three-days' bazaar is to be held with a view to raising two thousand pounds for the reconstruction of the golf course, which has been surveyed and reported upon by James Braid. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield, the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, and Viscount and Viscountess Chaplin are all interested in the bazaar, and holding or assisting at stalls. It may perhaps be a little of the cart-before-the-horse procedure, for a first-rate hotel is required before a first-rate golf course can be patronised sufficiently for its proper upkeep. As the local members' subscriptions are somewhere in the neighbourhood of £1 a year for men, and 7s. 6d. for women, there is nothing to hope for there. All must come from visitors, and visitors cannot come without accommodation.

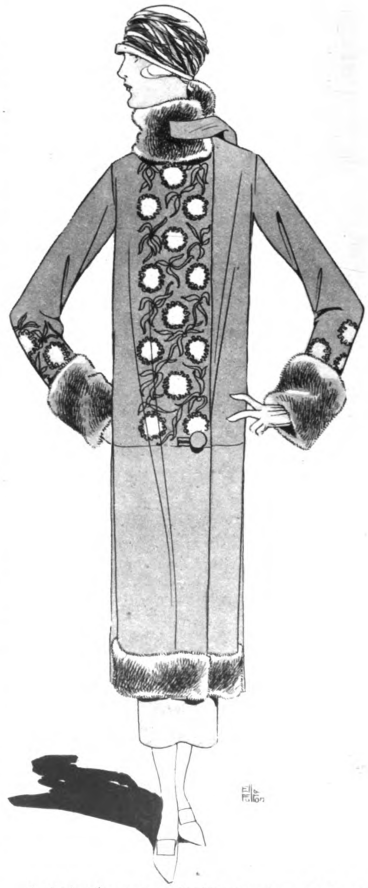
The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry have taken the fine shooting, stalking, and fishing lodge of Loch Alwin from the Duke of Sutherland, and are there this season with their children. In October they will be at Uppat and at the house they have occupied for a year or two back at Brora for their children. Meanwhile Lady Violet Brassey is there with some of her sons and friends. There are, of course, no hotel visitors, which will make it bad for the bazaar. However, it depends principally on the lodges and the visitors in them, and on residents in the neighbouring large houses; so it will probably go quite well. The amusing thing about it is that the great lady stall-holders confess that they don't want the course altered: they love it as it is.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are due at Dunrobin Castle in time for the seventh centenary of Dornoch Cathedral, which will be celebrated on the 27th inst. The Cathedral is of the Established Church of Scotland. It is finely proportioned, but very unlike Church of England cathedrals. There is no stained glass, no elaborate chancel or altar. A fine austerity and dignity characterise it, and in it are several monuments to members of the Sutherland family, before and after the inter-marriage of the Levesons with the Gowers. The Duke of Sutherland is to open a fair in Dornoch in the afternoon, and a great day is expected.

A. E. L.



*An attractive suit for the autumn built of russet Cumberland tweed, completed with a striped scarf and fur collar. It hails from Harvey Nichols's.* (See page 412.)



*A distinctive coat and skirt for town wear, expressed in nigger velour, trimmed with motifs of leather and embroidery. Sketched at Harvey Nichols'.* (See page 412.)



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# Fashions and Fancies.

**New Hats for the Autumn.**

The advent of the first autumn hats is always awaited with considerable excitement, and this year they display an interesting versatility. Pictured on page 410 are a captivating trio which may be studied in the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W. In the centre is a neat little duvelure "mushroom" completed with a brim of gros-grain ribbon. It is obtainable for 49s. 6d. in many colours; while 35s. 9d. secures the chenille hat on the left in a vivid blue shade embroidered with coral. On the right is one of the new square-crowned hats in duvelure trimmed with a quill of the same material edged with feather. The price is 3 guineas. Then there are fascinating little hats in shaded French felt obtainable for 69s. 6d., which amount secures also the new stiff hats of silk stockinette faced with duvelure and completed with scarves to match. Needless to say, these are available in many lovely colourings and designs.

**Suits for the Coming Season.**

The new suits for the coming season offer equally pleasant surprises. September and October mark the reign of the coat and skirt, and there are some delightful models at Harvey Nichols's, whence come the trio pictured on page 410. On the right is a distinctive affair in nigger velour decorated with *motifs* of leather outlined in embroidery. It is completed with borders of fur and a narrow scarf. For morning or country wear the well-tailored coat and skirt on the left is ideal. It is built of Cumberland tweed in the new burnt-russet colouring, and the long scarf collar in harmonising stripes can be manipulated in a number of amusing ways. Plain, perfectly tailored coats and skirts of velour suitable for town or country wear can be secured for 6½ guineas, or for 7½ guineas bordered with fur.

**Safeguarding the Complexion.**

Sea-bathing, yachting, and tennis are delights which call to every enthusiastic sportswoman during the holiday season. It is only too evident, however, that they have disastrous effects upon the complexion unless due care is taken to protect it from the strong sun and keen winds. The skin needs a softening emollient to counteract the roughness caused by constant exposure, and Beetham's Lait La-rola is admirable for this purpose. A few drops massaged gently into the skin assure a fresh, unflushed, and attractive appearance throughout the most strenuous day. For the hands, neck, and arms, too, it is invaluable, as it keeps them soft and white. Lait La-rola is obtainable in 1s. 6d. bottles from all chemists, and every woman who takes a just pride in her appearance will find this a really sound investment.

**Pure Soap for the Complexion.**

In the difficult task of keeping the skin smooth and fresh in these strenuous days, one of the first steps in the right direction is to choose carefully a soap which is pure and has no harmful ingredients. Such is Olva palm and olive-oil soap, which is a product of the famous Price's Soap Company, London. In addition to these merits, the fragrance and cleansing power of Olva soap have extremely beneficial effects on the complexion. Large round tablets are obtainable for 6d. each, and useful "family" boxes for 6s., containing twelve tablets.



*The fastidious woman appreciates the purity and fragrance of Olva Soap, and rejoices in its beneficial effects upon the most sensitive skin.*



*Pearl-white teeth are universally desired, and they are a gift which is bestowed on all who use Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder regularly.*



*A lovely complexion is a delight to every woman, and she is sure to obtain it who tends her skin with Beetham's Lait La-rola.*

**An Efficient Tooth-Powder.**

Modern dentistry has proved beyond doubt that the care of the teeth is one of the most important factors towards general good health. Children are only too apt to regard cleaning the teeth as a necessary evil to be avoided if possible, and it is essential that this idea should be speedily banished. This can be achieved by seeking the aid of Calvert's Carbolic Tooth-Powder, for its pleasant flavour appeals to every child, while its splendid cleansing powers and antiseptic properties commend it to "grown-ups." It is obtainable from all chemists in tins ranging from 6d. to 5s. in price, and no time should be lost before making its acquaintance. Calvert's Tooth Powder proves an inestimable boon to every member of the family, and a constant supply should find its way into every household.


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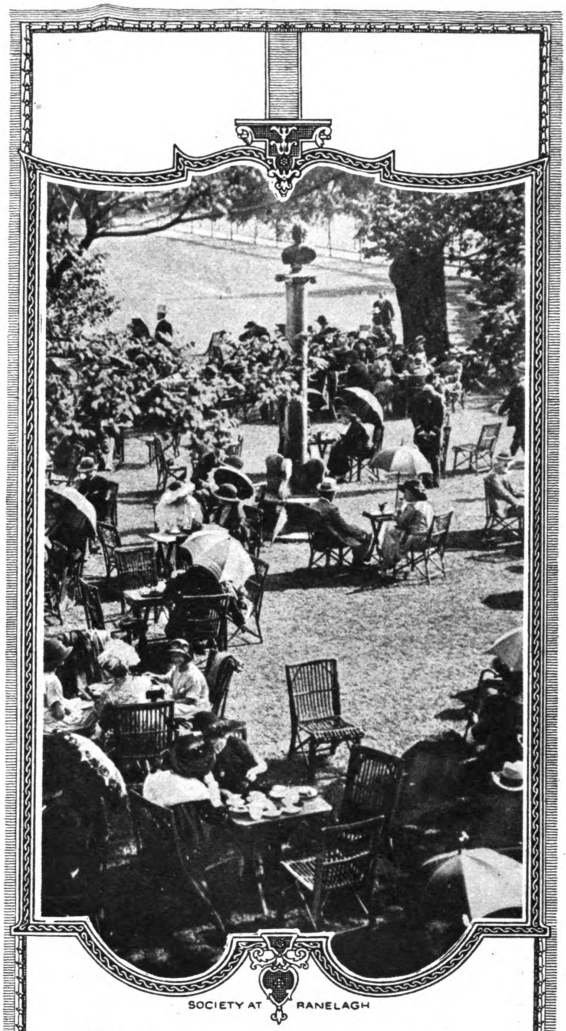



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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

MUSICAL archæologists have discovered the same folk-song in different parts of the world, and no doubt in the Middle Ages the songs of the Troubadours and Trouvères were current in all the Courts of Europe. A song which obtained immense popularity in Provence would soon be heard in Touraine. Paris and London would almost immediately be echoing with it, and its strains would probably welcome the traveller as he dismounted in the courtyard of any castle in the Welsh Marches or on the Scottish Border.

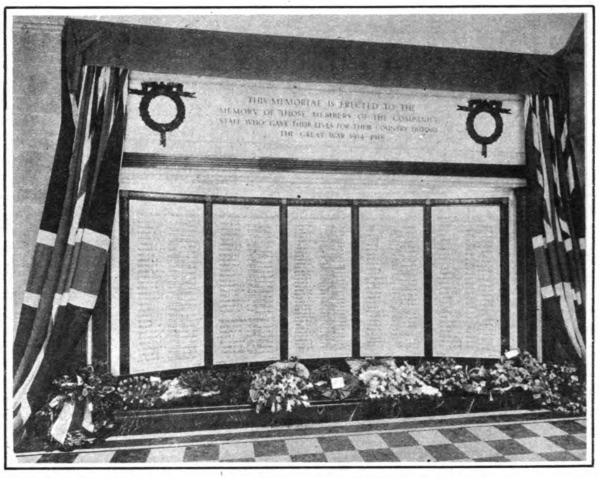
To-day, all over Europe, the music that is popular, the music that you can be sure of hearing in any town in France, Italy, Germany, will be of one type. Wherever you go, even in the smallest villages, you will find the people dancing, and they will be dancing the London, Paris, and New York dances.

I am writing this in France, not far from the town of Blois, and I passed through a village the other day where I watched the dancing in a village café while I had tea. It was a Sunday afternoon, and the first thing I heard was the "Joseph" fox-trot from "Madame Pompadour." It was a good gramophone record, and as I listened I found myself being immensely struck by the cleverness of the music. The skill and invention displayed in this composition are quite remarkable, and I cannot believe that the most serious academic musician could listen to such a piece of music without admiration. Of course, the composer, Leo Fall, belongs to that famous school of Viennese musicians which has won an absolute and unchallenged supremacy in light opera. Leo Fall is a composer of the pre-jazz days; his "Dollar Princess" was one of the most successful of pre-war musical plays; yet in the "Joseph" fox-trot he has written a piece of jazz dance music which is far superior to the majority of popular jazz tunes. If I were a professor of musical composition at one of our schools I would set my students exercises in this sort of composition, and I would use examples of the work of Franz Lehar, Leo Fall, and other good composers of the kind as models.

But one cannot help regretting the universal adoption by the mass of the people throughout Europe of a ready-made music. The gramophone has killed all the old popular instruments—except, perhaps, in Spain, where playing the guitar is still, I presume, one of the ordinary accomplishments of every young man. Serenading by gramophone, I suppose, has never yet been done, although there is no reason to think that it would be any less effective. We may expect to see all the more primitive countries follow the same course of "progress," and no doubt in time there will be no one throughout Europe—outside professional musicians—who can play any instrument whatever, even the simplest.

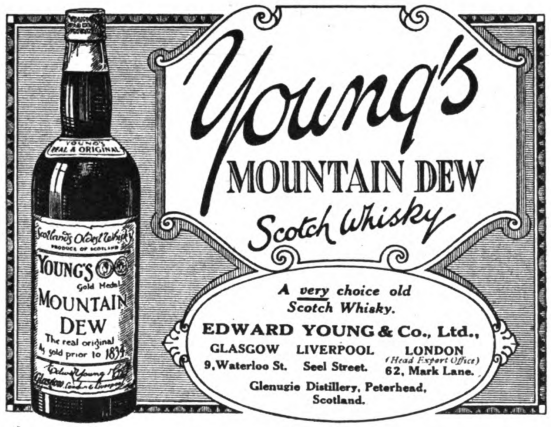
The art of singing is almost entirely gone from the peasantry of Europe. In Spain, Sardinia, and the South of Italy, you may occasionally still find vestiges of the old folk-songs lingering on. Many have been collected during the last twenty-five years, but it is probable that in another twenty-five years there will be none of them to collect. The last traces of a once abundant and glorious musical fertility will have vanished, and the people of Europe will be found in their village inns listening to the mechanical products of the highly specialised professional musicians of New York and Paris. The musical instruments that survive will be solely those used in the large orchestras, theatre and dance bands of the principal cities. Their names will be unknown, and a violin or a cornet will become objects as rarely seen as a harpsichord or a viol da gamba. A power of composition will have vanished with the complete suspension of the physical exercise of the art.

There are, of course, two different musical ideals available. There is what may be called the Kantian ideal of an absolutely perfect music to which everybody listens with complete satisfaction; and there is the Platonic idea of a state in which everybody makes his own music, a music which is individual and peculiar to him while forming part in some general harmony. There is no doubt, to my mind, that the latter is the preferable state, but it is not the state to which we seem to be moving at present. We seem to-day on the way to the production by specialists only of a standard music acceptable to everybody. But I believe that we shall find eventually that this standard music will be found less and less acceptable. The number of those rejecting it will grow larger and larger, and that will be the only true sign of increasing musical culture. W. J. TURNER.



RECENTLY UNVEILED BY EARL HAIG: THE WAR MEMORIAL OF THE SHELL GROUP OF OIL COMPANIES.

Field-Marshal Earl Haig, in unveiling the "Shell" war memorial at St. Helen's Court, Leadenhall Street, acknowledged "the splendid assistance which that world-wide undertaking gave to the fighting forces during the Great War. The demand for petrol on the Western Front [he said] became enormous, and its influence remodelled the whole system of transport and communications." Captain the Hon. Walter Samuel, chairman of the Shell Transport and Trading Company, said that 1050 men from the Shell group went to the war, apart from officers and men of the Fleet. The names of 135 who fell were recorded on the memorial.








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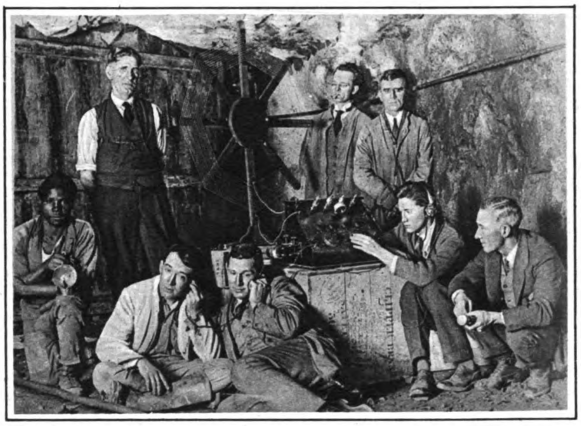
JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., Scotch Whisky Distillers, Kilmarnock, SCOTLAND.

## RADIO NOTES.

MUCH has been said already regarding interference by Morse Code signalling caused to broadcast listeners in coastal areas; but, judging by the large number of aerials seen during a recent tour in Thanet and district, listeners are not to be daunted, in their enthusiasm for the new pastime, by occasional jamming, and apparently they are willing to put up with it, provided that they are "clear" during parts of the broadcasting periods. Upon the type of receiving-set in use, and the manner in which it is tuned, depends to some extent whether interference may be eliminated or not. Sometimes it happens that owners of first-class valve sets, living in the same coast town, get entirely different results from their sets of identical make. One set will produce broadcasts spoiled by the blare of dot-and-dash signals, and the other will give a true rendering of speech, songs, or music, or with the Morse so modified in strength as to be negligible. Frequently interference is made worse by trying to receive broadcasts as strongly as possible. This means that too much high-tension current is used, and that the reaction coil is moved into a position for boosting up, by sheer "brute force," the received sounds, so that a loud-speaker will operate. The trouble is, however, that if Morse Code is being signalled at the same time, it also becomes greatly magnified, and thus causes annoyance whilst listening to broadcasts. A reduction in the amount of high-tension current, a little less reaction effect, and possibly a very slight turning of the condensers, will often enable broadcasting to be received purely in the head-phones, although not at sufficient strength for the loud-speaker.

During a sea-fog, listeners on the coast have their greatest trial with Morse interference, for then dozens of land wireless stations and many ships are in communication for the purpose of safety at sea. At such times listeners, snug in their well-lighted homes on solid ground, must concede their pleasure for the sake of others, who may be in danger of their lives. Anyone who has been on a ship in the English Channel during a dense fog knows what a nerve-racking experience it is.

The transmissions from 5XX, the high-powered Chelmsford broadcasting station, have brought relief to many listeners who formerly were jammed on lower wave-lengths. One owner of a two-valve set on the coast, 75 miles from London, could never tune in London without constant interference by French maritime stations; but now, by plugging in larger coils to pick up the 1600-metres wave-length of Chelmsford, he listens in peace to the London station, relayed through Chelmsford. Readers with valve-sets which will not tune up to 1600 metres may obtain larger coils to take the place of those used for the ordinary broadcasting stations. It is best to purchase the proper coils from the actual makers of the receiving-set; but if the set was home-made, then coils known as "250" are about the proper value to use. If coils of a different make from those already in use on the set are bought, care must be taken to see that the windings are in the proper direction, otherwise the set may not function properly, especially if it uses reaction. An interesting feature of 5XX is that its transmissions may be received by radio by all broadcasting and relay stations of the B.B.C., and re-radiated in each local area—land lines being unnecessary for linking the stations.



RADIO MUSIC IN THE DEPTHS OF A GOLD-MINE: AN EXPERIMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Recently, in a dimly lighted rock-hewn chamber 400 ft. below the earth's surface, a radio concert was heard by a party of listeners down in the Ferreira Deep Gold-Mine. A four-valve receiver with a frame aerial intercepted successfully the radio waves transmitted during the evening from "JB," Johannesburg Broadcasting Station.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

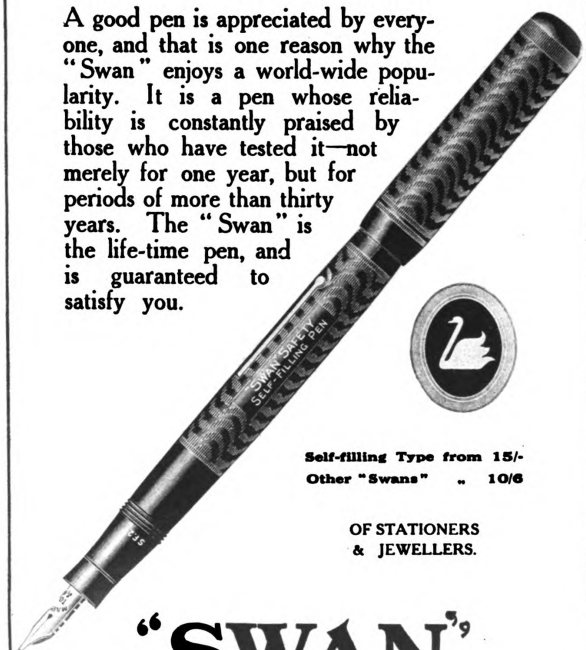
On Sept. 15, 2BE, the new B.B.C. station at Belfast, will commence experimental broadcasting, and later will be opened officially by the Duke of Abercorn, Governor-General of Northern Ireland. The station will transmit on a wave length of 435 metres, and arrangements are in hand for performances from other B.B.C. stations to reach the Belfast station by submarine cable, for simultaneous broadcasting.

To entertain one's friends with radio music, a loud-speaker is more convenient than many pairs of telephones, the cords of which are apt to be in the way, and are likely to cause damage to the set if someone moves suddenly, forgetting to take off the 'phones. There are many types of loud-speakers on the market from which to select, but, before deciding upon the actual model, it is advisable to test the qualities of three or four different makes. Preferably the tests should be made at home, and a good local dealer would be willing to send the instruments on approval. Failing that, different instruments should be heard before purchasing, each working from the same set in the shop.

A recent introduction is the C.A.V. loud-speaker, for which the makers claim great clarity and purity of tone. The only moving part in the instrument is the diaphragm—although one cannot see it move—which fits into the top half of the base that supports the shapely horn. The base itself contains the powerful electro-magnets, etc. From the base a pair of terminals project for connecting wires direct to the receiving-set, as this loud-speaker requires no batteries.

W. H. S.


A good pen is appreciated by everyone, and that is one reason why the "Swan" enjoys a world-wide popularity. It is a pen whose reliability is constantly praised by those who have tested it—not merely for one year, but for periods of more than thirty years. The "Swan" is the life-time pen, and is guaranteed to satisfy you.



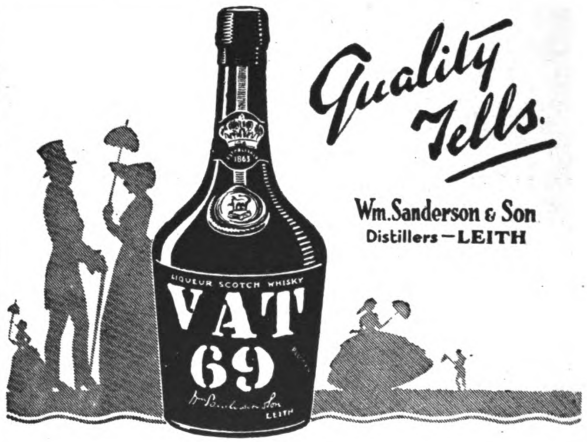

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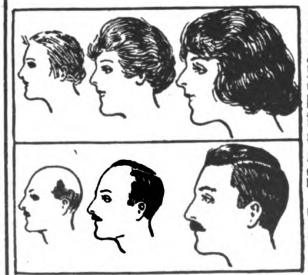
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Quality Tells.

Wm. Sanderson & Son
Distillers—LEITH



A REWARD of 100 POUNDS
For bald-headed and beardless.

An elegant growth of beard and hair can be produced when using Comos Hair-Balsam during 8 days. This balsam causes hair and beard to grow on all bald-headed persons or persons with thin hair. "Comos" is the best product of the modern science of this domain, being the only balsam which really produces hair and beard even on persons of old age. "Comos" brings the Dormant Papillæ of the hair to grow again after having been used in a few days, and within a very short time you will have a very vigorous growth of hair. Harmlessness is guaranteed.

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a net amount of 100 Pounds
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One parcel of "Comos" costs $1, 2 parcels cost $1 15

"Comos" gives to the hair and beard a becoming wave, as well as a soft and delicate texture. It will be sent on application to the head works all over Europe against payment in advance or against cash on delivery. Out of Europe, payment only in advance

The COMOS-MAGAZINE Copenhagen V. Denmark 21

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Cloudy Ammonia.
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*GLASGOW* *LONDON*

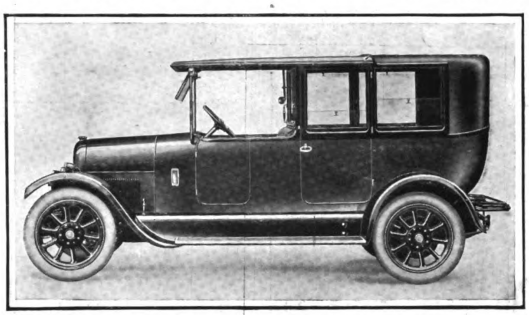
19

## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**Legislation Affecting the Motorist.**

When the Road Fund was instituted, a year or two before the war, the motoring community was told that, as it demanded roads suitable for modern traffic, a part of the money required therefor must be raised by a tax on cars. This created a precedent, because, although there had been vehicle taxation for generations, all the moneys raised from such taxation had been paid into the general funds. Up to that time, even the money accruing from the tax on motor-cars had gone to county and county borough account. The principle, therefore, of levying a tax for the direct purposes of road construction and maintenance was a new thing altogether. The answer of the motoring community, given through its representatives, was that there was no objection in the world to such a tax as that contemplated, provided the money raised *was* devoted to road purposes. At the time, and ever since, my own idea was, and is, that this was a foolish attitude for our organisations to take up. We have seen the reflex of that attitude in the repeated official statements made from time to time that we, the motorists of the country, actually asked to be taxed for road purposes. Time after time, when there was a kick about motor taxation, Ministers and officials have affected to raise their eyebrows and have said in so many words: "We really are at a loss to know why these objections, seeing that you actually asked us to tax you."

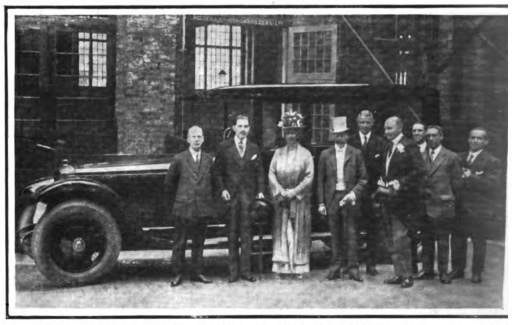
During the war the money that should have gone normally to the Road Fund was diverted to the general revenue, and quite properly. After the Armistice it was found that the roads generally had depreciated terribly in consequence of heavy military traffic and neglect, and the Government was faced with the problem of finding the money — many millions — to make good the damage. Accustomed by that time to think in thousands of millions, our officials set to work on the preparation of grandiose schemes of road construction without giving due thought to where the money was to come from, and oblivious altogether of the fact that from an enormously rich country we had actually fallen to being a very poor one. So we had the Roads Act and its schedule of motor taxation, which mulcts the motorist in an average toll of more than a penny a mile for his use of the roads. Not only so, but we are now in sight of a whole crop of legislation bearing directly on the motorist and his road user. Much of this projected legislation will require a great deal of watching.



BUILT FOR THE COLOMBIAN MINISTER, SEÑOR DR. DON LUIS CUERVO MARQUES: A 15-20-H.P. FIAT, FITTED WITH THREE-QUARTER ENGLISH LIMOUSINE LANDAULETTE COACHWORK BY MESSRS. R. C. ELLER, LTD.

**Misuse of the Road Fund.**

It is an unquestioned fact that a great deal of money contributed by the motorist to the Road Fund has been quite improperly used. That Fund was instituted by Parliament for a specific purpose—namely, the improvement of existing roads and the construction of new highways. It was never intended, and it was specifically stated so at the time, to be u for ordinary highway maintenance. Certainly it never intended to be used for the purpose of provid relief works for the unemployed—probably the m uneconomic form of spending money that was e devised. I am not for a moment arguing that s works, whether or not they provide any sort of va for expenditure incurred, should not be undertal at all. All I am concerned with is to point out t to use moneys belonging to the Road Fund such works is a flagrant misuse of those mone It is also a misuse to apply them to maintenar work. Yet both have been done to a very large exte There have been protests, but the motoring communi which has to find the money, is helpless in the face officialdom, and we seem to have sunk to a state which Parliament is content to see its authority flout by the Departments without a protest. Thus, in o way and another, the original limits of legitima administration of the Road Fund have been extend beyond all knowledge, with the result that we a to-day paying more than twice the gross amount taxation which we were told was to be our contributi to road purposes; nor does there seem to be ar prospect of relief. On the contrary, some of the pr jected legislation, if it is passed, will actually increa the burden to be carried by the motorist. W. W.



A ROYAL VISIT TO THE WORKS OF MESSRS. HOOPER AND CO., THE WELL-KNOWN COACH-BUILDERS: THEIR MAJESTIES BESIDE ONE OF THE NEW DAIMLER CARS BUILT TO THE ORDER OF THE KING.





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*Regular*
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SALOON (Weymann type) - £214

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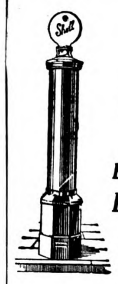
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*HOME PRICES:* **1/3** *and* **3/-** *Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.*

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**Serve it with PLUMS—it's great!**

Plums are here again and, of course, the creamiest custard—Foster Clark's. This pure and wholesome custard makes plums a delicious dish even to those who cannot, in the ordinary way, tolerate the natural acid of plums, because Foster Clark's Custard takes away the tartness of the fruit without destroying its splendid flavour




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*"The Major."*

# Of course he's Proud!

SO are Cavanders—Imagine the pride of a firm making only good Tobaccos for 150 years; pride reflected in the careful choice of the matured, golden Leaf, the perfect extraction of the stalk, and the perfectly-made Cigarette.

**Yet—**

ARMY CLUBS have something more—pure ***Ribbed Rice Paper,*** *unspoilt by the addition of Printer's Ink or Bronze Powder* make ARMY CLUB the Health Cigarette.

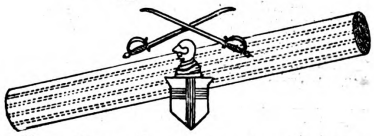
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Cavander's

# "Army Club"

## Cigarettes



***Free from the contamination of Printer's Ink and Bronze Powder***

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An experienced Professional Nurse is always in attendance at Benger's Food Stand. The public are cordially invited to avail themselves of the free advice in the preparation, etc., of Benger's Food for Infants, Invalids and the Aged.

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It gives digestive rest with full nourishment. Doctors agree that this in itself is one of the finest nerve restoratives.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

WHEN illustrating the rhinoceros iguana of Santo Domingo, in our issue of Aug. 23, we described the reptile as a "tusked" lizard, and it has been pointed out that a more correct expression would be "horned," as the excrescence is not a tooth, but similar to that of the rhinoceros itself. In using the word "tusk" we followed Dr. G. Kingsley Noble, of the American Museum of Natural History, whose article was the source of our information and photographs. Describing iguanas of another species, he says that they "lacked the tusk of the rhinoceros iguana," doubtless in the sense (given by the "Century Dictionary") of "a sharp projecting point resembling in some degree a tusk or tooth."

As Chairman of the National Institute for the Blind, Captain E. B. B. Towse, V.C., C.B.E., writes: "There are a certain number of blind ex-Service men who are in need of assistance. These men are not receiving help from St. Dunstan's, nor pensions, as their blindness has not been recognised as attributable to war service. This is due, in many cases, to the fact that blindness, as an after-effect of gas and other hardships of the war, has come upon them since discharge. I have established a fund to assist these men, and my fund has received the support of the Admiralty, the Army Council, and the Air Council. May I ask your readers to send me what they can? All donations should be addressed to Captain E. B. B. Towse, V.C., National Institute for the Blind, 224, Great Portland Street, London, W.1."

Sir Martin Conway, the famous traveller, mountaineer, and writer, has provided a delightful essay describing a week-end trip through the Jura, for a very attractive illustrated booklet entitled "The Route du Jura," issued by the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranée Railway, generally known as the P.L.M. "It will probably be a surprise to many," writes Sir Martin; "it certainly was to me, that it is possible to leave Victoria Station at 11 o'clock on a Friday morning, to be back there again at 7 o'clock on the following Tuesday evening, and to have enjoyed three full da of motoring through the Jura Mountains in that lo week-end." That such a trip is open to Londone is due to the enterprise of the P.L.M., which h organised travelling and hotel facilities in the Ju district, and arranged for motors to run alo selected routes. Those who wish to emulate S Martin Conway's experiences should, as a first ste possess themselves of this booklet, which contai a map and beautifully reproduced photographs.

Even experienced smokers frequently find dif culty in discovering just the right cigarette to su them. But there is general agreement as to wha constitutes "quality"—that elusive something in cigarette which makes one particular brand greatl to be preferred over another. Smokers are sayin that the Garrick Virginia Blend — a product Lambert and Butler—comes very near to attainin smoking perfection. They may, at all events, be cor fidently recommended to bridge the gulf betwee mere mediocrity and outrageous expensiveness.


**Will it not add**

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**FRESH AIR HOMES of The CHURCH ARMY**

receive hundreds of poor women and children annually. The cost is very low.

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WILL YOU earn the gratitude of poor mothers and their children by giving a small fraction of the sum you allot for your own holidays?

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**GOERZ TENGOR CAMERAS**

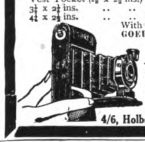
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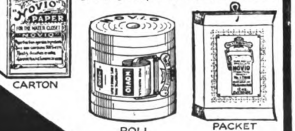
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See "LANCET'S" opinion, July 27, 1907

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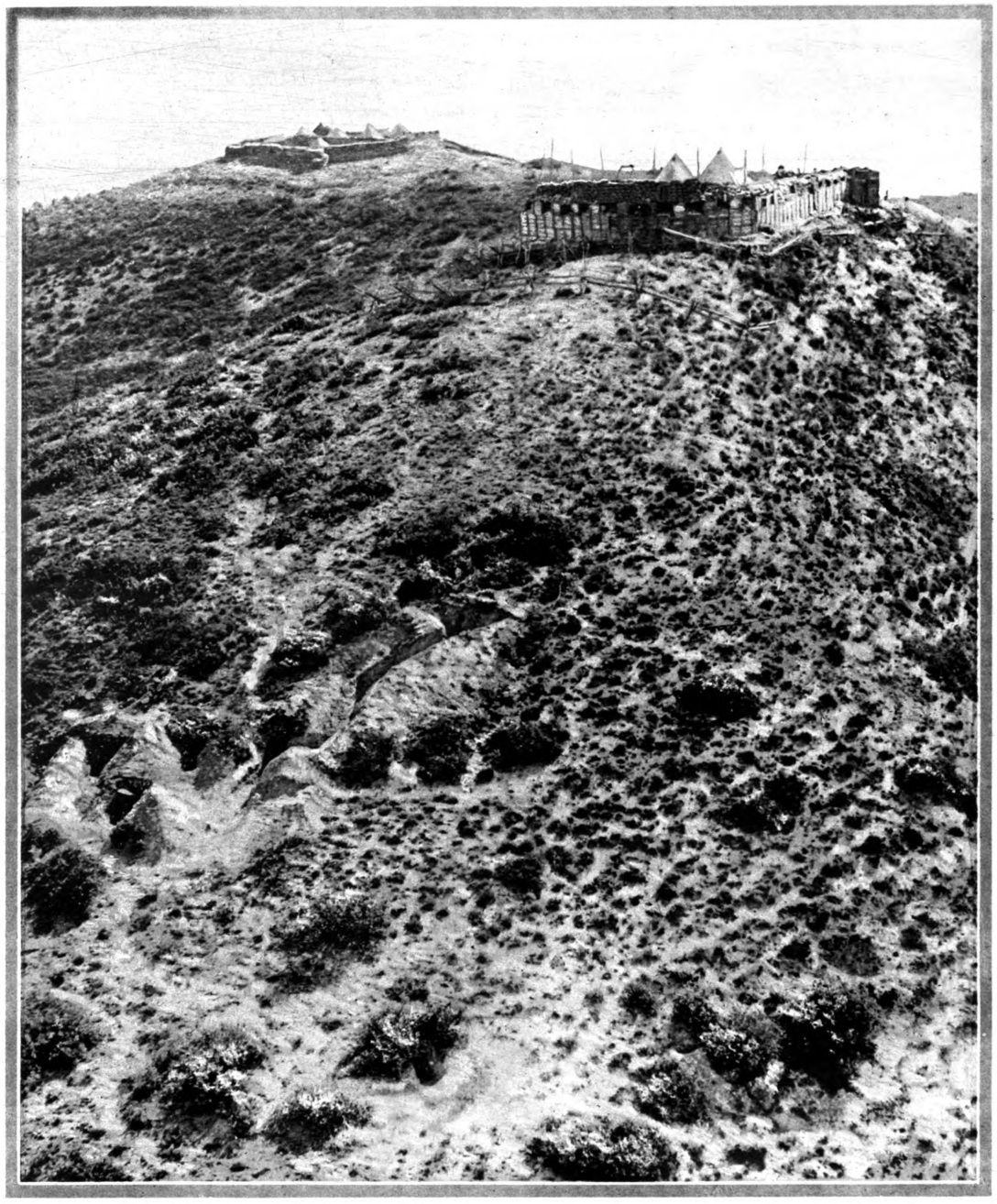
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

**SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1924.**



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**WHERE SPANISH AEROPLANES DROP BLOCKS OF ICE FOR BESIEGED GARRISONS: AN AIR-VIEW OF A BELEAGUERED SPANISH POST IN MOROCCO—SHOWING WIRE-PROTECTED BLOCKHOUSES ON A HILL AND MOORISH DUG-OUTS BELOW.**

Aircraft have been employed recently by the Spaniards during their campaign against the Moorish tribes, not only to drop bombs on the enemy's forces, but also supplies (including blocks of ice) into beleaguered Spanish posts. The intense heat has caused the Spanish troops much suffering, especially in such a rough and mountainous country, whose desolate character is well seen in the above photograph. It was taken from an aeroplane during a recent reconnaissance, and shows a Spanish post near Ras Afrau, in the eastern zone of operations. On top of the hills are seen the Spanish blockhouses, protected by barbed wire, and below, in the foreground, are trenches and shelters in which the Moors dig themselves in, and lie in wait for a relieving column or for the garrison, when lack of water compels them to make a sally. It was stated on September 2 that Spain was sending 6000 more men to Morocco.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.




By G. K. CHESTERTON.

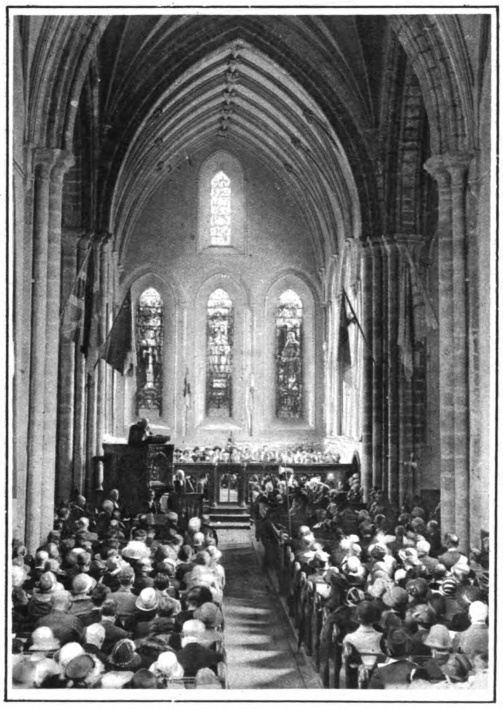
IT might well be maintained that we have no politics in England; and that is why we were obliged for such a long time to borrow our politics from Ireland. The name of one of the two parties in England, and that almost certainly the larger party in England, actually bore a title that, only referred to the discussion of Home Rule for Ireland. It was called the Unionist party; and it is still called the Unionist party. It is still called by the old name, because English people cannot even invent a new name until some new Irish controversialists invent one for them. England, left to itself, returns naturally to sport and laughter, and a genial individualism known as minding one's own business. It knows and cares very little about politics; that is why it puts up with politicians. That is why the politicians have it all their own way with us; even if the financiers have it all their own way with them. But the politicians do not have it all their own way in Irish politics; because the people are political. Indeed, the history of an Irish politician is generally so pathetic as to become heroic. And nobody could mistake our successful political leaders for heroes, least of all the heroes of a tragedy. An Irish Free State politician said to me, in talking of Parnell and Redmond and Collins, and many more: "Nobody ever got any reward or thanks or happiness out of trying to serve Ireland. It is best not to expect it." But I, knowing that the Irish have too much bitterness, but the English too little, tried to strike the balance by answering "Yes; but you must remember that in your country it is the party leader who gets left. In our country it is the party."

I am inclined to think there is something in the idea, at least as a symbol. The Irish have politics because they have religion; and we at least have no religion of the sort that produces politics. The Frenchman who said we had a hundred religions and only one sauce was mistaken—at least, partially mistaken, as most foreigners are; as mistaken as the Englishman in Ireland. The English have by this time only one religion, in the sense of one religious atmosphere. It is a sort of post-Puritan version of what Catholics call natural religion. Somebody aptly defined it by calling himself "a blue-domer." He meant one who, when asked where he goes to church, says he can worship God under the blue dome of heaven. A vast mass of modern Englishmen are blue-domers; and they might do worse. They have at least some vague Christian sentiment of thanks and cheerfulness and charity, even if they do call it by the disgusting name of Optimism. I prefer the bluedomer to the blue-deviller, the mere pessimist and enemy of earth and sky. But you cannot get up a Crusade of Natural Religion. You cannot get men to fight and be martyred for the blue dome, as Crusaders fought for the dome of the Holy Sepulchre or the Moslems fought for the great Dome of the Rock. The latter, by the way, which is commonly called the Mosque of Omar, and stands on the site of the Temple of Solomon, happens to be itself a blue dome. It is a very beautiful dome of lustrous peacock-blue tiles, and I do not wonder that the Moslems of Jerusalem are proud of it; apart from the trifling detail that the Prophet was standing on this very rock when he was caught up into the clouds of heaven.

But people cannot feel about heavens, whether clear or cloudy, exactly as they feel about domes, whether blue or grey. A man must be outside a thing in order to love it; that is why pantheism will never be a popular religion. Jonah, when in the whale's inside, is reported to have sung the praises of the Lord; but there is no record that he sang the praises of the whale. And had the whale not suffered from sea-sickness, had it succeeded in digesting the prophet, and really assimilating him into its substance, it seems probable that his praises would have grown fainter and fainter, and at last sunk into a sort of resignation and repose. It was only before (and possibly after) the prophet was swallowed that he could be expected to do justice to the curves of that living dome, or heartily to admire the whale as a work of God, or a rather large pet, or merely a common object of the sea-shore. Only thus could Leviathan be expected to impress Jonah as it impressed Job. Therefore, I am not a bluedomer in religion, and do not believe that blue-doming will ever produce the great religious revolutions. Men have never really worshipped the heavens; they have always worshipped something higher than the heavens. We cannot really even see the heavens, because we cannot see them as a whole. We could not worship the blue dome of the sky unless we could get outside the sky; and that is something a little beyond us at present, whether we are aviators or astronomers, or even astral bodies.

I repeat that the saying of the Frenchman about the Englishman is inaccurate, or at least insufficient. It might be more true of the Scotsman. Until lately, at least, the Scotch really did have a hundred religions and one sauce; the sauce being pres Scotch whisky. But the English religion has very like the ubiquitous and, to some, mon sauce; as fluid, as harmless, and, to some, as And even in the Scottish case nearly all th tions were variations of one Puritan tradit was Calvinism that covered all the church one blue dome, or rather, black dome. Ireland an outpost of that common Calvinis issue with the common Catholicism. They a separate spiritual fountains, or rather, p spiritual volcanoes. But it is that Irish that has fired Irish politics; and it is suc politics that have fired English politics. It a sense, the absolute of which ours was the re it was the unmixed material of mystical pas which we make the mixtures, or th merciful dilutions. If there are really dred religions in England, they make less noise than the two religions of I Our religious differences have never b tense enough to infect our neighbours we have never seen European nations up the quarrels of English sects. You find French general elections turning wrongs of Plymouth Brethren, as yo English elections turning on the com of Belfast Presbyterians. You do no of Italian mobs shouting for libert the Primitive Methodists of Wimbled Spanish mutinies revolving round th liberations of the Clapham Sect. Bu religious problem in Ireland did involve Britain, as a whole, in any number of tions, in not a few riots, and at least i threatened mutiny.

I am not discussing this question reference to my own sympathies in it, are naturally definite enough. I am sidering it as a curious event in humar tory, and a curious situation in h politics; the overflowing of the enthusi and hatreds of one poor and relatively ject people into the politics of a more p ful and generally a more prosperous pe It was customary to complain of the holding the balance of power or dictatir British politicians in their disputes. matter of fact, they actually dictated it was that we should dispute about. Irish problem became the only English blem about which Englishmen could be ously excited. It is notable that, since Irish have passed out of our Parliam there has been a dissolution of our P System. English politics have become, cording to our standpoint, more free candid, or more colourless and chaotic, at any rate, less rigid and partisan. I as if the Party System itself were imp on us by Celtic conquerors. It is c ous that the very name of Tory c from Ireland; as, for that matter, the name of Whig came from Scotland. only English contribution was a very E lish contribution. It consisted in the s ple fact that these words, when they w Irish and Scotch, were terms of ab Since they have been English, they h become quite convivial and complimenta That is what the English do with the parti passions of their neighbours; that is h those coloured clouds fade in the blue do of our vague universalism and benevolen The Irish have no such blue dome; for them very sky is green or orange. But their religi fire is not only something that we lack, but sor thing that we often borrow. Only anything t we borrow and use gradually takes on that sof and hazier quality, as have the old abusive pa nicknames. By all historical analogy, it is qu probable that constitutional parties of the futu will proudly call themselves Bolshie or Conch England is a queer place, and few try to understa it; least of all the English.



THE SEVEN-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF DORNOCH CATHEDRAL: THE COMMEMORATION SERVICE—SHOWING AMONG THE CONGREGATION HALBERDS BORNE BY HALBERDIERS IN THE PROCESSION.

The seven-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Dornoch Cathedral, on Dornoch Firth in Sutherland, was celebrated on August 27. There was a procession through the town, and a commemoration service in the cathedral, at which the preacher, Dr. Inch, of Dumbarton, Moderator of the United Free Church, spoke of Church unity. An address was given by Dr. Cathels, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, who paid a tribute to the founder of the cathedral, St. Gilbert de Moray, one of the Murrays of Duffus. It was begun in 1224, for the diocese of Caithness, then a wild and lawless region. In 1570 both town and cathedral were burnt in feud warfare, and the cathedral suffered further in a great storm on "Guy Fawkes" night, November 5, 1605. In 1813 and in 1835-7 much of the ruins was removed, and only part of the original building now remains. In the south transept are buried sixteen Earls of Sutherland.

*Photograph by C.N.*

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# WHERE SPAIN HAS HAD TO SEND EIGHT MORE BATTALIONS: MOROCCO.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.

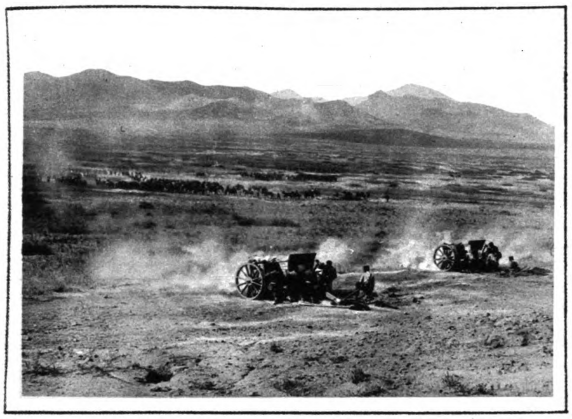


**TRIBESMEN ASSEMBLING BEHIND THEIR LINES: AN AIR-VIEW OF SCENES IN THE WAR ZONE OF SPANISH MOROCCO—SHOWING THE DIFFICULT CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY.**

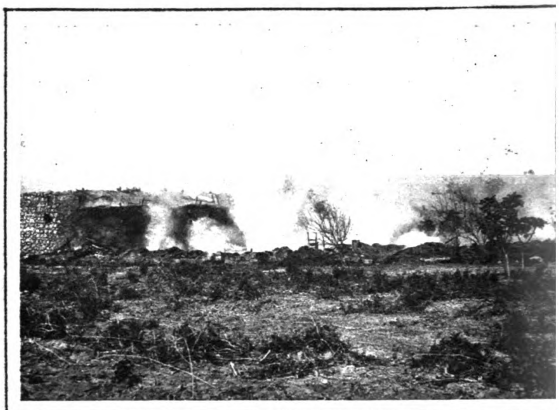
It was reported from Madrid on August 31 that heavy fighting had again occurred on the Wad Lau front in Morocco, and that Spanish airmen had been bombing the tribesmen besieging Solano, and also dropping supplies and blocks of ice into the post. The above photograph and that on our front page were taken from Spanish aeroplanes. A Spanish official communiqué described the difficult character of the country—mountains and impenetrable brushwood—in which the troops were operating, and stated that the relieving columns trying to reach besieged posts were retarded more by thirst than by casualties or sickness. Since June the Spanish forces have been increased by some 35,000 men from Spain, and in the western zone their forces were said recently to number 90,000. On September 2, however, it was stated that, in view of the news from Morocco being "far from good," the Spanish Government had ordered eight more battalions (over 6000 men) to proceed to the front. In the eastern zone from Afrau to Ifruin, Spanish gunboats have bombarded the coast.

# SPAIN'S LINGERING WAR: GUNS IN ACTION; ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



SPANISH ARTILLERY IN ACTION IN MOROCCO: GUNS COVERING THE ADVANCE OF COLUMNS AGAINST ABDEL KRIM'S FORCES NEAR AFRAU IN THE EASTERN ZONE.



WHERE THE SPANISH ARTILLERY HAS BEEN LATELY STRENGTHENED: THE CAMPAIGN IN MOROCCO—SHELLING A VILLAGE HELD BY THE ENEMY.



ATTENDED BY THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN: AN OPEN-AIR MASS AT SANTANDER AT THE BLESSING OF A NEW FLAG FOR THE SOMATENES (THE PEOPLE'S ARMED FORCES).



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN PRESENTING THE NEW FLAG: AN INCIDENT OF THE CEREMONY AT SANTANDER.



MARCHING PAST THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN (SEEN IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND): SOMATENISTAS AT SANTANDER.



A ROYAL GROUP AT THE BLESSING OF THE FLAG: (IN CENTRE, LEFT TO RIGHT) THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, KING ALFONSO, AND THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS.

A new Spanish offensive was recently undertaken in Morocco, where the campaign against the Moorish tribes, now under Abdel Krim, has been proceeding so long, with indecisive results. The policy of the Spanish Directory is to introduce a real Protectorate, and, as mentioned on another page, the forces in Morocco have been greatly strengthened of late, giving them a great superiority over the enemy in numbers and equipment. The artillery is of good quality, but the rough and mountainous nature of the country, where roads are few or non-existent, makes it difficult to bring the larger pieces into action. Aeroplanes are being used, and on two other pages in this number we reproduce air photographs, taken during recent operations, and showing very well the character of the ground. They were taken, like the first photograph above, in the eastern zone, whereas most of the news lately has come from the western zone, near Tetuan and the river Wad Lau. A mistaken report got about the other day that King Alfonso himself had visited the Wad Lau front, but this turned out to be due to an error in the transmission of a message, and was subsequently corrected. The King and Queen of Spain and their eldest son, the Prince of the Asturias, recently attended the blessing of a new flag at Santander for a force described by our correspondent as the Somatenes, its members being called Somatenistas.

# A SPANISH BALLAD-SINGER: STREET SONGS WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

A SKETCH BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I., FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY JAN GORDON.



**AN ITINERANT SINGER IN SPAIN ADOPTS THE METHODS OF A LECTURER: ARMED WITH A POINTER, AND EXPLAINING BALLADS TO HIS AUDIENCE BY MEANS OF PAINTINGS ON A "BANNER" FIXED TO A WALL.**

Spain and things Spanish are much in the public eye at present, so this curious incident of Spanish life is not un-topical. We are familiar enough in London with the itinerant vocalist and the pavement artist, but we do not get a combination of the two, as appears from the above drawing to be the custom in parts of Spain. The Spanish country ballad-singer, we are told, illustrates his songs by paintings on a banner-like sheet, demonstrating the incidents, as he comes to them, with a pointer. In this connection we may recall a passage in the article by our musical critic, Mr. W. J. Turner, in our issue of August 30. Discussing the effect of the gramophone in superseding local music, he said: "The art of singing is almost entirely gone from the peasantry of Europe. In Spain, Sardinia, and the south of Italy you may occasionally still find vestiges of the old folk songs lingering on. Many have been collected during the last twenty-five years, but it is probable that in another twenty-five years there will be none of them to collect."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

# STATELY HOMES OF CHINA: WOMEN'S QUARTERS; THE "SPIRIT SCREEN."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MRS. CALHOUN.

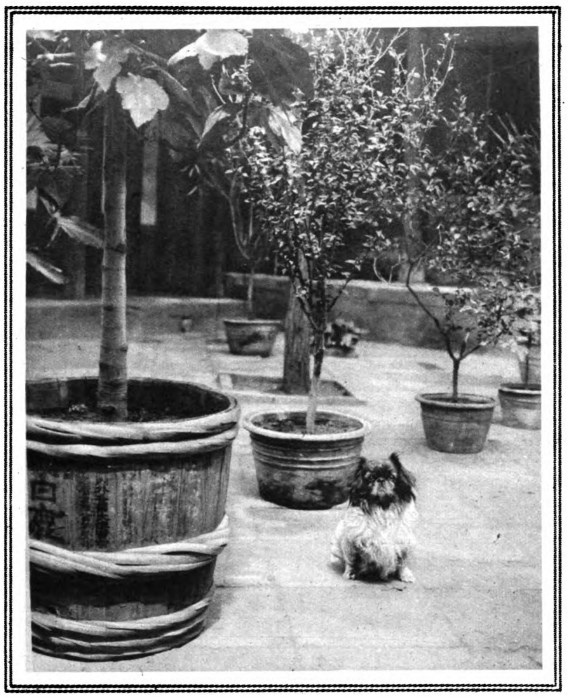


FIG. 1.—REPRESENTING ONE OF THE CHIEF INTERESTS OF A CHINESE LADY'S SECLUDED LIFE: A PEKINGESE IN A WIFE'S PRIVATE COURTYARD.



FIG. 2.—THE "PRETTY LITTLE LANDSCAPE KINGDOM" OF A WEALTHY CHINAMAN'S WIFE: A SUMMER-HOUSE WITH SHRUBS, ARTIFICIAL ROCKS, AND LOTUS POOL.

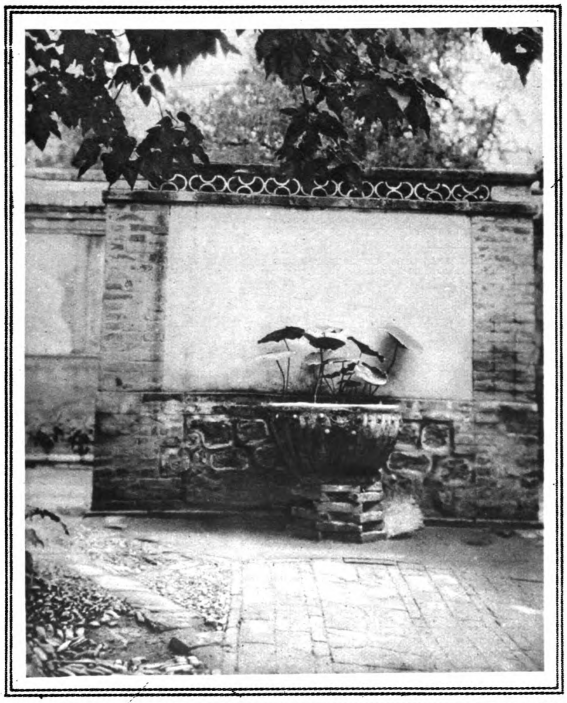


FIG. 3.—"SUPPOSED TO CHECK THE PASSAGE OF HARMFUL GHOSTS" INTO THE HOUSE: A "SPIRIT SCREEN" FACING THE INNER SIDE OF THE FRONT GATE.

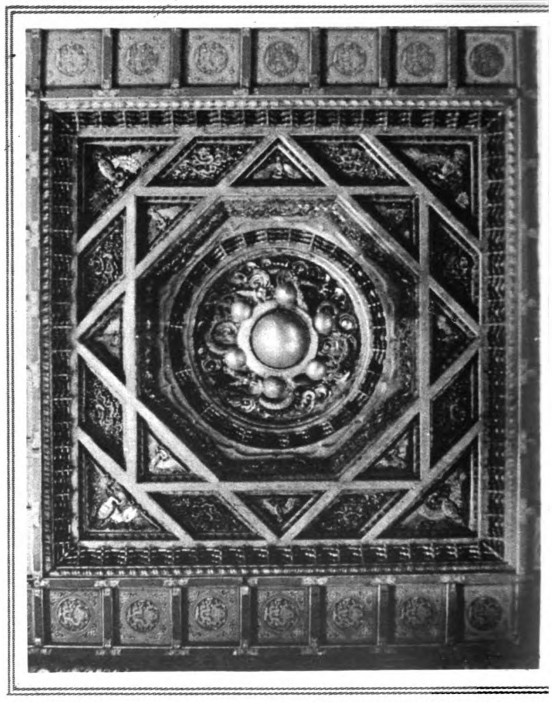


FIG. 4.—"THE FLAMING PEARL, SYMBOL OF SOVEREIGNTY, SURROUNDED BY DRAGONS AND PHŒNIXES": CEILING DECORATION FOUND ONLY IN THE IMPERIAL PALACES.

These very interesting photographs illustrate the article on "The Stately Homes of China," begun on page 430, and to be continued in a later issue. The figure numbers under the illustrations correspond to references in the article. The writer informs us that this is probably the first time that photographs of the princely properties in Peking have ever been taken and offered for publication. As she points out, the house of a wealthy Chinaman consists, not of a single imposing mansion like those of Europe, but of scattered groups of pavilions, mostly of one storey only, connected by covered passages. Of the wome quarters she writes: "The 'Lady of the Inner Chamber' lacks much that consider essential to comfort, but she has her separate wing surrounded by own gardens, and so have her 'understudies.' Thus the ladies are far enou apart . . . each in her own courtyard, with perhaps a pond or a cistern fil with lotuses, or a tiny summer-house with artificial rocks and shrubs (Fig. the whole forming a pretty little landscape kingdom over which she rules like

[Continued opposi

# STATELY HOMES OF CHINA: TRIPLE GATEWAYS; LIVING QUARTERS APART.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MRS. CALHOUN.

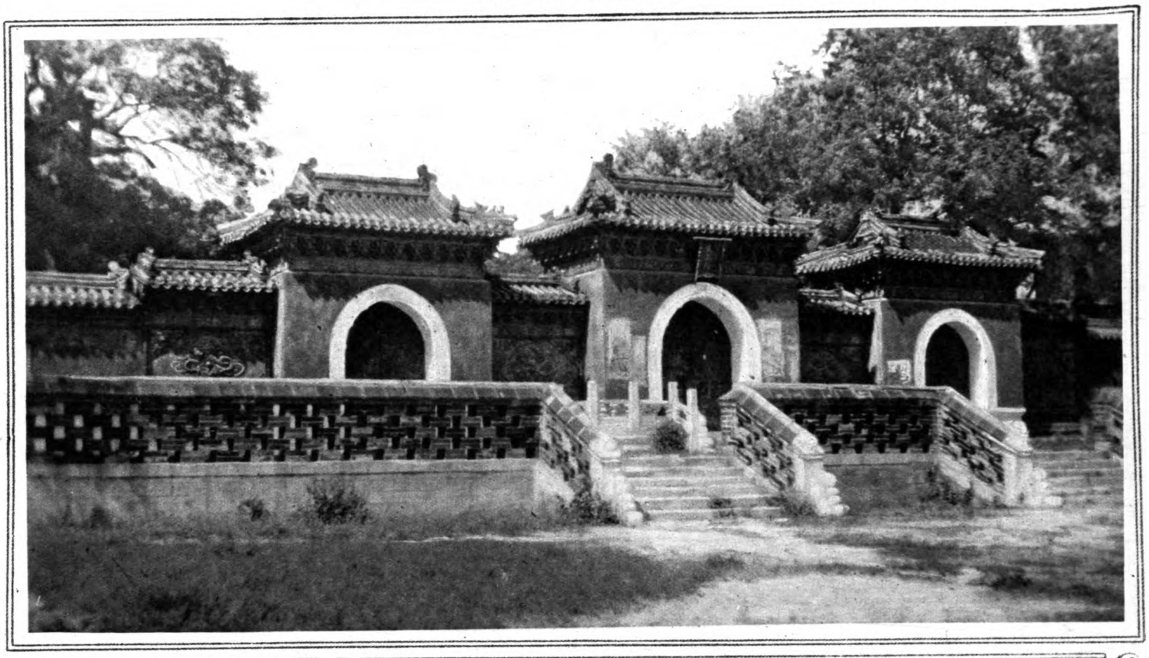


FIG. 5.—WITH CENTRAL DOOR FOR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AND THE "FIRST WIFE," AND SIDE ENTRANCES FOR ORDINARY MORTALS AND "SECONDARY" WIVES: THE TRIPLE GATEWAY TO A RICH CHINAMAN'S HOME, WHERE PRECEDENCE IS STRICTLY OBSERVED.

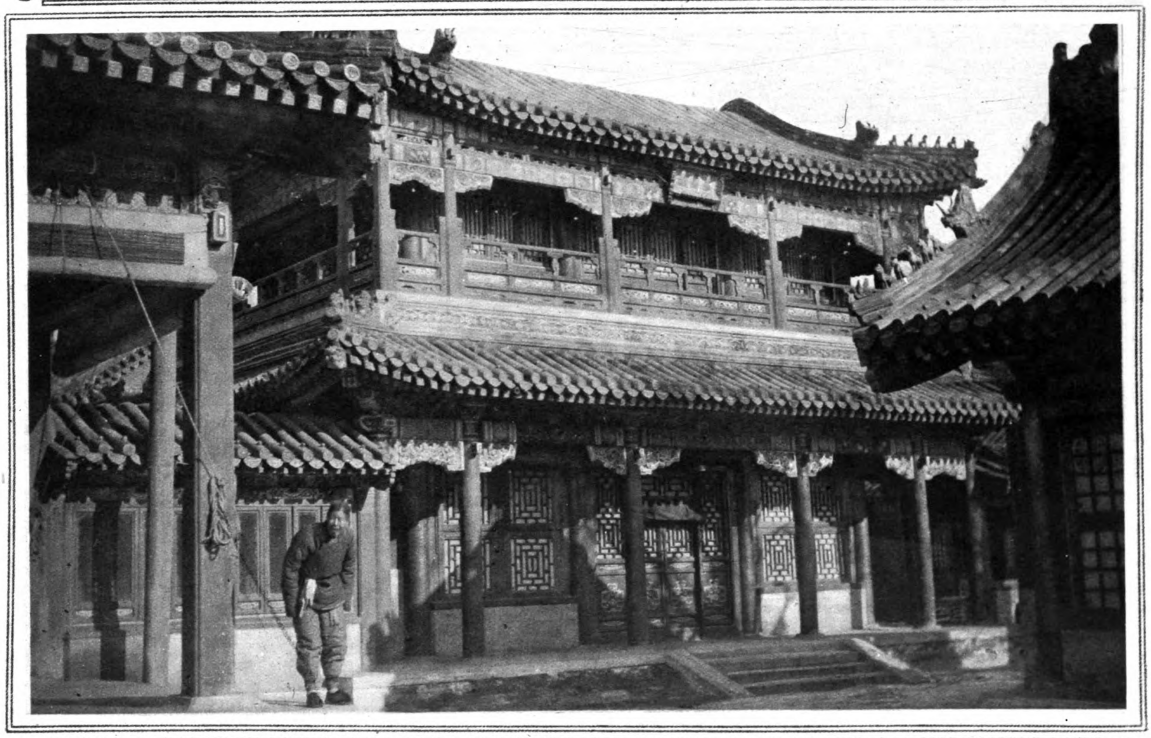


FIG. 6.—WITH GROUPS OF QUAINT FIGURES ON THE ROOFS, ALWAYS IN ODD NUMBERS, THE MALE PREVAILING OVER THE FEMALE: LIVING APARTMENTS OF A CHINESE "MANSION," QUITE SEPARATE FROM THE OFFICIAL PAVILIONS.

*Continued.*]

absolute sovereign. . . . They spend the time that our athletic maids and matrons devote to golf or tennis in rearing little Pekingese dogs (Fig. 1), or superintending the breeding of gold-fish." Inside the triple gateway of a big house is a "spirit screen" (Fig. 3) that is supposed to check the passage of harmful ghosts. In Fig. 4 is seen a decorative pattern for ceilings only used in Imperial palaces—"the flaming pearl, symbol of sovereignty, surrounded by dragons and phœnixes." A curious example of Chinese etiquette is seen in the triple gateway (Fig. 5), customary in houses of the great, with a central entrance for distinguished guests and the "first wife" and side entrances for ordinary folk and "secondary" wives. The living apartments (Fig. 6) are quite separate from the official pavilions and usually enclosed within further walls and gates. The quaint figures seen on every roof, and intended, like the spirit screen, to ward off baneful influences, "are in odd numbers, so that the *Yang*, or male principle, may prevail over the *Yin*, or female principle, thus ensuring harmonious felicity."

# THE STATELY HOMES OF CHINA.

*By JULIET BREDON. (See pages 428-429.)*

THE stately homes of China are hidden behind walls in a carefully screened intimacy. In fact, a traveller wandering through the streets of a native city will only be able to distinguish fine properties by their longer, higher walls, and larger, more imposing gateways. Of the buildings themselves he will see nothing, because they are usually of one storey

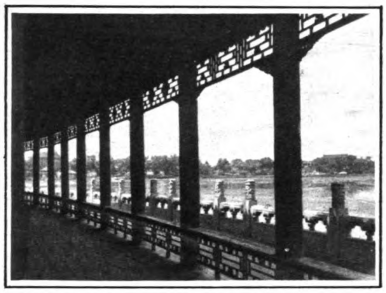


FIG. 7.—DAINTILY CARVED: A COVERED PASSAGE CONNECTING THE SCATTERED PAVILIONS THAT COMPOSE A CHINESE "MANSION," INSTEAD OF A SINGLE GREAT BUILDING.

only overshadowed by trees. High houses have never been popular in China; in Peking they were long forbidden, lest they should overlook the Imperial palaces, and Le Conte tells a story of a certain official who, "having built a dwelling more lofty than his neighbours', was accused before the Emperor; whereupon, fearing the consequences, he pulled it down while the matter was under consideration."

Where privacy is as rare as it is in the teeming East, no wonder the rich and powerful—to whom alone it is possible—value their seclusion. If the Englishman's home is his castle, so is the rich Chinaman's. Two ferocious lions (Fig. 8)—of stone—guard the entrance; no flimsy front door, but a triple gateway (Fig. 5, page 429) with tiled rooflets over it like eyebrows. The side openings serve for ordinary mortals; the central gate is reserved for distinguished guests. The "first wife" is also permitted to use the middle door; while the "secondary" wives must be content with the side entrances. The porter, always an old family retainer, can be relied upon to enforce the nice distinctions required by etiquette.

Now the sensation received on passing out of the busy, noisy streets of a Chinese town into one of these stately homes with its flower-filled courtyards is indescribable, because the contrast is extraordinary—as if one had stepped from the workaday world into a fairy palace. The "spirit screen" (Fig. 3) facing the front gate on the inner side cuts off our view at first, just as it is supposed to check the passage of harmful ghosts. This and the marble "spirit slabs" let into the centre of stairways, for the "invisible ones who cannot negotiate steps," increase our weird feeling of the very-far-away in place and time. The luck of the house requires such precautions essential for the "feng-shui," or propitious influences of wind and water, which have an immense importance in China. Furthermore, the little line of gargoyles we see on every roof is also intended to guard against noxious influences. Notice that these quaint figures are always in odd numbers, so that the *Yang*, or male principle, may prevail over the *Yin*, or female principle, thus ensuring harmonious felicity (Fig. 6).

Behind the "spirit-screen" a second door with gilded characters, signifying "good luck" and "longevity," leads to the main courtyard surrounded by three pavilions, the largest facing south. In high-class Chinese homes a second, a third, perhaps a fourth stone-paved patio beyond will be devoted to reception-rooms, with a temple for ancestral worship, a library, etc., to complete the group of formal apartments. All these buildings, flanked by large horn lanterns of cylindrical shape inscribed with the name and titles of the owner, stand upon high marble terraces. As foundations in China are shallow and cellars and basements unknown, this ensures protection from damp in the rainy season. Massive roofs, of golden yellow tiles for the Emperor and his family, blue or green for the "iron-hatted" Dukes, and drab-grey for common folk, rest on immense wooden pillars without capitals, but embedded in stone or marble bases to protect them from moisture. In the spreading curves of the roof-cornices the Chinese love of beauty in architecture finds its highest expression, and to them is largely due the satisfying sense of proportion in their buildings. Colour is supplied by the supporting wooden brackets in which the rich shadings of ceremonial gowns are repeated; while the gable ends afford an opportunity for the introduction of those wonderful designs we find on tapestries and brocades.

Within the halls, shaded by fine split-bamboo screens, a soft light filters on elaborate ceilings divided into squares. These, like the heavy cross beams (left exposed, as in Gothic buildings), are brilliantly painted in flower, wave, or cloud patterns, save in the Imperial palaces, where the flaming pearl, symbol of sovereignty, is surrounded by dragons and phœnixes (Fig. 4).

As for the furniture of official reception-rooms, it is no less stiff and conventional than the architecture. The throne halls of the Forbidden City, though decorated with lovely carved woodwork, are practically bare save for the platform where the Emperor sits like a Buddha on his altar, a lacquer screen behind him, a few priceless porcelains and bronzes on either side (Fig. 9). In less pretentious private houses stiff blackwood furniture is disposed against the walls, the chairs and tables always in pairs. Rosewood, ebony, or lacquer are used for these drawing-room suites, with inlays of mother-of-pearl, porcelain, or veined marble. Very choice specimens of the latter may be framed and hung as pictures. Screens, mirrors, and clocks, of which there will be three or four in the same room ticking out of tune, appeal to the Chinese taste no less than flowering shrubs with jade leaves and amethyst or tourmaline blossoms. Finally, for the sake of their perfume, dishes of fragrant fruits such as Buddha's Fingers—a distant relative of our oranges and lemons—are placed on tables about the room.

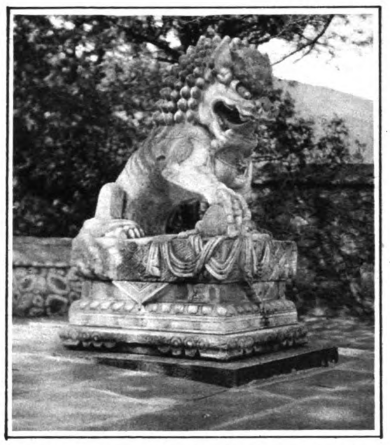


FIG. 8.—MORE FEROCIOUS, IF LESS DIGNIFIED, THAN THOSE OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE OR WEMBLEY: ONE OF A PAIR OF ORNATE STONE LIONS GUARDING A RICH CHINAMAN'S HOME.

Yet even these must not be arranged in a haphazard manner, but placed geometrically on plates, three below and one on top for guest rooms, though for the study it is permissible to put "a single fine specimen on white sand or rice in valuable bowls."

The living apartments (Fig. 6) in a Chinese stately home are quite separate from the official pavilions and usually behind them, shut off by further walls and gates. Here we are struck with the discomfort of Chinese life, despite its elegance. There are no spring mattresses on the hard beds, although we find beautiful carved woodwork and satin curtains. Neither are there wardrobes, but only camphor-wood chests, cumbrous to open, for putting away clothing. An arm-chair is an unknown luxury, and a comfortable couch unheard of. But in the master's study there is one perfect flower in a bronze vase that dates from before our Christian era, and perhaps a scroll written by the hand of an inspired calligrapher—and the master is content. In the women's quarters, too, the "Lady of the Inner Chamber" lacks much that we consider essential to our comfort, but she has her separate wing surrounded by its own gardens, and so have her "understudies," the master's concubines. Thus the ladies are far enou apart, when they want to be, not to "eat vinegar" each in her own courtyard, with perhaps a pc or a cistern filled with lotuses at the further e or a tiny summer-house with artificial rocks a shrubs, the whole forming a pretty little la scape kingdom over which she rules like an ab lute sovereign (Fig. 2).

Incredible as it seems to us, the women in Chinese household spend much time together w little bitterness or jealousy to mar their pleas relationships. Indeed, these Orientals sometin remark to the foreigner, "Are you not lonely with o one wife in a house?" Owing to their seclu lives, they come to rely a great deal on each other society, and spend the time that our athletic ma and matrons devote to golf or tennis in rearing little Pekingese dogs (Fig. 1)—those live toys full exuberant spirits—or superintending the breeding gold-fish, which in China is a fine art. Though have only known the branch of the carp family which they belong in Europe since the end of t seventeenth century, the Chinese, who claim that originated in Lake Tsao in Anhui province, beg improving and domesticating the species hundr of years ago, with remarkable results. Collections gold-fish are a favourite form of extravagance amo wealthy Chinese like Chang Tso Lin, the Mukd war lord. Some of the rare varieties with bulgi eyes and multiple tails, like floating chiffon scarv are worth hundreds of pounds. These are kept earthernware jars, with rocks covered with moss a overgrown with tufts of ferns to afford them a retr from the light. When the females spawn the eg must be removed to a shallow vessel lest the ma devour them. They are usually hatched out by t heat of the sun, but in some parts of China, accordi to Wells Williams, "the spawn is carefully placed an empty egg-shell and the hole closed. . . . The e is then replaced in the nest, and, after the hen h sat a few days upon it, reopened, when the spa is placed in vessels of water warmed by the sun, whe it soon hatches." The idea of a chicken hatching fi eggs is delightful!

It is but natural to ask how these stately hom of China compare with our own European castles a châteaux. The size and plan of the buildings a the disposition of the ground space in an Orient manor are inspired by ideals so different fr our own that comparison is really impossib Even understanding and proper appreciation quire much time and study. But we certain miss, at first, the grandeur of the single imposi mansion to which we are accustomed, and find poor substitute in scattered pavilions connect with covered passages (Fig. 7), despite their dain colouring and carving.

We feel, too, the lack of architectural variety, the laws and canons of a thousand years' standi have crystallised Chinese buildings into a dead symmetry. The Imperial palaces in Peking, wi their successive rows of ceremonial halls, are a typi example of the monotony and similarity resulti from a blind obedience to tradition. "Indeed, strong is the force of tradition in China that there hardly a detail in the whole architectural scheme these palaces which is not the exact reproduction a fixed and ancient formula. The very shape of t roofs sagging from the ridge-pole, lifted at the corne

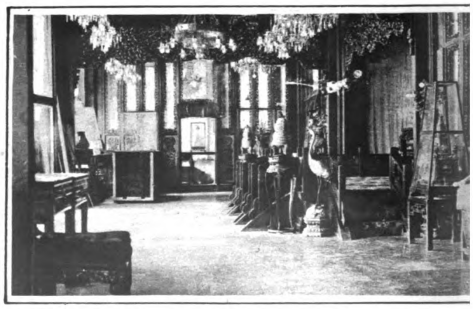


FIG. 9.—"PRACTICALLY BARE SAVE FOR THE PLATFORM WHERE TH EMPEROR SITS . . . A FEW PRICELESS PORCELAINS AND BRONZE ON EITHER SIDE": A THRONE HALL IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY

*Photographs by Mrs. Calhoun.*

with the ends of the roof-tree thrust up as by a ten pole inside, carries us back through thirty centuri to the primitive nomad's tent."

*(To be continued in a later number.)*

# THE DAWES DEBATE IN GERMANY: LOBBY SKETCHES IN THE REICHSTAG.

DRAWINGS MADE IN THE REICHSTAG LOBBY BY LADISLAS FODOR.



*Fürst Otto von Bismarck, grandson of the Iron Chancellor; Youngest member (aged 27) of the Reichstag.*



*Herr Stresemann, the Foreign Minister, who made a fighting speech in the debate.*



*Herr Henning, leader of the Extreme Right Party (Freiheitspartei). Formerly a Major in the Imperial Army.*



*Count Westarp (left) and Admiral von Tirpitz (right), two of the most prominent Nationalist Leaders.*



*General Ludendorff (right), with friends of the Freiheitspartei (the Extreme Right Party).*



*Herr Marx, the Chancellor, who was howled down by Communists at the opening of the debate.*



*Herr Hermann Müller, the Socialist leader and an ex-Chancellor, who signed the Versailles Treaty.*



*Herr Wallraf, President of the Reichstag, and a member of the Nationalist Party.*

**GERMAN POLITICIANS AS THEY APPEAR TO A WELL-KNOWN GERMAN ARTIST: SKETCHES FROM LIFE OF LEADING PERSONALITIES IN THE REICHSTAG LOBBY BEFORE THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE LONDON AGREEMENT.**

These vigorous pictorial character-sketches, which verge on caricature, were made from life in the lobby of the Reichstag in Berlin, during the debate which ended on August 29 in the acceptance of the London Agreement and the Dawes scheme of Reparations. The artist who made the drawings, Herr Ladislas Fodor, is well known as a cartoonist in the Berlin Press. He contributed to our issue of March 8 last a similar series of portrait-sketches made at the trial of General Ludendorff and Herr Hitler at Munich on a charge of treason. On the opening day of the Reichstag debate, August 22, Herr Marx, the Chancellor, was prevented by Communist disturbances from making his statement on the London Agreement, and the sitting had to be adjourned to the following day. Herr Marx then delivered his speech, and was followed by his fellow delegates to London, Herr Luther, the Finance Minister, and Herr Stresemann, the Foreign Minister, whose speech was highly polemical both against the Nationalists of the right and the Communists of the left. The London Agreement was finally signed at the Foreign Office in London, on August 30, by representatives of the Allied nations and of Germany.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

# Lore and Legend: Folk-Tales of the North Country.

## "THE HAND OF GLORY." Edited by J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH.*

HARK to the Robbers' Chorus!

"Let those who rest more deeply sleep;
Let those awake their vigils keep.
O Hand of Glory, shed thy light,
Direct us to our spoil to-night.
Flash out thy light, O skeleton hand,
And guide the feet of our trusty band."

It was sung in the days of "witches and wisemen, fairies and elves, hobmen and highwaymen, seers, and bold, bad barons," when many a happening was strange and grim, and spells were mighty as the wrath of the Giant of Penhill.

Peggy, the serving-wench, had heard her grandmother speak of the clutching charm from the gallows at the cross-roads, and how it favoured those who invoked its awesome aid. "She well knew the wonderful power which it held over all those asleep under the same roof from the moment the candle held in the skeleton fingers was lighted. She had been told and believed . . . that no earthly power could awake those who slept, so long as that awful light burned. Often, too, had she heard her granny tell stories regarding the mystic potence of this same candle, made from various tallows, one of which must contain the fat from a human heart, together with other equally gruesome ingredients. She was fully aware that when this candle was set alight, and held in the grip of that limb, torn from the body of some malefactor swinging in gibbet chains, a trance, like unto death itself, fell upon all those who . . . were already asleep beneath the roof under which its magic light burned. Well she knew that only blood or milk could put out its flame and so set free the charmed sleepers."

That was where her lore triumphed over the evil. The dairy saved the snow-bound guests from the plundering, and the thieves were taken; "poor Tom's hand," white-dripping candle and all!

So it was often enough: where there was bad there was good, and many an ending was happy. But knowledge had to be there. Cure had to be as familiar as curse.

The suckling babes of the village of Ingleby Greenhow were spirited away, one each month, for five months—and in the cottage of Black Meg were five black cats! Then Robby Eskletts, the hermit, spoke of his dream of circling hagworms, tail to tail; ravens, wing-tip to wing-tip; owls and nightjars; elves of bad countenance; dames of ill-deed astride of their broomsticks; and of a child wrapped in a cat's-skin. Then, at the watching by the boulder and the arrow in the ground, glow-worms and fairy folk, and the prophecy of the coming of the Maid of the Golden Shoon, the lady of the bower who would wear her true knight's armour and would break the spell. And, finally, the challenge to the beldames, the fierce fire-spitting dragons laid low, the earth opening and swallowing the unhallowed hut, and infants clasped to breasts again. Honour won, and it is nothing against it that it had as *aides* a sign made with the charcoal of wickenwood by a smith riding a piebald horse; three cast shoes fastened to a string, "each shoe nine paces from the other and the string sufficiently long to encircle Meg's cottage, and to be securely tied at the ends with a piece of rowan-tree within the knot"; a blazing winding-sheet; and a bunch of kirkyard yarrow and grave-moss. Had there been ignorance of such things, Ingleby Greenhow would have wept itself to a wraith.

Rob and Rosa and Siba the Good were rescued from Golpha, the Brutal, and Elba, the tempter, by Elphi, the dwarf. For Elphi summoned the dragon-flies of the moors, saying: "Flying Aithers, I command you to make known to the adders and askers that it is my wish that, at sunrise to-morrow, they go in their thousands and conceal themselves near the wicked Golpha's castle. Tell ye every hornet and wasp, and all winged things with stings and venom, I need their aid there at that time. Tell them to gather there in their thousands. Go ye to the bustards and bid them in my name to hie to the ant-hills and convey upon their backs every ant from these five moors. . . . One and all must take the flight of the ravens as their guide when the red sun rises." Thus did hornets build a wall within the prison lock; thus were executioners blinded; and Golpha and Elba, and Mort the Steward, stung to death and eaten by ants and carrion crows. What wonder Siba warned those who were about the guilty three: "Get ye gone; for those who called you hither by the knolling of that bell have listed to their own doom. It will come shortly, and with terror in its wake for all who bide here. . . . Get ye gone speedily, good friends, ere the ravens croak thrice."

Well indeed was it in those days to have intimacy with the supernatural, to be able to fight the wonder-worker with keen and conquering weapons. How else could one live in peace?

The Hall was haunted by the spectre of Bella; Bella who took her own life but was buried in a well, rather than at four cross-roads, like other suicides, with stake through heart. No servant would stay in the place. Mother Webster was consulted. The owners were told that "the only way they could escape from the nocturnal visits of her whom they had so much wronged was to leave their home and build another house over running water. On completion, a maiden was to be carried feet first into the new home by the back door and out at the front entrance. The journey through the house was to be made in a straight line." The prescription was perfect. The spirit ceased from troubling!

The Giant of Penhill was brought low by nines. Whitebeard, his retainer, begged him heed the omen of nine ravens cawing nine times, and was beaten for his pains. Then: "the bleeding Whitebeard crawled to the outer yard and brought nine battens of straw, then nine armsful of ling, and nine skeps of turf (peat). These he fashioned in a heap in the centre of the banqueting hall, and, lighting the straw, piled the wooden chairs around the fire, threw all the treen (wooden bowls and platters) and skins upon it, and departed in the direction of the swine-pen." And the giant's way was barred by his dead swine—always a row of nine—and nine tongues of flame leapt from the smoking castle.

That, however, was more of a practical affair than a lesson of legend; and so leads naturally enough to the "Road Inspectors," the highway then working "The Street" of the North as gently as they did Maidenhead Thicket, Finc Common, and Epping Forest, and lending nig emphasis to Walpole's saying that if the squires not take the same interest in shooting highway as they did in shooting partridges, Society would entirely undone and dissolved. The weird sel gave uncanniness to the exploits of the Knigh the High Toby. He lived as hunter and died hunted. His "Hand of Glory" was his own ste right and it held pistol seldom flouted. When was caught it was by betrayal or ill-luck; the gol guineas of rewards grew stronger in temptation their numbers, and even the most daring can defy Fortune for ever. "Cutterman" was for two hundred guineas; Nance, "the Co Ghost," accounted for a masked trio and a "yo gentleman" chained in a loose box; Tom Hogg cheated the hangman by drowning in the Sw but he might have escaped had not Bonny B had one of his horse's hoofs marked so that its print could be easily detected and sworn to; Willi Nevison, whom Charles II. dubbed "Swift Nic who may—or may not—have made the fam "Turpin's Ride to York"—was given away by widow who had harboured him; and Dick Tur himself—who also may or may not have made Ainsworthian ride, on "Black Bess"—hanged* hi self by writing from Y Castle to his brother Thackstead, in Essex. T case was curious. Tur was known in the No as John Palmer, and was vital that his n name should not be d closed at his trial. asked his brother arrange for someone swear to him as "Jo Palmer," or, at least, "cook" a character f him. "When his lett arrived at Thackstea there was sixpence pay, and not recognisi the writing, his broth declined to accept t package, which, in co sequence, went back the village post-offic Here, however, the cal graphy *was* recognised for Smith, the old pos master, had been Tu pin's school-master near thirty years before . . old man though he wa he set out on the lon journey to York, and the identified 'John Palmer as his erstwhile pupi and the renowned high wayman, Richard Tu pin."

Concerning which, ou author notes: "It seem appropriate to conclude with the following para graph which appeared in a Yorkshire newspape on July 1923: "The graveyard of St. George' Church, York, in which Dick Turpin is buried is being converted into a rest garden. No ston marks the grave of the famous highwayman, and it is the intention of the Rector to put up a small memorial tablet."

Well may his Preface say: "Each story is in itself something more than a mere narrative told by old folk on a winter's night, as they sat in the ingle-neuk with the younger generation around them. Each tells us something of the mentality of successive generations; each in its way and place fits into the mosaic work of local history—either in its earliest or more modern chapters—and most are also pregnant with local lore, and in this respect also a contribution to the history and understanding of the evolution of rural life."

Captain Fairfax-Blakeborough is lucky in having inherited from his father that "over a ton" of manuscript which has yielded "The Hand of Glory" and will certainly yield much more when the certain demand is answered; and he is doubly lucky in that he has the skill to edit so admirably. The book he sponsors is assured of popularity, for it will delight both student of folk-lore and "casual reader."

E. H. G.



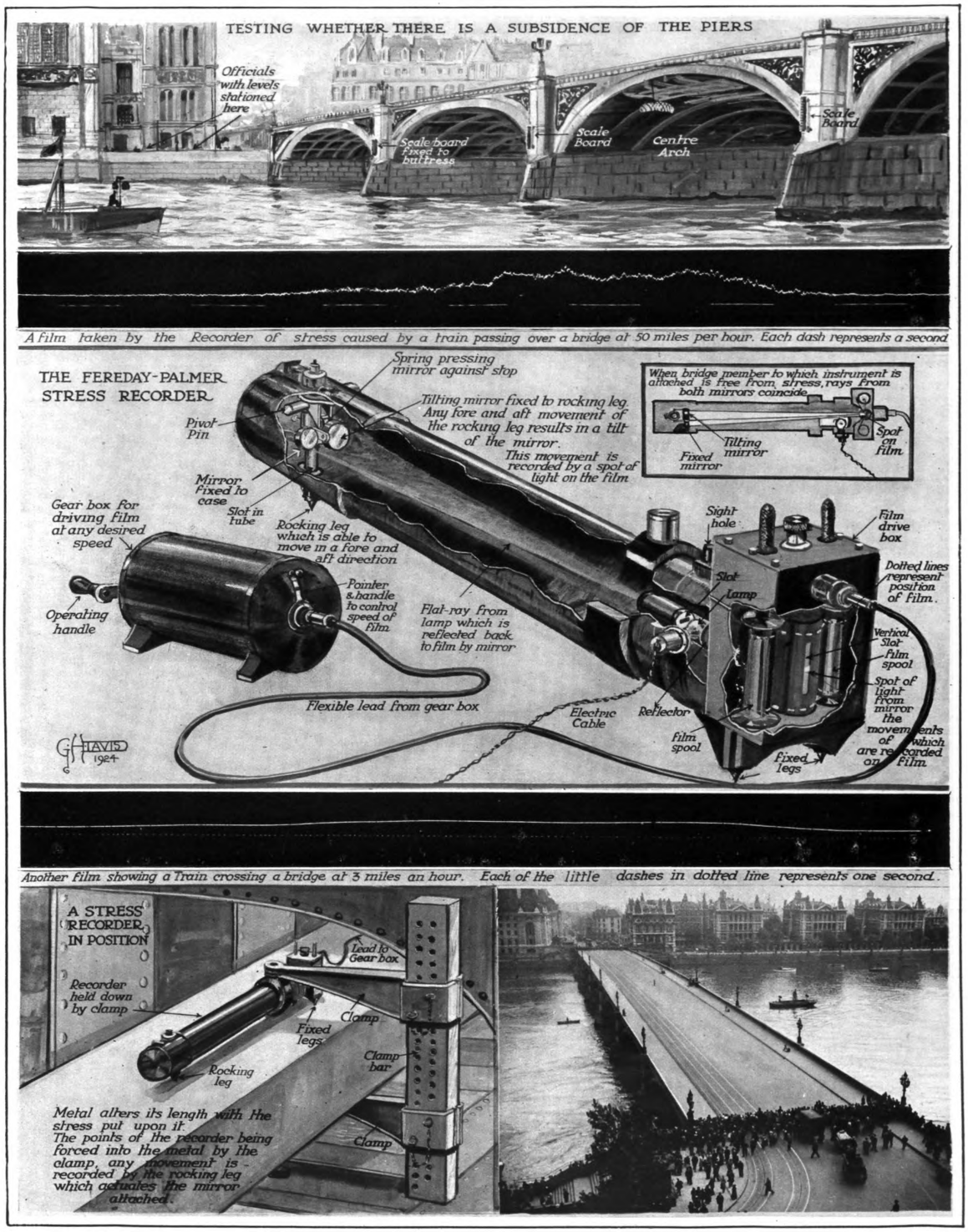
THE QUEEN AS THE GUEST OF LORD AND LADY ELPHINSTONE: HER MAJESTY (IN THE CENTRE) IN A GROUP AT CARBERRY TOWER.

The Queen concluded her visit to Lord and Lady Elphinstone at Carberry Tower, Musselburgh, on August 29, and arrived on that day at Balmoral, attended by Lady Bertha Dawkins and the Hon. Sir Derek Keppel. Our photograph shows (from left to right), seated: Lady Novar, Lady Bertha Dawkins, the Queen, Lady Elphinstone, Lady Haddington, and Lady Mildmay; (in front) the Hon. Jean Elphinstone and the Hon. Andrew Elphinstone; (standing) Sir Derek Keppel, Lord Lamington, Lord Mildmay, the Hon. Mary Elizabeth Elphinstone, Lord Elphinstone, the Duchess of Portland, (in front of her) the Master of Elphinstone (elder son of Lord and Lady Elphinstone), Lord Novar, and Lord Haddington.—*[Photograph by McGeochie, Dunoon.]*

* "The Hand of Glory and Further Grandfather's Tales and Legends of Highwaymen and Others." Collected by the late R. Blakeborough. Edited by J. Fairfax-Blakeborough, M.C. With Decorations by Wyndham Payne. (Grant Richards, Ltd.; 7s. 6d. net.)

# WESTMINSTER BRIDGE TESTS: FILM GRAPHS OF STRESS BY LIGHT RAYS.

DIAGRAMS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE AID OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN "ENGINEERING." PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.




## TESTING TRAFFIC EFFECTS ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE: A NEW STRESS-RECORDER AND RESULTANT GRAPHS CONTRASTED.

Much interest was taken in the tests carried out on Westminster Bridge, on August 26, to ascertain how an iron bridge of this type bears the greater weight and speed of modern traffic. The chief test was made with the Fereday-Palmer Stress Recorder, invented by Mr. H. J. Fereday, of Messrs. Rendel, Tritton and Palmer, the well-known consulting engineers. First the bridge was tested while under a full load of traffic, and then, at 3 p.m., it was cleared by the police for about five minutes and tested without traffic. The contrast is seen in the two graph records given above. The photograph shows the manholes in the pavement (on the right) through which the engineers entered the hollow pipe-way below. Our diagrams show how graphs are obtained by the Fereday apparatus, which is based on the fact that metal alters its length with the stress placed upon it. The instrument is clamped to a part of the bridge, and its pointed "legs" are forced into the metal. At one end of the tube (the right-hand end in our centre drawing) the leg-points are fixed, but the single leg at the other end is mounted on a pivot-pin above, and a slot cut in the tube allows this "rocking leg" to move fore and aft. To this leg is attached a small "tilting" mirror. When the bridge member to which the recorder is attached alters its length with the stress put upon it, the rocking leg is slightly moved accordingly, and the mirror tilted. When a ray of light is thrown on to this mirror, it reflects the ray through a vertical slot in a metal plate (at the other end of the tube) round which moves a photographic film, and on the film is recorded a graph of the actual stresses. The film, which passes the slot at any desired speed, is driven by a gear-box through a flexible "lead," and can be operated by hand, clockwork, or electricity. The top drawing shows a method used to record any subsidence of the piers by scale-boards fixed on the buttresses, the readings on the boards being noted, through "levels," from the courtyard of the Houses of Parliament.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

I CONFESS to a weakness for masterpieces in a small *format*, and to me the reappearance of a favourite book in a pocket edition "renewing is of love." For the little copy that one can carry about in the pocket has a closer intimacy, a friendlier manner, than the larger edition in which one first made its acquaintance. It is so much handier for dipping into: and re-reading at odd moments, for which little books are particularly convenient, usually takes the form of dipping—a glance, during a short railway journey or in an interval of ante-chambering and wantonness, at a well-remembered passage, or a refreshing of memory with some passage that has grown dim in recollection.

The little edition has other and quite adventitious charms. How pleasant, for example, although the pleasure is purely whimsical, is it wholly to conceal the two tiny volumes of the Pickering Homer in one's closed hands—literally to grasp the whole "Iliad" and "Odyssey" in one physical action! That, alas, is all that remains to me now, for Anno Domini has made it impossible to read the microscopic text in anything like comfort, even with strong spectacles. A powerful magnifying glass with an ivory handle might solve the difficulty, but to that solace of the grandsire—more usually of the grand-dam—I have not yet advanced, nor does casual experiment approve it as altogether alluring.

But the little Pickering books remain at the best a freak of typography. The small editions of one's choice are fortunately of a rather larger growth, and their text as yet imposes no strain upon the eyesight. Dainty to handle and easy to read, they come to renew and draw still closer the bonds of old acquaintance, or perhaps of acquaintance not altogether old. For some books of comparatively recent date have had the good fortune to secure early their place in permanent literature, and to claim reissue in compact, convenient, and attractive reprints.

Among older friends one of the most welcome is Meredith in the Mickleham edition, of which the two latest volumes are "THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY RICHMOND" and "RHODA FLEMING" (Constable; 5s. each). If on your travels this autumn you wish to re-read your Meredith, or if your reading of him should happen to be for the first time (in which case I envy you so much that I forbear to blame your tardy arrival at the feast), you could not find a more agreeable or companionable edition than this. Although small, it has a dignity of *format* entirely appropriate. Meredith demands this distinction. He has peeped out—a trifle furtively—in the older form of cheap edition—paper covers and double-column type—but in that dress he seems a little out of his element. At least one reader has always felt uncomfortable with a Meredith in such a makeshift guise. Perhaps one ought to be above these material considerations, but the shrinking will not be denied. Every good bookman knows that feeling of jealousy for fitting correspondence between the inward and spiritual content of a book and its outward appearance. Great spirits, to be sure, have lacked this reverence—Wordsworth would cut leaves with a butter-smeared knife, and feel no compunction; but that hardihood does not condone, let be justify, the stark insensibility of the act.

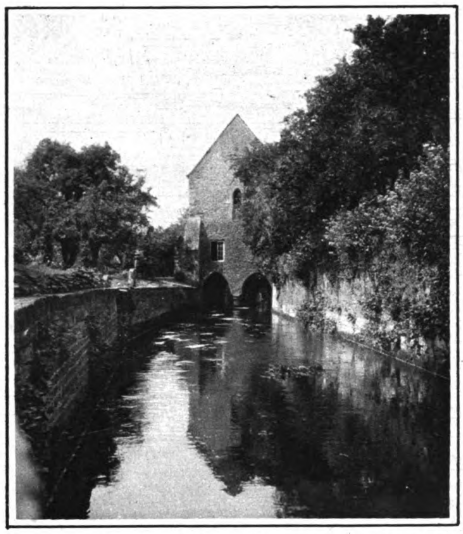
So much for one familiar friend. Two works, friends of more recent date, have just made a thrice-welcome appearance in small compass—an edition that is a joy alike to hand and eye. These choice books are "THE ART OF READING" and "ADVENTURES IN CRITICISM," by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (Cambridge University Press; 5s. per vol.). If they were charming in their original *format*, they seem even more winning in pocket size to the reader whose idiosyncrasy constrains him to a special affection for classics in little. It is not too early to hail these incomparable lectures as classics. They satisfy Sainte-Beuve's conditions of Universality and Permanence. And, although they are college discourses, never perhaps has the academic been made acceptable so cunningly to the catholic mind of man—in plainer phrase, to the "general reader."

It did not fall within the author's scheme in "The Art of Reading" to deal with the ephemeral. "Q" seeks, by directing his audience to masterpieces, to form a taste that will instinctively recognise and choose the best in literature. But that does not necessarily imply any antagonism to lighter recreative books, so they be not mean, contemptible, or vicious. The most cultivated and fastidious literary sense need not be intolerant. A writer who had once said severe things about current fiction can never forget how he was taken to task with gentle irony by the most accomplished literary man of that time—a time now some distance bygone. The censor's censor did not hesitate to confess that he himself found pleasant pastime in the purely sensational stories of a writer then much in favour with the cheaper magazines—not a bad writer, although scarcely in the first flight of literary accomplishment. But there is an excellence of the purely sensational. That was acknowledged by the censor's censor aforesaid, when he wrote gratefully—

> They 've lightened many a weary mile,
> Miss Braddon and Gaboriau.

Current fiction tends to fall into two sharp divisions. On the one hand, the psychological romance, which describes the actions of extraordinary people in circumstances generally normal; and, on the other hand, the "thriller," the tale of the detection of crime where reasonably normal characters find themselves enmeshed in a web of unusual happenings. The present popularity of the *roman policier* requires no emphasis, and it may even be a sign of health. While very clever people may rush to acclaim this or that volume of morbid introspection, works of diseased imagination do not commend themselves to the great mass of readers. The good sense of the public prefers a story of action in which vice is punished and virtue rewarded in accordance with the absolute pattern of fiction—the fairy tale.

Somebody told me once that he could not enjoy a book unless, while reading, he could imagine himself to be one of the leading characters. "In 'The Tempest,'" says "Q," "Shakespeare himself speaks to a slip of a boy, and that boy feels that he is Ferdinand . . . being intent on *What Is*, the heart and secret of the adventure." To such a reader there is no real satisfaction in a story unless in the last chapter the bravest prince marries the most beautiful princess, and the pair live happily ever afterwards, while the evil genius is crushed. This looks like an unblushing plea for the happy ending, and, in a sense, it is. Although I do not ask that a wreath of orange blossom shall always encircle the word "Finis," I do demand that I shall be dismissed "in calm of mind," and, as far as possible, with an assurance that the world, if not yet fit for heroes, is quite a cheerful place, after all.



WHERE THE SEVEN-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE COMING OF THE GREY FRIARS WILL BE CELEBRATED: THE ONLY PART REMAINING OF THE FRANCISCAN FRIARY AT CANTERBURY.

On September 10, 1224, nine ragged men, the first missionary Franciscans (or Grey Friars) to come to England, arrived on foot at Canterbury, and on September 10 next the seven-hundredth anniversary of their coming is to be celebrated on the site of the friary built by their successors. It stood on a little island formed by an arm of the Stour and a smaller stream, and presented to the Order in 1267. The only surviving building (built over the stream, as shown in our photograph) was probably the house of the Custos, or Guardian, head of the Friary. The building and its precincts have been carefully restored by their present owner, Major H. G. James. The Roman Catholic celebrations on September 10 will include High Mass at the Church of St. Thomas the Martyr, in the presence of Cardinal Bourne, and a procession of Franciscan Friars from the church to the site. In Canterbury Cathedral there will be a choral Eucharist and a sermon by the Bishop of Truro.—[*Photograph by Photopress.*]

In a well-ordered tale virtue ought always to achieve some sort of triumph, and nowhere is its ultimate victory so completely satisfying as in the detective novel. There the struggle is against concrete evil-doing, and the result is more convincing than that of a drama purely psychological. In detective stories, too, active adventure is a main factor, which makes a surer appeal to those who are such stuff as ordinary people are made of—people whose little lives are bounded by a season ticket and the romance of the nine-fifteen. They come, these detective stories, in stacks from the publisher's counter. They are of all sorts and conditions, the brilliant, the not-so-brilliant, and the shoddy; but they pay their way—or so I am credibly informed—even the worst of them.

It is two years since on this page I spoke of a detective story which turned on smuggling and the timber trade. I marked that tale as a novelty because it broke away from the Holmes and Watson manner. We had long been accustomed to detective fiction in which it had become a convention to show the superiority of the amateur sleuth to the professional, but in "The Pit Prop Syndicate" the police solved the mystery while the amateurs were left (if I remember aright) literally at sea. Nowadays the movement has progressed, the modern detective story has outgrown the cigarette-end and footprint phase. The literary workmanship has improved almost out of recognition, and the writer's task is not so much **that of** the police as of puzzling the reader. **In not a f**ew this is done with a deftness that may **claim to b**

It used to be a safe move to suspect the **least likely** That is what I have been doing until quite **lately, wi**th success and consequent self-satisfaction; **but pride** its usual reward. In "THE HOUSE OF THE ARROW" (and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.) MR. A. E. W. **Mason laid** for me in the form, not of a double but a **triple b**l (*pace* pride and falls) I have grown wise in **the** detective fiction. I confess, however, **I did not** Mr. Mason to swing the situation back to the **remo**tingency, and there he caught me. I admired, **but** the ingenious drama down with a pang, for **reasons** you will appreciate when you read the story. **You w**understand why the book did not leave me **conte**r life in general. I owe it to you to make **no furth**r closure. As a mystery the tale could **scarce**ly improved, but the ending left me with a painful **se** loss, something that is best described in Bret Harte's **j**e of "Maud Muller" by the line—

> It is, but hadn't ought to be.

This does not apply in any way to Mrs. **A**gatha Christie's new novel, "THE MAN IN THE BROWN **S**UIT" (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.). Readers of our **s**ister illustrated journal, the *Sketch*, will have cause **fo**r disappointment only if they expect to hear **m**ore of the exploits of M. Hercule Poirot. Personally, let me emphasise "personally"—I would not **t**ake a dozen Poirots in barter for one Anne Beddi**n**gfeld on the point of entertainment. Whereas M. **P**oirot did protest too much about his "little grey **c**ells," Anne, being a woman, relies on instinct, and **c**omes out on top after three hundred and ten **hea**vy pages. The light and facetious vein keeps the **c**aptious reader in high good humour throughout. **J**udge of Hercules (not Poirot) by his foot. **T**his is an extract from the diary of Sir Eustace **P**agett, of whom, as of Pagett, you must savour the **f**ull bouquet for yourself—

> After lunch, the Beddingfeld girl came and sat with me for coffee. I was right about her legs; they are the best on the ship. I shall certainly ask her to dinner as well.
>
> I would very much like to know what mischief Pagett was up to in Florence. Whenever Italy is mentioned he goes to pieces. If I did not know how intensely respectable he is, I should suspect him of some disreputable amour.
>
> I wonder now! Even the most respectable men would cheer me up enormously if it was so.
>
> Pagett—with a guilty secret! Splendid!

In this story, Mrs. Christie's method is a little more direct than in former works from her gifted pen. Hitherto, she has kept close to the scene of the crime. Here the stage is almost world-wide, and she fills it with a diversity of creatures, all clearly and individual, and, chief merit—although this is an extravaganza—all human and credible after their several kinds. Even the greatest villain is made persuasive and plausible—a man to know; one who, given the right opportunity, would be a friend in need. However that may be, we'take leave of him with the impression that he is a friend indeed, and I am not sure that Anne Beddingfeld was not of the same opinion.

By way of contrast to pleasant bubbles for the beguilement of the passing hour, these exciting tales that do not pretend to literary permanence, you should put on your library list Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick's new novel, "THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL" (Constable; 7s. 6d.), a thing of delicate and fantastic artistry. Here, once again, as in "Adrienne Toner," a foreign young woman descends upon a shabby but not unlettered cultivated English family, to the disturbance of the peace. The cause of all the trouble is that universal cause, the war, but the war on a side issue. For those bad days there was much suppression of vital facts not only in public documents, but in private letters, and it is suppression in letters that counts here. The novel, brilliant as all Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt's work is—remember the thrill of something like discovery with which I read her first book, "The Shadow of Life," with its sense of new vistas opening in fiction—belongs to the class already mentioned; it is the record of unusual people in situations not unusual. The scenes are for the most part quiet domestic interiors, framed between an opening in a waiting room at Victoria Station and an ending in a village church in Brittany. The action is subjective, the actors like dream people, and the effect of this modern episode complete in conception and of a minute introspection, has a touch of the other-worldly. It is, in fact, like some delicate water-colour landscape peopled with the artificialities of Watteau and his artificial century; and this quasi-negation of our more strenuous times heightens the charm of a book that must be accounted among works of genius.

But the novel is no mere fanciful cobweb. From its fine texture can be detached a philosophy, a shrewd suggestion of the truth about two nations, England and France. "You English," says the Frenchman André, "lurch, but lurching becomes you. You lurch, as a rule, in the right direction—for yourselves. Look at your Empire, all made up of lurches and success. You are a people who do not need to see your goal. . . . Our horizon is more restricted, but because we see the frame we can fit our picture into it. . . . You take in more, but you don't know what to make of it. To make all that can be made of the time and space at our disposal, that is our wisdom; and can there be a better one?" This is a book that will help England to a better understanding of the essential France, and perhaps the benefit will be reciprocal.

# WAR IN BRAZIL'S RICHEST CITY: SAO PAULO AFTER BOMBARDMENT.

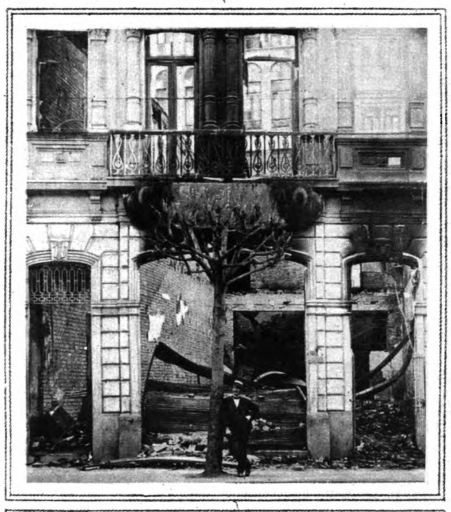
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



BIVOUACKING IN THE STREETS OF SAO PAULO AFTER ITS CAPTURE FROM THE REBELS: BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT TROOPS.



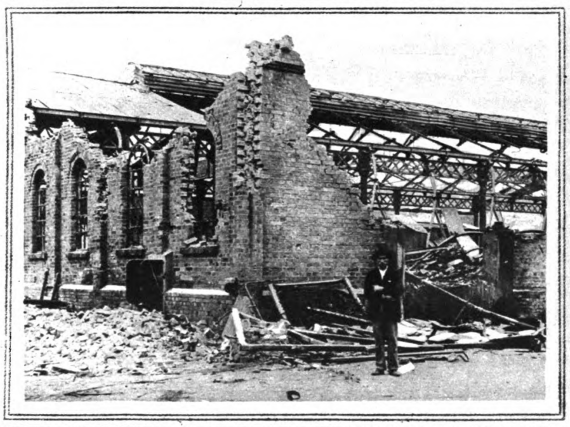
GREAT-WAR METHODS USED BY THE BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT FORCES: A LINE OF TANKS ENTERING SAO PAULO.



AFTER ONE OF SEVERAL LARGE FIRES CAUSED BY THE BOMBARDMENT: A GUTTED SHOP BUILDING.



INTERESTED IN THE HOLE MADE BY AN UNEXPLODED SHELL: TYPICAL SAO PAULO CIVILIANS IN THE CAPTURED CITY.



ONE OF SAO PAULO'S FIVE HUNDRED FACTORIES AFTER THE SIEGE: BUILDINGS DESTROYED DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE CITY.



REMINISCENT OF BELGIUM AND FRANCE IN THE GREAT WAR: HOUSES IN SAO PAULO WRECKED BY BOMBARDMENT.

Sao Paulo, the capital of the Brazilian State of the same name, and the richest commercial city in the country, was the centre of a rebellion that broke out against the Federal Government on July 5. Some 20,000 rebels, under General Isidore Lopez, seized the Governor's Palace and deposed the Governor. The Federal Government in Rio de Janeiro, 300 miles away, sent strong forces to Sao Paulo, accompanied by tanks and artillery, and the city was invested. After a heavy bombardment and fierce street and house-to-house fighting, in which it was reported that 3000 lives were lost, Sao Paulo was captured by the Government troops on July 28, and the rebels retreated. Meanwhile some 250,000 of the inhabitants had left the city as refugees. The scenes recalled those of Belgium in 1914. A correspondent, examining the condition of the city on July 30, found ample evidence of warfare—barricades and trenches and wrecked buildings. There had been several large fires, including one at the Anglo-American oil stores. It was expected that the rebels would attempt to reach Paraguay. They were said to have released convicts for forced service in their ranks, and to have employed German and Austrian mercenaries. Sao Paulo is described as "the wealthiest and most modern city of Brazil," and "a cleaner Bradford"—owing to its numerous mills. It is also a great centre of the coffee trade. The rebellion has been ascribed to various causes—racial, commercial, and political, or to discontent among certain Army officers. Sao Paulo has a population of some 500,000, of whom about a half are Italians. Its mercantile leaders are said to have resented the Federal Government's financial policy.

# TEN-LEGGED AND "STALK-EYED":

## BRITISH DECAPODS IN THEIR NATURAL HAUNTS.

*By DR. FRANCIS WARD, F.Z.S.*

INCLUDED under the heading of decapod crustaceans are lobsters, crabs, prawns, and shrimps. The limy shell of these species at one time consisted of twenty separate parts, which were divided into the head, thorax, and abdominal segments, the last abdominal segment forming the tail-fan. In most decapods the fourteen segments of the head and thorax have fused to form the carapace. The term decapod, as the word implies, refers to the ten feet of these crustacea; they are also termed "stalk-eyed," because the eyes are carried on stalks so that they may be moved about. Though the segments of the head and chest have become fused, their positions



FIG. 1.—A CONNECTING-LINK BETWEEN THE CRABS AND LOBSTERS: THE SQUAT LOBSTER (*GALATHEA STRIGOSA*), THE LARGER OF THE TWO BRITISH VARIETIES, FOUND IN DEEP WATER.

can still be recognised by the position of the paired appendages.

A typical decapod has twenty pairs of appendages. On the head are the stalked eyes, two pairs of feelers, three pairs of jaw appendages; on the thorax the first three appendages are known as foot-jaws, because they help in the process of mastication; then come five pairs of legs—of these the first pair are specially adapted as the large pincer-claws, or *chelipeds*; the remaining four are walking legs, and of these the first two usually carry nippers. To the segments of the abdomen are attached six pairs of swimmerets.

Decapods are divided into long-tailed crustaceans (*macrura*), which include the lobsters, and short-tailed crustaceans (*brachyura*), among which are crabs.

In crabs, the carapace forms a broad shield-like covering over the head and chest, while the abdomen has become rudimentary. This shrunken abdominal section is popularly known as the "apron," and is held tucked up under the carapace. Crabs are most abundant in tropical waters, and the northern limit of their range is round the shores of the British seas. It would be impossible in a short article to describe all the crabs. I will, therefore, confine my remarks to a few species of which I obtained photographs during a recent visit to the Marine Biological Station at Port Erin, Isle of Man.

The Squat Lobster (*Galathea*) forms a connecting link between long-tailed and short-tailed crustacea. In this group, during rest, the abdomen is completely bent up under the carapace like the rudimentary abdominal section of the true crab. Two species of *Galathea* are common round our shores; the illustration (Fig. 1) shows the larger of the two, which is usually found in deep water.

*Galathea squamifera* is the species which frequents the rock-pools round the coast. This is a very active crustacean, and an attempt to bring it to the collector's net generally entails a prolonged hunt. Often, as one leans over to lift a likely stone under which it may be lurking, the crustacean will shoot away so rapidly that one wonders whether a fish has darted out of hiding. In the end, all stones that can give shelter have to be moved, and not infrequently the water bailed out. Like all the higher crustacea, *Galathea* has the power of self-amputation of a limb, but in this group it is possessed to a marked degree. In shape it suggests a short, broad, spiny lobster; the adults are of a bluish-brown colour, while the young show brilliant red and blue markings.

In *Galathea strigosa* (Fig. 1) the claws are exceptionally large, and numerous spines are present on both margins; the colouring is also more brilliant than on its commoner relative. The Scarlet Squat, which is found in deep water off the coasts of Cornwall and Devon, as its name suggests, is a still more gaudy species.

Various Spider Crabs, so called because of their long legs, are probably the commonest of crabs to be found in rock pools at low tide. A species frequently met with is the Spiny Spider Crab (*Maia squinado*), which lives on a rocky bottom at a depth of ten to fifteen fathoms. Seldom is a crab or lobster pot drawn up without one or two of these nuisances being found in it. The fishermen dislike them because they eat the bait intended to entice more valuable crustaceans, and, as they are very restless, they frighten away edible crabs and lobsters which would otherwise find their way into the wicker-work cages. The carapace is ovoid in shape and, as their name indicates, is covered with spines. At certain times of the year, generally round the month of May, spider crabs swarm in the sea, like a plague. Sometimes larger specimens are put on the market, but they are coarse eating and very tasteless.

A very interesting species of this group is *Hyas araneus*, because of its masking habits. It is common round the British coasts, but usually escapes detection, for the carapace and limbs are completely hidden by tufts of seaweed, sponges, and other organisms. This spider crab actually dresses itself in this disguise by plucking weeds and placing them on its carapace, where they are held by numerous hooked hairs. As the transplanted vegetation grows, the crab resembles a mass of growing vegetation which slowly moves along the bottom, and, as the pace at which the crab crawls is very slow, the moving mass of weeds and sponges does not suggest the presence of a living crustacean. There is also no doubt that *Hyas araneus* appreciates when the growth on its carapace is in keeping with its surroundings, for a specimen of this spider crab, covered with sea-weed, was placed in a tank containing only sponges, and the crustacean removed the weeds and replaced them with portions of sponge. The vegetation growing on the carapace is also occasionally used as food, and crabs have been seen to pick off the weed and convey it to the mouth.

In some spider crabs the legs are very long and attenuated, as in the long-legged spider crab, *Stenorynchus phalangium* (Fig. 2). The carapace is small and triangular in shape, and the legs are covered with hairs. The form of this crustacean suggests that it would travel rapidly over the bottom, but, on the contrary, its movements are slow and deliberate, and it passes most of its time quite motionless, as it stands concealed among delicate leaves of seaweeds.

The common edible crab (*Cancer pagurus*) is familiar to all. It was known to the Romans as *Carabus*, hence the term "crab," as applied to short-tailed crustacean decapods. The adults are found in shallow water round rocky coasts, while the young are plentiful in the pools between tide marks. Here they are very active, and, if chased, will quickly burrow into the sand, where, half-buried, they lie quite still and pass themselves off as a stone.

*Cancer pagurus* is one of the most useful of scavengers in the sea; they are by no means dainty feeders, and often congregate where town refuse escapes into the water. This edible crab sometimes grows to a great size, and specimens of over twelve pounds in weight have been taken.



FIG. 2.—VERY SLUGGISH DESPITE ITS LENGTH OF LIMB: THE LONG-LEGGED SPIDER CRAB (*STENORHYNCUS PHALANGIUM*), WHICH USUALLY HIDES AMONG SEAWEED.—[*Copyright Photographs by Dr. Francis Ward, F.Z.S.*]

Crabs, like lobsters and other crustaceans, cannot increase in size while they retain their hard limy coverings, and so they moult. There is no hard-and-fast rule as to the interval between one moult and another. The time depends upon the amount of food that the crab is able to obtain. Berridge, in his "Animal Curiosities," quotes an interesting case where a specimen was kept in captivity. This crab must have been fed exceptionally well, for it cast its shell on April 11, May 22, July 3, Aug. 30, and Sept. 21.

It is an engrossing sight to watch a moult. First the crab, which has retired to a sheltered spot, becomes comatose. Soon the whole splits on the under-surface round the attachments of the legs. The new coat can be seen beneath, very bright in colou quite soft to the touch. The main shell is now aside, and slowly the crustacean withdraws his dages from their old envelopes. When all t shell has been cast, the new soft covering is in every detail: not only on the appendages, b covering on the eyes, gills, and even the st lining has been replaced.

The crab during the soft stage hides itself under a protecting stone. Here it grows before the new shell hardens—in fact, the tissu immediately distended with water so as to a increase in size as rapidly as possible. In the c the lobster the soft body is drawn out throu rupture of the shell just above the abdominal r

In nearly every rock pool, the common Shore (*Carcinus mænas*) is found. There it leads an a bious life, for it will remain out of the water for s hours at a time. In tropical waters allied specie be seen scrambling nimbly over the rocks. crabs are easily recognised from small edible cra the fact that the edge of the carapace is too while that of the edible crab is frilled. Not quently this crab is offered for sale; the flesh pleasant though rather sweet flavour.

I had never known of a Shore crab carrying vegetation on its back until the spring of 1923, a specimen about three-and-a-half inches across brought by a fisherman to the Biological Statio Port Erin. This small crab had six-and-a-half of the large-leaved sugar tangle seaweed (*Lami saccharina*) attached to the carapace. A spore evidently by accident become attached to s roughened place on the shell.

Two photographs of this exceptional occurr are given on page 437. In one illustration (Fi the roots of the *Laminaria* are shown entirely cove the carapace. The other illustration (Fig. 3) sh the extent of weed which the crab dragged about a it wherever it went. The crab can just be seen dark body to the right of the heavy mass of weed the left. This crustacean was quite healthy and well. The interesting point arising out of phenomenon was, just how long does it take for and-a-half feet of *Laminaria* to grow? Obviously crab had not moulted since the spore became attac to the carapace.

Another interesting British crustacean is the Mas Crab (Fig. 8), which dwells on a sandy bottom a depth of ten to fifteen fathoms. It derives its na from the grotesque appearance of a human face the back, caused by the furrows on the carap

The male and female differ in that the male has lon chelipeds, twice the length of the body; whereas those of the female are quite short. The antennæ i both sexes are very long, and carry a fringe of stron hairs. The peculiarity in the habits of this crab i that it entirely disappears under the sand except fo the tips of the antennæ.

When the masked crab burrows, the antenna are approximated and the hairs are interlocked, s that the two antennæ are converted into a long tube The improvised tube communicates with a space in front of the mouth, which, in turn, communicates with the gill chambers. When about to burrow in the fine sand the crab sits up like a dog begging; the hindermost

[*Continued on page 460.*

# A LIVING "FLOWER-POT": A CRAB WITH SEAWEED GROWING ON ITS BACK.

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FIG. 3.—WITH SIX-AND-A-HALF FEET OF "SUGAR TANGLE" SEAWEED GROWING FROM ITS CARAPACE: A SMALL SHORE CRAB (*CARCINUS MŒNAS*) ONLY 3½ INCHES ACROSS (CENTRE FORE-GROUND) IN AN UNPRECEDENTED PREDICAMENT, BUT QUITE HEALTHY.



FIG. 4.—HOW LONG HAD THE SEAWEED TAKEN TO GROW AND PREVENTED A FRESH MOULT? THE SAME CRAB (AS ABOVE) WITH ITS CARAPACE COVERED BY ROOTS OF "SUGAR-TANGLE" SEAWEED (*LAMINARIA SACCHARINA*), A SPORE OF WHICH HAD ACCIDENTALLY BECOME ATTACHED TO THE SHELL.

Describing this remarkable phenomenon in crustacean life, in his article on page 436, Dr. Francis Ward says: "I had never known a Shore Crab carrying any vegetation on its back until the spring of 1923, when a specimen about 3½ inches across was brought by a fisherman to the Biological Station at Port Erin. This small crab had six-and-a-half feet of the large-leaved sugar tangle seaweed (*Laminaria saccharina*) attached to the carapace. A spore had evidently by accident become attached to some roughened place on the shell. In one illustration (Fig. 4) the roots of the *Laminaria* are shown entirely covering the carapace. The other illustration (Fig. 3) shows the extent of weed which the crab dragged about with it wherever it went. The crab can just be seen as a dark body to the right of the heavy mass of weed on the left. This crustacean was quite healthy and ate well. The interesting point was, just how long does it take for 6½ ft. of *Laminaria* to grow? Obviously the crab had not moulted since the spore became attached to the carapace."

# THE CRAB AT HOME: UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF MANX DECAPOD

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FIG. 5.—WITH ITS LAST PAIR OF LEGS LIKE LARGE, FLATTENED PADDLES (FOR PROPULSION AND DIGGING): A SWIMMING CRAB (*PORTUNUS PUBER*), OR "FIDDLER" CRAB—REAR VIEW.

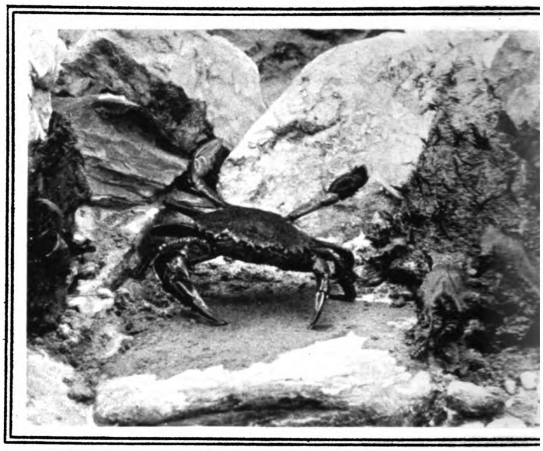


FIG. 6.—ANGRY, AND WITH ITS SWIMMING LEGS ERECTED—THE LEFT ON SHOWING WELL THEIR STRUCTURE: A SWIMMING CRAB (*PORTUNUS PUBER*) FOR COMPARISON WITH FIG. 5.

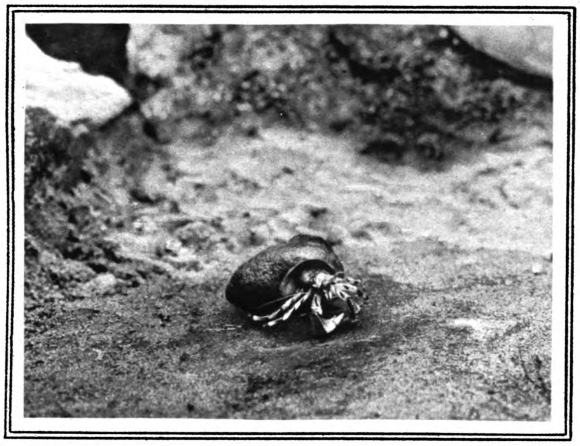


FIG. 7.—USING A SPONGE AS A TEMPORARY DOMICILE: AN INTERESTING SPECIMEN OF THE COMMON HERMIT CRAB (*PAGURUS BERNHARDUS*) DREDGED UP FROM TWENTY FATHOMS.



FIG. 8.—NAMED FROM FURROWS ON THE CARAPACE WHICH RESEMBLE A GROTESQUE HUMAN FACE: THE MASKED CRAB—REAR VIEW, SHOWING ONE LONG CHELIPED.



FIG. 9.—ON THE WATCH: A SMALL CIRCULAR CRAB, WITH SPINY LEGS AND A STRONG POINTED ROSTRUM, DREDGED UP FROM TWENTY FATHOMS.

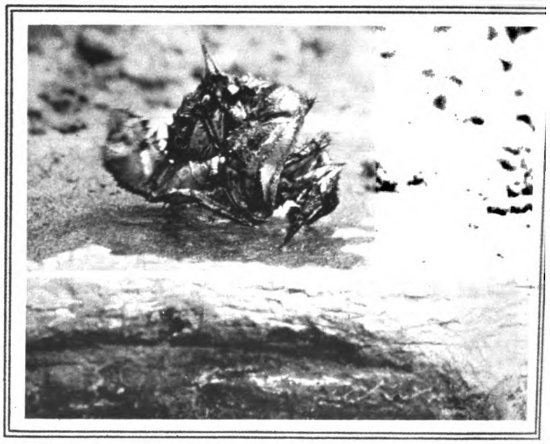
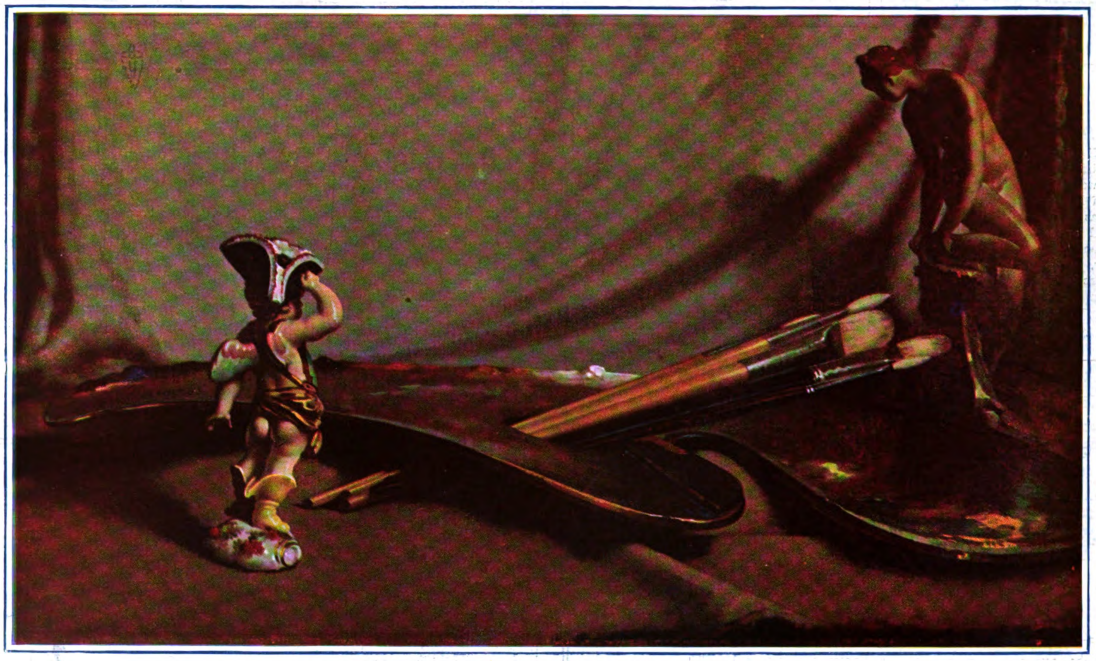


FIG. 10.—DISTURBED AND ANGRY: THE SAME CRAB AS SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION (FIG. 9) THROWING ITSELF BACKWARDS.

Much interest was aroused the other day by the arrival at the "Zoo" Aquarium of a lively little lobster, caught off Eastbourne, that was not of the usual dull hue, but a bright scarlet, just as if it had been boiled. Dr. Francis Ward, in his fascinating article on page 436, tells us of young lobsters, of the *Galathea* group, that have brilliant red and blue markings, and of a still gaudier species, the Scarlet Squat, found in deep water off the coasts of Cornwall and Devon. The remarkable photographs on this and the previous page, as well as those accompanying the article, were taken by Dr. Ward at Port Erin, in the Isle of Man. The figure numbers attached to our illustrations correspond with his references to the various subjects, which he explains in detail. The ways of crustaceans, as he describes them, are indeed wonderful, especially the moulting process. "First the crab," he writes, "becomes comatose. Soon the whole splits on the under-surface round the attachments of the legs. The new coat can be seen beneath, very bright in colour, and quite soft to the touch. The main shell is now thrown aside and slowly the crustacean withdraws his appendages from their old envelopes."

# THE STATUETTE AS ARTIST'S "MODEL": DAINTY "STILL LIFE" PICTURES.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY ORLANDO GREENWOOD. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.



A NOVEL TOUCH IN "STILL-LIFE" PAINTING: "THE BARRIER," BY ORLANDO GREENWOOD.





# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## THE TORMENTS OF TANTALOS — AND THE GOAT-MOTH.

*By W. P. Pycraft F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.*

THE doom of Tantalos, the Phrygian king, to be for ever hungry and athirst, yet with sparkling water and luscious fruits always apparently within his grasp, we must accept as a just doom—for was it not so ordered by the gods whom he had flouted and tricked? But what are we to say of the poor Goat-moth (Figs. 1 and 2), sentenced, apparently, to a like fate, yet certainly innocent of like offences?

For the sake of those who are not expert entomologists, it would be well to explain that the Goat-moth is one of the largest of our British moths,



FIG. 1.—DOOMED, LIKE TANTALOS, TO STARVATION IN SIGHT OF PLENTY: THE GOAT-MOTH, WHICH HAS NO PROBOSCIS, SHOWN AT REST.

"Although in this photograph it shows up fairly distinctly against the background of bark, the Goat-Moth is by no means so easily seen in its natural colours."—[*Photograph by A. H. Bishop.*]

having a span across the wings, in the female, of nearly four inches (Fig. 2). There is nothing striking about its coloration, though when carefully examined, this is seen to be made up of a combination of varying shades of brown, giving a very beautiful, velvety effect. June and July are the most likely months in which to find it, but some may be taken even in August.

I have but just left what seemed to be most likely haunts of this species, and night after night went out in high expectation of finding one or more at the "wine-parties" to which I invited all the moths of the neighbourhood! The "wine" was concocted of a mixture of treacle, ale, and rum; and this was smeared in patches on the trunks of trees, in a ride in the wood. Hordes of moths, of many species, came to drink. What *will* the Prohibitionists say? All who partook of the feast got deliciously intoxicated, and some of the most abandoned drinkers were "Old Ladies." From their Quaker-like dress

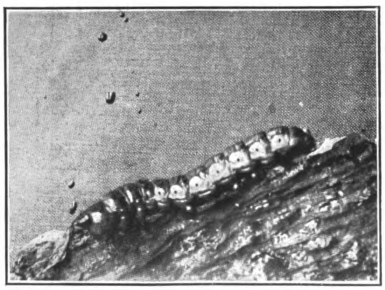


FIG. 3.—NAMED FROM ITS "PUNGENT, GOAT-LIKE SMELL": THE CATERPILLAR OF THE GOAT-MOTH, AS LARGE AS AN INDEX FINGER—"A VERY RESPECTABLE SIZE."

"The small black spots on a white background are the 'spiracles,' or apertures of the *trachæ*, or breathing-tubes."

*Photograph by A. H. Bishop.*

one would never have suspected that they could thus have been tempted!

But the poor Goat-moth was never among this crowd. Though they cannot resist the invitation when it comes to them, yet it is in vain that they come, for they can neither eat nor drink, Nature having deprived them of the only means of feeding which a moth possesses—the long tongue, or proboscis.

Is this a punishment for the evil they do in the days of their reckless youth? For three long years they hide in the bowels of a tree, gnawing away at its vitals. Elm, ash, or willow are its principal victims. The moth is not easily seen, for it is protectively coloured. But there is no mistaking the whereabouts of the caterpillar (Fig. 3). Its scent betrays it—a pungent, goat-like smell, which travels far. Hence the name of the moth. When fully matured it emerges from its burrow to find a suitable place in which to undergo its transformation into a chrysalis. By the time it emerges for this brief spell of freedom in the open air, it has attained to a quite respectable size, being as large as one's index finger. Its coloration is then of a pinkish-ochreous colour, inclining to mahogany-red on the back. The head is small, black, and shiny, but armed with extremely powerful jaws which enable it to cut through and break up the hard wood on which it feeds.

Having found a suitable place for pupation, it proceeds to spin around its body a silken shroud, strengthened by fragments of wood. And here, once more withdrawn from human eyes, it changes into an apparently lifeless chrysalis, shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 4).

Everything about this modern Tantalos seems to be remarkable. Examine this chrysalis, and you will find, on the back of the abdomen, rows of small spines or teeth, which apparently serve to assist the wriggling movements of the emerging moth when it is about to escape from the extremely hard "cocoon." Its near relation, the Leopard-moth (Fig. 2), has a similar life-history. And it, too, never again tastes either food or drink after it has ceased to be a caterpillar, having, like its larger relative, been deprived of its tongue.

The Hawk-moths stand out in strong contrast with the poor Goat and Leopard moths. They seem, indeed, to be special favourites of Nature: for she has endowed them with tongues of excessive length, and an unquenchable thirst for nectar. So much so is this the case with the huge Death's-head moth that it will even raid the bee-hives for the sake of the glorified nectar which is honey.



FIG. 4.—"SHOWING THE RINGS OF SPINES, OR TEETH, WHICH PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN ENABLING THE MOTH TO ESCAPE FROM ITS COCOON": THE CHRYSALIS OF THE GOAT-MOTH.

*Photograph by A. H. Bishop.*

But the Hawk-moths, in their latter days at any rate, spend their time in good works. For there are many plants whose very existence depends on the good offices of these creatures of the air. For they only can carry the fertilising pollen from one flower to another, thus, and thus only, ensuring fruitful seed. The great and beautiful Convolvulus Hawk-moth has an enormous proboscis, and this it thrusts down the long tubes of the flowers of the tobacco plant, drinking as it hovers in the air. In the chrysalis stage this proboscis presents a most odd appearance: for it stands far out from the body, and is curled round at its tip, so that it looks as though it were the handle of a pitcher. It is well that during this period of helplessness it is hidden by Mother Earth, for above ground it would be in constant danger of injury, and this could only end in death.

But the most remarkable proboscis of all the moth tribe is that of *Xanthopan prædicta* (Fig. 5); for in this insect it attains to a length of ten or eleven inches. The specific name—Prædicta—was assigned to it because its existence was foretold before specimens were actually found. The prophet was Alfred Russel Wallace; and he was inspired by Darwin's comments on a Madagascar orchis—*Angræcum sesquipedale*—which has an immensely long and deep nectary.

Darwin had pointed out that the pollen of this remarkable flower could only be removed by the base of the proboscis of some very large moth, when trying to get at the nectar at the bottom of the tube. The moths with the longest proboscis, would, he pointed out, do this most effectually: they would be rewarded, for their long tongues, by getting the most nectar; whilst, on the other hand, the flowers with the deepest nectaries would be the best fertilised by the largest moths preferring them. Consequently, the deepest-nectarised orchids and the longest-tongued moths would each confer on the other an advantage in the battle of life. Impressed by this argument, Wallace measured the proboscis of a certain African species—*Xanthopan morgani*—and found it seven inches and a-half. This induced him to predict that "a species having a proboscis two or three inches longer could reach the nectar in the larger flowers of *Angræcum sesquipedale*, whose nectaries were from ten to fourteen inches. That such a moth exists in Madagascar may be safely predicted; and naturalists who visit that island should search for it with as much confidence as astronomers searched for the planet Neptune—and I venture to predict

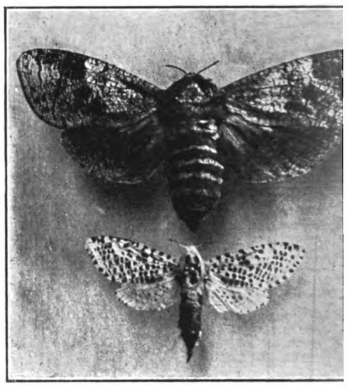


FIG. 2.—BOTH TONGUELESS, AND UNABLE TO EAT OR DRINK AFTER THE CATERPILLAR STAGE: THE MALE GOAT-MOTH (ABOVE) AND ITS NEAR RELATIVE, THE LEOPARD-MOTH (BELOW), WITH WINGS EXTENDED.

*Photograph by A. H. Bishop.*

will be equally successful." Wallace was right. That moth was afterwards found, and appropriately named "Prædicta."

The gay butterfly and the nocturnal moth are alike voiceless. But there is one exception to the rule, and that is furnished by our great "Death's-head" moth, who spends his early years in potato fields. But not until he arrives at the dignity of mothhood does he become vocal. Then, through his long tubular tongue up which he sucks the heavenly nectar as men suck up summer drinks through a straw, he will, if alarmed, expel air so as to give rise to a curious squeaking sound, very disconcerting to those who hold one captive in the hand for the first time.

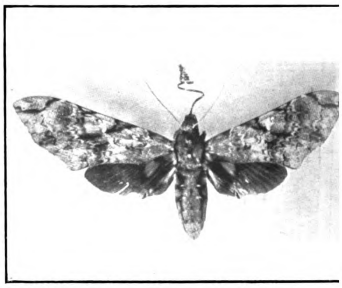


FIG. 5.—A MOTH WHOSE EXISTENCE WAS FORETOLD (FROM THE ORCHID IT FERTILISES) BEFORE IT WAS DISCOVERED: THE REMARKABLE *XANTHOPAN "PRÆDICTA,"* WITH TEN-INCH PROBOSCIS.

"The enormously long proboscis is even longer in the Madagascar race of this great Hawk-moth, whose specific name, 'Prædicta,' was bestowed to commemorate the fact that the existence of such a moth was foretold, by Alfred Russel Wallace, before specimens were actually found. The forecast was made to account for the enormous length of the nectary of one of the orchids found only in Madagascar."—[*Photograph by E. J. Manly.*]

One might ask, after the querulous fashion of those who love to draw comparisons between the "Haves" and the "Have-Nots," why should one moth have so much tongue, and another none at all. Why should one moth have so much feasting, and another be doomed to perpetual starvation? Why indeed!

# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., THE "TIMES" RUSSELL, VANDYK, ELLIOTT AND FRY, AND I.B.



JOSEPH CONRAD AS EPSTEIN SAW HIM: A BUST IN THE TATE GALLERY.



BRITAIN'S FINEST CHESS MASTER: THE LATE MR. J. H. BLACKBURNE.



APPOINTED GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF NEW ZEALAND: SIR C. FERGUSSON.



A NOTABLE AMERICAN GIFT TO SANDHURST: A BUST OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.



AN EMINENT JOURNALIST: THE LATE MR. H. W. MASSINGHAM.



A WELL-KNOWN PAINTER: THE LATE MR. FRANCIS BARRAUD.



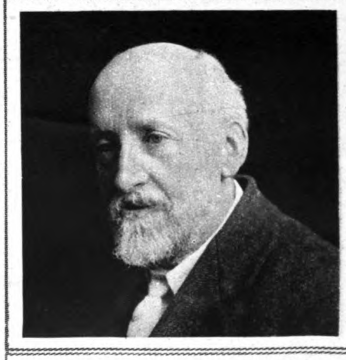
FOUR AMBASSADORS LEAVING THE FOREIGN OFFICE AFTER THE SIGNING OF THE LONDON AGREEMENT: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, IN FRONT) MR. KELLOGG (UNITED STATES), MARQUIS DELLA TORRETTA (ITALY), GENERAL NORTON DE MATTOS (PORTUGAL), AND BARON HAYASHI (JAPAN).



THE NEW GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF CEYLON: SIR HUGH CLIFFORD.



A POPULAR CLERIC DEAD IN HIS PRIME: THE LATE VERY REV. J. G. McCORMICK, DEAN OF MANCHESTER.

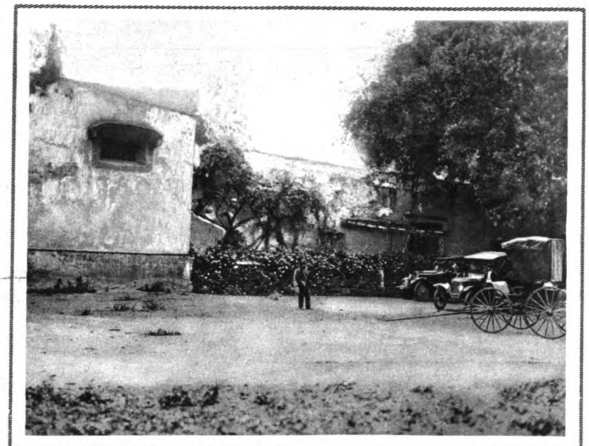


A GREAT PHYSIOLOGIST AND PHILOSOPHER: THE LATE SIR WILLIAM MADDOCK BAYLISS.

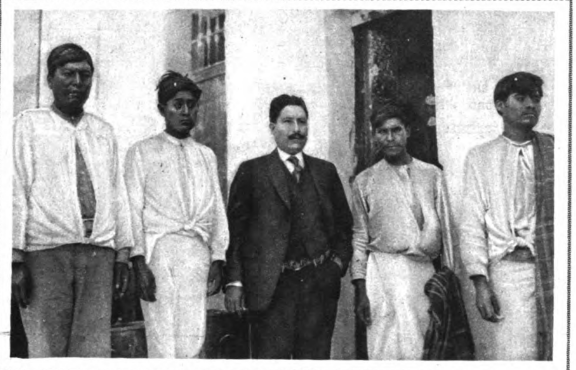
Mr. Jacob Epstein's bust of the late Mr. Joseph Conrad, the famous novelist, was recently placed on view at the Tate Gallery.——Mr. James Henry Blackburne has been described as "the finest chess-player this country has ever produced." He was born near Manchester in 1841.——Among those who signed the London Agreement on August 30 were the Marquis della Torretta, General Norton de Mattos, and Baron Hayashi. Mr. Kellogg was present as an observer.——General Sir Charles Fergusson, Bt., has been appointed Governor-General of New Zealand to succeed Sir John Jellicoe.——A bust of General Robert E. Lee has been presented to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.——Mr. H. W. Massingham, the well-known Liberal writer and politician, died suddenly on August 28 while on a holiday at Tintagel. He edited the "Nation" from 1907 to 1923, when he joined the "New Statesman."——Mr. Francis Barraud painted the well-known picture, "His Master's Voice," acquired by the Gramophone Company.——Sir Hugh Clifford has been Governor of Nigeria since 1919.——Dean McCormick, who was only fifty, was immensely popular in Manchester. He was formerly Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square.——Sir William Bayliss was Professor of General Physiology in the University of London, and the greatest contemporary authority on his subject.

# THE FATE OF A HEROINE: THE MURDER C

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPP



WHERE MRS. EVANS STARTED ON HER FATEFUL DRIVE: VEHICLES OUTSIDE HER MEXICAN *HACIENDA* (FARM), WHICH SHE HELD FOR YEARS AGAINST THREATS AND VIOLENCE.



WITH FOUR MEN SAID TO HAVE BEEN CHARGED WITH THE MURDER, THREE (OUT OF FIVE) BEING CONVICTED: THE CHIEF OF POLICE (CENTRE) OF PUEBLA



TAKEN BY THE ASSASSINS FROM THE BUGGY IN WHICH MRS. EVANS WAS DRIVING WHEN SHOT: A PILE OF ARMS AND OTHER ARTICLES.



"AN EXTRAORDINARY WOMAN, WITH WHITE HAIR . . . ADVANCING IN YEARS, BUT VERY STRONG": THE LATE MRS. ROSALIE EVANS, WHO WAS MURDERED.

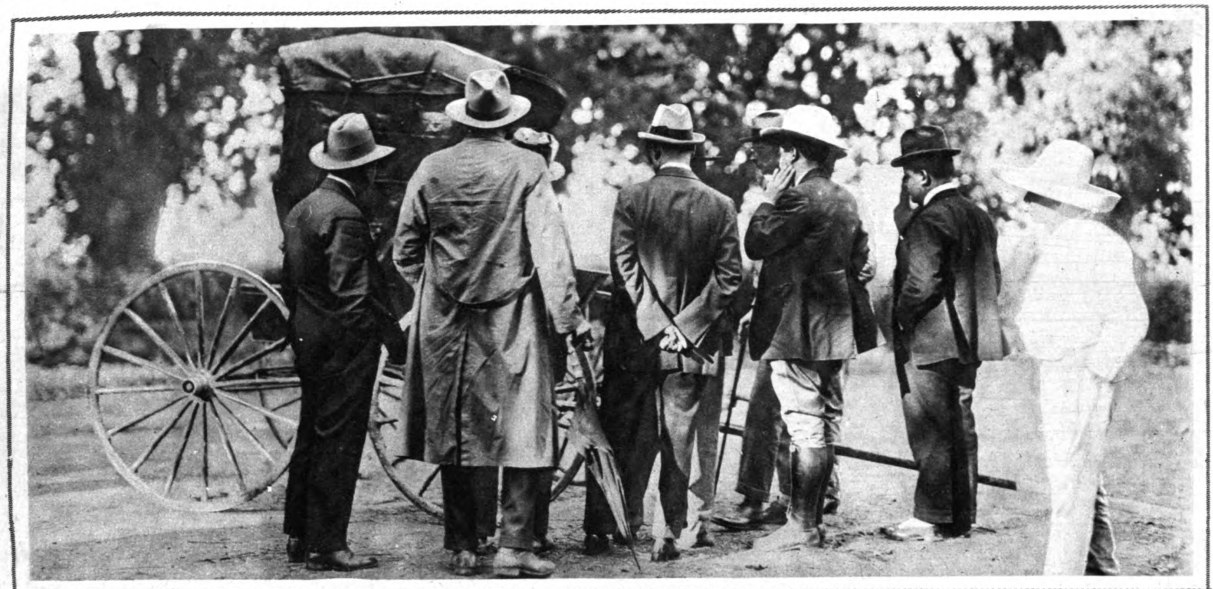


SERIOUSLY WOUNDED IN THE ATTACK ON MRS. EVANS: MR. STRAUS, THE GERMAN MANAGER OF HER ESTATE, IN BED AFTER THE AFFRAY.

Three of the men arrested for the murder of Mrs. Rosalie Evans, shot dead while driving home to her ranch (*hacienda*) in Mexico on August 2, were convicted on August 16. A Reuter message from Mexico City stated: "The crime is punishable with death in Mexico. The names of those found guilty are Monge, Ruiz, and Garcia." The story of her long and brave struggle to retain her property (threatened under an infamous system of expropriation) in the face of intimidation and violence is well known, and her death has raised important questions of international rights and the protection of British subjects abroad. Mrs. Evans, who was the daughter of an American father and a French West Indian mother, became a British subject by her marriage with an Englishman, the late Mr. H. E. R. Evans, at one time President of the Bank of London in Mexico, who was killed in the war. Mr. H. A. C. Cummins, formerly British Diplomatic Agent in Mexico City, whose efforts on her behalf brought him into disfavour with the Mexican Government and led to

# MRS. EVANS—FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS FROM MEXICO.

BY CENTRAL PRESS.



EXAMINING THE BUGGY IN WHICH MRS. EVANS WAS DRIVING HOME WHEN SHE WAS ATTACKED AND SHOT DEAD BY MEXICAN ASSASSINS: A GROUP OF DETECTIVES ENGAGED ON THE CASE.



SHOWING SOME OF THE MURDERED WOMAN'S HAIR THAT BECAME ENTANGLED IN THE HUB AND SPOKES AS SHE FELL OUT WHEN SHOT: A WHEEL OF THE BUGGY IN WHICH MRS. EVANS WAS DRIVING.

his recall, said of her on his return: "The last I saw of Mrs. Evans was when she was on the roof of her house fighting against the aggressors. She is an extraordinary woman with white hair. She is advancing in years, but she is very strong; she rides well and shoots excellently. She says (to the Mexicans): 'You can kill me if you like, but you shall not rob me of my farm.'" Writing in the "Times" of August 29, a correspondent said: "Mrs. Evans was no modern Amazon. She was a pale, fragile-looking woman, with hair prematurely white. To meet her in a drawing-room, one would hardly have suspected that tremendous courage and tenacity. . . . The end of it all was that she was shot from behind and killed with an explosive bullet. . . . The tragedy of Mrs. Evans's death has evoked the question from every lip; What will be done by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain?" On September 1 General Obregon, in his final message as President of Mexico, attacked the British Government and Mr. Cummins.

# MINDING THE CHILDREN, AT WEMBLEY: THE DAY NURSERY

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STE



## A CENTRE OF ATTRACTION: THE OPEN-AIR CRÈCHE AT WEMBLEY, WHERE WHILE THEIR MOTHERS ARE SEEIN

The day nursery at Wembley, near the North entrance, is a very popular institution, and has been visited by the Queen. There children of all ages up to eight may be left for the whole day, while their mothers enjoy the sights of the Exhibition. The little ones are in the safe and kind hands of trained nurses and V.A.D. assistants, while a kindergarten teacher organises games and keeps the peace among the elder ones. There is a rest room with cots for the babies, a nursery full of toys for small people able to run about, and a large verandah and garden for play in the open air. Each child on entering is

# WHERE YOUNGSTERS MAY BE "LEFT TILL CALLED FOR."

EN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)

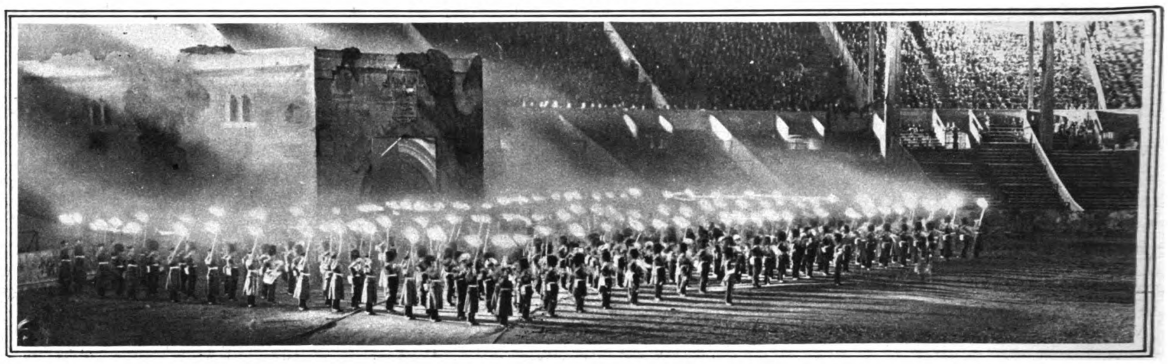


## E CHILDREN MAY BE LEFT IN CHARGE OF TRAINED NURSES AND V.A.D.'S NG THE SIGHTS OF THE EXHIBITION.

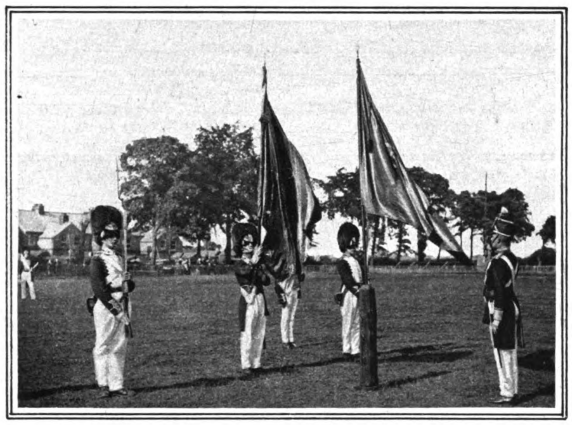
checked, and the mother on returning has only to present her "check" in order to reclaim her "property." The small charge of a shilling per child is made for a stay of four hours, or sixpence if the parent has a pass issued by a local Welfare Centre. More than a hundred children can be accommodated in the Day Nursery at the same time. It is a great boon both to children, who might be bored with "exhibits," and still more to mothers, who are free to enjoy themselves with their minds at ease. Photographs of it appeared in our special Wembley Number of July 19.

# THE ARMY TO-DAY AND 100 YEARS AGO: WEMBLEY AND ALDERSHOT.

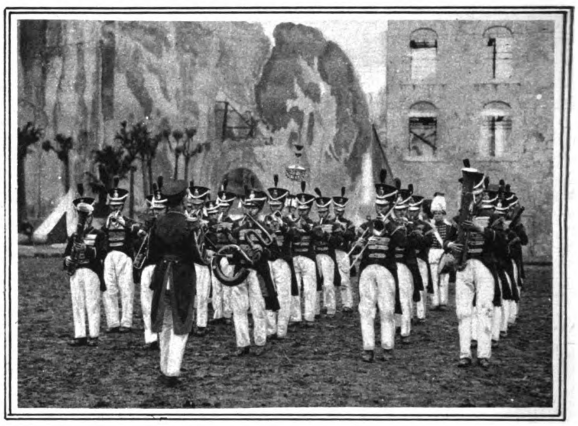
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "DAILY MAIL," I.B., TOPICAL, AND C.N.



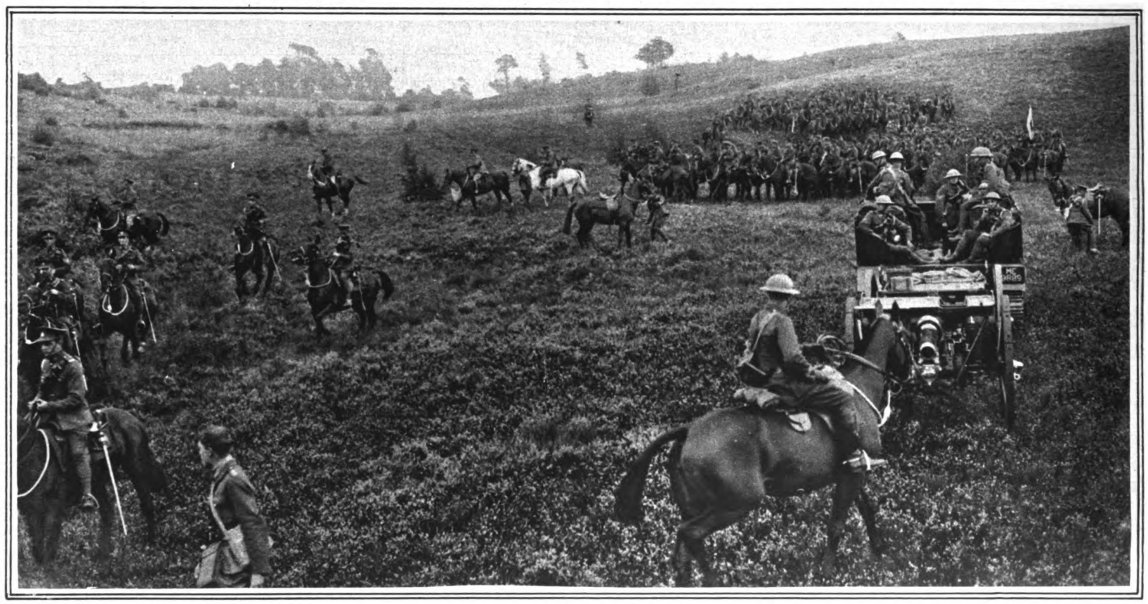
SHOWING THE BUILDING BOMBED IN A SUBSEQUENT "AIR RAID": THE MASSED BANDS OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS GIVING A TORCHLIGHT DISPLAY, UNDER THE SEARCHLIGHT, AT THE OPENING OF THE MILITARY TATTOO IN THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY.



IN UNIFORMS OF THE WATERLOO PERIOD: A REHEARSAL OF "CHANGING THE COLOURS" AT THE CATERHAM DEPOT, FOR THE MILITARY TATTOO IN THE WEMBLEY STADIUM.



INCLUDING A "SERPENT" AND A "JINGLING JOHNNY": THE BAND AT THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD AS DONE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE 100 YEARS AGO.

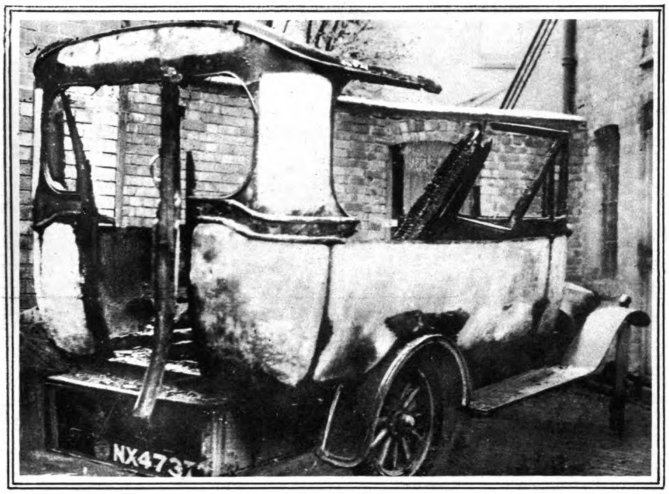


THE BRITISH ARMY OF TO-DAY: A "BATTLE" ON THE FOX HILLS NEAR ALDERSHOT DURING ARMY EXERCISES, TO PRACTISE CO-OPERATION BETWEEN CAVALRY, HORSE ARTILLERY, AND TANKS IN A RAPIDLY ORGANISED FLANK ATTACK ON AN ADVANCING "ENEMY"—CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY MOVING OFF.

The first performance of the Searchlight and Torchlight Tattoo, by British troops, in the Stadium at Wembley, was given with great success on the evening of September 1, in the presence of 50,000 spectators. It proved to be a picturesque and thrilling spectacle. Among the incidents are the ceremonies of Changing Colours and Changing the Guard, as performed a hundred years ago, in uniforms of the period. The instruments played by the band seen in the right-hand middle photograph include a "serpent" (an old wind instrument, not of brass) shown in the centre foreground, and in the background a curious instrument on a pole, known as a "Jingling Johnny." The old uniforms in these illustrations make an interesting contrast with that below, taken during the recent Army Exercises near Aldershot. The particular operation illustrated is one that took place on the Fox Hills on August 26, in the presence of Lord Cavan, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. One of the objects was to practise co-operation between cavalry and tanks, aided by horse artillery, in a quickly organised attack. This combination of forces was used by a "Red" army to attack the flank of a "Blue" army advancing. The operations were directed by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Philip Chetwode, Commanding-in-Chief at Aldershot, and were watched by a large gathering of military spectators.

# A MOTOR-BUS HOLOCAUST; AND THE SOVIET'S ARCH-ENEMY ON TRIAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B. AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.




AFTER THE TERRIBLE FIRE IN A NUNEATON MOTOR-BUS, IN WHICH SEVEN PEOPLE WERE BURNT TO DEATH AS IN A FURNACE: THE REMAINS OF THE CHARRED VEHICLE.



WHERE THE FIRE ORIGINATED AS THE DRIVER WAS POURING FRESH PETROL INTO THE TANK: DÉBRIS IN THE FRONT PART OF THE BURNT-OUT MOTOR-BUS.



CONDEMNED TO DEATH, BUT AFTERWARDS REPRIEVED AND SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS' SOLITARY CONFINEMENT: BORIS SAVINKOFF (LEFT) THE CHIEF RUSSIAN ANTI-BOLSHEVIST, SPEAKING IN HIS OWN DEFENCE—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A SOVIET MILITARY TRIBUNAL.

The terrible motor-bus fire near Nuneaton (similar to one that occurred recently in Holland) suggests a new danger to the travelling public and the need for overhauling the design of such vehicles, especially in the matter of exits. The omnibus was on its way from Nuneaton to Stockingford, late on the night of August 30, when the petrol gave out, and the driver stopped and asked a passenger at the back to pass him the spare tin. As the driver was pouring the petrol into the tank underneath his seat, a flame leaped up, and in a few moments the interior of the bus became a roaring furnace, fanned by a wind from in front. The driver rushed round to the emergency door at the back, but owing to the crush of passengers it became jammed and had to be burst open. Within about five minutes seven people were burnt to death, and several others badly injured. Some were dragged out by rescuers through broken windows.——The trial of Boris Savinkoff before the Supreme Military Court in Moscow on August 27, behind closed doors and in the presence of the highest Soviet officials, made a great sensation in Russia. He was condemned to death, but later the All-Russian Central Executive Committee commuted the sentence to ten years' solitary confinement, stating that, in view of his declaration that he now considered opposition to the Soviet to be a crime, revenge was not considered expedient. Savinkoff recalled that he was an old Terrorist, and before the Revolution made ten attempts to assassinate the Tsar. He became Minister of War under Kerensky, but violently opposed the Bolshevists, organised risings against them, and, it is said, admitted having plotted to kill Lenin, Trotsky, and Chicherin.

# BRITAIN v. U.S.A. AT POLO: THE CUP TEAMS AT MEADOWBROOK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. ROUCH AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



A BRILLIANT MEMBER OF THE BRITISH TEAM FOR THE INTERNATIONAL POLO MATCHES AT MEADOWBROOK: MAJOR F. B. HURNDALL (NO. 2).



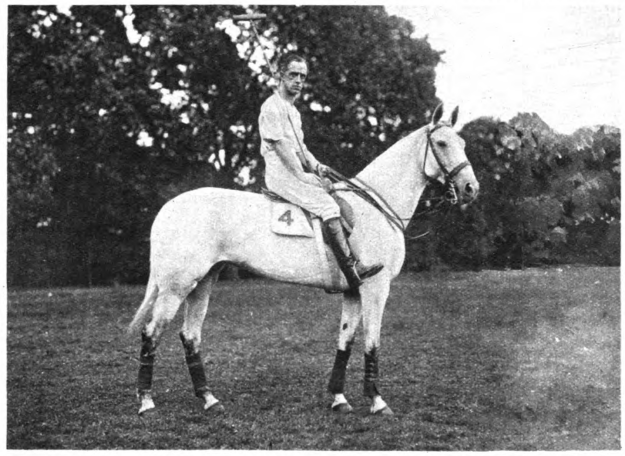
NAMED AS NO. 3 IN THE REORGANISED BRITISH TEAM FOR THE FIRST CUP MATCH: MAJOR E. G. ATKINSON.



NO. 1 IN THE U.S. TEAM: MR. J. WATSON WEBB.



THE U.S. CAPTAIN: MR. DEVEREUX MILBURN (BACK).



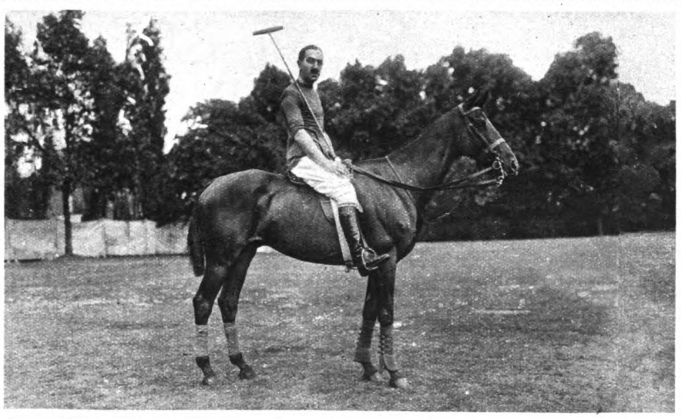
RECENTLY INJURED BUT AFTERWARDS REAPPOINTED CAPTAIN OF THE BRITISH TEAM: MR. L. L. LACEY.



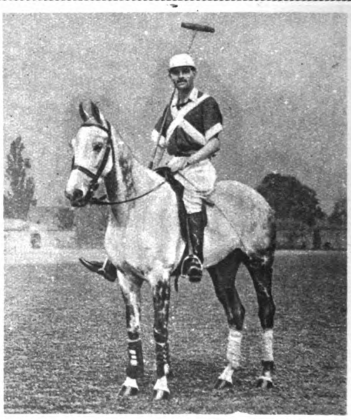
NO. 3 IN THE U.S. TEAM: MR. MALCOLM STEVENSON.



NO. 2 IN THE U.S. TEAM: MR. THOMAS HITCHCOCK.



CHOSEN TO DEPUTISE IN TRIAL GAMES FOR MR. LACEY, WHO DID NOT WISH TO RISK HIS SHOULDER: MAJOR LOCKETT.



THE OLDEST PLAYER IN THE HISTORY OF INTERNATIONAL MATCHES: COL. MELVILL (AGED 47), BRITAIN'S NO. 1.

The first of the three International Polo Cup matches between Great Britain and the United States, to be played this season in America, was fixed for Saturday, September 6, at Meadowbrook, Long Island. The U.S. team, considered the best side ever got together, and exceptionally well mounted, consisted of Messrs. J. Watson Webb, No. 1; Thomas Hitchcock, No. 2; Malcolm Stevenson, No. 3; and Devereux Milburn (Captain), Back. The three reserves chosen were Messrs. Eric Pedley, Earl Hopping, and Robert Strawbridge. The composition of the British team was for some time doubtful, owing to the fact that Mr. Lacey, whose inclusion was considered a necessary factor for success, had sprained his shoulder recently in colliding with Major Kirkwood, and it was uncertain whether he could play. On September 1 it was stated that Mr. Lacey had been reappointed Captain, in place of Major Hurndall, and the team reorganised as follows: No. 1, Col. Melvill; No. 2, Major Hurndall; No. 3, Major Atkinson; Back, Mr. Lacey. Major Lockett was chosen to deputise for Mr. Lacey in trial games. The inclusion of Col. Melvill, who is forty-seven and thus achieves a long-cherished ambition, is notable, as he is the oldest player who has ever taken part in an international match. The British team are staying at Port Washington, in Mr. Julius Fleischmann's seaside villa, where he has provided them with eighteen practice ponies, three motor-cars, and a large staff of servants. Mr. Henry Ford also sent three new Lincoln cars for their use.

# PARENTS OF TUTANKHAMEN'S FATHER-IN-LAW: A NEW DISCOVERY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF MR. F. G. NEWTON, JOINT DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION SOCIETY'S EXPEDITION TO TELL EL-AMARNA.



OVER 3000 YEARS OLD: AN EGYPTIAN STELA OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C., WITH FIGURES OF AMENHOTEP III. AND QUEEN TAIA—RECENTLY FOUND AT TELL EL-AMARNA AND EXHIBITED IN LONDON.

This remarkable example of ancient Egyptian art, produced over 3000 years ago, might be regarded as one of Tutankhamen's "family portraits." The figures are those of King Amenhotep III. and his Queen, Taia, the parents of the Heretic Pharaoh, Ahkenaten, who introduced a new religion and removed his capital from Thebes to Tell el-Amarna, where he built a new city. Ahkenaten was succeeded by his son-in-law, the now world-famous Tutankhamen, who reverted to the ancient creed. Tell el-Amarna, where Egyptian art broke away from the old formalism and reached perhaps its highest excellence, was deserted, and its ruins have provided a rich field for the modern archæologist. The stela here shown was among the many interesting discoveries made during the latest excavations conducted on that site by the Egypt Exploration Society, and since exhibited in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries at Burlington House. A number of other objects found, together with some unique cattle-houses and mangers, were illustrated in our issue of July 12 last, with a descriptive article by Mr. F. G. Newton, a joint-director of the expedition, by whose courtesy we are enabled to give the above photograph.




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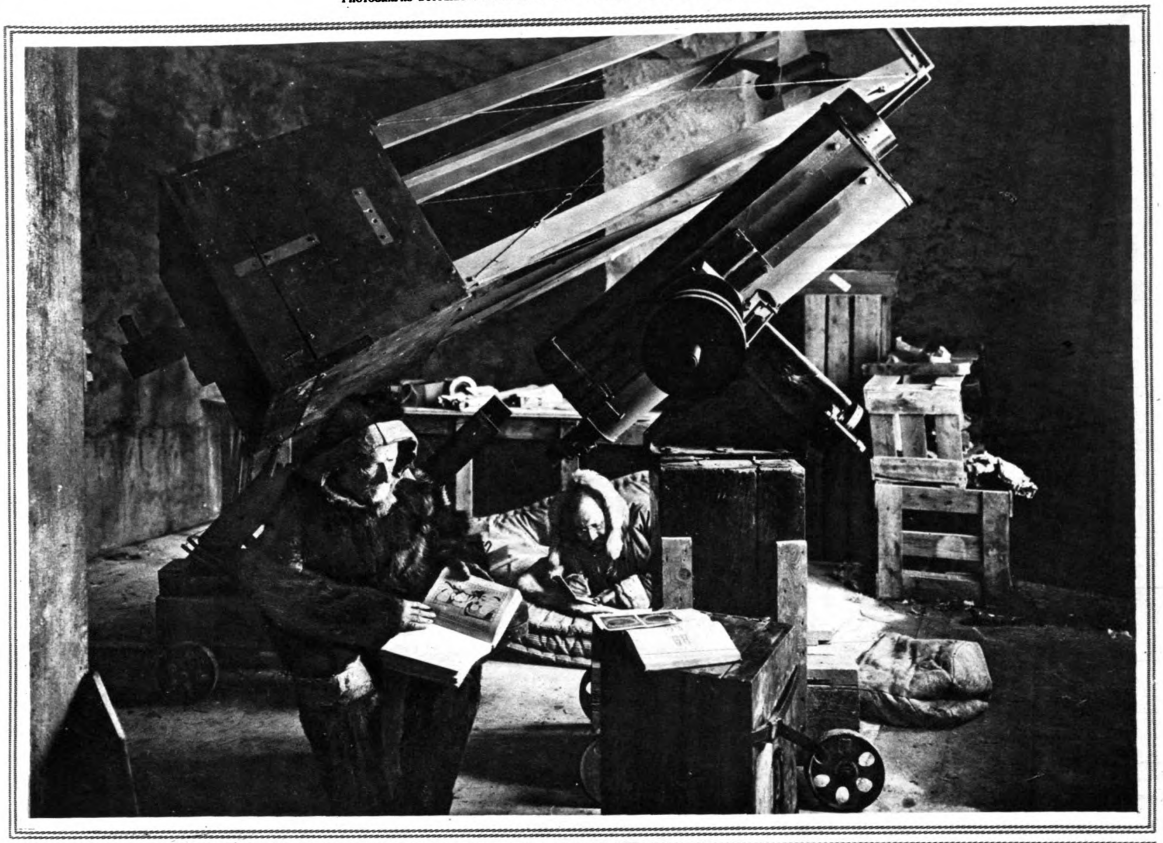
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# ASTRONOMERS LIKE ARCTIC EXPLORERS: A MARS VIGIL AT 11,700 FEET.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE BERNESE OBERLAND PUBLICITY OFFICE, INTERLAKEN.



WRAPPED IN GREENLAND FURS TO WITHSTAND THE INTENSE ALPINE COLD DURING WHOLE-NIGHT WATCHES: PROFESSOR SCHAER (LEFT) AND PROFESSOR DE QUERVAIN WAITING TO STUDY MARS IN THE OPEN-AIR OBSERVATORY 11,700 FT. UP ON THE JUNGFRAU JOCH, WITH TWO GIANT TELESCOPES.



INCLUDING THE OBSERVATORY (CLAIMED TO BE THE HIGHEST IN THE WORLD) THE INTERIOR OF WHICH IS SHOWN ABOVE: THE HOTEL BERGHAUS ON THE JUNGFRAU JOCH, BUILT INTO THE ROCKS OF THE SPHINX MOUNTAIN—SHOWING IN THE BACKGROUND THE MÖNCH (13,000 FT.).

Professor Schaer, of Geneva, and Professor de Quervain, of Zurich, who has had experience of Greenland exploration, looked more like Arctic explorers than astronomers while waiting to observe Mars from the Jungfrau Joch Observatory, which, built in 1922 at an altitude of 11,721 ft., claims to be the highest in the world. Mr. G. Ward Price, who was also there, writing on August 23, says: "Last night, when Mars was closer to the earth than at any time during a century (being only 34,000,000 miles away), was one to which Professor Schaer had looked forward through his entire career as an astronomer. . . . Of the three nights since I joined Professor Schaer at his observatory, the first was the only one in which he caught a glimpse of Mars. During the last two the air has been filled by a wild blizzard. . . . Here are the two great telescopes which Professor Schaer tends like twin babies. Each has a small petrol engine to keep it moving along the right ascension of the star. . . . Laid out by them are records of all former Mars observations, so that the least new feature may be at once recognised. But the long night has passed, and Mars has marched across the sky at the closest range of the century completely hidden."



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



## "THE CURSE OF ADAM."

IN the masterly preface to his masterpiece, "Saint Joan," "G.B.S." says—

"To a professional critic, theatre-going is like the curse of Adam. The play is the evil he is paid to endure in the sweat of his brow; and the sooner it is over the better."

It sounds like an accusation and it implies a confession. The latter is nobody's business but Mr. Shaw's; but it is astonishing. When you take from your shelves those illuminating volumes of dramatic criticism which he contributed to the *Saturday Review*—a standard work that will, in future times, be quoted as Hazlitt still is nowadays — you can hardly believe that playgoing was to him "the curse of Adam." Through their pages wafts the breeze of enthusiasm and the vigour of the iconoclast. Nor, I remember, did Shaw ever display lassitude when, night after night, he sat in the theatre full of animation, strenuously stroking his then still flaxen beard, to betoken interest or anger — a remarkable, arresting figure. And in the *entr'acte* it was a feast and, as one of the younger generation said, "a liberal education" to watch him discoursing vividly, incisively, surrounded by those who already revered him as disciples revere a master. He was the defender of the new idea, whether it came from France or Russia or Scandinavia; he was the one who respected neither tradition nor trade-mark. He was fearless, he was unsparing—read how he dismantled Sarah Bernhardt, and said things which no one in an atmosphere of incense and adulation dared utter. And to think that all this could be but "window-dressing"; that within he felt accursed and enduring because he was paid!

Frankly, I cannot, I will not, believe it. His dictum is but another Shavian tilt at his ex-colleagues who did not see eye-to-eye with him in "Methuselah" and "Saint Joan." For Mr. Shaw will remember that, at any rate in his day, the leading critics loved their work, and, if there were a few who displayed boredom, it was either a pose or the attitude of those whose opinion did not matter. For twenty years ago some papers employed as critics journalists who looked upon reviews of plays as side-issues—their principal occupation being reporting and Parliamentary work. On the other hand, to some of the leading lights the theatre was as dear as life itself. Clement Scott, who, as it were, died in harness—stricken on the stairs of the Garrick Theatre beyond recovery—thought of a "vacant date" what Titus said: "diem perdidi"; to fill in an evening, he saw plays twice and thrice, and as long as he was at the *Daily Telegraph* his joy was to fill column after column in vertiginous rapidity — a feat unexampled in the journalistic world. Joseph Knight, kindliest of critics, and the one of the older school who was counsel for the defence when brickbats fell on Ibsen, was such an enthusiast that often during the play he burst out in loud remarks, to the astonishment (and sometimes the discomfort) of his neighbours. Moy Thomas in his seventies told me that the one reason that caused him to fear old age was the possibility that he would no longer be able to go to the theatre. As for the younger generation, we were simply bursting with love of our labour. To us the theatre was an arena; we all knew one another, and we formed an informal debating club in the entrance-hall, where act by act the merits of a play were hotly discussed.

Times have changed, and at present there are no very violent questions in the World of the Theatre—no Ibsen has arisen to threaten the order of things. Consequently, there is more quietude in the atmosphere. But this does not imply that the present-day critics—multiplied in numbers, yet more sundered in personal relations—are less keenly interested in their work. Our seniors are still steadfast at their posts—indeed, I feel sure that Mr. Archer would longingly return to the fold if, in his great sense of equity, he had not elected to avoid the suspicion of rivalry now that he is a successful playwright. Among the younger, Mr. Sydney Carroll is in the same position. He has become a dramatist. One or two of his plays will be seeing the light anon—and considers that criticism and play-writing should be sundered. In his heart of hearts he remains a critic, and to many his silence adds to the dulness of the Sunday. It would not be becoming on my part to speak of the activities of my present colleagues, but of this I am certain, and you can read it between the lines of their work: not one of those who are allowed a free hand—and they are the majority—is glad that "the sooner it is over the better," except when we are most honourably bored, which privilege the critic shares with all playgoers. Nor do I believe that they consider the play is the "evil he is paid to endure"; for (let us be candid) the pay of the average critic is not a great lure—if he did not love the work he could easily apply his gifts in other directions for a far more substantial remuneration.



"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE" FILMED AT THE LONDON PAVILION: THE DUC DE CHARTRES (RUDOLPH VALENTINO), MASQUERADING IN ENGLAND AS BEAUCAIRE, ENTERTAINS THE COURT WITH A SONG.

As one who has been a critic for forty-two years, and still goes to the theatre with "the heart of a child, the courage of a lion, and his soul full of hope," I have never looked upon my office as a burden. True, like every normal being, I have in summer time grumbled on glorious evenings at the call of duty, and many a wild winter night would I have preferred the nook in the study to the irksome journey to and from the playhouse. But these are only phases: as soon as I step into the portals, I feel as if the world without did not matter; and I watch the curtain's rise with the same eagerness of expectation that, in my 'teens, prefaced a theatre evening—a great excitement in those days, not an everyday occurrence—by a sleepless night. To me, the theatre is not merely an everlasting joy; it is a kind of 'varsity—a school where I learn, learn, learn, even from things that are bad. It is a constant rejuvenator, for it impels me to exercise my brain, not by mere reporting, but by stimulating my readers in such reflections as I may gather and impart from the play, its production and its interpretation. In the theatre I feel that my whole being is in motion; that my mind is open, that I am ready for response—be it to laugh or to feel. For, thank goodness, I don't know what it is to be *blasé*, that incurable illness of the age; and nothing annoys me more than when, in the pauses or at the end of a play, boiled-shirted idiots and languid women, tired by the season's exertions, utter meaningless adjectives, in the same unemotional mechanical way as the shopkeeper says "Nice day to-day." I once said in public that those who go to the theatre in the spirit of the packhorse had better remain at home. That is my motto. To consider the play as a function, a fashion, or a social duty (as people do when Sacha Guitry comes over, of whom they do not understand a word) is to deserve Mr. Shaw's censure, with the difference that the playgoer pays instead of being paid.

But, on the whole, I think that his estimation of the critics is not very far from injustice, and endorse in the main the words my colleague, Mr. Archibald Haddon, the Broadcasting critic, who by 2LO sends forth the following Oyez!—

"Thank you, Mr. Shaw! I am not, of course, entitled to speak for the body of the critics, but I know them all personally, and I know them all for true lovers of the theatre. If they were not, would they forego their own expense to ventilate stage grievances, or provide a Critics' Shield for the encouragement of schools of acting, or [*and here I dissent.*—J. T. G.] devote more space to plays by Mr. Shaw than some uninterested readers imagine they deserve?



A VERSAILLES SCENE IN THE FILM OF "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE," PRODUCED AT THE LONDON PAVILION: MME. DE POMPADOUR PROMPTS LOUIS XV. TO ANNOUNCE HIS WISH THAT THE DUC DE CHARTRES (STANDING IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND) SHALL MARRY PRINCESS HENRIETTE.

A film version of Mr. Booth Tarkington's famous novel and play, "Monsieur Beaucaire," was announced for production at the London Pavilion on September 3, by the Famous Players—Lasky Corporation. The cast includes Mr. Rudolph Valentino in the title part, Miss Bébé Daniels, Miss Doris Kenyon, Miss Lois Wilson, and Mr. Lowell Sherman.

# BUCHANAN'S



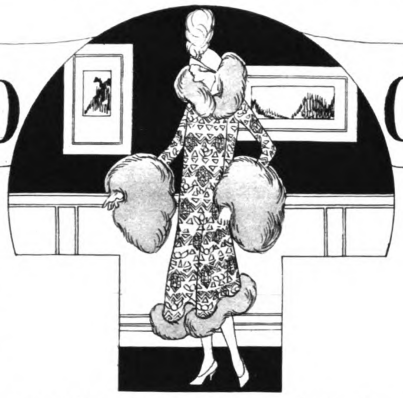

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# THE WORLD OF WOMEN



*A graceful wrap in nigger, embroidered with silver and trimmed with mouflon. The enormous cuffs are an amusing feature. It may be studied at Dickins and Jones's.* (See page 456.)

THE QUEEN has a great liking for Lord and Lady Elphinstone, who are of the homely and what are called by the up-to-date and go-ahead the back-number order of our society. There is virtue in back numbers, and her Majesty knows it, as do all sensible people. A good back number is far better reading than an indifferent present one. A family who look upon life as a responsible affair are infinitely more interesting than one whose sole idea is to pass lightly and pleasantly through it. Lord and Lady Elphinstone have two sons—one in his eleventh year—and two daughters, and they are being brought up to face the responsibilities of their young lives together with their pleasures. The family is a very old one, the Barony dating from 1509. The first Lord Elphinstone fell at Flodden Field. Carberry Towers is a very interesting place and near Edinburgh, which place the Queen loves, being very beautiful and full of dramatic historical interest. One Lord Elphinstone was Governor of Bombay and of Madras during the Indian Mutiny, and was made a Baron of the United Kingdom. At his death the United Kingdom Barony became extinct, and the Scottish one devolved upon a kinsman. That of the United Kingdom was re-created by Queen Victoria for the father of the present Peer, who was three times Lord-in-Waiting to her Majesty.

The Queen is now with the King at Balmoral and enjoying the beauty and quiet of Dee-side. The Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury are at Abergeldie Castle, not far from Balmoral, with members of their family. Lord Shaftesbury is her Majesty's Lord Chamberlain, and Lady Shaftesbury her Lady-in-Waiting. They are not on duty now, but the King has lent them Abergeldie for a holiday. The Duke and Duchess of York will be at Balmoral; also Prince Henry and Prince George; while, before their Majesties come south, Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles are expected to make a visit there. The new grandson is said to be a fine baby, and Yorkshire is very proud that he is a Yorkshire boy. Lord Lascelles's only brother, Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles, whose wife is a daughter of Lady Frances Balfour and a favourite niece of Earl Balfour, has no family, so the two fine boys are keenly appreciated, and it was very diplomatic of the younger to make his début on this planet on the birthday of his grandfather the Earl of Harewood.

Viscount Lascelles is said to be very keen to take Princess Mary over to Portumna Castle, County Galway, and her Royal Highness, who always has had a warm corner in her heart for the Irish people, is equally keen to go. At present, however, the state of things in Ireland is very obscure to the British public, save the Northern Province, where all is well if left well. Newspapers on the other side of the Channel write very differently of the Free State from how people find it, and the general impression is that the would-be Republicans are more powerful than the so-called Government. At present, therefore, the King's daughter is unlikely to visit Galway, always a storm centre, and a centre of wonderful natural beauty and excellent sport.

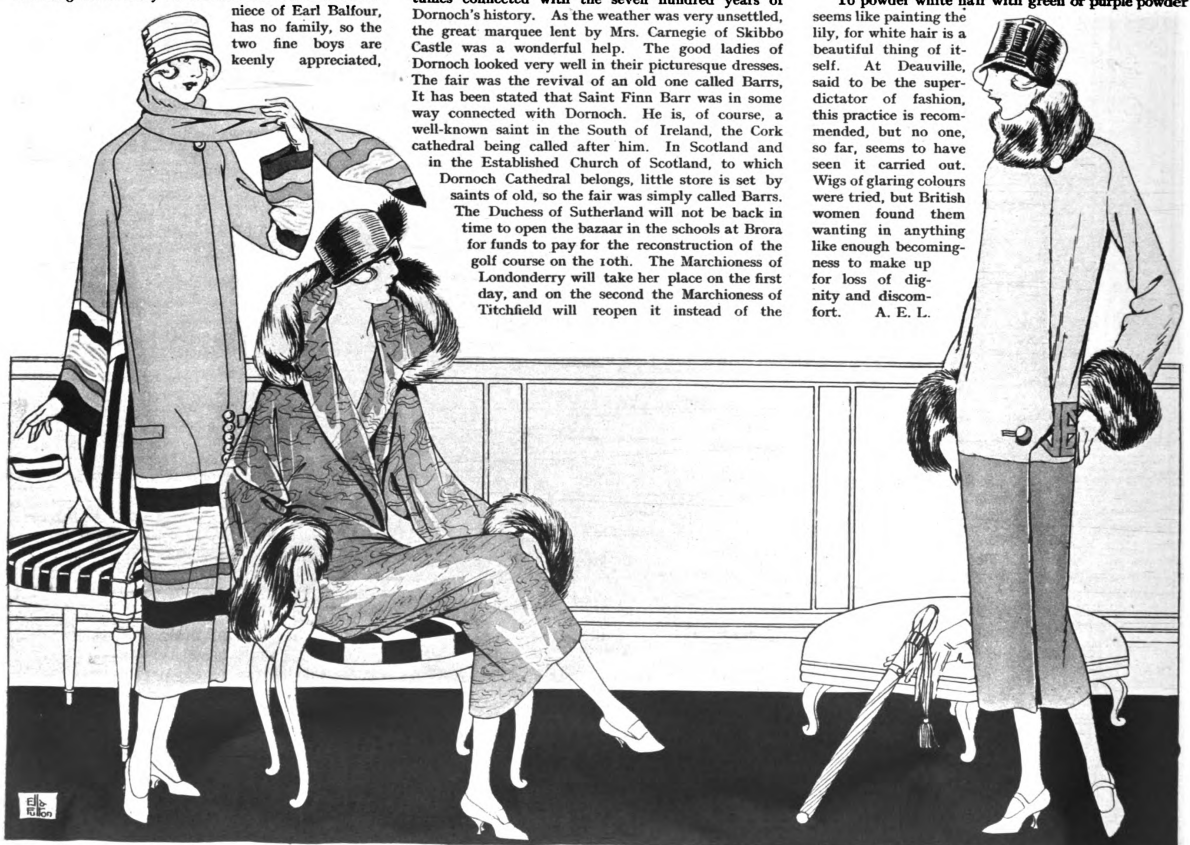
The Duchess of Sutherland could not tear herself away from the joys of yachting with Earl and Countess Beatty in Near Eastern seas in time to be with the Duke when he attended the seventh centenary service in Dornoch Cathedral, or when he opened the fair held later in the town, when the stall-holders wore costumes connected with the seven hundred years of Dornoch's history. As the weather was very unsettled, the great marquee lent by Mrs. Carnegie of Skibbo Castle was a wonderful help. The good ladies of Dornoch looked very well in their picturesque dresses. The fair was the revival of an old one called Barrs, It has been stated that Saint Finn Barr was in some way connected with Dornoch. He is, of course, a well-known saint in the South of Ireland, the Cork cathedral being called after him. In Scotland and in the Established Church of Scotland, to which Dornoch Cathedral belongs, little store is set by saints of old, so the fair was simply called Barrs. The Duchess of Sutherland will not be back in time to open the bazaar in the schools at Brora for funds to pay for the reconstruction of the golf course on the 10th. The Marchioness of Londonderry will take her place on the first day, and on the second the Marchioness of Titchfield will reopen it instead of the Duchess of Portland, who, in accordance with doctor's orders, is fulfilling no public engagements at present. The Duchess was one of the house-party at Carberry Towers to meet the Queen, and has since come north to Longwell, which is a place she loves and is quiet and bracing. The situation, looking over the Pentland Firth one way and the fine Caithness and Sutherland Hills the other, is very beautiful.

Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck, the second son of the house, is very tall and good-looking, and is a brilliant pianist and an enthusiastic music-lover. He is also a good sportsman, and is in the Notts Yeomanry. He is about twenty-four. The Duchess of Portland is Mistress of the Robes to Queen Alexandra, and her daughter-in-law, Lady Titchfield, was one of her Majesty's Maids-of-Honour. Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria attended her wedding, which took place at Welbeck Abbey, and stayed the night there. Lord and Lady Titchfield have two little girls, who are great joys to them.

Sir James Craig is said to have made most marked improvement in health since he started on his sea voyage. He is accompanied by his twin sons, in their nineteenth year, and by Lady Craig and their daughter, nearly seventeen. Sir James's health is a matter of extreme importance at the present juncture, when a strong man is needed to deal with a question meaning a great deal to the Empire—far more than most people seem to think. Happily, it is one which Sir James and all Ulster will not allow to be unsettled except to be arranged, and the latter is, of course, the ideal thing.

Up in the north the Covent Garden porters' strike caused inconvenience. It is not a good fruit country, and vegetables are none too plentiful for people taking ordinary houses. Great houses and good shooting lodges have their own gardens, and their proprietors are proving the best of good neighbours to less well-off people, and sending them vegetables and sometimes fruit, so that the strike may cause less trouble. No produce is coming up on the trains to speak of.

To powder white hair with green or purple powder seems like painting the lily, for white hair is a beautiful thing of itself. At Deauville, said to be the super-dictator of fashion, this practice is recommended, but no one, so far, seems to have seen it carried out. Wigs of glaring colours were tried, but British women found them wanting in anything like enough becomingness to make up for loss of dignity and discomfort. A. E. L.



*Three charming interpretations of the new mode from Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street, W. Russet home-spun woven with contrasting stripes makes the useful coat on the left, and homespun trimmed with fur that on the right. In the centre is one of the new models in broadtail cloth, trimmed with cross fox.* (See page 456.)

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# Fashions and Fancies.

**The Cult of Beauty.** One may be born with a talent for drawing or a gift for music, but everyone will agree that to develop either, great care and never-failing attention is inevitable. And so with beauty. Every woman inherits the right to good health, a flawless complexion, and a graceful carriage—surely all-important factors of beauty—but Nature leaves her to appreciate these gifts as she will. Their fate depends entirely on the care with which they are treated. Good health is, of course, the essential foundation on which to work. It is by no means necessary to take quantities of medicine, or to follow an elaborate régime. A glass of fresh water before rising, and a little fruit, is an excellent beginning to the day. Then a few moments devoted to physical exercises keep the muscles in good condition and help to attain a perfect carriage. In the daily bath, if the water is hard, a softening lotion or fragrant bath salts will help to keep the skin delightfully smooth and soft. Regarding the temperature of the water, a moderate warmth is the wisest course. Water too hot or too cold is liable to bring roughness and red patches to the complexion, a lamentably common state of affairs in these strenuous days.

**Regarding the Complexion.** Since the days of Cleopatra, skin tonics, face creams, and cosmetics of every kind have been used for improving the complexion. While agreeing with the stern critic that too much ruins Nature's handiwork, it is equally obvious that the skin must be carefully tended. A good skin tonic to tone up the tissues and prevent wrinkles is essential, and dry skins should be moistened with the aid of a special face cream. In cases where the skin needs nourishing and the contours restored, a good skin food massaged gently into the face each night is a wonderful remedy. Then there are effective cures for every sort of facial blemish, great and small. As for the rest, a delicate powder exactly the right shade, and a touch of lip salve, complete a very attractive picture.



*Beauty and health walk hand in hand, and a little fruit and fresh water each morning are a simple method of achievement.*



*A perfect complexion is the reward of every woman who helps Nature to the best of her ability.*




*Beauty finds expression in lovely hands, which must be tended as carefully as the lilies they resemble.*

**The Care of the Hands.** Well-kept hands are, of course, essential to every fastidious woman. It is not always realised that the hands are greatly influenced by the general health. Firm hands free from any suspicion of "clamminess" and disfiguring blemishes are a sign that the health is good; but even these require careful attention. The many busy women who constantly use their hands should massage them each night with a softening cream which will whiten and beautify at the same time. Manicure is an art in itself, and for a very small amount complete outfits can be obtained with every necessary equipment. Thus it is a simple matter, however busy one may be, to possess beautiful white hands which are universally admired.

**New Coats for the Autumn.** The first of the Paris autumn models have arrived in London, and it is interesting to mark the new materials and modes of decoration. Wrap-coats are of supreme importance at this time of year, and pictured on page 454 are a quartette of the coming season's models, which were sketched at Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street, W. The graceful affair worn by the seated figure is typical of the new mode. Expressed in supple broadtail cloth, it is generously trimmed with cross fox. There are several fascinating coats in similar variations of the fashionable poney-cloth, some bordered with Mongolian fox, and others with long, silky mouflon. Straight coats of black face-cloth, trimmed with flounces of mole-skin, are equally attractive. At the top of the page is a delightful affair in nigger, embroidered all over with dull silver and, bordered with mouflon.

**Homespuns for Scotland.** Designed for both country and town wear are the new tailored tweed coats, of which two models from Dickins and Jones are pictured on page 454. The one on the left is carried out in burnt russet homespun, woven with contrasting stripes. It is lined throughout with crêpe-de-Chine, and can be obtained for 11¼ guineas. On the right is one of the many distinctive homespuns bordered with fur, which are suitable for really every occasion. They are obtainable trimmed with American opossum for 9½ guineas, or for 7½ guineas, without the fur.




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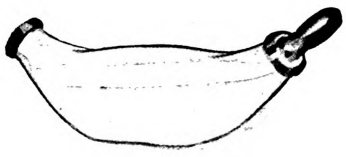
NOW IF there be any law about a man and his clothes it's the law which relates to the shoes on his feet. Health of body; peace of mind; comfort on a long walk; a long walk at all; confidence in a drawing-room; stance at golf. Poverty is closely related to some shoes. So is pneumonia. A good pair of shoes will redeem an old suit of clothes. A shabby pair will ruin a new one. Look to the shoes on your feet.

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## THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW

CUP OF SILENCE: A ROMANCE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS. By ARTHUR J. REES. (John Lane: The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a strong and well-written story (first published serially in the *Westminster Gazette*) concerning the fortunes of an old Sussex family, believed to be dying out when all the sons of the eleventh Baron Hilmerceux fell in the war. A new heir, however, arrives "out of the blue," and the plot is woven round his romantic experiences in an unexpected position. He moves in the shadow of a tragedy that happened forty years before, leaving a legacy of sinister results. As the tale unfolds, there is a growing sense of mystery and of some dark secret in the background. Strange noises are heard in the old mansion at night, and strange lights appear in another house, lonely and long-forsaken, in a remote corner of the estate. There is a charming heroine, who provides the love interest; and the characters of the widowed Lady Hilmerceux, her taciturn steward, and the family lawyer, as well as that of the young peer himself, are admirably drawn. But the chief fascination of the book is the author's command of local colour, and his intimate feeling for "the inviolateness of the downs around Cissbury and Chanctonbury, which as yet remain the 'cup of silence' of the story." The great fog scene is an excellent piece of dramatic description.

THE GIVEN HEART. By C. A. NICHOLSON. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

Though several hearts are "given" (to others) in the course of this story, that is not the meaning of the word in the title, for Given happens to be a surname. In some respects the book has affinities with the one just noticed, for it is a tale of country life and concerned with relations between a titled family and yeoman neighbours, but it is told in a different, breezier vein, and, while tragic events happen, they happen openly in the course of the narrative, and not as gradually revealed secrets. The locality is indicated, perhaps, by a prefatory quotation from a poem called "A Gloucestershire Lad," and by incidental references to distant views of the Welsh hills; but the names of places, such as the cathedral city of Durchester, are obviously fictitious. For many generations the Givens had farmed their own land on the hillside, while on the plain below dwelt a family with whom their past had been entangled; but the two houses, at the time the story opens, were at enmity over questions of land ownership. The tale tells how love of the land conflicted with individual love, and how in the end the greater love won.

THE MARRIAGE-CRAFT. By D. H. S. NICHOLSON. (R. Cobden-Sanderson; 6s. net.)

Here, again, is a certain ambiguity in the title, for the word "craft" is not used in the sense of art or cunning, but in the literal, concrete meaning, as a kind of boat. The titles of books and plays seem to run in cycles and follow fashions. Not long ago there was noticed in this column a book called "The Barge of Haunted Lives," in which a set of characters brought together in a barge on an American river each contributed their quota to a story. The present book has a similar framework for a very different purpose. Two young men, interested in the sex problem and the ethics and politics of marriage, arrange a party of nine people to go on a week's holiday cruise in a canal barge, and discuss the question frankly from all points of view. The scene is the Grand Junction Canal from Ricksmanworth to Warwick. The company comprises three married couples, two bachelors (one being a celibate parson, who is also a Co-Mason), and one unconventional spinster. The discussions are clever and provocative, if not conclusive, and there is a saving element of humour. The unsophisticated novel-reader will doubtless be most interested when personalities intrude into theory. It is an ingenious effort in modern dialogue on Platonic lines.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RIVER. From the FRENCH of GEORGES PONSOT. With COLOUR FRONTISPIECE by E. J. DETMOLD. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)

From arguments on a canal barge about human marriage we turn to a picture of Nature's domestic arrangements beneath the surface of a river. While equally outside the usual pale of fiction, the book owes its charm to description rather than discussion. It is recommended to the reader as "the story of life in the river-bed told by the fish themselves to a writer of vivid imagination, remarkable knowledge, and delightful humour." M. Ponsot has essayed to do for the river Seulette and its finny inhabitants much the same as Mr. Kipling has done for the denizens of the jungle. He has produced a book that will appeal to all lovers of nature, and will especially form a pleasant means of interesting young readers in natural history, for it is free alike from scholastic dulness and unscientific fantasy. At the close we leave Kiss, the eel, "stretched in the mud, pondering long on the problem of happiness." So fishes have their problems, too!

THE GREEN ALTAR. By MIRIAM ALEXANDER. (Melrose; 7s. 6d. net.)

At a time when none can tell whether the tragedy of Ireland has been finally played out, or whether "some great fifth act" is still to come, this story, dedicated "to the dear dead Ireland of our memories and the new Ireland of our hopes," has an especially poignant interest. For it is a story of intense and pitiful tragedy, in which a patriotic Irish girl offers the sacrifice of Sydney Carton for the sake of her country. "We have laid our hearts on thy high Green Altar: We are made all thine till the world's life cease." Those are the words of the poet that give the story its title. It opens on a Munster farm early in the 'nineties of the nineteenth century, and reaches a date following the signature of the Irish Treaty that brought the Free State into being. Much of it is concerned with the period of the "Black and Tans." Some of the most repellent characters in the tale, it may be noted, belong to a good-for-nothing Irish family, with whom in former days their neighbours would not associate. Everyone will echo the expression of hope with which the book concludes: "It could not be that God had sustained the soul of Ireland through all the ages only to let it perish at last in Irish blood shed by Irish hands!"

AN AMAZING ANCESTOR. By E. and G. F. SCOTSON-CLARK. (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net.)

The plot of this story, which, in spite of a fantastic theme, is so told as to appear plausible enough, concerns the purchase of a Van Dyck portrait by a member of the American colony in Paris. "The old New York families," says an introductory note, "are justly proud of their Dutch ancestry, but in this particular instance, Chauncey Van Leer, 'a quite ordinary, sane, well-behaved and human individual,' would most probably much rather have been a first-generation American." It follows that another alternative presented itself, and of what it was some clue is afforded by the final remark of one who left him alone with the girl of his choice (or rather, hers): "But you, Chauncey, you know, are not half as nice as he was,' and there seemed to be a reminiscent look in her blue eyes and possibly a slight moisture on her eyelashes as she murmured, 'But what an amazing ancestor!'" So it appears that Chauncey got his wish, after all.


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*Handy family box of one dozen—6/-*

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## BRITISH DECAPODS IN THEIR NATURAL HAUNTS.

(*Continued from Page 436.*)

legs are dug deep into the sand, and the crustacean is pulled down. As digging and scooping is continued the sand is piled up in front, and pushed away by the small chelate appendages. In this manner the crab descends deep into the sand until only the tip of the antennæ tube is visible. A channel is thus kept clear between the buried crab and the water.

Under normal conditions the water passes out of the space with which the antennæ tube communicates, but when the crustacean is buried *the direction of the water current passing over the gills is reversed*. It now is drawn down the tube and passes out through openings at the base of the chelipeds.

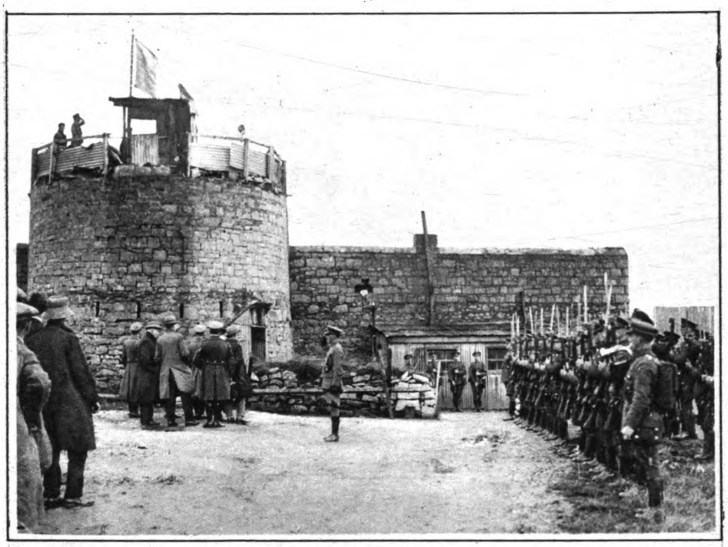
Port Erin waters abound in the interesting family of Swimming Crabs (*Portunidæ*), popularly called "Fiddler Crabs," the name having been acquired because of the peculiar movements of the swimming legs. In this species (Figs. 5 and 6) the last pair of legs have been converted into large flattened paddles with which the crab can rapidly drive itself through the water. These legs are also used for digging when *Portunus* buries itself.

In general shape this crustacean resembles the Shore Crab, but the carapace is toothed in front. The structure of a swimming paddle and these teeth on the carapace are well shown in the second photograph of *Portunus puber* (Fig. 6). The legs and especially the great claws are beautifully marked with purple and blue; *Portunus puber* itself—the largest of this family—is covered by a dense coat of fine hair. In some species the carapace is marbled. When the Swimming Crab buries itself in the sand the large claws of the chelipeds are folded close up to the edge of the carapace, which, as I have pointed out, is serrated with teeth like a saw. These, because of the position in which the chelipeds are held, act as strainers and prevent the entrance of débris.

Space does not permit of more than passing comment on the three photographs of two crabs which were dredged up from twenty fathoms outside the Calf of Man.

One was a small circular crab with the legs armed with spines and a strong pointed rostrum. It sat in a watching position, as shown in Fig. 9, but when disturbed it threw itself back, as shown in Fig. 10.

The common Hermit Crab (*Pagurus bernhardus*), which usually occupies the empty shell of the Dog Whelk, is familiar to all, but the specimen dredged up, as shown in Fig. 7, is more unusual. Here the little crab is using a sponge as its temporary residence. When smaller, the crab crept into a cavity, and it will be seen that the sponge has become modified to accommodate the crustacean.



RECENTLY EVACUATED BY ITS BRITISH GARRISON: BELLEEK FORT, ON THE ULSTER BORDER, TAKEN OVER BY IRISH FREE STATE TROOPS, HERE SEEN SALUTING THE FREE STATE TRICOLOUR.

Belleek Fort, on the Ulster boundary at the head of Loch Erne, was recently evacuated by the British garrison, which had occupied it for two years, and was formally handed over to troops of the Irish Free State. In the photograph they are seen saluting the Free State flag hoisted on an improvised pole.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

All who are now taking their holidays should include a bottle of "4711" Eau-de-Cologne in their kit. Its uses are manifold. For headaches caused by the glare of the sun, a slight inhalation will speedily bring relief; or, if tired after a long and tedious journey, whether by rail or motor, a little of this "4711" sprinkled in water and dabbed on the face and neck will immediately restore freshness. Its very odour is refreshing and soothing. All those who wish to obtain that delightful cool feeling even during the hottest summer day will find "4711" Eau-de-Cologne the very ideal in attaining this desire.

The Marine Motoring Association of Great Britain has been officially informed by the Secretary of the International Motor Yachting Union that the "Circuito Motonautico" (motor-boat rally) fixed for Sept. 19 to 21 this year, in connection with an exhibition at Naples, has not been approved by the Federazione Italiana Motonautica, the national authority of Italy. Competitors are warned that by taking part in any event proscribed by the national authority concerned they render themselves liable to disqualification, not only in the country where the event takes place, but also in all countries affiliated to the International Motor Yachting Union.



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*The mother of this beautiful child, Mrs. Jackson of Wembley, writes:*

"Peggy is 14 months old and weighs 26 lbs. Her health is splendid and she is always very happy and contented. . . . We consider Mellin's Food has made her a bonny baby and always recommend it."

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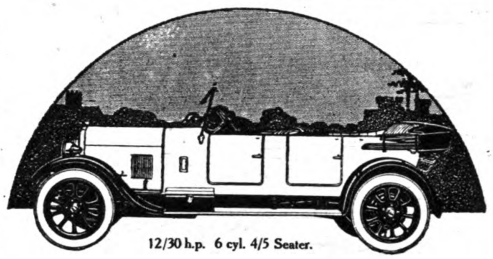
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SINCE taking delivery of the 12-30 h.p. Talbot on Monday I have covered 200 miles. Although the engine is not yet run in, I can hardly speak highly enough of the car. Steering, springing, and brakes all seem perfect. It is impossible to find fault with the car, and the effortless running and feeling of solidity are great features. I consider the flexibility of the small six greatly simplifies driving, particularly in traffic.

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14

## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**Coachwork Developments.** When, about a year ago, the Weyman type of coachwork was seriously introduced here I ventured the opinion that it looked like being the body type of the future, particularly so far as low and medium-priced closed cars were concerned. In the interval, I cannot say that it has made a great deal of progress in England. The British motorist is very conservative indeed, and is thus slow to adopt things which are as yet new and unproved. The British coachbuilder is even more conservative, and simply will not go out on a new line until public demand forces his hand. In France things are different, and the fabric-covered body is coming rapidly into favour, as I still think it will do here. It has so many obvious advantages over the conventional method of coachwork construction that it is difficult to see how it can help coming into fashion. It is light—little more than half the weight of the old-fashioned body with metal panels and rigid, heavy pillars. It does away with the expensive coach-painting, with its long processes and the infinite time taken in drying and hardening. It cannot develop rattles and squeaks, and it does not "drum." In case of damage it is perfectly easy to replace a fabric panel—it can be done in a day against the weeks taken to beat, fit, and paint a metal panel. Last but by no means least, it ought to be very much cheaper in comparison. I say "ought to be" advisedly, because I find that coachbuilders here want almost as much to build a Weyman body as they do for the more conventional type. If some enterprising firm were to lay themselves out for the business, they would make a lot of money out of it, providing their charges were based on a commercial profit, and then we should see the type popularised very rapidly. It has got to come, but it is hopeless to expect it while coach-builders want something like £200 for a type of body which ought not to cost much more than half that sum.



MOTOR-CARAVANNING IN IRELAND: A 23-60-H.P. VAUXHALL-KINGTON CAR WITH A CARAVAN TRAILER, ON THE ROAD FROM CASTLEMARTYR TO CORK.

These vehicles belong to Mr. Horgan, of Firville, Macroom, Co. Cork. A specially designed coupling ensures that no weight from the trailer rests on the Vauxhall car.

**Low-Pressure Tyres.** The Dunlop Tyre Company tell me that, after considerable experiment, they have definitely decided to adopt the wired-on type of cover for low-pressure tyres. I agree entirely with the reasons they give, which is that it is advisable to standardise a tyre which does not depend upon the inflation pressure for retention on the rim. In the case of big tyres on comparatively small wheels it is ten to one that, in case of sudden deflation, the beaded-edge type will leave the rim. Where the wired-on tyre is in question, it is a hundred to one it will stay on. Obviously, this reduces the tendency to accident when, as must occasionally happen, a tyre deflates with no warning. I do not mind particularly a tyre going flat when travelling fairly fast—I don't *want* it to happen, of course—so long as it remains on the wheel; but it can be quite a terrifying experience when it not only deflates without warning, but goes off on a detached expedition on its own. In the one case, the wheel diameter, while it is reduced by deflation, is not so very serious. One sometimes does have a momentary fight with the car if it is a front wheel which is in question, but control ought not to be lost. In the other case, however, the sudden serious reduction of wheel diameter may easily put the car beyond control and result in a serious accident. If this is true when high-pressure tyres are in use, it is doubly true of the "balloon" type, and on this account, if on no other, I think Dunlops are perfectly right in adopting the wired-on cover as a standard.

**A Petrol War?** All sorts of rumours are current to the effect that we are on the verge of another petrol war. For a very long time now quantities of what the combines call "pirate" spirit have been on sale at garages and pump stations at prices considerably below those fixed by the big concerns.

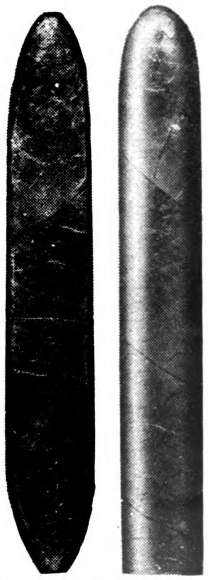


A ROADSIDE HALT DURING A FAST TOUR THROUGH FRANCE: A 12-32-H.P. DARRACQ WITH WEYMAN LIMOUSINE SALOON BODY.

The difference is sometimes as much as fourpence, or even fivepence, per gallon. So long as this spirit was available in comparatively small quantities only, the combines had very little to say about it, but I hear now that the traffic in this cheaper spirit threatens to

(Continued overleaf.


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10·8 h.p. Four-seater De Luxe Model £255
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**THE HYDE, HENDON, N.W. 9.**

*Continued.*]

assume such dimensions that the big fellows are getting a little concerned. So we hear that the latter intend to declare war and to follow a policy of price reduction that will ultimately have the effect of driving the smaller fry off the market. Of course, the combines are not saying anything about their intentions. They never do. The first the public knows about it is when it is told that the price of petrol is so much per gallon more or less than it was last night. I don't know how much truth there may be in the rumour, but I imagine that it cannot be long before the competition of cheap petrol will compel the big concerns to take some action. I certainly think there is ground for the belief that there will be a reduction in price before long. Indeed, a reduction is overdue, when the prices ruling in America are taken into consideration. But then, we know that the price of a commodity is what it will fetch.

**Sparking-Plugs.** People tell me that sparking-plugs do not last as well as they used to do in the days of long ago. The answer is that they do—if they are looked after. For example, I used one set of Lodge plugs for considerably more than 7000 miles, in a high-compression, fast-running engine, and three of them are still quite fit for use, though I replaced the whole set when one gave out. I now have a mixed set in which Lodge, K.L.G., Sphinx, and Champion are represented, and I am trying them out against each other. They have done about 3000 miles so far without any signs of trouble—but I look after them, and they receive a periodical cleaning. I use an Apex cleaner, which is an aluminium tube containing a bunch of stiff steel wires. The tube is filled with petrol, the plug screwed in, and then all one has to do is to give it a good shaking. The wires penetrate to every accessible part of the plug, and remove every trace of soot and carbon. After being cleaned, the points are adjusted if necessary, and the plug is then good for another thousand miles — and I never suffer from misfiring. Plugs are better than ever they were, but the present-day engine gives them such a lot to do that they require more attention than in the days of the slow-running engine with moderate compression ratios.

**Speedometer Accuracy.** Is there a speedometer which is really accurate over the whole range of car speeds? I begin to doubt it very much. At one time and another I have used practically every type there is, and I have yet to find one that is really dependable when one gets into speeds of over 35 miles an hour. I am using one now that is perfectly good against the watch up to about 28-30 m.p.h., but over that is as much as 15 per cent. slow. I wonder if it is really possible to make a speedometer which is accurate to start and will remain so for a period of years? It would be interesting to know if there is any manufacturer of these instruments who is prepared to claim this for his own speedometer.

**A New 11-h.p. Standard Saloon.** The Standard Motor Company, Ltd., have experienced such a consistently increasing demand for both their 11- and 14-h.p. models, that it has been decided to continue their manufacture for 1925. Specimens of both types will be exhibited on Stand No. 211 in the Main Hall at Olympia. The exhibit will include, in addition to the 11 and 14-h.p. touring cars, a sample of the extremely popular 14-h.p. "Pall Mall" saloon, and a saloon—to be known as the "Piccadilly"—which will be fitted on the 11-h.p. chassis. The price of this has not been determined. The prices operating from Sept. 1, 1924, for other models are: 11-h.p. two- or four-seater, £235; 14-h.p. two- or four-seater (ordinary), £350; 14-h.p. two- or four-seater (special), £395; and 14-h.p. "Pall Mall" saloon, £475.

**Super-Charging.** I am more than ever convinced that some method of super-charging will before long become standard practice on the touring car. A year ago the Fiats were the only cars running in the Grand Prix which were super-charged. This year I believe all but one racer were equipped with some means of forced induction. If it be true, as I think it is, that the racing practice of to-day becomes the standard of to-morrow, then there can be very little doubt about it. Unless, indeed, there is a reversion to much bigger engines than are the vogue at present; and that, as taxation is levied now, does not seem too probable.

**The Prince and the Motor Trade.** H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has accepted the invitation of the President, Sir Harold Bowden, and the Committee of the Motor and Cycle Trades Benevolent Fund to be present at the annual banquet of the Fund, to be held at the Connaught Rooms on Nov. 18.

W. W.


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## GOLF AT GLENEAGLES.

THE announcement that George Duncan, the famous golfer and ex-Open Champion, and Macdonald Smith, the well-known American professional, who is at present on holiday in this country, and is a native of Carnoustie, were to meet in an international match at Gleneagles on Sept. 1 and 2, was particularly gratifying to golfers north of the Tweed, especially in view of the fact that both players are of Scottish nationality. Whether a side stake should be put up by the players themselves became immaterial, as a suitable monetary reward was offered by the proprietors of "White Horse" whisky. This match, therefore, took the place of that which it was said Macdonald Smith was asking for. If the idea was ever in his mind that he could meet and beat a British professional on British soil, he got his chance. George Duncan was a popular selection, and there are few players who could equal his brilliance. Playing in the final of the Thousand Guineas Tournament at Gleneagles in June last, Duncan returned a card with an approximate score of 66. Because it was match play and not medal play, it could not be counted as a new record. Any man with a score like that must have felt confidence in meeting any opposition on the same course again. White Horse Distillers, Ltd., offered a purse of one hundred guineas to the winner, in addition to a very fine trophy, which took the form of a Pilgrim's Flask of considerable historical interest. An illustration of it appears on this page. On the first day of the 72-hole match (Sept. 1), Macdonald Smith was three holes up at the end of the first half of the event. Duncan was one up on the first round, after having been three up at the twelfth hole; but in the afternoon Macdonald Smith squared the match at the first hole, and then won the second, third, and fourth holes. Going to the last hole, he was four up, but Duncan recovered a hole with a magnificent three. In the second round Macdonald Smith's score was 69, and Duncan's 73. The situation at the beginning of the second day's play was very interesting.



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All who are interested in the Roman antiquities of this country—and that interest is not confined nowadays to classical scholars—should possess the excellent "Map of Roman Britain" published by the Ordnance Survey, Southampton (price 4s.). It is printed in colours on a large folding sheet on a scale of 16 miles to the inch, with a tasteful cover of appropriate design. The four centuries of the Roman occupation (B.C. 55 to A.D. 407) have in the past been far too much neglected in the teaching of our national history. Even Tennyson omitted to refer to it when he summarised our racial composition—"For Saxon or Dane or Norman we, Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be." To-day there is a welcome revival in the study of the Roman period, as evidenced by various excavations, and this admirable map will help both the expert and the general reader. The latter may be surprised to learn how complete was the network of Roman forts, colonies, and roads all over England and Wales, and still more to realise that there was a Roman wall in Scotland (linking Firth and Clyde) as well as the more famous one of Hadrian from Solway to Tyne. The map is preceded by a short preface and an index of names. The mere list of authorities consulted, and the outline of Romano-British chronology, suffice to open up a wide field of inquiry, and awaken a desire to know more about the Cæsars who fought on our soil, and the men who ruled Britain in their name.


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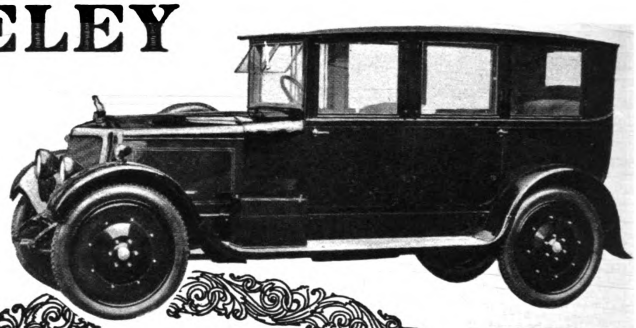
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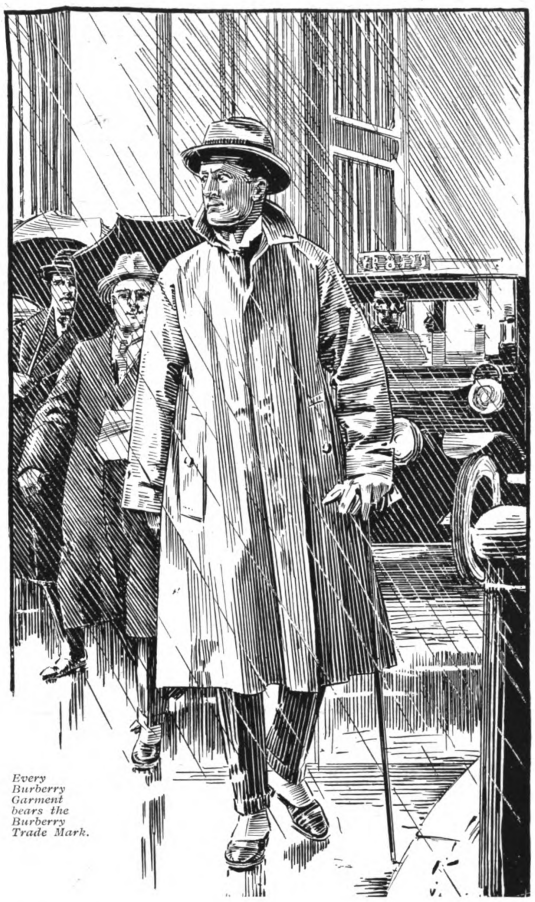
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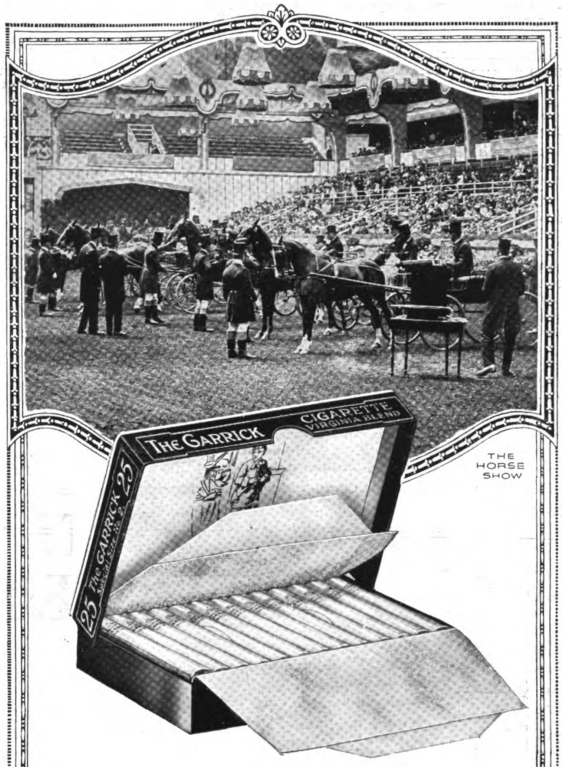
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## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

C OKEY (Auckland, N.Z.).—Your estimate of the game, Capablanca v. Lasker, is a perfectly just one. Solution of No. 3930 is quite correct, and is acknowledged in its proper place.

H E MCFARLAND (St. Louis, Mo.).—Thanks for your very kind and complimentary letter. As regards No. 3935, a good many solvers formed an exactly opposite conclusion to yours, and thought it was the Rook should be moved; but they, of course, paid the penalty of their inaccuracy.

FOVOAS DE MAGATHAES (Oporto, Portugal).—As there is no such move on the board as B to K 8th in Problem No. 3937, we presume you meant B to K 6th, which is the author's solution, and we give you credit accordingly.

H BURGESS (St. Leonards-on-Sea).—Your post-card dated Jan. 15, with correct solution of No. 3923 has just come to hand. You will find the answer acknowledged in the usual place.

E BOSWELL (Lancaster).—Thanks for further contribution, which we hope to find as interesting as the last.

L W CAFFERATA (Farndon).—We must crave your indulgence for a little while, after which we shall be able to give proper attention to your kind communications. Meanwhile, many thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3923 received from H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea); of No. 3930 from C Okey (Auckland, N.Z.); of No. 3932 from R W Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3933 from Dr. Antonio Rovere (Trieste); of No. 3935 from H E McFarland (St. Louis, Mo.); of No. 3936 from M Beach (Milton Bridge); and of No. 3937 from F J Fulwell (Caterham), J Fowler (Arundel), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), E J Gibbs (East Ham), Povoas de Magathaes (Oporto), M Beach (Milton Bridge), and H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea).

SOLUTIONS OF No. 3938, together with some solutions of preceding problems, will be acknowledged in our next article.

---

The annual meeting of the City of London Chess Club unanimously re-elected Mr. C. D. Morton as president, and Mr. J. Walter Russell as hon. secretary—two appointments which it is inconceivable could be improved upon. The vice-presidents elected at the same time were the Hon. F. G. Hamilton Russell, Sir George Thomas, Bt., Mr. Herbert Jacobs, and Mr. Henry Ward, L.C.C., all of whom, by their services to the game and their devotion to its interests, have qualified themselves in an exceptional degree for such honours as the premier club of the Empire can bestow upon its members.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3937 (NOT No. 3936, AS PRINTED).

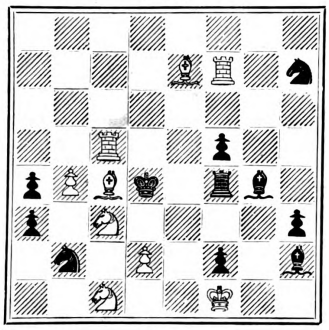
| WHITE | BLACK |
|---|---|
| 1. B to K 6th | Anything. |
| 2. Mates accordingly. | |

Unfortunately, as several correspondents have pointed out, B takes B also yields a solution, the defence of Q takes B leaving mate open by 2. Q to B 6th. This defect can be quite simply remedied by transferring White's King from Q R 8th to Q Kt 8th; but meanwhile it is a matter of regret that a pretty problem has been so adversely affected.

---

PROBLEM No. 3939.—BY REV. NOEL BONAVIA-HUNT, M.A.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

### CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Sir GEORGE THOMAS and Mr. P. W. SERGEANT.

*(Ruy Lopez Opening.)*

| WHITE (Sir G. T.) | BLACK (Mr. S.) |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd |
| 3. B to K 5th | P to Q R 3rd |
| 4. B to K 4th | Kt to B 3rd |
| 5. Q to K 2nd | |

This continuation has not received much favour in first-class practice. Seeing White is to play P to Q 3rd presently, he might as well save a move by doing so at once.

| | |
|---|---|
| 5. | P to Q 3rd |
| 6. Castles | B to Q 2nd |
| 7. P to B 3rd | B to K 2nd |
| 8. P to Q 3rd | Castles |
| 9. P to K R 3rd | P to Q Kt 4th |
| 10. B to B 2nd | P to Kt 5th |

The command of the field seems already passing into Black's hands, but White is maintaining a very cool and sound defence.

| | |
|---|---|
| 11. B to K 3rd | Q to Kt sq |
| 12. Q Kt to Q 2nd | P to Q R 4th |
| 13. Kt to B 4th | R to K sq |
| 14. P to Q 4th | Kt P takes P |
| 15. P takes B P | P takes P |
| 16. K Kt takes P | Kt to K 4th |
| 17. Q R to Kt sq | Q to B sq |
| 18. P to B 4th | Kt takes Kt |

| WHITE (Sir G. T.) | BLACK (Mr. S.) |
|---|---|
| 19. Q takes Kt | B takes P |

This sacrifice commences a very clever combination which, but for one resource of White not easily foreseen, would have been brilliantly successful.

| | |
|---|---|
| 20. P takes B | Q takes P |
| 21. R to B 3rd | Q to Kt 5th (ch) |
| 22. K to B 2nd | Kt takes *P* (ch) |
| 23. B takes Kt | B to R 5th (ch) |
| 24. K to K 2nd | R takes B |
| 25. Q to B 6th | |

The saving clause.

| | |
|---|---|
| 25. | K R to K sq |

Had Black now been able to play Q R to K sq, he would in all probability have won. He is prevented from doing so by

| | |
|---|---|
| 26. Q takes K R, when mate follows if the Q is taken. | |
| 26. K to Q 3rd | B to B 3rd |
| 27. R to Kt sq | Q to R 4th |
| 28. K R to Kt 3rd | P to Q 4th |

An oversight, of course, but with a piece down he could hardly hope to save the game in any case.

| | |
|---|---|
| 29. Q takes B | Resigns. |

The Imperial Chess Club held its annual meeting on July 14, when the general prosperity of affairs was the theme of congratulation at a large gathering of members. Mrs. Arthur Rawson received due acknowledgment of the Club's indebtedness to her unwavering loyalty by its enthusiastic re-election of her as president, while ample recognition was also given to the organising skill and energy of Mrs. R. H. Stevenson, the match captain, by which the Club's success has been largely obtained. It was announced that the president's scheme for a chess display in aid of the funds of the British Women's Patriotic League was in course of arrangement to be held at Hyde Park Hotel on Oct. 25 next. The new premises at 62, Brook Street have proved to be both comfortable and commodious, and it is hoped will attract a still wider circle of supporters.





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A3



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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1924.



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**ONCE MORE DELIGHTING LONDON AT COVENT GARDEN: MME. ANNA PAVLOVA, THE GREAT RUSSIAN DANCER.**

Mme. Pavlova began her new season of four weeks at Covent Garden on September 8, with the new ballet, "Don Quixote" (illustrated on page 487), one of several novelties in her programme. Another is "The Romance of a Mummy." Many old favourite dances are also being revived, among them "The Swan," popular ever since Pavlova first appeared in it. She is supported by an especially good cast, including Mlle. Hilda Butsova (a portrait of whom is given on our "World of the Theatre" page in this number), Mr. Laurent Novikoff, and M. Alexandre Volinine. The company number seventy in all, with an admirable orchestra of sixty performers, ably conducted by M. Theodore Stier. On October 2, Mme. Pavlova will give an extra matinée i aid of her home for Russian refugee children at St. Cloud, near Paris. H Covent Garden season ends on October 4, and on the 7th she sails for Americ

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY HUGH CECIL.




By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SINGULARLY little is told us in the English papers about the American crisis in connection with the Ku Klux Klan. If it were the fifth marriage following on the fourth divorce of a young woman who happened to be good-looking enough for the Films, we should be told about it in considerable detail. We are sometimes interested in what happens in America. But apparently we are not at all interested in what happens to America. And the problem of this secret society has already become the pivot of a Presidential Election, and may yet become the genesis of a schism like that of the North and South. Even if it had been anything so ordinary as the murder of a millionaire, it would probably have been reported with the richest elaboration. But apparently we are interested in murders but not in massacres.

Of the Ku Klux Klan in the only aspect which ever does interest the journalists, that of its curious parody of a church, its ritual, mysteries, masks, head-dresses, and all the rest, it is hardly worth while to write. It is sufficient to say that one of its brightest ideas is to call a gentleman a Kleagle, thereby (it will be noted) achieving the triumph of assimilating the word "eagle" to the alliterative diction of the Klan. The thought of being terrorised by people on that intellectual level suggests a nightmare of falling into the hands of cheerful chimpanzees. There is something quite sub-human about such stupidity as that. About the criminal anarchy that it has let loose a great many interesting things might be said, if there were space for them. It is enough to say that it is certainly worse than anything that the wilder element in America has yet produced: and that there is far less excuse for it than for the occasional lynchings that horrified our more humane civilisation in the past. It has obviously little or nothing to do with the old Ku Klux Klan, or with the Old South. For instance, it has lately diseregarded the civilised distinction which protected women. The Old South, to do it justice, would have been the last to disregard that. Also the old Southern fear of the negro seems to be quite secondary to a fear of a number of totally different and strangely incongruous social figures. The Jew and the Roman Catholic, who have been opposed to each other in almost all the controversies of the world, are opposed in the same blind and blundering fashion by the Ku Klux Klan. And just as this spirit expressed its disapproval of African savages by roasting them after the fashion of cannibals, so it expresses its disapproval of the errors of Popery by establishing an irresponsible Spanish Inquisition.

But the question of the reason of all this crazy business is really interesting and important. It is this question of the moral and political issue, of what it is all about, that is really worth discussing; and it is this that the newspapers never discuss. This is partly because the facts do not fit in with any of the grooves or ruts of our old party controversies. The Ku Klux Klan is not the Primrose League or the Cobden Club or the Clan-na-Gael. It is a sort of problem that does not exist in England, or certainly has not existed hitherto. But it is also difficult to discuss in England because it involves rather a new view of America. I believe myself that the current assumptions about America are quite wrong; whether they are compliments or condemnations. I doubt whether America has the faults of a young nation or the merits of a young nation. I do not believe its qualities can be explained either as the virtues of the child or the vices of the parvenu. I believe that the United States civilisation is in many ways rather old, and in some ways even rather weary. Much of it has been cut off from the main life of the world for a considerable time, as long as many modern polities. It has been a nation longer than Germany has been a nation, if Germany is a nation. It has not been national so long as England has been a nation, but nearly as long as England has been a great power. And I think it is the common experience of history that colonial experiments can decline *before* the old civilisation that sent them forth. And the joke of it is that those who would be most shocked at the suggestion that Anglo-Saxon America might decay would be the first to call Spanish America decadent. I do not think either case so simple. I believe there is a great future even for the new countries. I believe there is great hope for the South American Republics. And even the brightest optimists of North America cannot make me despair of their Republic. But, if I were forced to choose between the two, I should certainly guess that Spanish America would die before Spain, and the United States before England.



THE ALLEGED SCENE OF A GREAT LITERARY DISCOVERY—THAT OF THE LOST BOOKS OF LIVY: THE CASTEL DELL' OVO, ON A ROCKY ISLET AT NAPLES.

Writing from Rome, to send us the above photograph, on September 5, Professor Federico Halbherr says: "According to the latest news from Naples, it is now ascertained that the astounding discovery of the lost books of Livy's Roman History was made by Professor Di Martino Fusco in the Castel dell' Ovo, in that city. This mediæval stronghold, built between 1154 and 1200 by the Norman King William I. and the great Frederick II. of the Hohenstaufen, rises on the rocky islet, opposite Pizzofalcone, which, in Roman days, was occupied by a villa of Lucullus, and afterwards by the early *cœnobium* of St. Salvatore. This discovery, of unrivalled importance in itself, marks perhaps only the beginning of many others. But where the remains of the libraries of Castel dell' Ovo now lie hidden, is—for the moment—a secret, which has not been unveiled by their discoverer." Legend tells that the Castel dell' Ovo (Castle of the Egg) takes its name from a mysterious egg (left there by Virgil), which was to give birth to a new city.—[*Photograph supplied by Professor Federico Halbherr.*]

The truth is, I suspect, that Europe is younger than America. Europe is too young for America. It is pestering the good old stick-in-the-mud stolidity of America with its incessant new movements and ideas. It is Europe that has the faults of a young nation. It is Europe that is the charming and irritating child. It is the American who is the respectable old gentleman, a little stiff in his ideas, and a little bewildered in his impressions. It is that venerable relative whom we describe very appropriately as Uncle Sam. Compared with that grey-bearded uncle, both Europa riding on a bull and Britannia waving a trident are obviously young and skittish maidens, indulging in the typical freaks of flappers. I do not mean to speak with mere hostility towards uncles, still less with mere encouragement of flappers. Personally, I like Uncle Sam; and touching some of the freaks with which he is pestered, he has my sympathy. But I believe this to be the truth at the back of the whole business. The Great War, despite its trail of later tragedies, has been one of the great periodical revolutions and revivals of Europe; like the Crusades or the French Revolution.

A number of new forces, or new forms of old forces, have appeared in the old civilisation. There is a resurrection of Italy. There is a resurrection of Ireland. There is a resurrection of Poland. There is every probability of a resurrection of Spain. There has not been any such resurrection or revival of America. The trouble comes from the conservatism of America; from the fact that the old provincial tradition is resisting the bold speculations and new departures of Europe. Hence that curious conservatism of provincial religion that is called Fundamentalism. Hence the exaggerated horror that Americans have of Bolshevism. This is the explanation of the otherwise inexplicable incongruity in the antipathies of the Ku Klux Klan. The experiment of the Russian Jews and the rise of the Catholic nations are forces on opposite sides in the European struggle. But they are both examples of the European strenuousness and unrest. A Bolshevist Jew, full of new international notions, and an Irishman or Italian, full of new national hopes, are very different from each other. But they are both too new for the New World. It is a tradition to talk retrospectively about the Old South. But there is by this time something that might well be called the Old North. There is even something already that might be called the Old West. It is perhaps all the more traditional because it is largely rural; but its religion is one which in most countries is almost entirely urban. Only in America does there still exist such a thing as a Puritan village. That is the explanation of the sweeping destruction of liberty that is possible in such places. That is the explanation of provincial theologians being able actually to persecute the mildest theories of evolution. It is not done in the spirit of the European universities that have out-grown Darwinism and are questioning even transformism. It is done in the spirit of the village that voted the earth was flat. That is the explanation of the desperate modes of repression used against Labour. That is the explanation of Prohibition. America is the home of lost causes.

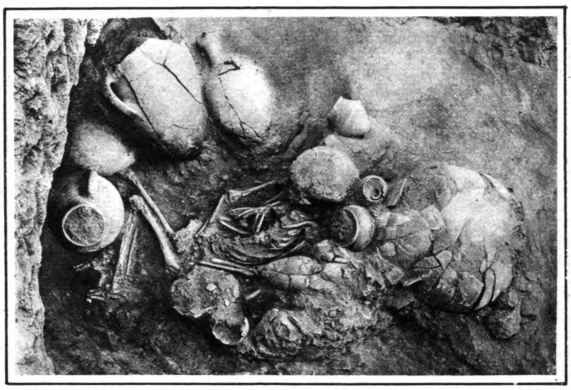
Unfortunately this reactionary spirit has two other elements, which profess to give it an expression and largely use it as an excuse. First there is an element in America notably absent in England, an element of ferocity and savagery. Second, there is that infinitely dangerous and generally indefensible thing—a secret society. It is perfectly obvious that the method is being used more and more, not merely for crime, but for criminal insanity. These things may not all have the same source; but that is exactly the weakness of a secret society. A secret society can never clear itself of any crimes, so long as it remains secret. And even the admitted anarchy and atrocity are bad enough. When such people call themselves the sons of the Puritans, one is tempted to agree that they are indeed the sons of those who butchered prisoners at Philiphaugh or hunted witches at Salem. But indeed the old Puritans were far less lawless and were not, relatively to their time, so terribly like a last rally of barbarians.

## OUR ANAGLYPHS.

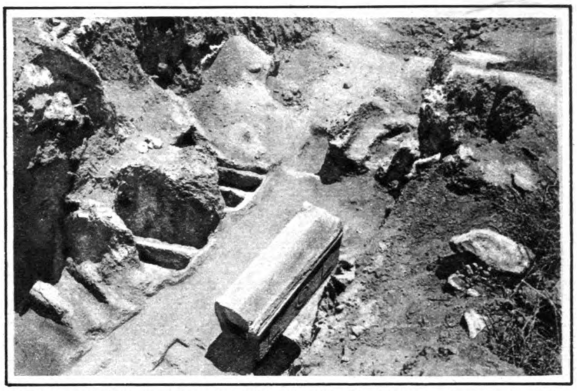
*Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 2 of Cover, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.*

# WHERE SAUL'S BODY WAS EXPOSED: BETH-SHAN—NEW DISCOVERIES.

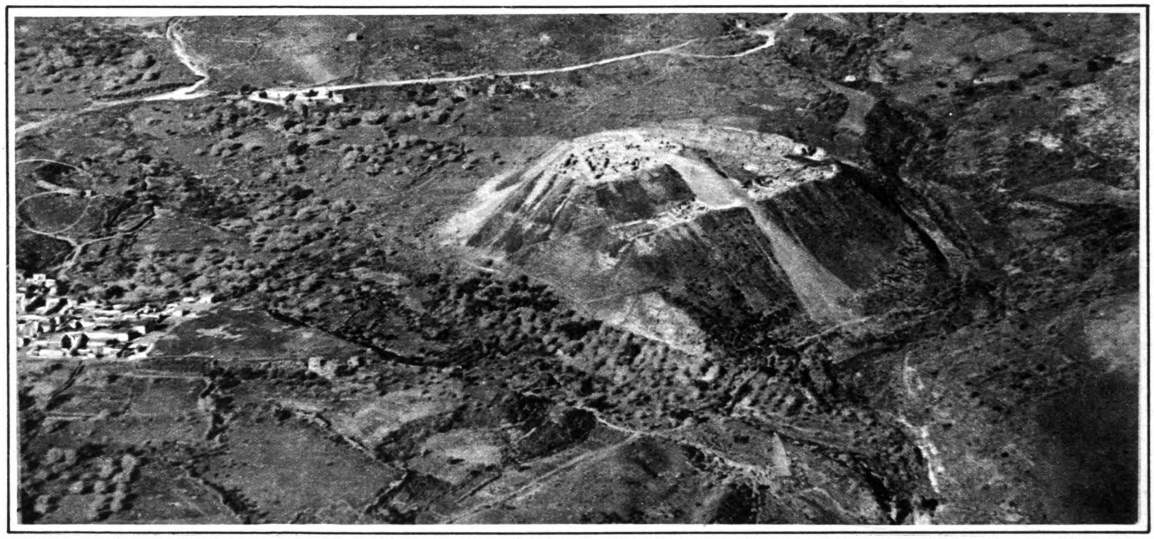
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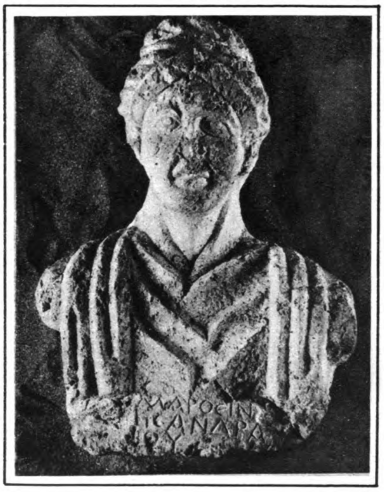
SUGGESTING THAT THE SHEPHERD KINGS OF EGYPT, DRIVEN FROM THE NILE, SOUGHT REFUGE AT BETH-SHAN: THE GRAVE OF A HYKSOS WOMAN OF ABOUT 1700 B.C.



THE ONLY TOMB OF A MEMBER OF HEROD'S FAMILY EVER FOUND: THE SARCOPHAGUS OF HIS COUSIN, PHALLION, WHO LIVED AT BETH-SHAN.



ONCE A FORTRESS OF GREAT STRATEGICAL IMPORTANCE, COMMANDING THE JORDAN FORDS AT THE END OF THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON: THE HILL OF BETH-SHAN (MODERN BEISAN), THE SCENE OF THE AMERICAN EXCAVATIONS—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN R.A.F. AEROPLANE.



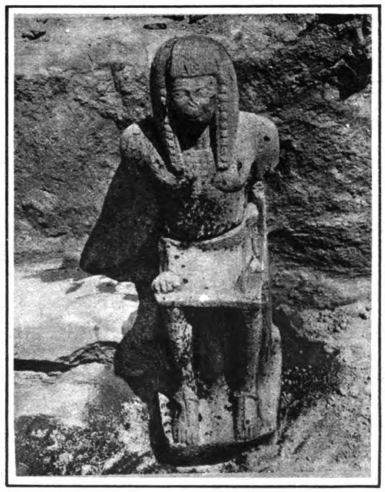
FOUND AMONG ROMAN RUINS ON THE HILL OF BETH-SHAN: A ROUGHLY FASHIONED BUST WITH A GREEK INSCRIPTION.

DISCOVERIES of great importance have been made recently, by an archæological expedition from the University of Pennsylvania Museum, on the site of Beth-Shan (modern Beisan) in Palestine, about ten miles from Nazareth. We read in the first Book of Samuel (Chapter xxxi.) how, after the suicide of Saul at the battle of Mount Gilboa, the Philistines "put his armour in the house of Ashtaroth, and

[*Continued below.*



RECALLING AZTEC SCULPTURE: A GROTESQUE COFFIN LID, MADE BY SARDINIAN MERCENARIES OR PHILISTINES.



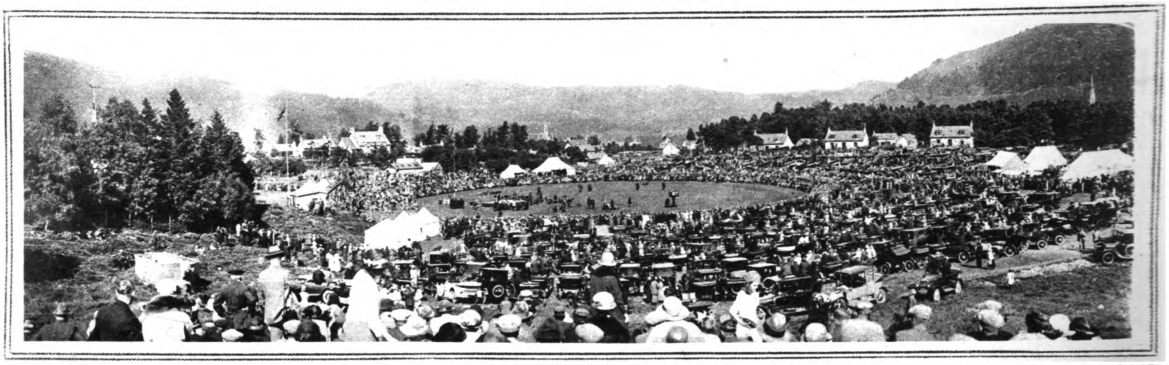
EVIDENCE OF AN EGYPTIAN INVASION: A CRUDE STATUE OF RAMESES III., BROKEN IN TWO PIECES, FOUND AT BETH-SHAN.

*Continued.*]

fastened his body to the wall of Beth-Shan," and how valiant men of Israel came by night and took from the wall the body and those of Saul's three sons. Several of the discoveries here illustrated indicate the association of Beth-Shan with Egyptian invasions of Palestine. The grotesque face of Aztec type is on a coffin lid which Dr. Fisher, the leader of the American expedition, believes was made either by Philistines or by mercenaries from Sardinia in the pay of Egypt in the time of the Pharaohs Seti I. or Rameses II. The seated statue is that of Rameses III. Dr. H. R. Hall, Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities at the British Museum, to whom we submitted the photographs, writes: "The discoveries are very important. . . . Rameses III. defeated the Philistines about 1196 B.C. The strategical position of Beth-Shan was very great. The fortress commanded the fords of the Jordan at the end of the Plain of Esdraelon, through which passed the trade-route from Egypt to Syria. So it was occupied for at least a century by the Philistines and often by the Egyptians."

# THE "OLYMPIC GAMES" OF THE HIGHLANDS: ROYALTY AT BRAEMAR.

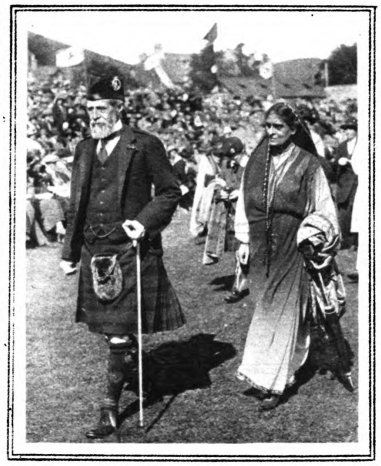
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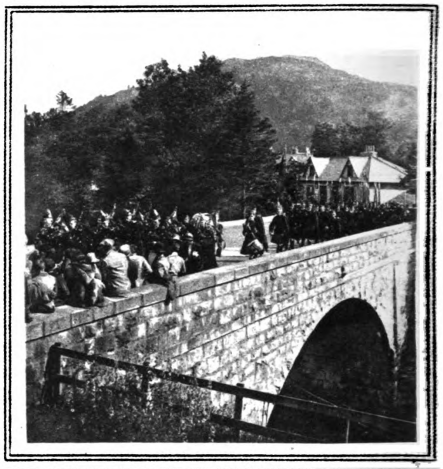
THE MOST SUCCESSFUL ON RECORD: THIS YEAR'S BRAEMAR GATHERING, ATTENDED BY THE KING AND QUEEN—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ARENA FOR THE FAMOUS HIGHLAND GAMES, IN THE PRINCESS ROYAL PARK, WITH 20,000 SPECTATORS AND HUNDREDS OF MOTOR-CARS PARKED OUTSIDE.



TOSSING THE CABER: KILTED OFFICIALS HELPING A COMPETITOR TO RAISE THE CABER TO AN UPRIGHT POSITION BEFORE THROWING IT.



WITH AN INDIAN "PORTIA": LORD ABERDEEN AND MISS COLUMBIA SORALGI, THE FIRST WOMAN TO PRACTISE AT THE BAR IN INDIA.



THE MARCH OF THE CLANSMEN: THE DUFF CLAN, ARMED WITH OLD-TIME PIKES, AND HEADED BY THEIR PIPERS, MARCHING ACROSS A BRIDGE TO THE ARENA.



A CURTSEY TO THE KING: THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR MAJESTIES, WITH PRINCE GEORGE (SEEN ON THE RIGHT SHAKING HANDS WITH LORD ABERDEEN).

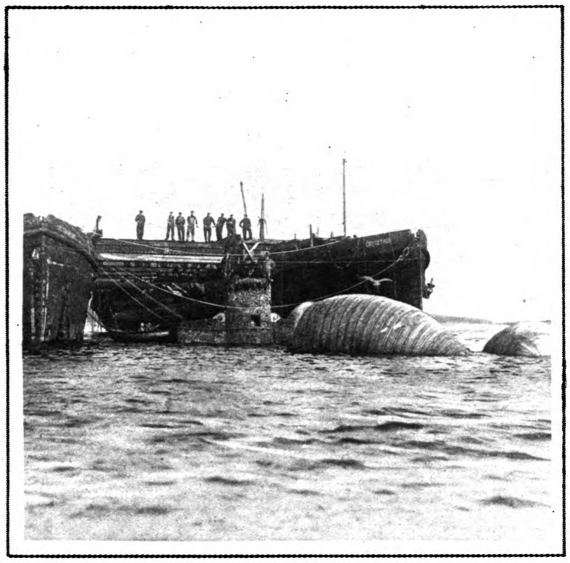


ALWAYS A PICTURESQUE EVENT AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: THE DANCING CONTESTS—SOME OF THE "UNDER SIXTEEN" COMPETITORS.

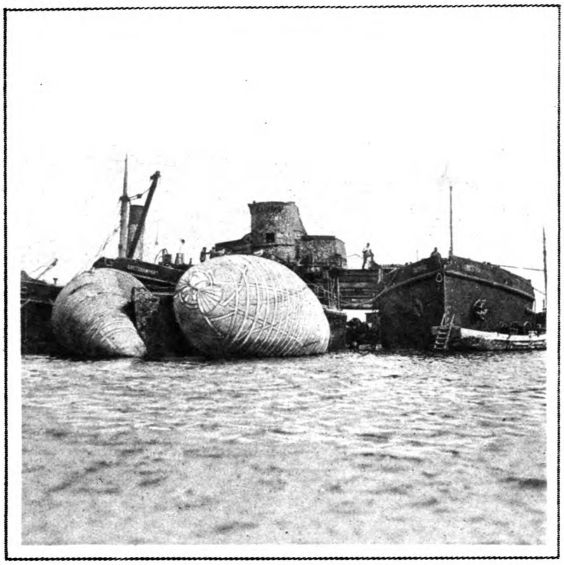
The annual gathering of the Braemar Highland Society, popularly known as the Braemar Gathering, took place on September 4, and was considered the most successful that has ever been held, for the weather was fine, and there was a huge attendance of spectators, numbering some twenty thousand. Around the arena in the Princess Royal Park were hundreds of private cars, besides a hundred or so motor-coaches and some 300 motor-cycles. The King and Queen, with Prince George, drove over from Balmoral, and the Princess Royal also motored from Mar Lodge. Their Majesties, who arrived in a royal coach drawn by four greys, with outriders in scarlet livery, were received at the Royal Pavilion by the Marquess of Aberdeen and Lieut.-Col. Farquharson of Invercauld. A picturesque event of the day was the march of the clansmen—the Balmoral Highlanders, the Farquharsons, and the Duffs in the red tartan of Macduff, with their pipers and ancient weapons such as pikes and Lochaber battle-axes. The contests in the arena, as usual, included tossing the caber (a 20-ft.-long tree-trunk), sword dancing, and a 200-yards race for clansmen over fifty-five. There were also dances by junior competitors under sixteen.

# "BALLOONS" FOR RAISING SUNKEN SHIPS: SALVING THE GERMAN FLEET.

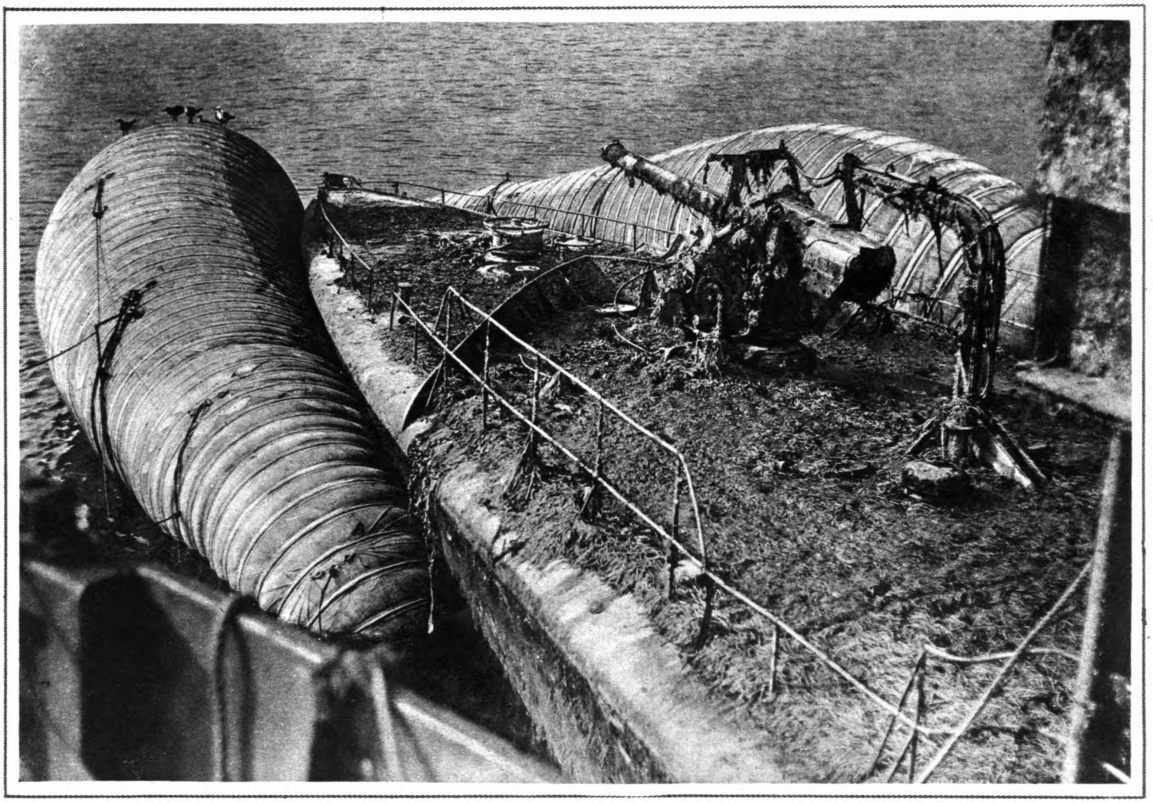
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES."



WITH TWO "BALLOONS" FASTENED TO THE BOWS: THE BRIDGE OF A GERMAN DESTROYER APPEARING ABOVE WATER BETWEEN TWO CONCRETE BARGES.



SHOWING THE TWO "BALLOONS" ON EITHER SIDE OF THE BOWS: A LATER STAGE IN THE RAISING OF A GERMAN DESTROYER AT SCAPA FLOW.



COVERED WITH MARINE GROWTH AFTER ITS FIVE YEARS IN THE SEA: ONE OF THE GERMAN DESTROYERS, SUNK AT SCAPA FLOW IN 1919, BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE WITH THE AID OF AIR PONTOONS, RESEMBLING BALLOONS, ATTACHED TO THE BOWS.

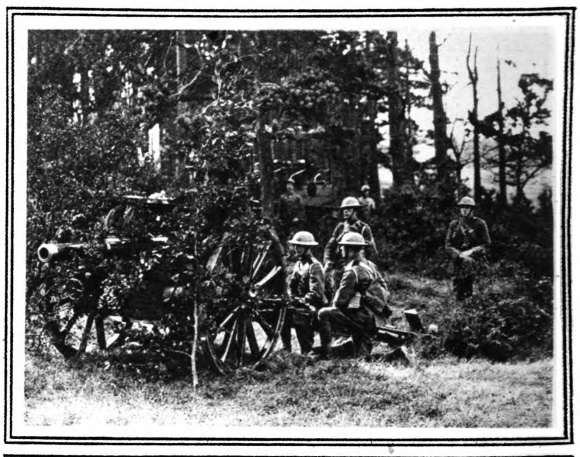
In addition to the salvage methods for raising the scuttled German fleet illustrated in our issue of August 16, the Scapa Flow Salvage and Shipbreaking Company have lately been using air pontoons shaped like balloons. These are submerged and attached to a sunken ship before being inflated, and after inflation their buoyancy helps to bring it to the surface. Our photographs show stages in the process. In the two upper ones a raised destroyer is seen suspended between two concrete barges and partly supported by two air pontoons. The lower photograph shows the forecastle deck, covered with marine growth, with the air pontoons in position, after the destroyer had been raised. Nearly seventy interned German war-ships were scuttled and sunk by their own crews at Scapa Flow in 1919, and it has been stated that the enormous task of salving them all may take nine years.

# THE BATTLE OF "REDS" AND "BLUES": MIMIC WARFARE ON "THE PLAIN."

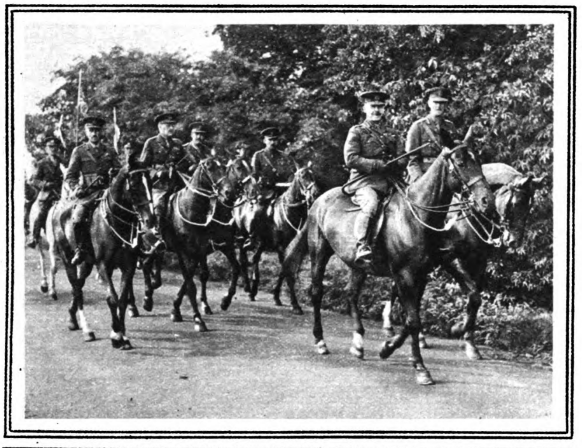
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



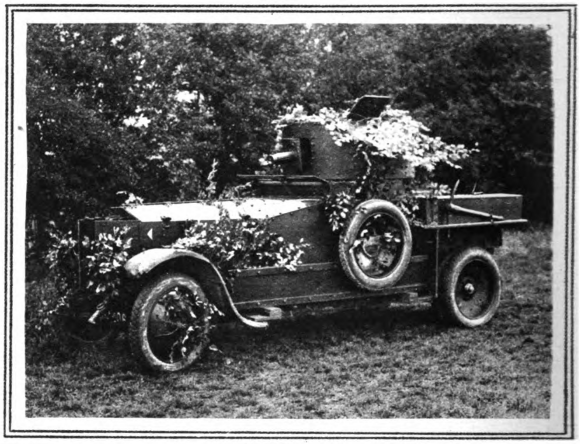
ARTILLERY OF THE SOUTHERN COMMAND IN "ACTION" ON SALISBURY PLAIN: AN 18-POUNDER FIRING FROM COVER.



A NEW TYPE OF GUN WITH "SPREAD" TRAILS: A "BLUE" 18-POUNDER (CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED) ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR "RED" TANKS.



THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF INSPECTING: LORD CAVAN (THE NEARER FIGURE IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND), WITH GENERAL GODLEY.



SUGGESTING A "BATTLE OF FLOWERS": A CAMOUFLAGED ARMOURED CAR—METHODS OF CONCEALMENT THAT WON THE APPROVAL OF LORD CAVAN.



WITH AN OFFICER (RIGHT) USING A RANGE-FINDER: A MACHINE-GUN SECTION OF THE 2ND BORDER REGIMENT OPENING THE "BLUE" ATTACK.

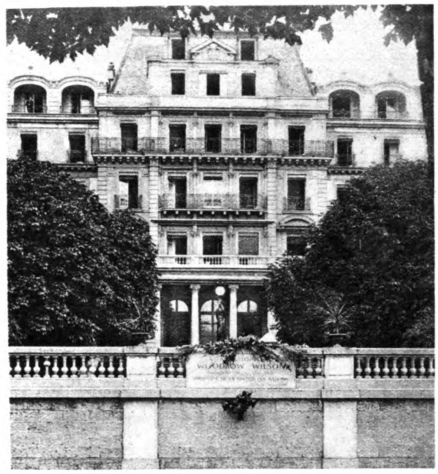


"WAR" SCENES ON SALISBURY PLAIN: A 3.7-INCH HOWITZER IN ACTION FOR THE "REDS" AGAINST THE "BLUES."

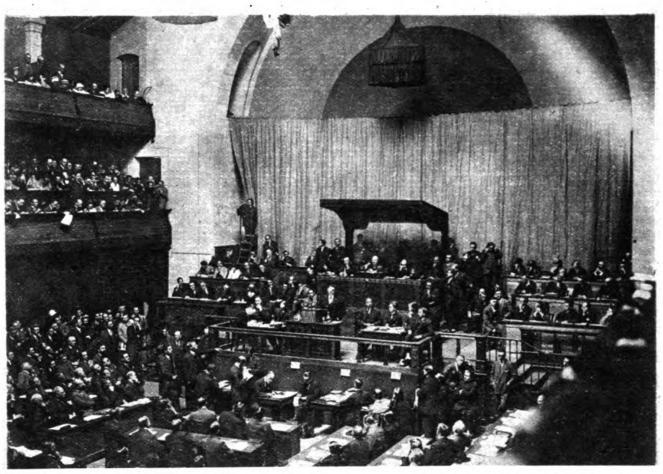
The above photographs illustrate a typical day in the Army Exercises that have been in progress in various parts of the country during recent weeks. These particular operations took place on September 5 on Salisbury Plain, and the men engaged were troops of the Third Division. They were divided into a "Blue" force and a "Red" force, between which a mimic battle was fought on certain prearranged lines. The object was to prepare the various units of the division for the final stage of their training, to be completed during the ensuing fortnight. The progress of the "battle" was watched by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Lord Cavan, who in the morning met General Sir Alexander Godley, Commanding-in-Chief the Southern Command, and other officers, at a point near Tidworth, on the road between Amesbury and Marlborough. The scenes of action included Sidbury Hill, Clarendon Hill, Shrewton, Nine Mile River, Dunch Hill, Rabbit Hill, Fittleton, and Milston Firs. At the end of the day Lord Cavan expressed his satisfaction with the improvised arrangements for keeping control over so large a force, and commended the skill displayed by the troops in concealment and camouflage on ground particularly difficult for such a purpose.

# THE GREAT ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AT GENEVA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROL, C.N., AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



WITH A TABLET ON THE OUTER WALL TO THE MEMORY OF PRESIDENT WILSON: THE LEAGUE BUILDING AT GENEVA.



URGING THE FRENCH VIEW, THAT ARBITRATION MUST HAVE FORCE BEHIND IT: M. HERRIOT, PREMIER OF FRANCE, ADDRESSING THE ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.



SHOWING THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER, WHO URGED ARBITRATION AS THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE TO WAR: THE ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, INCLUDING MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, WITH LORD PARMOOR, MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON, AND MRS. SWANWICK (IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND).

The Assembly of the League of Nations, which opened at Geneva on September 1, was made memorable by the speeches of the British and French Premiers, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and M. Herriot, who, before leaving on the 6th, proposed a joint resolution (with a view to an international conference on armaments) that was unanimously adopted. Mr. Macdonald spoke on September 4, urging arbitration as the only alternative to war. Mr. Herriot replied the next day, and declared that arbitration must have force behind it. Both speeches were received with great enthusiasm. In the large photograph above, Mr. Macdonald may be seen sitting next to Lord Parmoor. Then comes Mr. Arthur Henderson (the Home Secretary), and next to him Mrs. Swanwick, a British delegate. They may be identified by noting that Mrs. Swanwick appears just above the angle of the stairs in the left foreground, and the others are to the right of her.

# IN THE DISPUTED SUDAN: LIFE AND CUSTOMS IN DARFUR.

*By Major EDWARD KEITH-ROACH (Late Bimbashi, Egyptian Army), Editor of the "Handbook of Palestine," etc.*

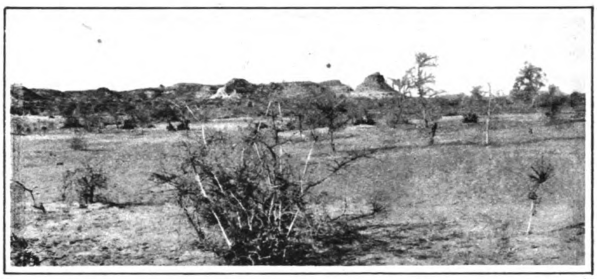
ONE of the "side-shows" of the Great War was the reconquest of the Province of Darfur, that had been left under the administration and jurisdiction of a native Sultan, Ali Dinar, when Lord Kitchener, in 1899, had marched his victorious army into Khartoum and reoccupied the Sudan. Darfur is situated between latitudes 15 and 10 north, on the extreme west of the Province of Kordofan, in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and is bounded on its west by French Equatorial Africa. El Fasher, the capital, was the culminating point of Hassanan Bey's recent journey of exploration across the Libyan Desert.

Urged on by envoys bearing letters, jewelled swords, and decorations from the Sultan of Turkey, who had got them conveyed by means of help given by the Senussi tribe to the west of Egypt, the Sultan decided to join Turkey "in the Holy Fight for freedom against the infidels and dogs of Christians," and sent off a flag and three spear-heads to the nearest British official in Kordofan Province, in much the same way as the gauntlet was thrown into the ring, and started molesting the borders of that province.

The raids became so frequent that it was decided to reoccupy the territory, and in 1916 a small expeditionary force, consisting of Egyptian Army troops led by British officers and accompanied by a few British machine gunners, marched 400 miles along an almost waterless track, and a couple of engagements took place against the Sultan's slave army, and by the end of the year the Sultan was killed and the flags of Great Britain and Egypt were flying side-by-side in capital and district headquarters.

The inhabitants of Darfur are negroids; that is to say, they have from one to ten per cent. of Arab blood in their veins, left behind after the Arab conquest of the Sudan some centuries ago. The conquerors also left behind their language and religion.

The Furowi is not, however, a strict adherent to the rules of the Moslem faith, excepting that he observes Ramadan, the month of fasting. I never saw a native eat or drink in the day during that month, even though it fell in the height of the hot weather, when the heat was simply terrific, the very sand seeming to reflect every ray of the sun and strike with renewed vigour at the toiling mortals above it. There is a good deal of superstition mixed up with their beliefs. To give an example. If a woman is ill, a Fikki, the local holy man, is called in: he writes a few verses of scripture from the Koran on a piece of paper, carefully sands the ink (made from soot and gum) until the letter is dry, then reads it over to her, and afterwards makes the patient swallow the paper. If the patient gets better, it redounds to the credit, both spiritual and financial, of the Fikki; but if she dies—would you interfere with the working of the will of Allah?



WHERE THE HEAT IS TERRIFIC IN THE HOT SEASON AND WATER IS EXTREMELY SCARCE: THE DARFUR PROVINCE OF THE SUDAN—TYPICAL DESERT LANDSCAPE AT UM KEDADA, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE EASTERN DISTRICT.

Water in many parts of the Province is extremely scarce, and in places where there are no wells the amount of liquid that will keep human beings and animals alive has been brought down to extraordinarily small proportions.

The methods used in conserving water are ingenious. Dotted about Darfur in tens, fifties, or even hundreds, are enormous trees of great age, called the Tebeldi. They are of massive girth, and have a naturally soft heart, which is hollowed out by the natives with their primitive tools until a hole is made big enough to accommodate two or three men, and from this living reservoir is drawn up by leathern buckets the rain water that falls during July, August, and September. The water remains sweet for some years in the trees, although it gradually changes colour until it becomes almost black.

In places where there are no Tebeldi trees, the people grow immense quantities of water-melons, which they store and use as drink for man, beast, and fowl. On a surveying tour I once existed for six weeks on water-melon juice; even my tea was made from the strained syrup. Horses are trained to drink once every forty-eight hours, sheep and cows every fourth day, and camels every seventh or eighth day.

There is a very fine breed of ostriches indigenous to the country, and one of the tribes breed black-and-white camels, the only breed of piebald camels in the world.

The people are extremely friendly, and the women are most industrious; but the men are "bone idle," and most of their time is spent in drinking a rich, porridgy beer made from fermented millet seed, the only kind of grain that will grow in the heavy sand. One can say with confidence that at least fifty per cent. of the male adults throughout the province go to bed fuddled every night.

The main exports are cattle and gum-arabic, which grows wild over the eastern district. A certain amount of primitive weaving is done, but Manchester piece goods are finding a ready market as trade opens up.

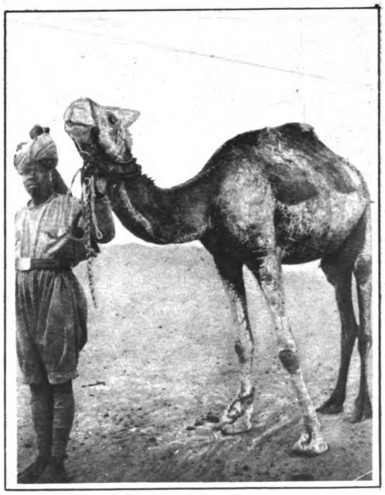
The women plait their hair in exactly the same style as they did in Tutankhamen's days: once plaited—an operation which takes about three days to do—it is well rubbed with mutton fat and allowed to remain for six months before it is undone again.

The houses are made from millet straw, and look like big beehives of a size which necessitates stooping low before one can enter.

On the whole, the Furowis are a nice people, easy to deal with, and possessing a keen sense of justice and respect for good rule, which is at last theirs.

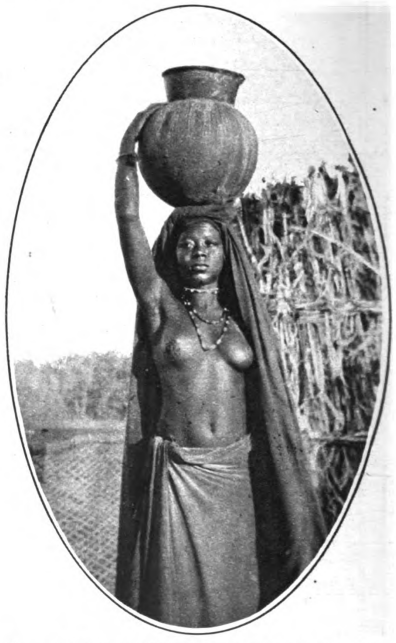


WITH A TUFT OF HAIR STILL TO BE PLAITED AND GREASED WITH MUTTON FAT: A DARFUR GIRL'S UNFINISHED COIFFURE (IN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN STYLE) WHICH TAKES THREE DAYS AND LASTS SIX MONTHS.



WHERE CAMELS ARE TRAINED TO DRINK ONLY ONCE IN SEVEN OR EIGHT DAYS: A SPECIMEN OF THE ONLY PIEBALD BREED IN THE WORLD, IN NORTHERN DARFUR.

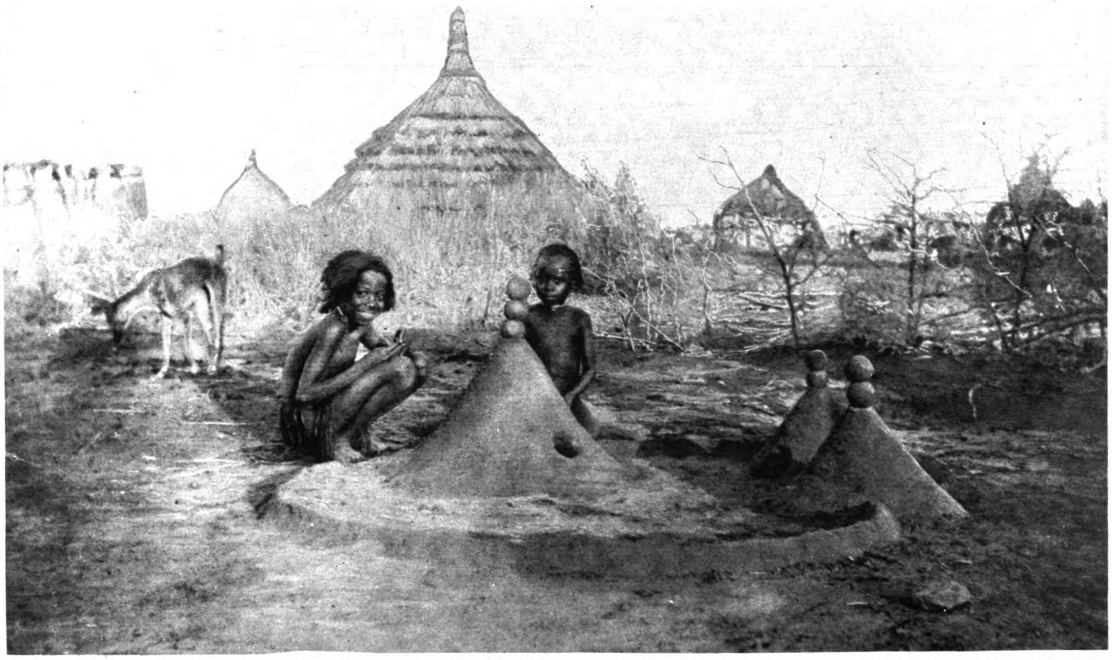
*Photographs by Major Edward Keith-Roach.*



"A LIFE STUDY IN BRONZE": THE FUROWIAH WATER-CARRIER—A DARFUR GIRL IN A GRACEFUL ATTITUDE SUGGESTING REBECCA AT THE WELL.

# LIKE THEIR WHITE SISTERS: SUDAN CHILDREN MAKE SAND CASTLES.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 BY MAJOR EDWARD KEITH-ROACH, LATE BIMBASHI, EGYPTIAN ARMY NO. 2 BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



1. SAND CASTLES OF THE SUDAN: A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF DARFUR CHILDREN BUILDING MODELS OF NATIVE *TUKLS* (HUTS) SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND, WITH BALLS OF SANDS ON TOP REPRESENTING OSTRICH EGGS.

DESCRIBING Darfur children in an article recently contributed to the "National Geographic Magazine," of Washington, Major Keith-Roach writes: "Both boys and girls have their tribal marks cut on their cheeks at an early age, salt being rubbed in to keep the slits open. Little girls wear a *rahad*, a short skirt—of strings of leather hanging from a belt—which swings picturesquely like a kilt as they walk. If there is enough rough cotton cloth to go round, the boys have a sack-like shirt with holes for their arms; [*Continued opposite.*



*Continued.*] otherwise they go as God made them. . . . The babies are carried on their mothers' backs. A child is caught by the wrist and adroitly swung around to the mother's back, a leg on either side of her waist, and is tied by a piece of her raiment. There the infant stays for hours, with its little head sticking out, looking wonderingly at the world, while the mother does her work. When sun and flies become too much for its patience, the mother throws the other end of the *tobe* over its head and waggles it to sleep."

2. SAND CASTLES OF OUR SOUTH COAST: A LITTLE HOLIDAY-MAKER AT THE SEASIDE BUILDING A MODEL OF AN ENGLISH HOUSE, WITH CHIMNEYS AND WINDOWS, AND GARDEN "PLANTED" WITH SEAWEED.

These two photographs, which afford both a comparison (in custom) and a contrast (in styles of architecture), show that East does occasionally meet West, at any rate in the realm of childish games. The upper illustration, which accompanied the article on the opposite page by Major Edward Keith-Roach, was taken by him in the Darfur Province of the Sudan. It is particularly interesting from the fact that, in a note describing it, he says: "This is a unique photograph, of the only two Darfur children the writer ever saw really playing. The 'houses' follow the lines of the grass huts (known as *tukls*) seen in the background. The round balls represent ostrich eggs, which are often placed on the top of a hut as a finishing touch." The huts themselves are made from millet straw, "and look like big beehives, of a size which necessitates stooping low before one can enter." The lower photograph shows a little English sand-artist, during a holiday at the seaside on the South Coast, at work on an ingenious model of a house of a familiar home type.

# THE STATELY HOMES OF CHINA.

By JULIET BREDON. (See Pages 481, 482.)

*The following article is a continuation of that by the same author, given in our issue of Sept. 6, with two other pages of photographs.*

ORIGINALITY is certainly not on the list of Chinese virtues. In fact, even the difference between palaces, private homes and temples (for there is no special type of religious architecture in the Far East) is in the main not structural, but only a difference in size and treatment, being strictly regulated by the rigid formalism of the life of the higher classes. Thus, with scarcely any alteration, a private residence may become a temple, or *vice versa*. A case in point is the splendid group of buildings (Fig. 1) in Peking, which were once the home of the son of the Emperor Chien Lung before he ascended his father's throne under the reigning title of Yung Cheng and went to live in the Forbidden City. On his accession his lovely halls and spacious courtyards were turned over to the Buddhist Church (they are now the famous Lama Temple beloved by tourists) because according to Chinese etiquette no dwelling belonging to a person who has become an Emperor may afterwards be used for the residence of an ordinary mortal.

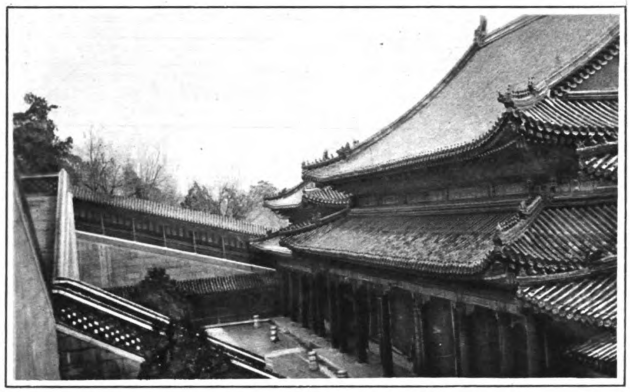


FIG. 1.—TURNED TO SACRED USES BECAUSE ONCE THE HOUSE OF A PRINCE WHO BECAME AN EMPEROR, AND THEREFORE NOT TO BE INHABITED BY ORDINARY MORTALS: THE FAMOUS LAMA TEMPLE IN PEKING, FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF YUNG CHENG.
*Photograph by the Camera Craft, Peking.*

Alas! grass sprouts thickly on the roofs of this old palace, marring the golden glory of the tiles, and many of the little monsters, "so sinister in form yet so friendly in meaning," that once guarded the eaves, have been broken off by the poverty-stricken monks and sold as souvenirs to globe-trotters. Yet these double and triple roofs are famous throughout the city as perfect copies of the old classical models first used, according to tradition, in the Shang Dynasty, B.C. 1766.

It is not only the monks who are penniless these days in Peking. Imperial subsidies no longer pour into the treasuries of noble Manchus, so long pensioners of the Dragon Throne because of the help their ancestors gave in establishing it. Many princely families are utterly ruined, and have been obliged to sell their handsome homes. Others, unable to dispose of their properties, sit by and watch their lacquered pillars and coffered ceilings fade and fall. Only a few survivors of the old régime have the means still to keep their stately mansions in livable condition, and among these are Prince Chun, father of the ex-Emperor, and the Princes Tsai Tze and Tsai T'ao.

All three estates contain truly palatial buildings representing the highest type of Chinese architecture, embellished with all the arts of masonry, carving, and gilding. One, at least, has its own private theatre, with open-air stage (Fig. 8, page 482), and combined family box and banqueting hall, connected with it by galleries, where guests feast and enjoy the performance. Another is famous for its rock gardens (Fig. 9), which contain a fine collection of those fantastic stone monoliths (Fig. 10) that in China often take the place of flowers. The Oriental taste for the curious and bizarre is further accentuated by dwarfed and twisted trees or shrubs trained by skilful gardeners (Fig 11). To watch these men at work is a delight to those few privileged foreign friends invited "to view." Infinite patience is required for successful dwarfing, and the pine, cypress, peach, and flowering plum are usually selected for this purpose. The pine, which gives the best results, is contorted into the shapes of pagodas or animals with extraordinary fidelity. Lifelike lions and dogs have eyes and tongues added in red paper to complete the resemblance to the living creature. We are told that the principle of the operation "depends upon the retarding of the sap by stinting the supply of water, confining the roots, and bending the branches into the desired form when young and pliable; afterwards retaining them in their enforced position in pots, then clipping off all the vigorous shoots until, as in the case of the cramped feet of Chinese women, Nature gives up the contest and yields to art."

The genius of the Chinese gardener reaches its highest point, however, in the laying out of the landscape gardens which are an essential part of all stately homes—a luxury for the leisurely men folk "with joints and manners as stiff as their brocade robes"; a necessity for the women and children precluded by custom from taking the air in public places. Where space permits—and space, like leisure, is essential to well-bred Orientals with their hundreds of retainers and their close kinsfolk all gathered under the paternal roof—lakes and lotus-ponds (Fig. 13), hillocks crowned with summer-houses (Fig 12), and tiny valleys filled with trees, form part of the pleasure grounds that imitate Nature in miniature. Such gardens are often divided into different scenes for morning, noon, and evening, and separated by "Hua Ching," or ornamented walls with quaint-shaped windows (Fig. 14) and full moon doors (Fig. 2) to break the line and permit a peep at the beauties beyond. The walls themselves often have carefully prepared surfaces on which guests may be invited to paint a picture or inscribe a poem.



FIG. 2.—BESIDE A "FULL MOON" DOOR IN ONE OF THE ORNAMENTAL WALLS (*HUA CHING*): CHINESE WOMEN IN A GARDEN "DIVIDED INTO DIFFERENT SCENES FOR MORNING, NOON, AND EVENING."
*Photograph by Mrs. W. J. Calhoun.*

In less extensive grounds, the real boundaries are carefully hidden by masses of shrubs and other artifices. Though the Chinese are not supposed to be versed in optics, "experience has taught them that objects appear less in size and grow dim in colour in proportion as they are removed from the eye of the spectator, so they introduce buildings, bronze vessels, and other objects lessened according to the distance from the point of view, and to add to the effect they give a greyish tinge to the distant parts of the composition and plant trees of lighter colour and smaller growth in the foreground, thus rendering what is trifling and limited great and extensive in appearance."

Even if we find Chinese architecture lacking in variety and originality, and judge their buildings unimpressive as compared to ours, we must admit that they are essentially in harmony with their setting. "The bond between house and garden should be as close as between father and son," says the Eastern proverb. Nay, more, both must be fitted to the surrounding landscape as the picture to the frame (Fig. 6). Thus, in the northern provinces we find the more chaste and formal type of dwelling, because it is suited to the wide sweep of the plains and has been conventionalised by the effect of climate and the influence of rigid court ceremonial; whereas in the southern provinces, which are cut up by canals and valleys, simplicity of architectural line is lost in elaborate ornamentation. Exaggerated roofs, tilted like horned moons (Fig. 3), and fantastic carvings give a new note to rich men's houses. Nightmare dragons (Fig. 4) writhe on garden walls, and the general effect of Southern Chinese stately homes is often grotesque rather than beautiful to our eyes. Furthermore, in places like Soochow and Hangchow, native architecture is being contaminated by Western ideas (Fig. 7), and is spoiling the sober beauty of designs such as we prize on our willow-pattern plates (Fig. 5).

Architectually, no less than morally, the ideals of the East and the West are diametrically opposed. Any attempt to mix the two results in a combination of the worst qualities of both, never the best. While we may not agree with its underlying principles, Chinese civilisation has produced much that we can admire. Equally—while we could never stand the discomfort of Chinese houses, especially in our climate—we come to feel, once we have divested ourselves of those prejudices of eye and education which close to us at first a proper enjoyment of many unfamiliar things just because they are unfamiliar, that the aristocratic severity of the best Chinese taste in the stately homes of China creates a harmonious atmosphere suitable to the ceremonial life of other days, and proves a high level of art and culture—albeit, one totally different from our own.

# STATELY HOMES OF CHINA: "WILLOW PATTERN"; WESTERN INFLUENCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIET BREDON. FIG. 4 BY MRS. W. J. CALHOUN.



FIG. 3. WITH "EXAGGERATED ROOF TILTED LIKE HORNED MOONS": A HOUSE IN SOUTHERN CHINA, WHERE "SIMPLICITY OF LINE IS LOST IN ELABORATE ORNAMENTATION."



FIG. 4. "NIGHTMARE DRAGONS": GARDEN STATUARY TYPICAL OF SOUTHERN CHINA.

1

"THE stately homes of China" (to recall the beginning of the article in our last issue) "are hidden behind walls in a carefully screened intimacy. In fact, a traveller wandering through the streets of a native city will only be able to distinguish fine properties by their longer, higher walls, and larger, more imposing gateways. Of the buildings themselves he will see nothing, because they are usually of one storey only, overshadowed by trees. High houses have never been popular

[*Continued in Box 2.*



FIG. 5. "DESIGNS SUCH AS WE PRIZE ON OUR WILLOW PATTERN PLATES": CHINESE PAVILIONS BESIDE A LAKE IN A STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE FAMILIAR TO EUROPEAN EYES THROUGH CHINA WARE.

2

in China; in Peking they were long forbidden, lest they should overlook the Imperial palaces, and Le Conte tells a story of a certain official who, "having built a dwelling more lofty than his neighbours', was accused before the Emperor: whereupon, fearing the consequences, he pulled it down while the matter was under consideration." Where privacy is as rare as it is in the teeming East, no wonder the rich and powerful—to whom alone it is possible—value their seclusion." The Chinaman's home is his castle.

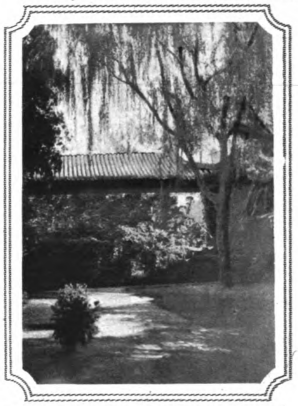


FIG. 6. TYPICAL OF NORTHERN CHINA: A "CHASTE AND FORMAL" DESIGN.

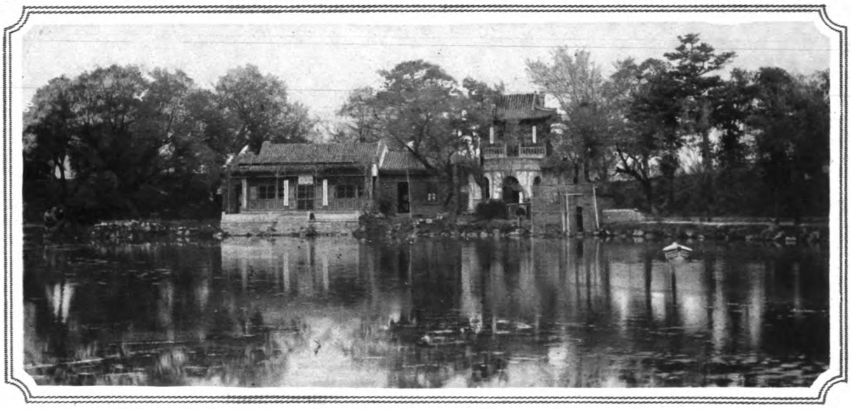


FIG. 7. "THE PURITY OF NATIVE ARCHITECTURE CONTAMINATED BY WESTERN IDEAS": A HOUSE TYPICAL OF SOOCHOW OR HANGCHOW, WITH LOWER WALLS AND WINDOWS IN EUROPEAN STYLE.

China has been very much in the public eye of late, owing to the outbreak of civil war near Shanghai, and a little earlier, to the vast floods in the province of Chihli, said to have rendered homeless some five million people. An immediate interest, therefore, attaches to our photographs, which illustrate the article on "The Stately Homes of China" given on page 480, and continued from our last issue. In describing the particular photographs shown above, it will be noted, the author draws a contrast between the architecture of northern and southern China, pointing out that in the north the style is more "chaste and formal," whereas in the south there is a tendency to over-elaboration, and, in places like Soochow and Hangchow, the purity of native style "is being contaminated by Western ideas, and is spoiling the sober beauty of designs such as we prize on our willow-pattern plates." The last of the above photographs (Fig. 7) shows very clearly the unfortunate effects of this mixture of incongruous styles. It should be mentioned that the previous series of photographs (in our issue of September 6) were inadvertently ascribed to Mrs. W. J. Calhoun, whereas in fact six of them were by the author of the article, and three by Camera Craft, Peking.

# STATELY HOMES OF CHINA: A THEATRE; ROCK-GARDENS; DWARF TREES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIET BREDON. FIG. 9 BY MRS. W. J. CALHOUN.



FIG. 8. WITH OPEN-AIR STAGE, AND COMBINED FAMILY BOX AND BANQUETING HALL: A PRIVATE THEATRE ATTACHED TO A GREAT HOUSE IN CHINA.



FIG. 9. PRINCE TSAI TZE WITH HIS FAMILY IN THE FAMOUS ROCK-GARDEN OF HIS PALACE: AN UNPRECEDENTED GLIMPSE OF PRINCELY LIFE IN PEKING.

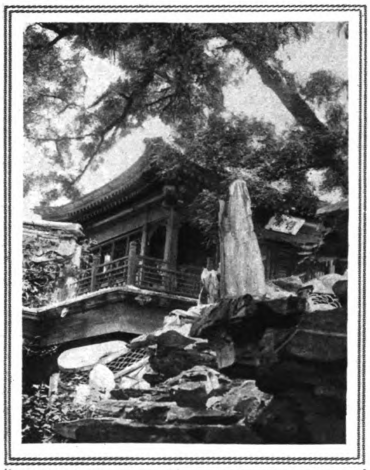


FIG. 10. A FAVOURITE FORM OF CHINESE GARDEN DECORATION: A FANTASTIC STONE MONOLITH.



FIG. 11. THE ART OF DWARFING TREES AND SHRUBS: A CHINESE GARDENER PRUNING PEONY PLANTS.



FIG. 12. A TEA PAVILION BESIDE A LOTUS POND: A FAVOURITE FEATURE OF SPACIOUS PRIVATE GROUNDS.

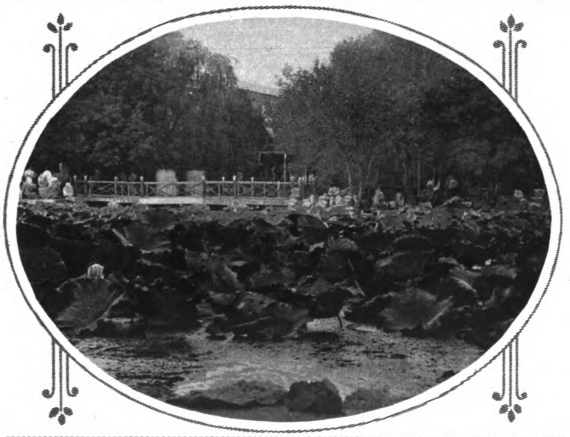


FIG. 13. "THE GENIUS OF THE CHINESE GARDENER REACHES ITS HIGHEST POINT IN LANDSCAPE GARDENS": A MANCHU PRINCE'S LOTUS LAKE.

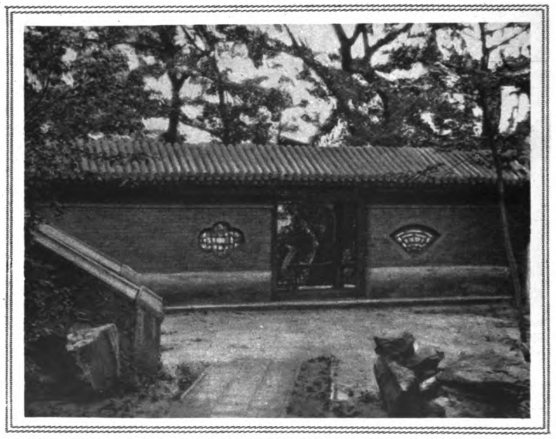
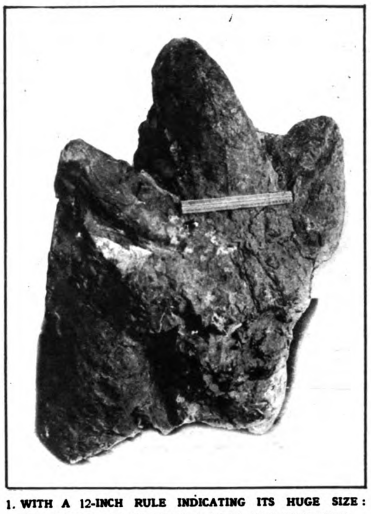


FIG. 14. OF A KIND ON WHICH "GUESTS MAY BE INVITED TO PAINT A PICTURE OR INSCRIBE A POEM": A GARDEN WALL WITH QUAINT "WINDOW."

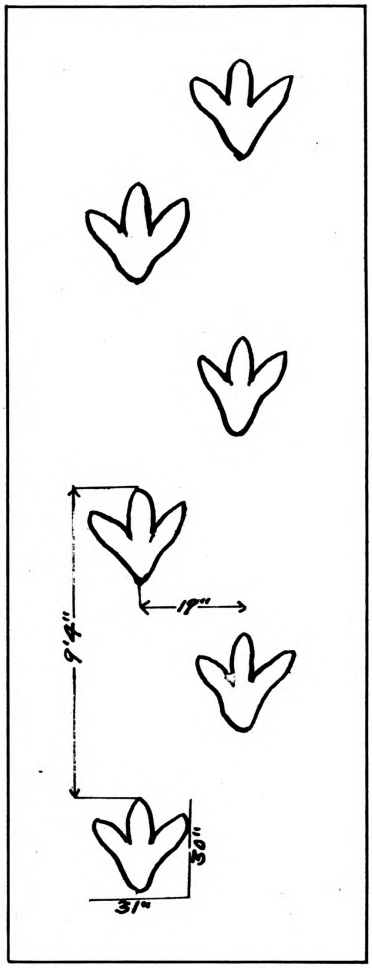
No one values privacy and seclusion more than the Chinese of high degree, and some of the photographs which we are enabled to publish here are the result of very special privileges accorded to foreign friends. As was pointed out in our last issue (where we gave the first part of the article on "The Stately Homes of China," continued on page 480 of the present number, and two pages of other illustrations of the subject) we have been informed that "this is probably the first time that photographs of the princely properties of Peking, with their owners, have ever been taken and offered for publication." Such a photograph as Fig. 9 above is, therefore, of peculiar interest as affording an unprecedented glimpse into the private life of a Chinese Prince. "Only a few survivors of the old régime," says the writer of our article, "have the means still to keep their stately mansions in livable condition, and among these are Prince Chun, father of the ex-Emperor, and the Princes Tsai Tze and Tsai T'ao." The above illustrations show many characteristic features of the art of landscape gardening as practised in China—an art in which, as the same writer says, "the genius of the Chinese gardener reaches its highest point."

# LIKE A FLY?—DINOSAUR FOOTPRINTS ON THE ROOFS OF COAL-MINES.

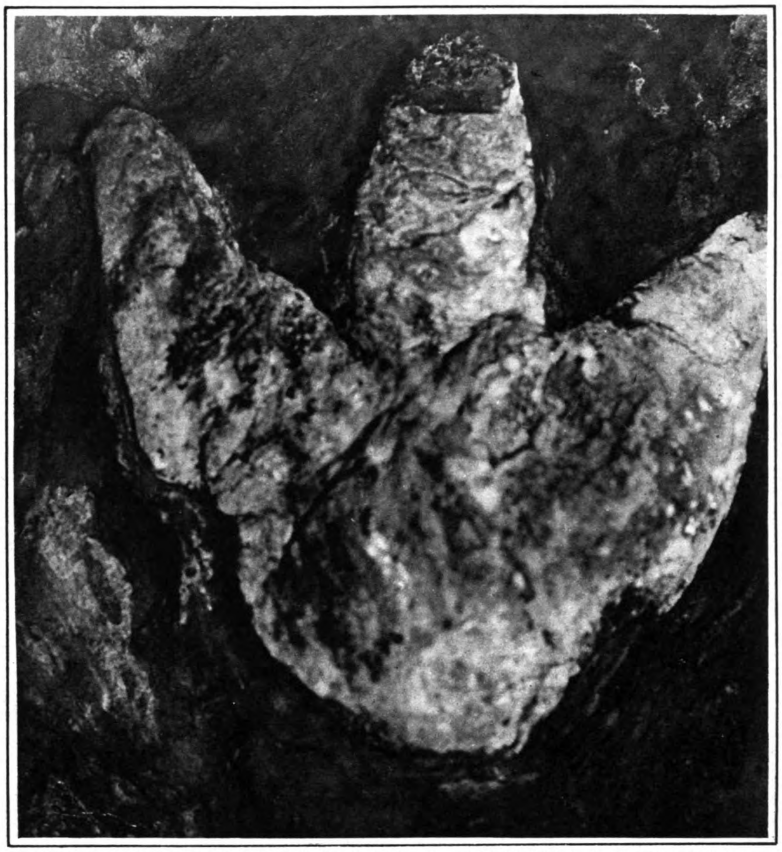
ILLUSTRATIONS BY COURTESY OF "NATURAL HISTORY" (THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM) AND MR. WILLIAM PETERSON, DIRECTOR AND GEOLOGIST, AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION, UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.



1. WITH A 12-INCH RULE INDICATING ITS HUGE SIZE: A DINOSAUR TRACK FROM A ROOF IN A COAL-MINE.



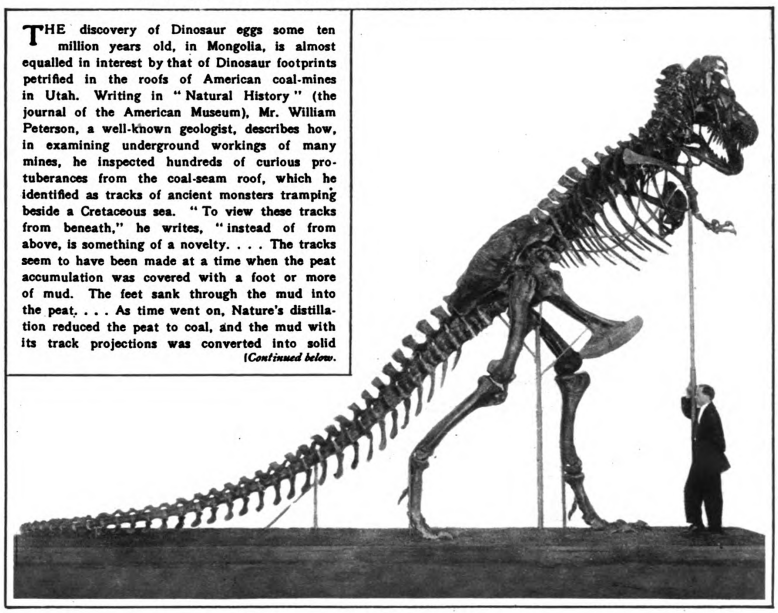

2. NINE-FOOT STEPS OF A DINOSAUR: CONSECUTIVE TRACKS PETRIFIED IN THE ROOF OF THE OLD BALLARD MINE.



3. WITH A SPREAD OF 24 INCHES BETWEEN THE TOES: A DINOSAUR'S ENORMOUS FOOTPRINT PETRIFIED IN A ROOF OF THE UTAH FUEL COMPANY'S MINE AT CASTLE GATE.

THE discovery of Dinosaur eggs some ten million years old, in Mongolia, is almost equalled in interest by that of Dinosaur footprints petrified in the roofs of American coal-mines in Utah. Writing in "Natural History" (the journal of the American Museum), Mr. William Peterson, a well-known geologist, describes how, in examining underground workings of many mines, he inspected hundreds of curious protuberances from the coal-seam roof, which he identified as tracks of ancient monsters tramping beside a Cretaceous sea. "To view these tracks from beneath," he writes, "instead of from above, is something of a novelty. . . . The tracks seem to have been made at a time when the peat accumulation was covered with a foot or more of mud. The feet sank through the mud into the peat. . . . As time went on, Nature's distillation reduced the peat to coal, and the mud with its track projections was converted into solid

(Continued below.



4. MAKER OF THE FOOTPRINTS? TYRANNOSAURUS—A MONSTER DINOSAUR THAT WALKED ON ITS HIND-LEGS (A SKELETON IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK).

(Continued.)

rock. In most places the coal is easily separated from the roof, leaving the track-shaped protuberance as an appendage from the ceiling. . . . Seven consecutive tracks (Fig. 2.) are shown in the old Ballard Mine, on the property of the American Fuel Company, located on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad about eight miles north of Thompson's Springs. These tracks are among the largest. . . . In a different entry . . . one track (Fig. 1) was taken down and shipped to the Geology Museum of the Utah Agricultural College at Logan. . . . It measures 31 inches between the spread of the outer toes, and 32 inches from the heel to the front of the middle toe. . . . In the mine at Castle Gate, Utah, a photograph (Fig. 3) was taken of one of the tracks, by courtesy of Mr. Watts, of the Utah Fuel Company. . . . The tracks are all of the three-toed type and seem to have been made by an animal that walked only on its hind-legs. . . . The most startling thing about the tracks is their enormous size. . . . Dr. W. D. Mathew, of the American Museum, interprets them as made by a member of the deinodont family of dinosaurs, of which the Tyrannosauros (Fig. 4) is the largest known type. . . . The massive hind-limbs exceeded the limbs of the great proboscideans in bulk."



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## THE NOW EXTINCT TASMANIANS.

*By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.*

THE discussions on the relations between Religion and Science which took place during the recent conference at Oxford mark an important change in the attitude of theologians and men of science towards one another. Nothing but good can come of it. We shall make still further progress if we can persuade the politicians to join hands with us. It is not suggested that Politics and Science have anything in common, but that the politician, to whatever school he may belong, cannot afford to ignore the facts which the man of science has gathered in regard to the history of the evolution of the human race. These would afford him an insight into the "warp and woof" of the human mind, and its potentialities for good and evil. They would furnish an insight into human mentality and passions, which would afford ballast of a very practical kind in regard to schemes for the betterment of society at large. To the lack of appreciation of this aspect of human affairs on the part of our legislators and colonists, we owe the shameful extermination of a primitive race of men from whom, to-day, we could have learned much in regard to matters which must now remain in dispute.

I allude to the Tasmanians. Until the middle of the nineteenth century they stood a race apart from the rest of mankind, dating back thousands of years to the Old Stone Age. They were a people of medium height, almost black in colour, and having black woolly hair, which grew in ringlets. Though well-built, their features were the reverse of beautiful, the nose being extremely wide, and without a "bridge," the eyes deep-set, and the mouth large (Fig. 1). Save during the winter months, they habitually went about absolutely naked. But as a protection from the cold they used the skins of kangaroos. Even then, however, the use of skins was by no means general. To protect their bodies from the rain, they smeared themselves with a mixture of grease and ochre. Yet, as Professor Sollas remarks, they were not without their refinements. The women adorned themselves with chaplets of flowers, or bright berries, and with fillets of wallaby or kangaroo skins, worn sometimes under the knee, sometimes around the wrist or ankle, as the fashion of the moment dictated. The men, especially when young, were also careful of their personal appearance: a fully-dressed beau wore a necklace of spiral shells, and a number of kangaroo teeth fastened in his hair.

They paid great attention to their hair. It was cut, a lock at a time, with the aid of two stones, one placed underneath as a chopping block, the other used as a chopper. A sort of pomatum made of fat and ochre was used as a dressing. Tattooing was not practised, but a more barbarous kind of decoration, produced by gashing the arm so as to give rise to cicatrices, was not uncommon.

While they would seem sometimes to have made use of caves as shelters, they had, as a rule, no home, nor any fixed abode, but wandered about from place to place in search of food. Their only protection from wind and weather, in a climate sometimes bitterly cold, was furnished by a rude screen (Fig. 4) made of strips of bark fixed to wooden stakes. A fire, whenever this could be lighted and kept burning, was placed in front of such screens, but they could have derived but little warmth therefrom.

The record of their implements and weapons is of special importance to us. The former were of wood or stone, but their weapons, whether for the chase or war, were of wood. The spear was the most important, and was fashioned out of the shoots of the "[illegible]" tree, on account of their natural straightness. Nevertheless, the fashioning of a spear was a matter calling for no little skill. The selected stick was first warmed over a fire to render it pliable, and, if it were not quite straight, it was made so by



FIG. 1.—OF AN EXTERMINATED RACE FROM WHOM MUCH MIGHT HAVE BEEN LEARNED ABOUT THE OLD STONE AGE: ONE OF THE NOW EXTINCT TASMANIANS.
The photograph shows the great breadth of the nose, the absence of a bridge, the large mouth, and woolly hair.

holding it between the teeth and bending it with both hands. The end was hardened by charring in the fire, and sharpened by means of a notched flake of stone, after the fashion of the old Neander man. When finished, it was a formidable weapon, since it could be hurled for a distance of sixty yards with sufficient force to pass through the body of a man. Up to forty yards, one of these spears could be thrown with unerring aim.

The only other weapon known to have been used was a club of about two feet long, notched or roughened at one end to afford a grip, and knobbed at the other. This also could be hurled with precision up to a distance of forty yards, but whether it was also used as a club is generally used does not seem to be certainly known. As with the spear, the stem was smoothed by means of a notched flake of stone, such as was also used by the men of the Old Stone Age.

Their stone implements, used for a variety of purposes, were made of a fine-grained sandstone, flint being unknown in the island. They were made by striking off chips from one flake of stone with another. But, perhaps owing to the intractability of the material, they do not show the finish of flint implements. Besides the notched "spokeshaves" used for polishing spear and club-shafts, there were disc-shaped weapons with a cutting edge, and smaller flakes with finely serrated edges. One of the commonest tools was the scraper. This was a stone flake of about two inches in diameter, dressed by chipping one edge only of the flake, and requiring great skill in the making. It was used for flaying purposes.

Kangaroos, opossums, bandicoots, and the kangaroo-rat provided them with ample food. The animals were roasted whole in the skin, and cut up with stone knives. Emus, black swans, mutton-birds, and penguins were also largely eaten, as also were various kinds of shell-fish whose shells to this day form huge mounds, or "kitchen-middens," in no way differing from the "middens" of the Stone Age man of Europe. Fire they made by rubbing the pointed end of a stick vigorously backwards and forwards in a groove cut in another piece of wood, or by rotating one piece of wood in a hole sunk in another.

One secret they carried with them to the grave. This concerns their use of stones, flat, oval, about two inches wide, and marked with black and red lines. A woman was one day seen arranging a number of such stones, apparently to represent absent friends, but with what motive could not be ascertained. The chief point, however, about this observation is the fact that precisely similar painted stones have been found in the cave of Maz d'Azil, Ariège, which marks the conclusion of the Palæolithic Age. These stones have always puzzled ethnologists, and, had but a remnant of these people been saved for us, we might have solved the riddle.

The early settlers in Tasmania seem to have treated these aboriginals with shocking brutality, which naturally provoked reprisals. At last the remainder were rounded up, made prisoners, and deported to an island in Bass's Straits. This was in 1835. Seven years later there were only fifty-seven survivors, and these gradually died out before their habits, customs, and beliefs could be properly studied by trained observers.

Whence came the Tasmanians we do not definitely know. But some years ago I was able to show that they passed through New Guinea, and crossed Australia on their way to their final home in Tasmania. This evidence was furnished by the skull, which presents features found in no other human skulls. The curious shape of the roof of the skull, the frontal region, and the huge jaws and teeth, are the most noticeable of these features, and they are well shown in the accompanying photographs (Figs. 2 and 3).

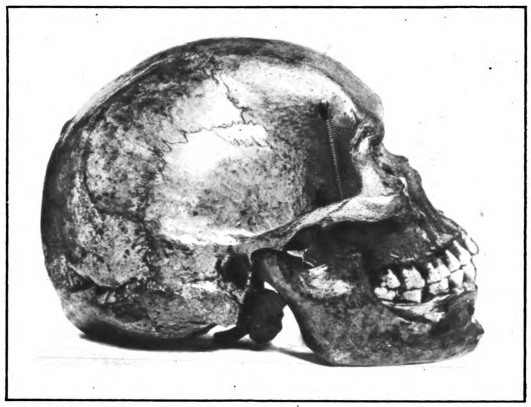


FIG. 2.—SHOWING THE "PROGNATHISM" (PROTRUSION) OF THE JAWS, A COMMON FEATURE OF PRIMITIVE RACES: A SIDE VIEW OF THE TASMANIAN SKULL.
The suture down the forehead, shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 3) occurs more frequently among primitive peoples than civilised.—[*Photograph by E. J. Manly.*]

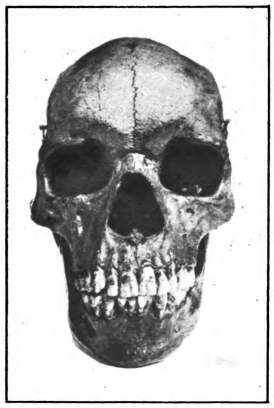


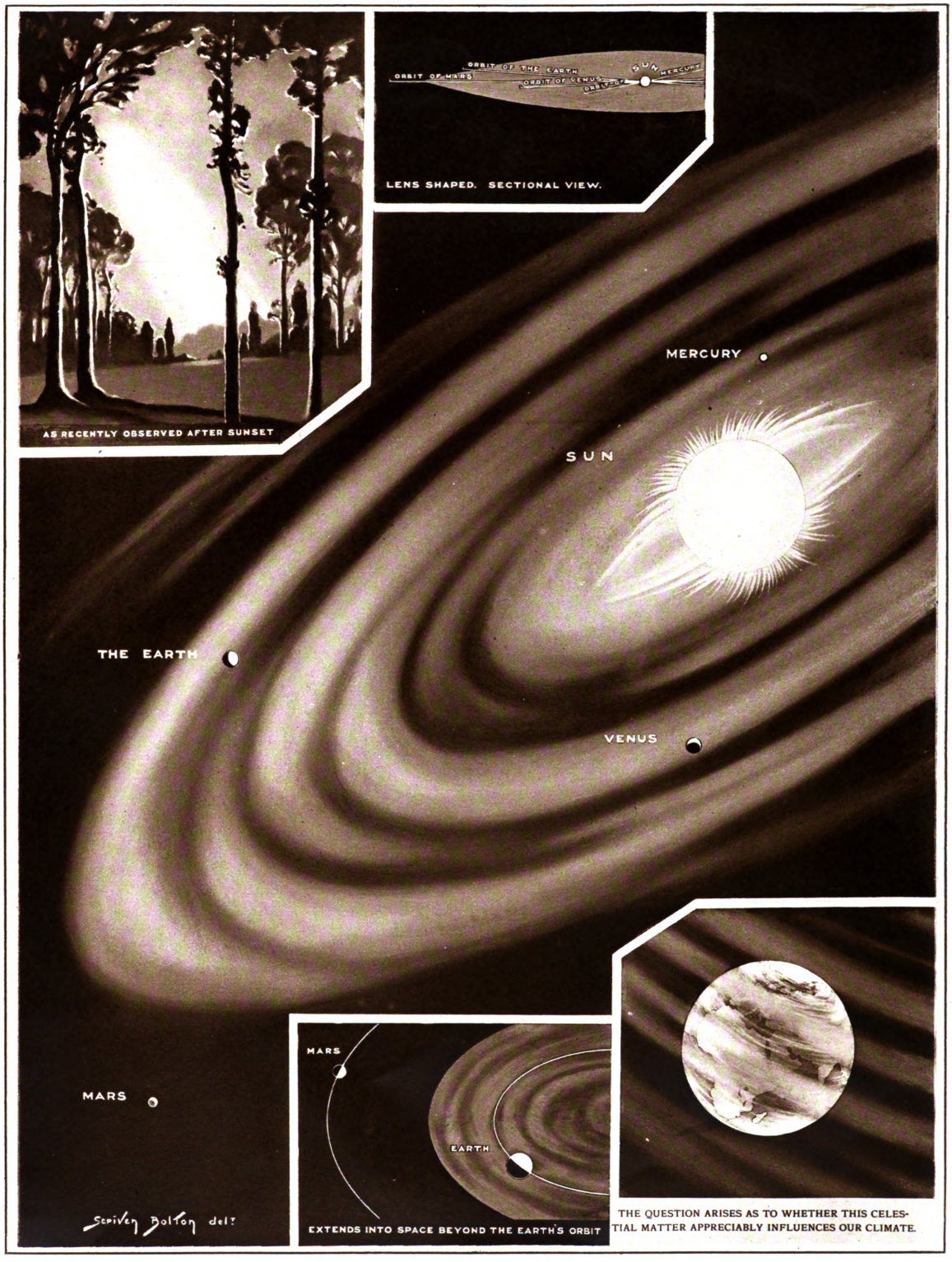
FIG. 3.—SHOWING THE GREAT SIZE OF THE JAWS AND TEETH, AND A SUTURE DOWN THE FOREHEAD: THE SKULL OF A NATIVE TASMANIAN—FRONT VIEW.



FIG. 4.—THE NATIVE TASMANIAN'S ONLY PROTECTION FROM WIND AND WEATHER: ROUGH WIND-SCREENS, WITH FIRES BURNING BEFORE THEM.
Such wind-screens were set up by the Tasmanian natives when camping out in exposed places during stormy weather.—[*Photograph by E. J. Manly.*]

# DOES IT AFFECT OUR WEATHER?—A VAST BELT ROUND THE SUN.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.




**VISIBLE THIS YEAR: A 100-MILLION-MILE RING OF MATTER ROUND THE SUN—A REMNANT OF PRIMEVAL NEBULA.**

The character of the present summer emphasises the question raised (under the above drawing of the Earth in the right-hand lower corner) whether "this celestial matter appreciably influences our climate." The drawings, it should be mentioned, were made last June, and in explaining them Mr. Scriven Bolton then wrote: "A faint cone-shaped band of light stretching up from the western horizon has been well observed during the last few months. It is sometimes visible in a clear sky in the spring and autumn months, and is known to astronomers as the Zodiacal Light. This curious phenomenon is explained by the fact that the sun is circled by a huge flat ring of matter, somewhat like the rings of Saturn, and extending into space for over a hundred million miles, far beyond the earth and its orbit. It lies in the plane of the solar equator, and its shape is similar to a bi-convex lens. As seen from the earth, it is always placed edgewise, hence its cone-shaped appearance. The spectroscope tells us that it is composed of a huge conglomeration of minute solid particles, or meteoric bodies, having rough surfaces, and shining by reflected sunlight. Like the earth, each particle moves in its own elliptical orbit round the sun. This ring of matter appears to offer no resistance to the movements of the earth, Venus, and Mercury, whose orbits lie within its boundary, or to that of comets."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## SCENERY AND IMAGINATION.

THE Continental World of the Theatre is still busy with the question of the ear or the eye; in other words, the supremacy of the play or the display. The older school staunchly upholds paint and pomp of accessories; the younger is all for simplicity and *Stimmung* created by lighting. The Schwabe-Hasait system, which projects real skies, sunrises, sunsets, moon effects, and storms, as well as rainfalls—as true to reality as make-believe will allow—makes enormous strides. The rest is left to curtains, a few necessary "props," and—imagination. The younger school has gone so far as to divest the classics, from Corneille and Racine to Goethe and Schiller, of all trappings with the cry: "The word and the individual must embody the soul of the poem." The older school is up in arms, and clamours: "Sacrilege and pose!" To them—I have heard them lately on the Continent—it is an outrage to despoil the scenic pictures which, to the poets, were as much an essential part of their scheme as the dialogue. One exclaimed: "Did Corneille not mean us to see Rome when he wrote 'Cinna'? Did Schiller conceive a 'William Tell' without the picture of Switzerland's lakes and mountains?" And if one tells them of our Shakespeare performances—tells them that Martin Harvey some years ago created the most poignant cemetery scene in "Hamlet" ever seen upon the stage, with dark curtains, and a cross and a weeping willow for all adornment, they would convince us that such methods are forced upon the multitude. There is always a minority, so they say, which will enforce an innovation as a fashion and impel the flock to follow the bad shepherd, lest they be accused of being old-fashioned and lagging behind.

On the other hand, the younger propagandists claim that the surroundings make the actor; that their methods of simplicity have done away with ranting, have "humanised," as they call it, the classics, have established the omnipotence of the word—which is the soul of the play. They go further, and maintain that the artistic theatre, for which they stand, has entirely revolutionised the mentality of the public. They laugh at the reproach of "pose." "If ours were affectation, would every city, besides its regulation playhouses, have its little *théâtres intimes*, where the programme is cosmopolitan in the widest sense of the word, where all plays, irrespective of scenic demands as ordained by the author, can be given at small outlay, yet, as experience has taught, with the same effect as in the good old days of cumbersome structures and all the rest of the ornate excrescences that merely purblinded the spectator's eyes and deflected his attention from the word?" "What we have taught the public," they say—"not by coercion, but by true understanding of the inner meaning of the works produced—is to use their brains, to sharpen their wits, and to kindle that gift which is in all of us—would we but practise it as we practise the piano, the fiddle, or the voice—imagination. The mental eye can see everything if it would but make an effort: does not the simplest traveller who relates his experiences of a holiday trip see glorious vistas of sea and land when he is back at home in the family circle? The fault of the older theatre was to make things too easy for the playgoer, to bamboozle him with aspects that were as unreal as they were often ridiculous—oh! those strips of canvas for a sky; those fruit-trees of lifeless material; those snowstorms made of paper snippets; those rainfalls descending in patches from a fluted pipe in the flies! One took them for granted; one was so interested, so puzzled by them that the play was nowhere except when actors of uncommon gifts held forth. Were we not all hopelessly bored and engrossed in the picture instead of the players, when the lesser characters held their parley? Think of the Ghost scenes in 'Hamlet,' so often ludicrous; think of the manœuvring masses in some of the classics, when everybody chuckled at or admired the supers, according to the adequacy of production, and not a soul *listened* to the play until a big situation or a great monologue was reached."

The contention is, and it is substantiated by experience, that, although the modern playgoer enjoys a gorgeous production if there is equality between play and picture—that is to say, if the actor is not overshadowed, and if the scenic appeal is so near to reality that there is no jar in the mind of the spectator—yet he will infinitely prefer the new method, once he has become accustomed to it, because it is, as it were, a compliment to his intelligence. He has to supply something of his own conception. He has to make an effort to see steadily and whole—the same effort which is demanded of him by the pictures of impressionists. "People used to dine at the *table d'hôte* and accept the dinner that was placed before them whether they liked it or not: now they elect to sit at little tables and choose *à la carte*," said the defender of the new school. "I don't know whether you quite follow me, but I think there is truth in the simile. And, believe me, in twenty years much of the scenery that has held good will go to the store-rooms until it will be needed for opera, that die-hard of art which has changed in form but not in aspect."

There is much to be said for both the points of view. I believe that, in England, show is still a great part of the pleasure of the crowd. But I also believe that gradually, and mainly thanks to the influence of the Old Vic, our public will "sharpen its wits and practise imagination." From an artistic point of view, it would be highly desirable, and do away with much "fake" which excites ridicule and rather helps to mar than to make when plays are put on for a short season. Economically it would be an immense advantage. How often do we not hear that plays of world fame must remain unheard because they might not repay the outlay? For this reason, Corneille, Racine, Molière, Calderon, Goethe, Schiller—to name but a few played all over the world—are never seen in England. (For even "Faust," produced by Irving, was not Goethe's, but Wills's perversion.) Nor would we ever have seen the great Greeks but for the single-handed efforts of the few who were ready to lose money for the sake of kudos.

Let but one theatre—run on commercial lines—proclaim that henceforward scenery will be reduced to a minimum in costume plays—*i.e.*, that there will be curtains instead of canvas—that perfection of acting will be the goal, and there will be no need to fear the result.

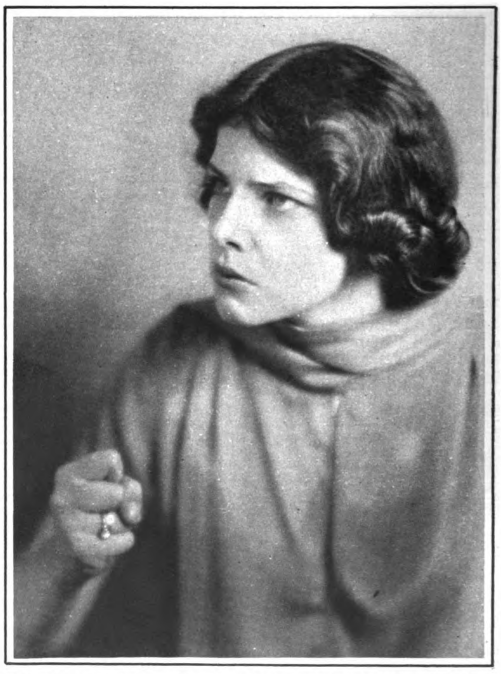
During the war, when we had a French Theatre, we attempted to produce one of the most difficult and sumptuous plays of Prosper Mérimée, the author of "Carmen." It was called "La Caresse du Saint Sacrement," and demanded a gorgeous palace scene of Louis XIV. We had but little money at our command, but excellent actors. So the plunge was decided upon. And the game was risky: all we could supply was a set of purple curtains, a settee, a toilet-table, a couple of chairs of the period. We trusted to the imagination of our public. Would the purple of the curtains and the gilt of the scant furniture combined with the talent of the actors—the delightful Yvonne Arnaud was our leading-lady—conjure up in the spectators the vision of the Tuileries and the Golden Age? It did. That performance was a greater achievement than all the efforts of the "French Players," who never had a failure, linked together. It gave us all to think furiously. To Hades with display, when play and players hold their own! The word, the speaker, and the fantasy of the hearer—they are the triumvirate whereby mind triumphs over matter.



A BRITISH DANCER REAPPEARING AS PAVLOVA'S "SECOND" AT COVENT GARDEN: MLLE. BUTSOVA, IN AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MINUET BY BOCCHERINI.

Mlle. Butsova is again with Mme. Pavlova this year, as the second member of the latter's company in the four-weeks' season that was arranged to begin at Covent Garden on September 8. Mlle. Butsova is an English girl, a native of Nottingham, and her real name is Hilda Boot. She was a great success at Covent Garden last year.

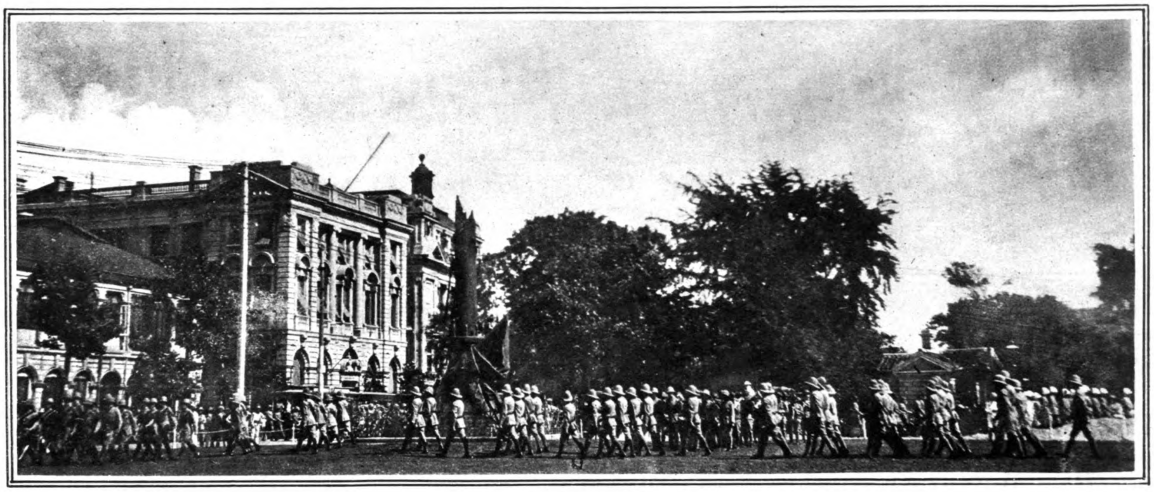
*Photograph by Claude Harris.*



LOOKING THE PART: MISS ELISSA LANDI, WITH FROWN AND CLENCHED FIST, IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "STORM," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

Miss Elissa Landi, as mentioned in our issue of August 23, is a new actress who has made a personal hit in the part of Storm, the name character of Mr. C. K. Munro's latest comedy, at the Ambassadors Theatre.—[*Photograph by Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.*]

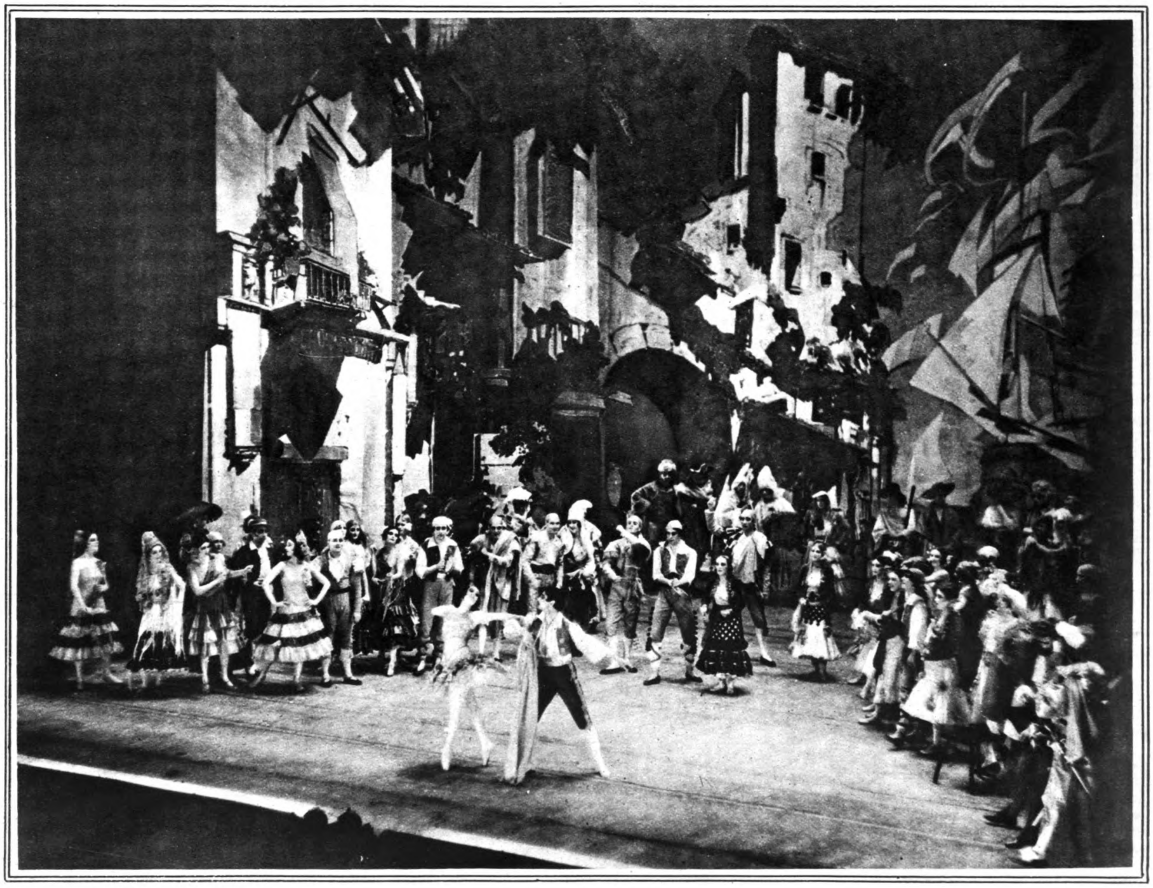
## *Where Chinese Civil War Threatens a Great Foreign Community: Shanghai Volunteers.*



**MOBILISED RECENTLY TO DEFEND FOREIGN INTERESTS AND PROPERTY: THE SHANGHAI VOLUNTEER CORPS, A COSMOPOLITAN FORCE.**

A Reuter message from Shanghai on September 9 stated: "The Shanghai Volunteers were mobilised at six o'clock this morning, while between 1100 and 1200 British, American, Japanese, and Italian Marines landed at the international concession." The above photograph shows the Volunteers (on a former occasion) marching past on the Bund. The building is the Masonic Club, and the trees in the background are in the grounds of the British Consulate. Our correspondent who took the photograph, himself until recently a member of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, says that it comprises six British companies, including a field artillery battery, the others being American (infantry and mounted) Customs, Portuguese, Italian, Japanese, and Chinese. The total strength is about 1000 men, and the Corps is well equipped with modern rifles, Lewis guns, machine-guns, armoured cars, and a battery of four 4.5 howitzers.—[PHOTO. BY MALCOLM HENRY.]

## *Pavlova's New Ballet at Covent Garden: A Photograph taken during the Performance.*



**SHOWING (IN THE CENTRE) MME. PAVLOVA AND M. LAURENT NOVIKOFF: THE BARCELONA MARKET SCENE FROM THE NEW BALLET, "DON QUIXOTE," ON THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.**

Mme. Anna Pavlova's new season at Covent Garden opened with great success on September 8 (as mentioned under the portrait of her given on our front page) with a production of the new ballet, "Don Quixote," in which she appears first as an innkeeper's daughter, and then as Dulcinea. She was well supported by M. Novikoff, who arranged the ballet, M. Domoslavski as Don Quixote, M. Markovski as Sancho Panza, and Mlle. Sophie Fedorovna as a street dancer. The picturesque scenery and dresses were designed by M. C. Korovine, and the music is by M. Minkus. The ballet was a personal triumph for Mme. Pavlova.

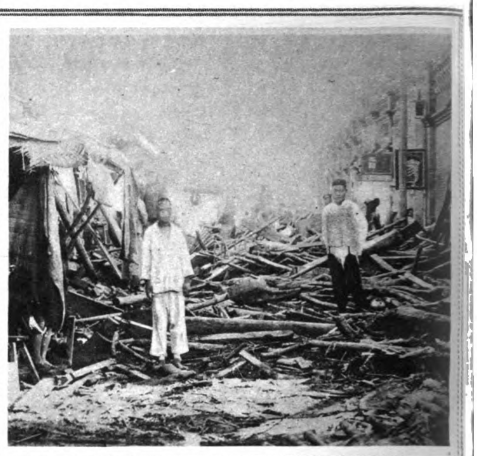
PHOTOGRAPH BY THE "TIMES."

# INTERESTING EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD:

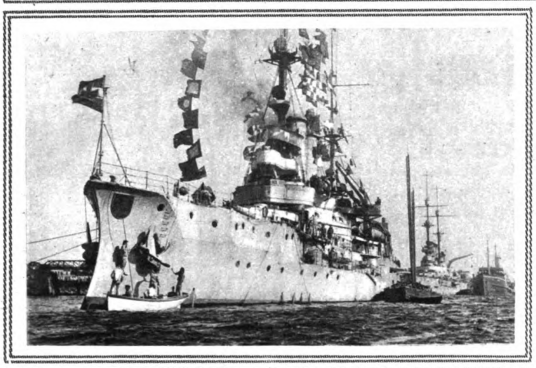
PHOTOGRAPHS—BY COURTESY OF THE CHINA INTERNATIONAL FAMINE RELIEF COMMISSION, CONTINENTAL PHOTO



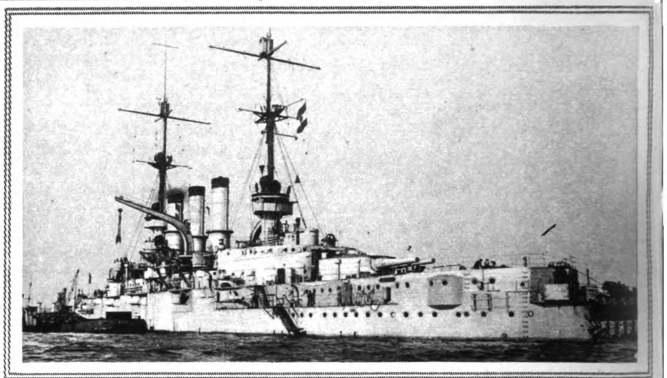
WHERE 10,000 DEATHS ARE REPORTED: A VALLEY IN THE HUNAN PROVINCE OF CHINA, SHOWING ONLY SOME HOUSE-TOPS OF A CITY SUBMERGED BY THE FLOODS.



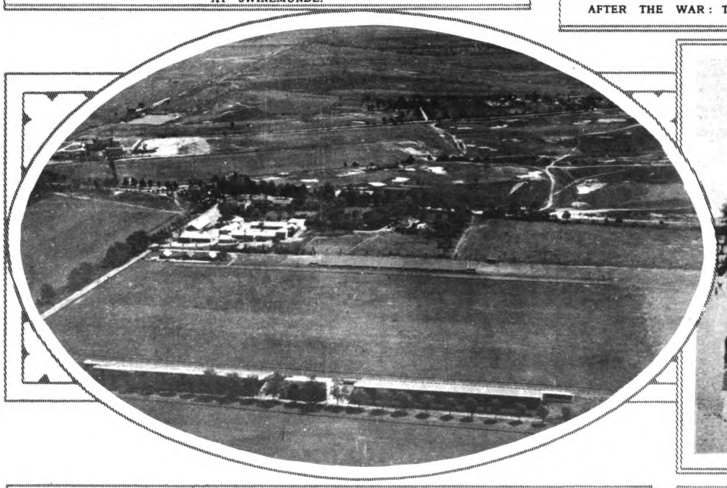
WHERE 3000 PEOPLE ARE SAID TO HAVE BEEN DROWNED ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 12: KALGAN, IN NORTHERN CHIHLI—A WRECKED STREET AFTER THE FLOODS HAD RECEDED.



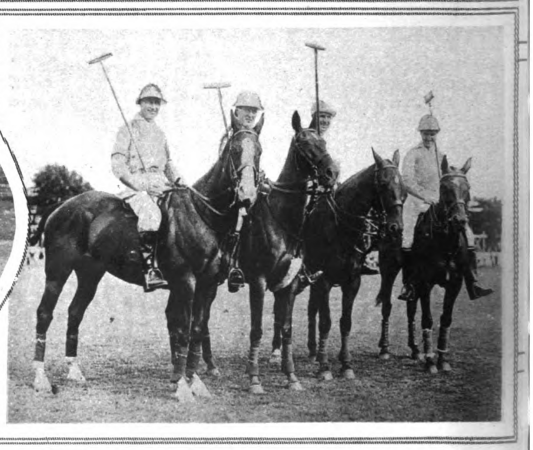
THE FIRST GERMAN FLEET EXERCISES SINCE 1914: THE BATTLE-SHIP "ELSASS," FLAG-SHIP OF ADMIRAL VON BEHNCKE, DRESSED FOR REVIEW AT SWINEMÜNDE.



PRESENT AT JUTLAND, AND ONE OF THE ONLY THREE BATTLE-SHIPS LEFT TO GERMANY AFTER THE WAR: THE "HANNOVER," WHICH TOOK PART IN THE SWINEMÜNDE REVIEW.



WHERE IT WAS ARRANGED TO PLAY THE FIRST OF THIS YEAR'S POLO TEST MATCHES: THE MEADOWBROOK GROUND SEEN FROM THE AIR.



THE UNITED STATES TEAM FOR THE POLO TEST MATCH: (L. TO R.) MR. DEVEREUX MILBURN, CAPTAIN (BACK); MR. MALCOLM STEVENSON (NO. 3); MR. T. HITCHCOCK (NO. 2); AND MR. J. WATSON WEBB (NO. 1).

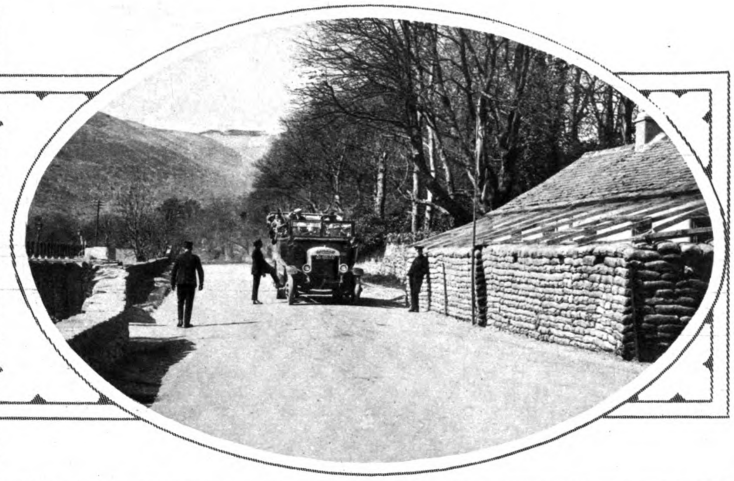
Recent reports of the vast floods in the Chinese province of Chihli stated that the property of some 20,000,000 people must have been affected by the calamity, and that about 5,000,000 must have lost practically all they possessed. In sending us the two photographs given above, on behalf of the China International Famine Relief Commission at Peking, Mr. Laurence Impey, Director of Publicity and Statistics, says: "The disaster has involved more than ten million people in destitution."——A review of the German fleet took place at Swinemünde, on the Baltic, the other day, for the first time since 1914. The fleet included the only three battle-ships left to Germany after the war—the "Elsass," the "Braunschweig," and the "Hannover" (which was present at Jutland), three light cruisers, and two destroyer flotillas. Admiral von Behncke, Commander-in-Chief, flew his flag in the "Elsass."——The first of the Polo Test Matches, postponed owing to wet weather, was fixed to be played at Meadowbrook on September 9. As mentioned on our "Personalities" page, Mr. L. Lacey, the British captain, was unable to play owing to an attack of shingles, and the British team as finally arranged was—Major Kirkwood (No. 1),

# A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF CURRENT NEWS.

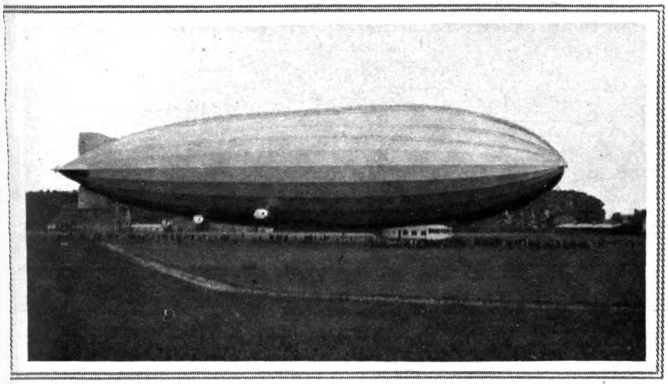
(BERLIN), AEROFILMS, LTD. (HENDON), TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, NEUMANN FILM (BERLIN), AND PHOTOPRESS.



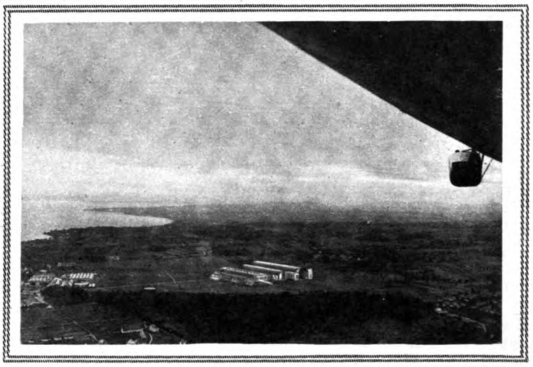
WAR-LIKE PREPARATIONS NEAR THE ULSTER BOUNDARY: IRISH FREE STATE TROOPS, WITH BARBED-WIRE "KNIFE-REST" DEFENCES, AT OMEATH, OPPOSITE WARRENPOINT, CO. DOWN.



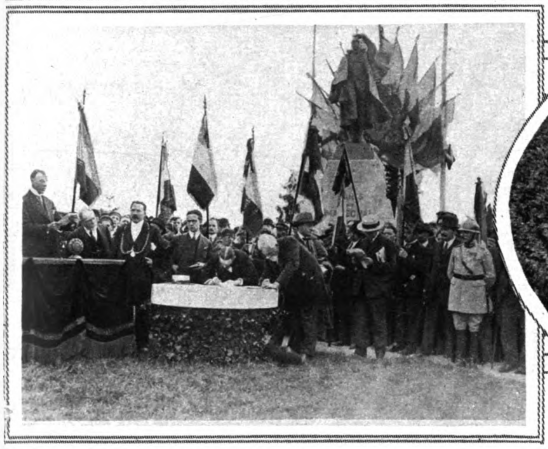
WAR-LIKE PREPARATIONS ON THE ULSTER SIDE OF THE BOUNDARY: A HOUSE WITH SAND-BAG DEFENCES ON THE BORDER AT NARROW WATER, CO. DOWN.



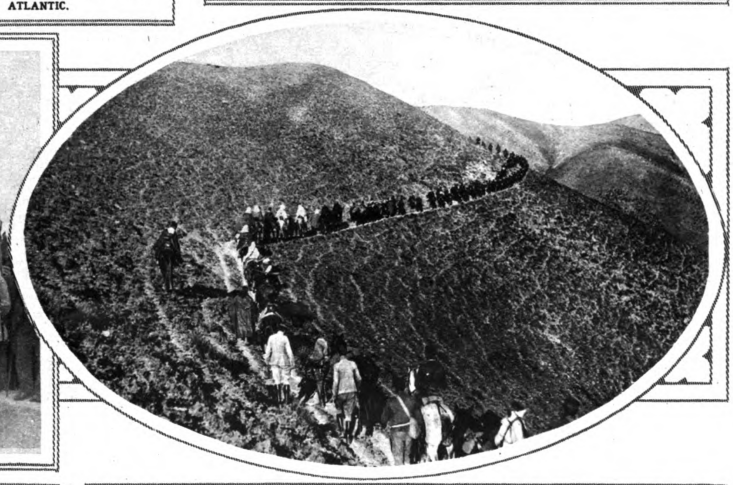
BUILT AS "REPARATIONS" AT THE EXPENSE OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT FOR THE UNITED STATES: THE NEW ZEPPELIN "ZR 3," TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC.



WHERE THE "ZR 3" WAS BUILT AND MADE HER PRELIMINARY TRIAL FLIGHTS: THE HANGARS AT FRIEDRICHSHAFEN, ON LAKE CONSTANCE, SEEN FROM AN AIRSHIP.



THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE: M. MAURICE QUENTIN (LEFT), PRESIDENT OF THE PARIS MUNICIPAL COUNCIL, SPEAKING AT THE UNVEILING OF THE GALLIÈNI STATUE.

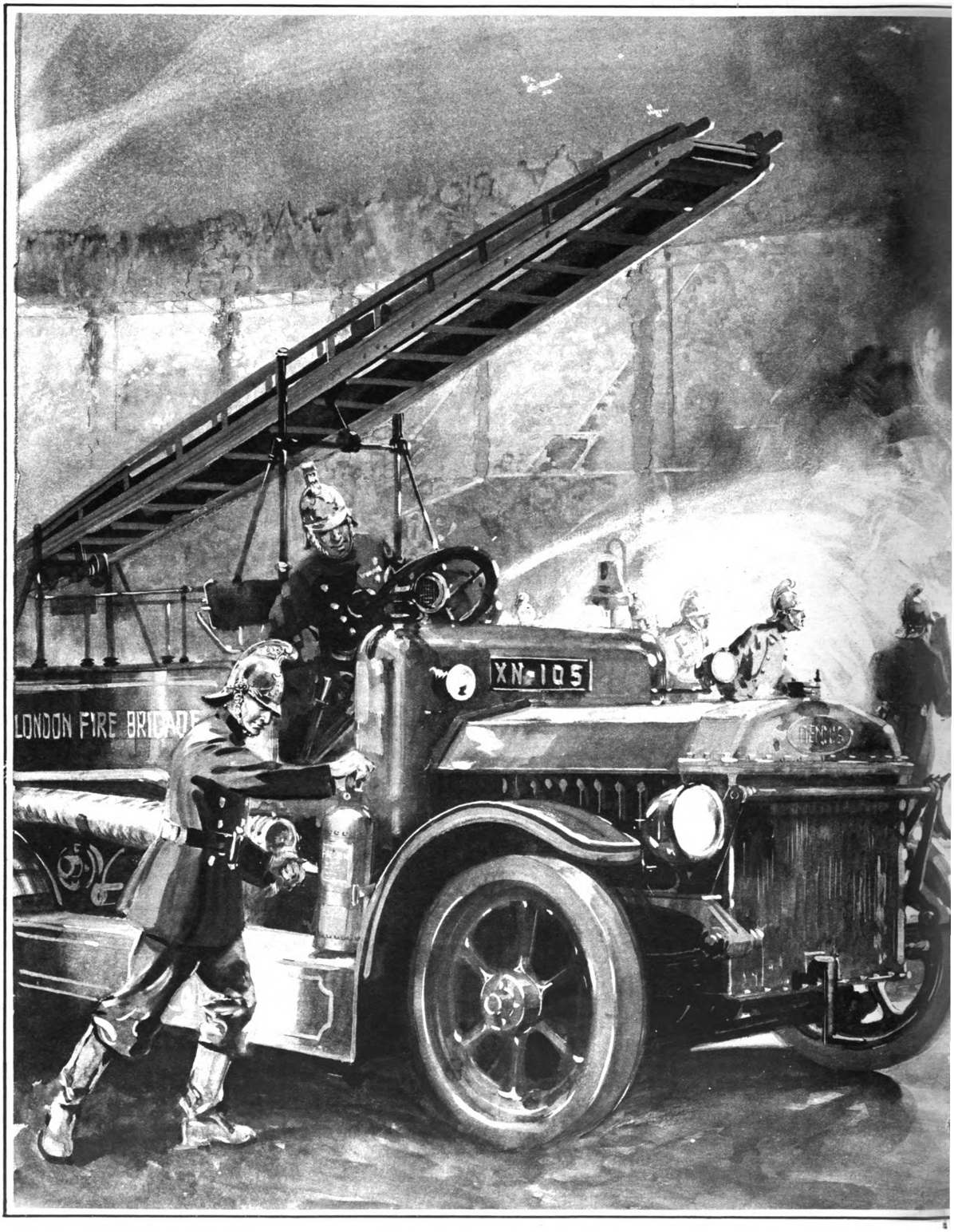


SPANISH TRANSPORT DIFFICULTIES IN THE MOROCCO CAMPAIGN: A CONVOY DEFILING ALONG A MOUNTAIN PATH TOWARDS POSITIONS THREATENED BY THE ENEMY.

Major Phipps-Hornby (No. 2), Major Hurndall (No. 3), and Major Atkinson (Back).——War-like preparations are to be seen on both sides of the border between Ulster and the Irish Free State.——The trials of the "ZR 3," the new German Zeppelin for the United States, were delayed through the overhauling of the engines, and her start across the Atlantic was consequently postponed. Photographs of her under construction appeared in our issue of August 30.——In connection with the celebrations at Meaux of the tenth anniversary of the Battle of the Marne, attended by Marshal Joffre and M. Herriot, a statue of General Gallièni, who played a great part in the defence of Paris, was unveiled on September 7 at Trilbardou, Seine et Oise.——The Spanish troops in Morocco are fighting in very difficult country, as our photograph shows, and it may well be imagined that it is not an easy task to keep open communications. Recent news has not been good. Reinforcements have been sent, and the chief of the Spanish Directory, the Marquis de Estella, has himself visited Tetuan to examine the situation.

# "FIRE SNOW" TO EXTINGUISH BURNING OIL: A VI

DRAWN BY OUR SPE

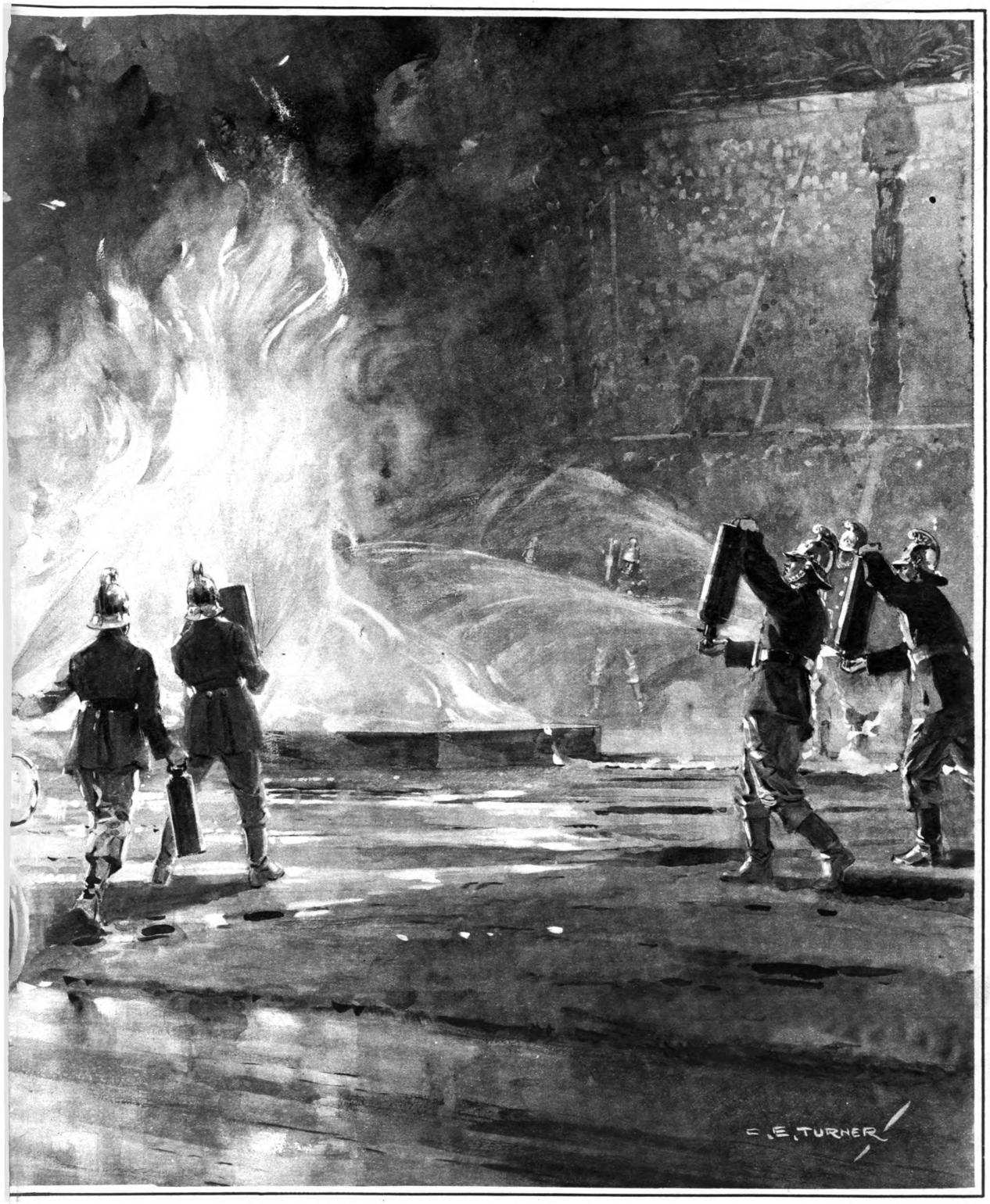



## A NEW METHOD OF EXTINGUISHING THE FLAMES OF BURNING PETROL, SPIRITS, OR O IN THE STADIUM—SHOWING SOME OF THE SP

This drawing illustrates a highly realistic incident in the Fire Fighting Display by the London Fire Brigade, given during the Torchlight and Searchlight Tatto at Wembley, and demonstrating the extinction of flaming petrol by "Froth" *extincteurs*. "There is no make-believe about this display," our artist writes "It is the real thing. A mixture of petrol and oil, contained in four large tanks, is ignited by a fuse (seen on the right of the drawing). A huge sheet o orange flame, with a pall of black smoke above, results; the heat generated is felt by the spectators. The fire-alarm is given, motor-engines dash into th arena with bells clanging, and the firemen extinguish the flames by the projection of a chemical liquid under pressure, which forms a blanket of 'froth' ove

# D FIRE BRIGADE DISPLAY IN THE WEMBLEY TATTOO.

ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.




**L WITH "A BLANKET OF FROTH": THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE GIVING A REALISTIC DISPLAY ECIAL *EXTINCTEURS* ATTACHED TO THE FIRE-ENGINE.**

the surface of the burning petrol, thus screening out the air necessary for combustion. This method of dealing with burning oil has very recently been introduced into the Brigade, and it solves a great difficulty and danger. The drawing shows how the *extincteur* containing the liquid (known as 'Fire-Snow') is carried on the side of the motor. The fireman, after lifting out the metal vessel, as seen on the left of the drawing, has simply to turn it over in order to start the stream, as shown on the right and in the centre. The demonstration makes a very fine spectacle. The illuminated aeroplanes seen at the top of drawing follow with a display of bombing."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

# A FINE EXAMPLE OF A HISTORICAL FILM: "ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

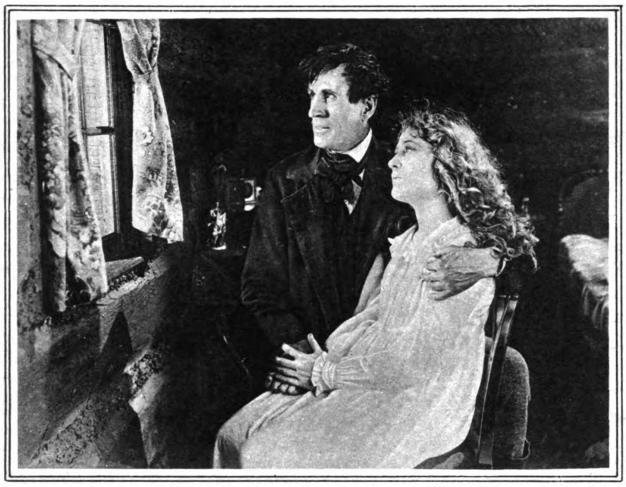
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES.



THE BOYHOOD OF THE GREAT PRESIDENT: YOUNG LINCOLN (DANNY HOY) TEACHING HIMSELF ARITHMETIC WITH A WOODEN SPADE AS "SLATE."



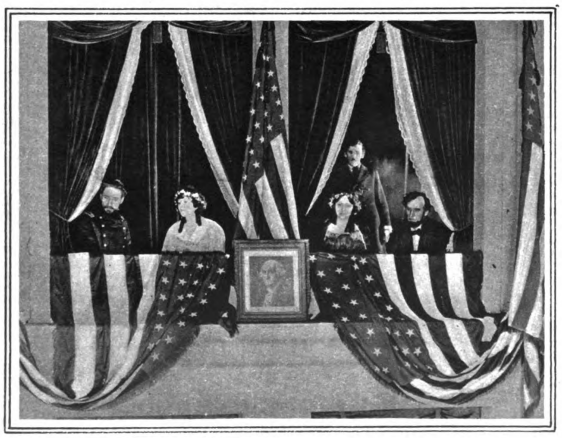
THRASHING THE TOWN BULLY AT NEW SALEM: ABRAHAM LINCOLN (MR. GEORGE BILLINGS), THEN A STORE-CLERK, FIGHTING IT OUT WITH JACK ARMSTRONG (MR. PAT HARTIGAN).



THE PATHETIC END OF AN EARLY ROMANCE: ABRAHAM LINCOLN TAKES THE DYING ANNE RUTLEDGE (MISS RUTH CLIFFORD) TO THE WINDOW FOR HER LAST LOOK AT THE SUNSET.



VERY LIKE THE ORIGINAL, AND OF THE SAME HEIGHT AND BUILD: MR. GEORGE BILLINGS AS ABRAHAM LINCOLN; WITH MRS. LINCOLN (MISS NELL CRAIG) AND THEIR SONS.



THE ASSASSINATION SCENE IN THE FORD THEATRE, WASHINGTON: THE MURDERER, JOHN WILKES BOOTH (MR. WILLIAM MORAN), WITH A REVOLVER AT THE DOOR OF THE PRESIDENT'S BOX.

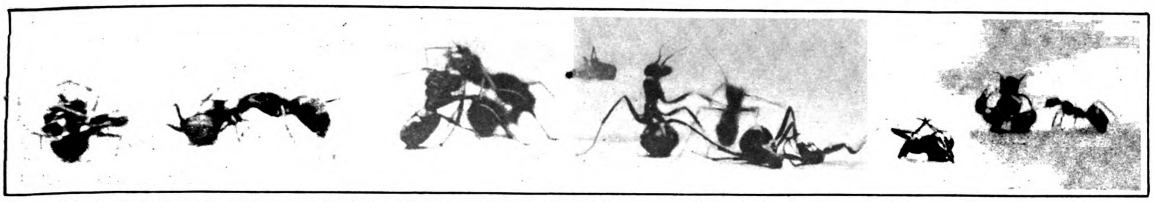


"NOW HE BELONGS TO THE AGES": THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AFTER HE WAS SHOT BY JOHN WILKES BOOTH IN THE FORD THEATRE, AT WASHINGTON.

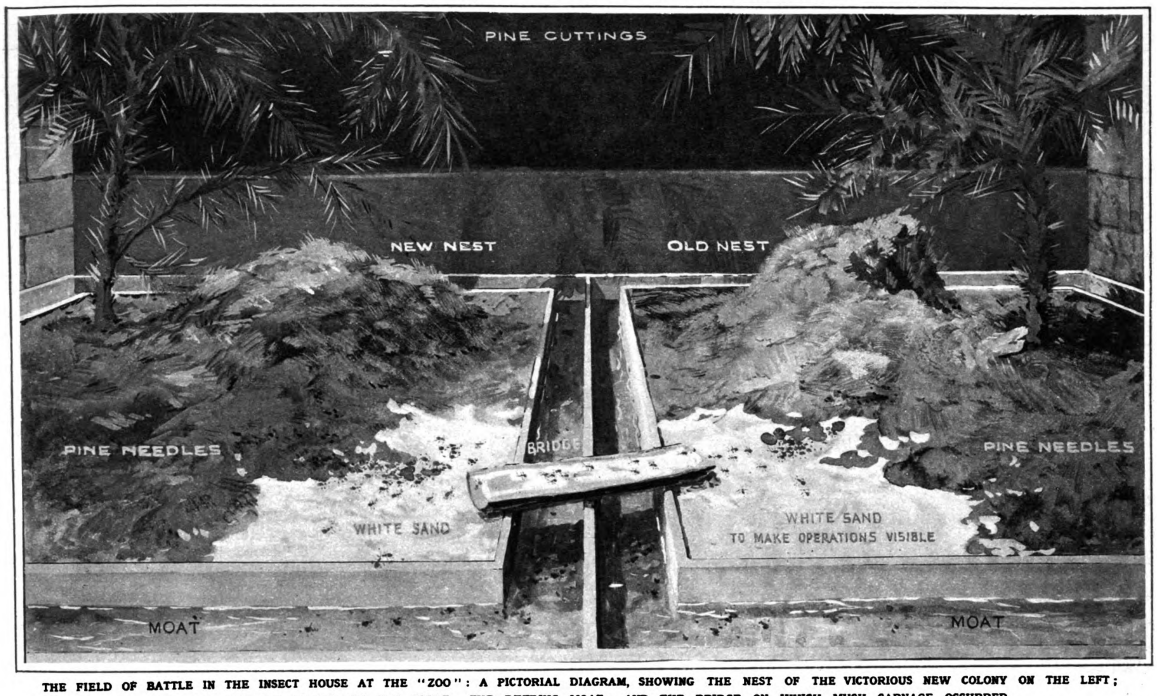
It will be interesting to compare with Mr. John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln," the new and independent film play of the same title, arranged by First National Pictures, and very favourably criticised when recently shown privately in London, but not to be released to the public, it is said, for six months. By courtesy of the producers, we illustrate here some of the scenes of the new film, including the two most impressive, the window scene before the death of Anne Rutledge, Lincoln's early love, and the death of Lincoln himself. A synopsis of the film says: "At New Salem he met Anne Rutledge, with whom his name is associated in one of America's most beautiful love stories. He settled at New Salem, where he thrashed the town bully, who disliked him for being a bookworm." They afterwards became fast friends, and years later Abraham Lincoln, who had become a lawyer, successfully defended Jack Armstrong's son against a charge of murder. The actor who takes the name part in the film, Mr. George A. Billings, not only performs it admirably, but bears a striking resemblance to Lincoln both in features, height, and build. Why have we no British films of great historical characters, such as Nelson?

# WAR AMONG ANTS AT THE "ZOO": THE BATTLE OF THE BRIDGE.

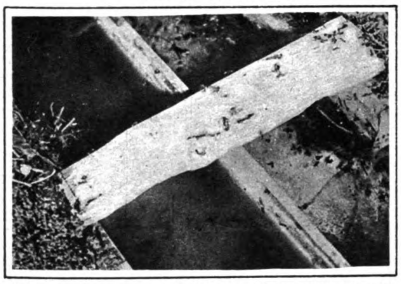
TOP PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A. DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. FILM PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF NEW ERA FILMS, LTD.



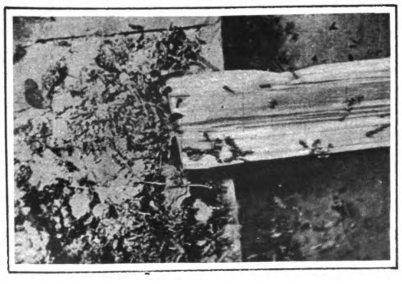
SHOWING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) A "CASUALTY" CARRIED OFF BY HIS OPPONENT; FOES AT DEATH GRIPS; TWO AGAINST ONE; SPARRING FOR AN OPENING; THE END OF A DUEL; A DEAD WARRIOR; AND AN ANT GOING TO THE RESCUE: THE BATTLE OF THE RIVAL COLONIES.




THE FIELD OF BATTLE IN THE INSECT HOUSE AT THE "ZOO": A PICTORIAL DIAGRAM, SHOWING THE NEST OF THE VICTORIOUS NEW COLONY ON THE LEFT; THAT OF THE OLD COLONY ON THE RIGHT; THE DIVIDING MOAT; AND THE BRIDGE ON WHICH MUCH CARNAGE OCCURRED.



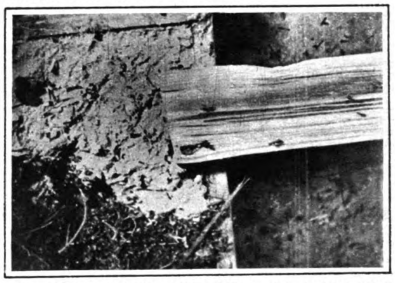
"INDIVIDUALS FROM THE INVADED COLONY GOT ON THE BRIDGE AND TRIED TO BAR THE PROGRESS OF INVADERS."



"BUT THEY SOON AWOKE TO THE FACT THAT STRANGERS WERE IN THEIR MIDST, AND RUSHED TO THE BRIDGE-HEAD, WHICH BECAME A STRUGGLING MASS OF ANTS."

WAR broke out in the Insect House at the "Zoo" the other day between two colonies of ants, and the fighting, which was very sanguinary and went on for several days, was watched by crowds of human spectators. Our artist, describing the campaign, says: "At 11 a.m. on Monday, September 1, the chip of wood seen in the illustration was placed over the two moats dividing the new and old nests. One of the ants from the old colony crossed immediately, and was at once taken prisoner. He (or she) was followed by others, and fighting commenced. The main battles were fought during the nights of Monday and Tuesday. War ended on Thursday in the defeat of the old colony, which will gradually be absorbed by the new colony. The first, or old, nest was brought from Weybridge and has been at the 'Zoo' during the past three years. The new colony arrived during June last. Nests or colonies of these ants consist of females (queens), males, and imperfect females—the worker ants. These workers guard the nest, collect food, wait on queens, clean and feed the grubs and help them out of the cocoons. Only in the

[*Continued below.*



"THE COLONY ON THE LEFT WERE NOT AWARE THEY WERE BEING INVADED, SO SCOUTS HAD NO OPPOSITION."



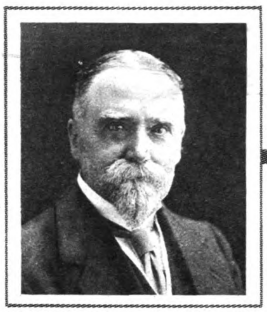
"DEAD INSECTS FORM AN IMPORTANT PART OF THEIR DAILY RATIONS; THESE ARE TAKEN BELOW TO FEED THE YOUNG ANTS IN THE NEST."

*Continued.*]

last extremity do the queens join in battle. After battle, workers clear away the dead. The ants seen in the moat are dead." Particulars were supplied to our artist by Mr. L. C. Bushby, Curator of Insects at the "Zoo," who states that the belligerents were European Wood Ants. Many of them fell off the bridge during the struggle and were drowned in the moat, while at the bridge-head there were piles of corpses. The four lower illustrations form part of a film picture shown at the Tivoli, and we quote the titles as prepared for the screen.

# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, VANDYK, BARRATT, L.N.A., PHOTOPRESS, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND TOPICAL.



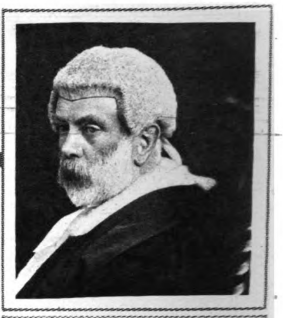
A DISTINGUISHED IRISH PHYSICIAN AND AUTHORITY ON OBSTETRICS: THE LATE SIR ANDREW HORNE.



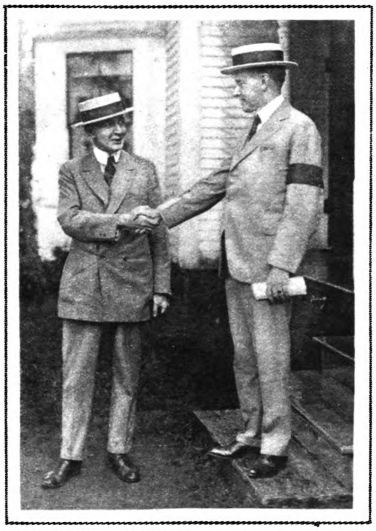
A GREAT EDUCATIONIST AND PUBLIC SERVANT: THE LATE SIR CYRIL JACKSON.



A "LABOUR" CLERIC APPOINTED CANON OF WESTMINSTER: CANON DONALDSON, OF PETERBOROUGH.



A JUDGE EMINENT IN THE COMMERCIAL COURT: THE LATE MR. JUSTICE BAILHACHE.



TWO FAMOUS AMERICAN STATESMEN: PRESIDENT COOLIDGE (RIGHT) AND GENERAL DAWES, AUTHOR OF THE DAWES SCHEME OF REPARATIONS.



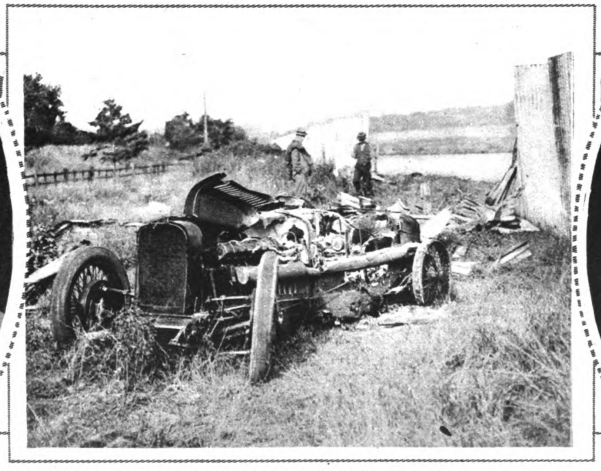
THE BOY GOLF CHAMPION: ROBERT W. PEATTIE (RIGHT) SHAKING HANDS WITH THE FRENCH RUNNER-UP, PIERRE MANUEVRIER.



PREVENTED BY SHINGLES FROM PLAYING IN THE FIRST POLO TEST MATCH: MR. L. LACEY (RIGHT) WITH MR. T. HITCHCOCK, THE U.S. NO. 2.



THE MOST FAMOUS OF RACING MOTORISTS, KILLED AT BROOKLANDS: THE LATE DARIO RESTA



SHOWING THE IRON FENCE THROUGH WHICH IT SMASHED: THE SUNBEAM CAR, IN WHICH DARIO RESTA WAS KILLED, AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

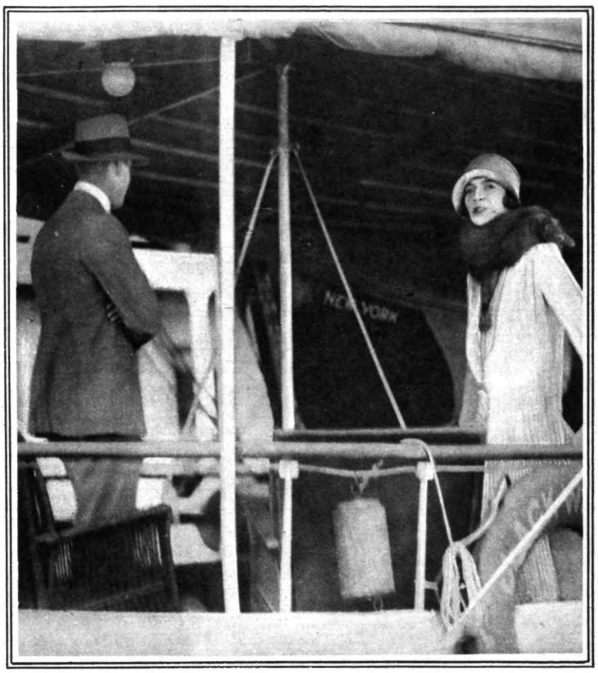


CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE, HOUSE-BUILDING: SIR E. MOIR.

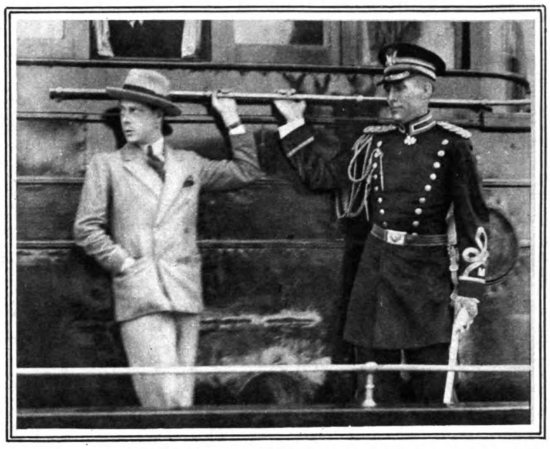
Mr. Justice Bailhache, whose sudden death at Aldeburgh on September 8 necessitated an inquest, began his career as a solicitor, and was called to the Bar in 1889. In 1912 he became a Judge of King's Bench.——Sir Cyril Jackson had been Chairman of the L.C.C. and of its Education Committee. As head of the Western Australia Education Department (1896-1904) he founded that State's system of primary education.——Canon Donaldson was for twenty-two years Vicar of St. Mark's, Leicester. He is prominent in the Church Socialist League, the Christian Social Union, and the Industrial Christian Fellowship. In 1905 he was a leader of the march of unemployed from Leicester to London and back.——Sir Andrew John Horne, of Dublin, had been President of the Royal College of Physicians.——President Coolidge, who recently entertained the Prince of Wales, and General C. G. Dawes, of Dawes Report fame, are the Republican nominees for the U.S. Presidency and Vice-Presidency respectively at the forthcoming Presidential election.——In the final of the Boys' Golf Championship at Coombe Hill on September 5, Robert W. Peattie, of Cupar, Fife, beat Pierre Manuevrier, of the Collège de Normandie, France, by 2 holes in 36.——Mr. L. Lacey, who was to have captained the British team in the first Polo Test Match (postponed to September 9) had to retire through an attack of shingles due to electrical treatment of his injured shoulder.——Dario Resta, the famous racing motorist, was killed at Brooklands while trying to break the world's record for 50 kilometres.——Sir Ernest Moir is a partner with Lord Cowdray in Messrs. S. Pearson and Son, Ltd., the famous contractors for public works.

# THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRIVES IN NEW YORK HARBOUR: PERSONALITIES.

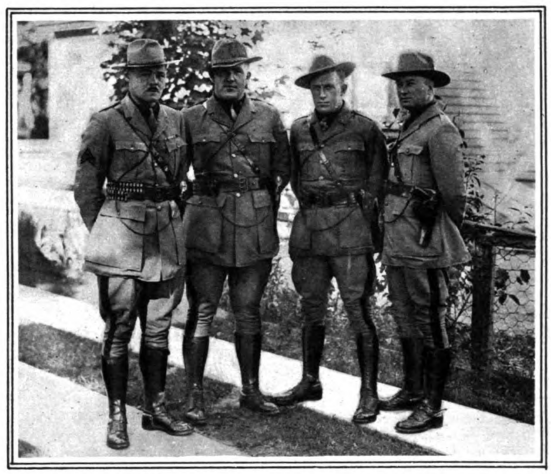
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., AND TOPICAL, THROUGH UNITED NEWS PICTURES, P. AND A., AND INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL.



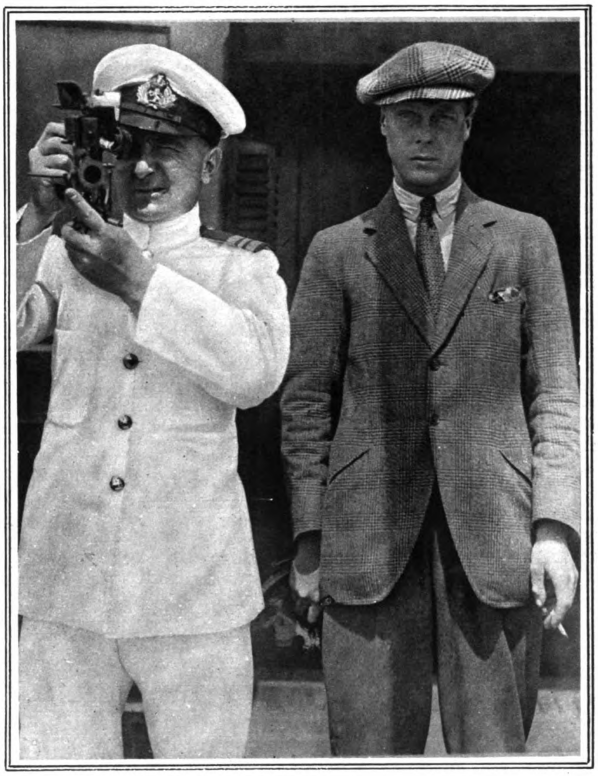
IN THE YACHT "BLACK WATCH," WHICH TOOK OFF THE PRINCE AND HIS PARTY FROM THE "BERENGARIA": LORD AND LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN.



WITH HIS AMERICAN A.D.C.: THE PRINCE AND MAJOR OSCAR SOLBERT (U.S. ARMY) LEAVING THE "BERENGARIA" IN THE YACHT "BLACK WATCH."



THE PRINCE'S AMERICAN BODYGUARD: (L. TO R.) SERGT. DOUGLAS S. BOCK, CORPORAL ANDREW GRIMES, TROOPER L. J. BRETT, AND TROOPER J. M. TAYLOR.



ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR NEW YORK: THE PRINCE WITH CAPTAIN IRVINE (COMMANDING THE "BERENGARIA") ON THE BRIDGE THE DAY BEFORE THE ARRIVAL.



ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "BERENGARIA" THE DAY BEFORE REACHING NEW YORK: (L. TO R.) GEN. G. F. TROTTER, THE PRINCE, CAPT. ALAN LASCELLES, AND MR. DAVID BOYLE.

The Prince of Wales arrived at New York, in the "Berengaria," on August 29, and disembarked in the yacht "Black Watch," landing at Oyster Bay on his way to Mr. James Burden's house at Syosset. The "Berengaria" passed up the harbour through an avenue of steamers all beflagged in honour of the Prince, and was met by the British Ambassador (Sir Esmé Howard) and United States officials. The number of photographers and reporters present was the largest that ever went to the harbour to meet a ship, and the Prince gave them an interview. Immense crowds had gathered on the shores of Long Island to watch the arrival of the liner. On the following day the Prince visited Washington and lunched privately with President and Mrs. Coolidge and their son John. Before leaving the city he issued a statement expressing to the people of Washington his "deep gratitude for their kind welcome." During his stay on Long Island, where public interest in his presence was often embarrassing, he played and watched polo, attended races, or went cruising in the Sound. It was stated on September 6 that he would travel direct from New London, Connecticut, to Calgary, Alberta, on the way to his Canadian ranch.

# WHITE FREAKS OF NATURE: THE NEW AND UNIQUE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELWIN R. SANBORN. BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL



OF A SPECIES NORMALLY BROWN AND GRAY: AN ALBINO WOOD-CHUCK—THE COMMONEST NORTH AMERICAN MARMOT, A HIBERNATING RODENT.



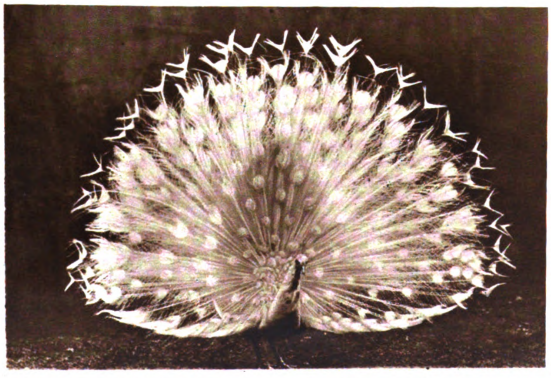
AN ALBINO RACOON: A SPECIES COMMON IN THE SOUTHERN STATES (NORMALLY GRAYISH WITH LIGHT AND DARK MARKINGS ON THE FACE) THAT DIPS ITS FOOD IN WATER.



A BIRD GENERALLY THE SYMBOL OF EVERYTHING BLACK: A WHITE CROW, MORE CURIOUS THAN A BLACK SHEEP.



INCLUDING AN ALBINO STAG (ON THE LEFT): FALLOW-DEER (OF A "FALLOW" OR YELLOWISH COLOUR SPOTTED WITH WHITE) SMALLER THAN RED DEER, WITH ANTLERS MORE PALMATED.



QUITE AS PROUD AS HIS GORGEOUSLY COLOURED BRETHREN, IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT HE IS A WHITE FREAK: AN ALBINO PEACOCK, SPREADING HIS FAN-LIKE TAIL.



SHOWING THE BROAD FLAT TAIL USED AS A WEAPON OF DEFENCE: AN ALBINO OF THE CANADIAN PORCUPINE (*ERETHIZON DORSATUS*) WHOSE LONG HAIR IS USUALLY BROWN.

A remarkably interesting and unique example of albinism (whiteness due to absence of pigment), which occurs not only among animals and plants, but also occasionally in human beings, is now to be seen in the Reptile House at the "Zoo," in the shape of the white Cobra, found near Delhi, illustrated above. The Curator of Reptiles, Miss Joan Procter, says that it is almost certainly new to science. It is a pure albino of the Indian spectacled cobra (*Naja tripudians*), nearly 6 feet long, with scales of gleaming white like china, and the eyes and tongue scarlet, as the absence of pigment allows the red blood to shine through. Cobras normally range in colour from dark brown to pale greenish yellow on the upper surface and from black to nearly white below. This albino, like all cobras, rears its head when excited, expands its "hood" by flattening the sides of the neck, sways slowly, and hisses. Although its poison-fangs have not been extracted, the owner brought it to the "Zoo" in a small basket, handled it freely, and let it creep round his neck. In the Reptile

# COBRA AT THE "ZOO"; AND OTHER ANIMAL ALBINOS.

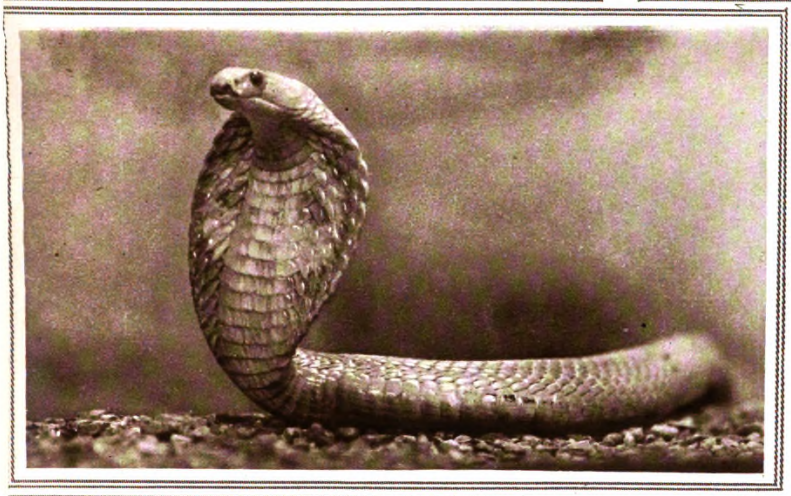
OCIETY. PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WHITE COBRA COPYRIGHT BY THE "TIMES."



AN ALBINO COYOTE: A WHITE SPECIMEN OF THE PRAIRIE-WOLF OF WESTERN NORTH AMERICA, NORMALLY GRAY WITH SHADES OF RED, AND BLACKISH ON THE BACK.



AN ALBINO GRAY SQUIRREL: A WHITE FREAK OF THE COMMON NORTH AMERICAN SPECIES, INTRODUCED INTO ENGLAND AND TENDING TO OUST THE RED SQUIRREL.



"ALMOST CERTAINLY NEW TO SCIENCE": THE WHITE COBRA RECENTLY PLACED IN THE "ZOO"—A PURE ALBINO OF THE INDIAN SPECTACLED COBRA (*NAJA TRIPUDIANS*).



AN ALBINO RATTLESNAKE: A WHITE SPECIMEN OF ONE OF THE MANY AMERICAN SPECIES, VARYING IN COLOUR.



SHOWING ITS FACE AND POWERFUL FRONT CLAWS: A SIDE VIEW OF THE WHITE (ALBINO) CANADIAN PORCUPINE, OR URSON, SEEN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.



AN ALBINO RHEA: A PURE WHITE SPECIMEN OF THE AMERICAN OSTRICH, USUALLY OF A BROWNISH ASHY GRAY, WITH BLACK ON HEAD AND BREAST, AND YELLOW ON NECK.

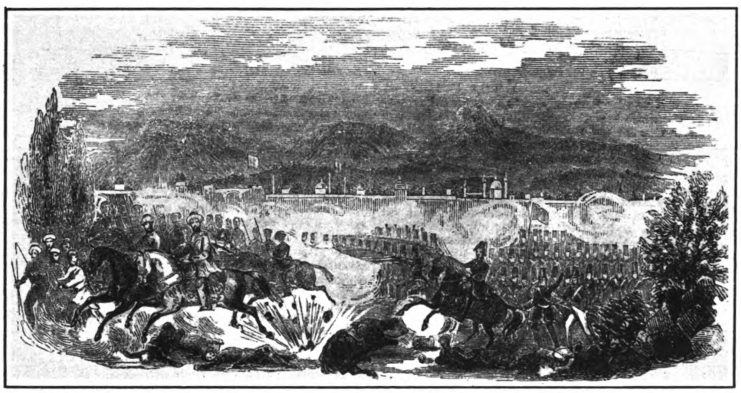
House its companion is a black ringhals, and they may be seen threatening each other, but both are immune to the other's venom. The other albinos here illustrated belong to a collection recently exhibited in the Zoological Park at New York. There are two species of the Canadian porcupine, or urson, one with long brown hair, and the other with yellow hair. The spines are short, and concealed by the hair. When attacked, the animal flaps its tail, and some of the spines, which are loosely attached to the skin, may fly out and stick into the aggressor. Of albinism in general the "Century Dictionary" says: "An albino is always a sport or freak of nature, as when one of a brood of crows or blackbirds is snow-white, but albinism tends to become hereditary and thus established, as in the case of white mice, white rabbits, and white poultry. Any albino is to be distinguished from an animal that is naturally white, like the snowy heron or polar bear, or that turns white in winter, like the arctic fox, polar hare, or ptarmigan." The king of albinos is, of course, the white elephant.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

*By J. D. SYMON.*

IT has long been an ambition of mine to explore London thoroughly—not the London that is made up of the City proper and the City of Westminster, but those dim, unknown regions of which the names call so alluringly from the destination-placards of omnibuses and tramway-cars. The right way to do that is to step at random on to one of these public conveyances and see where it will land you; or, if more definite choice should fit the mood of the moment, to pick out the bus that bears the most enticing and mysterious list of names. Once, in the old horse-bus days, I started somewhere about Hammersmith, and in the long process of time saw, with disillusioned eyes, Tooting and the Merton Abbey region. Of the former I had expected too little, of the latter too much.

Later, when petrol had lent greater speed to such pilgrimages, the spell of another remote name fell upon me at Marylebone Station, and in the pure wantonness of an idle day, I mounted the appropriate public vehicle, and sat thereon for a great while, seeing things strange and new and diverse, until at length I scraped acquaintance with Barking. But I fear I have not been sufficiently persevering or sufficiently enterprising in my quest. The region of the unknown still remains for me vast and incalculable, and journeys such as these brought me no surprising incident or adventure. Adventures are to the adventurous, and, if adventure halted, perhaps the true spirit of the adventurer was lacking. Mere gazing at new places is not enough. There must be touch with unfamiliar people, if the affair is to be vital and rewarding. It is the human element that counts, and that is the reason why my good friend Mr. Thomas Burke (who, I rejoice to hear, has a new book in the wind) never ventures into the outlandish parts of London but he returns with something memorable and surprising in his wallet. To him I owe my best excursion into the London mystery. A year or two ago, some remarks on this page about Stevenson's "Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured" drew a letter from T. B., asking me whether I should like to visit with him the actual shop in Hoxton Street where the successor of the immortal Skelt carries on the business of the Juvenile Theatre, and prints the magic sheets of scenes and characters from the original wood-blocks. No second bidding was required. We set a day that is forever marked with a red letter in my calendar. But of that pilgrimage to the headquarters of Skeltery, where Stevenson himself rode once more in London the old hobby he had first mounted at Mr. Smith's in Leith Walk, the details are too numerous to be set down here and now. They demand an article to themselves. Another day, perhaps, when the right cue of current books has justified that digression.



FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF 82 YEARS AGO: "DEFEAT OF THE AFFGHANS AT CANDAHAR"—A TYPICAL WAR ILLUSTRATION OF THE PERIOD.

We propose to reproduce on this page, week by week, an illustration from our issue for the corresponding week 82 years ago. "The Illustrated London News," we may remind our readers, is the father of all illustrated papers, and the first issue bears the date, May 14, 1842. The above drawing represents a battle fought on May 29, 1842, outside Candahar by a British force under Major-General W. Nott, who moved out from the city and defeated 10,000 Ghazees under Akfar Khan, chief of Zamindawur. General Nott's despatch was printed with the picture in our issue of September 10, 1842.

*Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of September 10, 1842.*

But if my exploration of London has been neither so extensive nor so exciting as it might have been, judged by the rich experience of others, it has not been altogether barren. The deliberate quest of the unknown may have failed of sensation from its very deliberateness. The casual and unpremeditated excursion sometimes fares better. The other evening, for example, an unexpected telephone call put me in the way of a journey I had never taken before. It was to a region scarcely remote, and one familiar at least from the windows of the railway carriage; but the tramway route suggested by the voice at the other end of the wire had all the charm of perfect novelty. The rendezvous proposed was an outlying playhouse itself strange to me (Rip Van Winkle that I am !), and that alone was rather exciting; but the way thither rather than the destination proved the chief attraction. For it brought with it a fresh revelation of South London. Through the garish tegument of later suburbanity stuck the bones of an older London—decaying architecture and faded garden ground that recalled the days when prosperous merchants like Papa Ruskin took their evening ease in surroundings almost sylvan, and drove to and from the City in their own carriage-and-pair. Beside not a few of these ghostly wayside dwellings lingered the old coach-house, mocked now by the clanging trams that whizz past their once peaceful doors every quarter of a minute.

Upon these haunts of ancient peace and "gentility" a garish wayside commerce in household goods has thrust itself in amazing nakedness and profusion, sometimes with a shameless disregard of the domestic reticences. Here, by way of Eighth Wonder of the World, the spacious outer court of a flashy "Emporium" displayed, *sub Jove*, such a huge and varied collection of galvanised iron utensils as passed poor human wit to compass. What were these things, and what the people whose obvious demand for them had evoked so overwhelming a supply? Doubtless a good and sufficient answer would have appeared had the inexorable tram not forbidden minute study. Only the wonder of the spectacle remained, and every sense of wonder is something for which to thank the gods. Thus, with much to arouse gentle reflection, mingled with some resentment at the soiling finger of change, the pageant of the old and new flashed by, until at length the playhouse (as Professor Einstein might say) came along and stopped at the tram-door.

It is high time, however, that these apparently irrelevant notes should find their legitimate account in the world of literature. The irrelevance is not so great as some rash critic might imagine. In fact, relevance is not only complete, but also two-fold, and even three-fold. For that chance and unlooked-for excursion harmonised in the most pleasing and whimsical fashion with books in hand for this week. One of them discusses the very subject with which I have been flirting discursively, and it treats, with a detail and intimacy beyond my powers, this pastime of exploring a London which few of us will ever see. It is Mr. Arthur Machen's "THE LONDON ADVENTURE, OR THE ART OF WANDERING" (Martin Secker; 7s. 6d.), a volume that should be on every good bookman's shelf of essays that are essays indeed.

You may not like it all (who does find any book entirely acceptable ?), but you will confess that no writer on London has communicated more perfectly the unapprehended mystery of the Mother City in its unfamiliar aspects. The author is alive to the "awful unexpectedness" with which his adventure abounds, and, chief charm of the work, he gives you the right sense of an eternal quest that never takes you "just there." Always he leaves you with an uncanny feeling of something beyond, something unattainable. He gets that effect even when he is not indulging in those deliberate excursions into mysticism without which he seldom writes a page.

The best part of his new book is not mystical in that way at all. It has nothing to do with Mr. Machen's studies in the occult, but it is just a little flight of pure novelist-essayist's imagination, inspired by those Outer London details to which I have already alluded. He has even brought in the derelict coach-house, which, curiously enough, attracted my attention during that South London tram-ride before I had read so far as that chapter of "The London Adventure." It was in Camden Town that Mr. Machen found the old house with coach-house attached, that set him reconstructing the life of the people who lived there, say, about 1830 or so. They were not affluent folk like the Ruskins on Denmark Hill. But each house, says Mr. Machen, "had its own little coach-house and its little stable; and for me, here were compact histories of the *Sketches by Boz* period. . . . If the master were 'retired,' then the principal meal of the day was between one and three of the afternoon; otherwise the boy, the pony and the chaise took him into the City in the morning and brought him back to dinner in the evening. The gig and pony were sometimes put up in dim stable-yards and back places, the very site and existence of which, in our modern London, must remain a profound mystery; and what the boy did in the interval, between morning and evening, I cannot imagine. Perhaps, even probably, he drove back to Camden Town and cleaned knives and worked in the garden till five o'clock, and then set out again to fetch the master. Sometimes he would drive his mistress to Hornsey, where Cousin Jane lived. Then master would walk back from the City and think nothing of it."

Then follows a charming little domestic interior. Mr. Machen's inward eye has seen everything. He knows all about the furniture, the meals, and the family's simple amusements. They were not literary, like the Highgate and Hampstead people. "Very few books in that house," says the clairvoyant historian, "odd volumes of Pope, Akenside, Smollett, The Rambler, Don Quixote, Drelincourt on Death, Law's Serious Call; none of them much read." It is without doubt of the "'Sketches by Boz' period," as the ingenious author observes, but the debt does not end there. Although the house was in Camden Town and not in Finchley, nothing will shake my conviction that the family's name was Garland, and the serving-boy's Kit Nubbles. Acquaintances of these renowned worthies are to Mr. Machen the truly real people he meets in his "London Adventure, or the Art of Wandering," where the wandering is not that of mere footsteps, but of the discursive thought and pen so ready to fly off at any tangent that in one sense the London Adventure never gets written, yet, in another, written it is in this book after a very satisfying fashion. Mr. Machen has by his very evasions plucked out the heart of an everlasting mystery, as nearly as so baffling a thing will ever yield its secrets to literary art.

My long-winded prologue claimed a threefold justification. It was a London adventure (on a small scale), it was sufficiently wandering in manner to be appropriate to Mr. Machen's book (the question of any art in my wandering sentences had better be left out of the bill), but the night's sport had a further fitness with the task in hand. Do not remind me, I pray you, of "the long arm of coincidence" and shake a doubting head at me. The long arm was very busy that evening. I speak but the simple truth when I say that the play I was unexpectedly invited to see in Outer London is by a writer whose latest book I had already marked down for this week's page. The moving accident of dramatic criticism is not my trade; but permit me to say that I enjoyed the piece heartily, and thus came with all the greater goodwill to recommend Mr. St. John Ervine's "THE ORGANISED THEATRE" (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.). Of its philosophy I caught not a few lighter echoes in his sparkling little comedy.

The views of the typical Philistine manager, Mr. 'Obbs, are precisely those which have brought the theatre to its present pass. This Mr. Irvine illustrates in his book by asking his readers to suppose Shakespeare setting out to-day from Stratford-on-Avon with the MS. of "Hamlet" in his pocket, and to ask themselves how much chance he would have of getting it performed. The answer comes with no uncertain sound from Mr. 'Obbs in the play. The manager uses the vernacular of Shaftesbury Avenue (a place not to know which is, in Mr. 'Obbs' opinion, not to be English); Mr. Irvine, in more polished language, puts it thus: "If Shakespeare were a young man alive to-day and were to take the MS. of 'Hamlet' to a West-End manager, he would probably be thrown out of the theatre. At best, he would be urged to go away and write a cheerful piece."

Mr. Ervine goes on to "survey the ruins" and to ask what is left to us. How may we clear away the débris and rebuild the theatre? We must now try to devise some better reception for a young Shakespeare than he is likely at present to receive. The ruin is due to a variety of things, of which the chief are the decline in the spiritual and physical quality of the race, the difficulty of finance, and the mental and social disturbance caused by the War. Mr. Ervine lays special stress on the lowering of educational standards. He draws a gloomy, uncompromising picture, but the time has come for vigorous statement.

"It is a terrible commentary on contemporary man that contemporary woman turns eagerly away from him and prefers to fill her mind with dreams of a hero who is a combination of gorilla and congenital idiot." So much for the "strong, silent man." When you see Mr. Ervine's new play, you will watch Mr. 'Obbs fall into ecstasies over a drama in which the heroine is alone on a desert island with a baboon, or, strictly speaking, with a man who believed he was a baboon. There was money in that. Mr. Ervine does well to lash out at current imbecility. But he does not despair. He suggests a remedy—the theatre must not be regarded as a cheap pastime, and our plays must be truly related to life. He looks forward to the good time when the young Shakespeare will come up from Stratford to London, bringing with him "a disciplined imagination and a love of human beings which will keep him well in the descent from the great Elizabethan. . . . We need only *will* it to be and it will be." The key to the situation lies, I take it, in the pregnant phrase "disciplined imagination." That spirit made the Greek and the Elizabethan drama supreme. To recapture it is not only to regain lost ground, but to reach forward to triumphs as yet undreamed. Mr. Ervine has assumed the rôle of Jeremiah in a good hour, but his Lamentations carry in them the springs of hope.




*(Hamlet & Horatio)*

# DEWAR'S

## THE SPIRIT OF FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is the sunshine of life. Its rays reveal in the hearts of friends unswerving loyalty, unfailing understanding and mutual appreciation of all things that strengthen comradeship, not least among them the unchanging friendliness of...

## DEWAR'S

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN



*Here is a magnificent marmot coat from the City Fur Store, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.; and reflected in the mirror is a stole of natural skunk, five strands wide.* (*See page* 502.)

IT is good, but not at all surprising, to hear from South Africans that Princess Alice has scored an immense success there. The Dutch and the British and the natives alike think her the most charming and pretty Princess that ever lived out of a fairy tale. There is something of a fairy tale to her Royal Highness about her life as wife of the Governor-General of South Africa. The country delights her, and life is full of surprises—all of the pleasantest kind. The Earl of Athlone, who knew South Africa well, is also keenly appreciated there. The Queen's brother and Princess Alice thoroughly understand the art, which is one almost impossible to acquire, of maintaining the dignity of a great position, and yet meeting all and sundry on the ground of a common humanity, understanding their points of view and entering into their pleasures and interests. Of course, Lady May Cambridge is an asset of great value to her father and mother. She is so essentially an English girl, full of fun and the joy of life. Devoted to animals, a good horsewoman, loving the open, and alive to the beauties of nature, she is a delightful person to meet, and the people of the Union of South Africa find her so, and cannot say enough in her praise. Her brother, Viscount Trematon, spent his vacation with his uncle and aunt, the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge. His education has to go forward. Lady May had only just returned from Paris, where hers, from a book-learning point of view, was finished before she left with her parents for Cape Town to continue real education in fresh experiences and knowledge of the world. She has not appeared in the royal circle at Court. Some people think that she will come home and do so next season; whether Princess Alice will come with her or not, is another matter. The Prince of Wales's promised visit to the Union of South Africa will mean an active time for the Governor-General and his delightful wife, who, by the way, is a great friend of the Prince.

Yachting with Earl and Countess Beatty, who were everywhere received as guests of honour, proved so fascinating to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland that they deferred their return to Dunrobin Castle until last week. Grouse are backward and scarce, and the best of the stalking is still ahead. Viscount Chaplin deputises for the Duke on such occasions as the Cattle Show at Golspie, and the St. Barrs Fair at Dornoch. His sister, Lady Londonderry, takes the Duchess's place at Brora in opening the bazaar there this week for the reorganisation of the golf links, which has been carried out under the instruction of James Braid, and is considered by all experienced players a distinct success. The ladies do not think that their course is a very good one now, and there is an idea of making a course for them at the other side of the river. What should, however, come first is a good hotel or golf club-house. The houses suitable for letting are very few; the rooms expensive and none too comfortable;' also there is only a very limited number of them. Consequently there are very few golfers. The Marchioness of Titchfield, who plays a good game, arranged to open the bazaar the second day. There were quantities of good, well-made, and cleverly knitted things for sale, as working parties have met twice a week all through the winter, and the ladies throughout the district have been busy. I am told that James Braid's scheme will cost only £800 to carry right through, but the more money made, the 'better for upkeep.

A curious thing about Brora is that the earth was said to be poisonous to rats because of the sulphurous vapour. Ships' captains used to take away cargoes of Brora earth and sell it to people whose houses or stores were infested with this species of vermin. However, a ship cast ashore in 1798, with no person on board, was deserted by a large number of Irish rats. They swam to land and took possession of an old corn mill and flourished exceedingly, and so perished the record by Sir Robert Gordon in 1630, "Ther is not a ratt in Sutherland."

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton, with whom the Prince of Wales danced at the costume dance on the *Berengaria*, is the wife of Lord Grantley's only surviving son. Her husband is in the Scots Guards. He was wounded in the war. His mother, Lord Grantley's first wife, was an American daughter of the late Mr. William McVickar. Captain Richard Norton's brother was killed in action in 1914. Mrs. Norton is the elder of the two daughters of Sir David and Lady Kinloch of Gilmerton. Sir David is the eleventh Baronet. Mrs. Richard Norton is good-looking, smart, and full of fun, just the right kind of girl to make a sea voyage a success for her fellow-passengers.

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Sopwith have the Duke of Westminster's shooting lodge at Loch More. It is a very remote one, nearly seventy miles from Dunrobin. It belongs to the Duke of Sutherland, and is leased to the Duke of Westminster. It is a first-rate sporting place for stags, grouse, other game, and salmon and trout fishing. The Duke has lost interest in shooting and stalking, and cares now only for fishing. This season he is cruising on his newly equipped yacht, something in the style of *Fantome II.*, which he sold to the Hon. Ernest Guinness. Mr. and Mrs. Sopwith are having good sport, and entertain a succession of house parties. Mrs. Sopwith is the only sister of General Lord Ruthven, now commanding the London District, and aunt to the Countess of Carlisle and the Ruthven twins, who are interesting débutantes of this season.

The weather up in Sutherlandshire is making up for lost time, and is now simply glorious. The stalking promises well, but there are hardly any grouse in Caithness or the north-eastern part of Sutherland; possibly there may be more later, for the young birds are very backward, cheepers being smaller than partridge. Fishing has been excellent, but this spell of dry, hot weather will not improve it.

The marriage of Lady Katharine Carnegie to Mr. W. B. L. Manley, Grenadier Guards, is to take place in the autumn. Lady Katharine is the daughter of the late Earl of Northesk and of Elizabeth Countess of Northesk. The family name is that also of the Earls of Southesk, but the families are quite distinct from each other. The Northesk family name is pronounced "Carneggie"; the Southesk as it is spelled. Lady Katharine is twenty, and a very pretty girl. Her mother belongs to a collateral branch of the family of which the Marquess of Linlithgow is head. Mr. Manley is the elder son of Major and Mrs. W. E. Manley, of Albert Hall Mansions.

What the autumn season will be like in London is yet on the knees of the gods. It is unlikely to begin before the middle of next month. The King and Queen, as at present arranged, will not leave Balmoral until the first week in October. Politics may alter many things, for at present the Government seems to be thoroughly unpopular all round—even with a growing number of its own followers. A Dissolution would delay the autumn season still further. Apparently the Irish Boundary Question alone is to be considered until the real Parliamentary session beings. For the 30th Members are to assemble in town as bachelors and spinsters; the family move will be postponed until later.

Lady Sinclair, wife of Sir Archibald Sinclair, is recovering from the effects of the motoring accident she and her husband sustained while touring their constituency in Sutherland. Lady Sinclair broke her upper arm near the shoulder, and had to go to London to have it seen to. She is a cousin of the Duke of Sutherland and of the Earl of Westmorland, and is a clever and fascinating woman, and a great help to her husband in his political career.

A. E. L.



*The new tailored suit of wool is admirably represented in the model pictured on the left, carried out in russet striped with red and blue. Next is a faultlessly cut jumper blouse of white crêpe-de-Chine, and on the right a graceful frock of black marocain decorated with embroidery. Sketched at Walpole Brothers', 89, New Bond Street, W.* (*See page* 502.)

# You can do it easily on "BP"

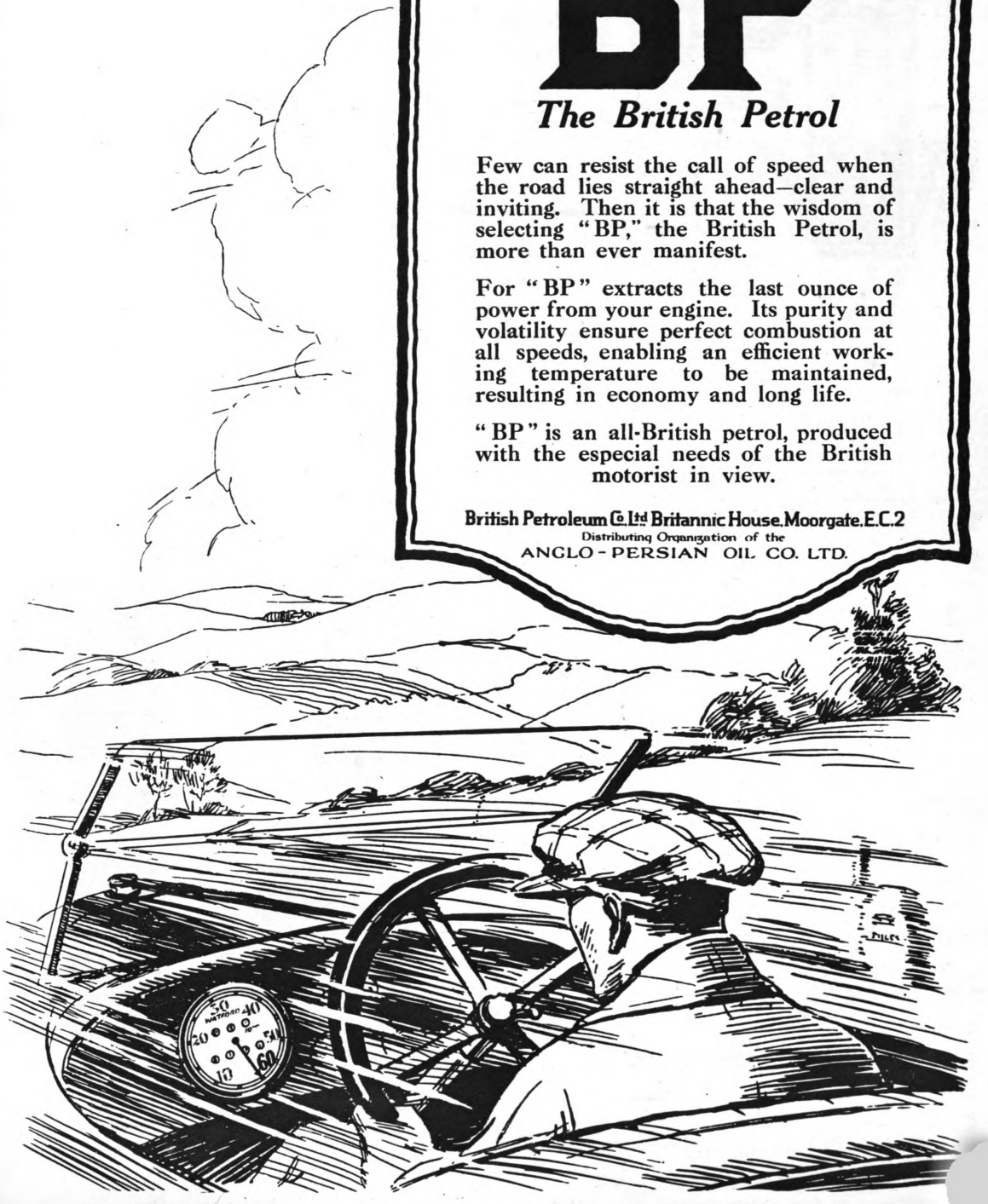
## *The British Petrol*

Few can resist the call of speed when the road lies straight ahead—clear and inviting. Then it is that the wisdom of selecting "BP," the British Petrol, is more than ever manifest.

For "BP" extracts the last ounce of power from your engine. Its purity and volatility ensure perfect combustion at all speeds, enabling an efficient working temperature to be maintained, resulting in economy and long life.

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# Fashions and Fancies.

**Furs at Wholesale Prices.** September is the month for purchasing furs for the autumn, and a visit to the City Fur Store, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., is sure to achieve happy results. It must be remembered that this firm have no shop, and beautiful furs coming from all over the world are sold direct to visitors to these showrooms, which are on the first floor. Consequently the prices are pleasantly moderate, a fact which is proved by the new illustrated catalogue, which will be sent gratis and post free on application. A new feature this season is the Japanese fox, a magnificently marked skin looking like cross fox, the chief difference being in price, as the former are obtainable from 8½ guineas upwards. The fashionable short coats in moleskin are 21 guineas, and those in sable marmot 24 guineas, while others in beaver coney are only 12½ guineas. Pictured on page 500 is a beautiful marmot coat with the new mushroom collar. It is quite light in weight, and is built on graceful straight lines which will not date. The price is 32 guineas. On the right is a stole of genuine natural skunk, 64 in. long. It may be secured for 12½ guineas, and is no less than five strands wide. Fox stoles are ranging from 3 guineas in price. Any desired furs will be sent on approval on receipt of the usual trade references, and repairs and alterations are carried out at a moderate cost.



*Beautiful hair is attained by constant brushing; and the use of a Hinde's "Very" brush, which is scientifically designed to confer health and strength on the scalp, is an important step in the right direction.*

**Accessories for the Autumn.** The autumn wardrobe is never complete without a knitted suit of some description, and there are many delightful affairs of silk and wool to be secured at Walpole Brothers', 89, New Bond Street, W., 108, Kensington High Street, W., and 175, Sloane Street, S.W. Pictured on page 500 is a distinctive model in soft russet shades patterned with blue-and-red stripes. It is bound with artificial silk, and may be obtained for 8 guineas. There are useful coats and skirts of silk and wool in the fashionable marl mixtures obtainable from 69s. 6d. upwards. With knitted suits and "tailor-mades" the jumper blouse will still reign supreme, and Walpole Brothers make a speciality of well-tailored shirt blouses suitable for every occasion. The one sketched on page 500 in white crêpe-de-Chine is 75s. 9d.; they range from 39s. 6d. in crêpe-de-Chine, and from 29s. 6d. upwards in Jap spun silk.

**Frocks for Afternoon Functions.** There are also many particularly attractive afternoon frocks to be studied at Walpole Brothers', one of which is portrayed on the same page. It is expressed in black marocain, cut perfectly straight, ending in three circular flounces edged with many-hued embroidery. The straight line is broken at the back by a loose sash. It may be secured for 8 guineas, and there are many seductive models of this genre ranging from the same amount.

**The "Bond Street" Perfume.** Every fastidious woman delights in choosing a perfume that is unusual and, in some subtle way, quite individual. The new "Bond Street" perfume, sponsored by Yardley's, the well-known perfumers, of 8, New Bond Street, W., is sure to appeal to the sternest critic, for its fragrance is expressive of the atmosphere of charm and luxury which pervades the famous street after which it is named, mingled with the scent of lovely flower essences. It is obtainable in decorative bottles ranging from 5s. to 21s. in price. Naturally, one perfume throughout the toilette is to be desired, and happily "Bond Street" face powder and talcum powder are also available. The first is a finely sifted powder which imparts a delicate bloom to the face and really clings. It can be secured for 3s. 6d. a large box, or for 5s. in compact form contained in a little mirrored box for the handbag.



*To the fastidious woman, the fragrant "Bond Street" perfumes and powders are a source of continual delight, and the fact that they are sponsored by Yardley's, of 8, New Bond Street, W., guarantees their excellence.*



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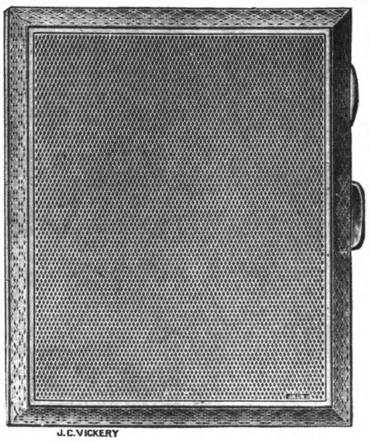
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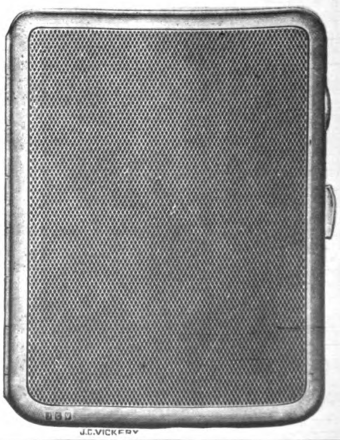
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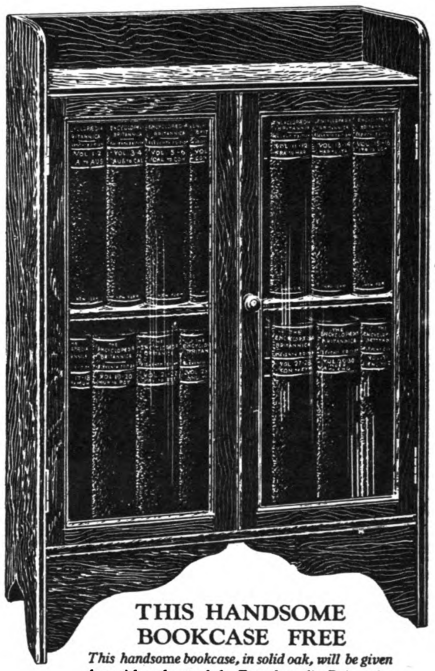
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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

A NEW supplement to Grove's Dictionary has long been wanted, and an English editorial committee was formed some time ago under the chairmanship of the Oxford Professor of Music, Sir Hugh Allen, to prepare a modern supplement to the present edition of Grove. The committee, in addition to Sir Hugh Allen, consisted of Professor Granville Bantock, Mr. Edward J. Dent, and Sir Henry Wood, while the actual general editorship was in the hands of Dr. Eaglefield Hull. The fruit of this enterprise is now published in one volume as "A Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians,"* and the editors state that its object is "to supply the musician and the general musical reader with a concise and practical survey of all modern musical activities." The backward limit of the dictionary was fixed at 1880, "the year in which Parry's 'Prometheus Unbound' marked the beginning of what has been called the 'English Renaissance.'" Within these limits a certain number of older and more famous names enter; such, for example, as Wagner, whose "Parsifal" was completed in 1882, and first performed in the same year. Verdi, Brahms, and César Franck also find a place. But the great majority of the names included in the dictionary belong naturally to more recent times, and an example of the dictionary's up-to-dateness is the entry under Tcherepnin of A. N. Tcherepnin, born in 1899, son of N. N. Tcherepnin, the composer of "Le Pavillon d'Armide." A. N. Tcherepnin is only known to Londoners as the composer of the ballet "Ajanta," which was performed at Covent Garden by Pavlova in 1923.

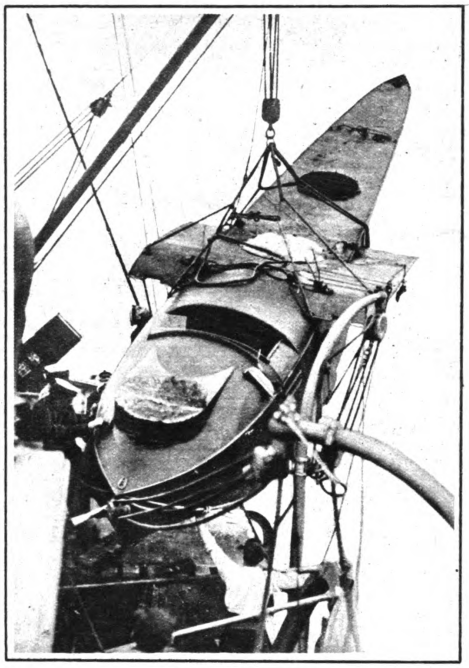
The editorial committee is to be congratulated on a very efficient piece of work. The dictionary contains 544 pages in double columns; the type is clear and pleasant, and the paper is good. Whoever has been responsible for the collection of material outside Great Britain has done his work well, for there is no preponderance of British names. The whole of the Western world has been pretty well covered, although no doubt residents in the United States or in Brazil, or any other of the South American Republics, could find names omitted which in their opinion ought to have been included. For my part, I have found in this dictionary hundreds of names that were totally unknown to me, yet I can claim a fairly extensive knowledge of modern European musicians. So far, I have only been able to detect a single noteworthy omission: the name of Jascha Heifetz does not appear, yet Heifetz is undoubtedly one of the greatest of living violinists, and in some ways much the most remarkable. It is absurd that he should be omitted from a dictionary which includes such names as C. Warwick-Evans, Edmund von Strauss, and Eric Hayne.

The dictionary includes a certain number of general articles on Opera, Symphony, Chamber Music, Songs, etc., in which these subjects are treated from the point of view now fashionable in intelligent musical circles. Among these, one of the most interesting is the article on Harmony, the first section of which, "Historical Introduction," has been written by that remarkable scholar, Mr. Edward J. Dent. From the standpoint of the older theorists this section is revolutionary, and its novelty may be indicated by quoting the following sentence from Mr. Dent: "A theory of harmony which ignores rhythm is useless." The fundamental defect of nearly all nineteenth-century theorists was that they did ignore rhythm. They treated harmony statically, and when they considered chords in sequence, they regarded them as paralysed objects in juxtaposition without movement. Mr. Dent rightly points out that the "change which took place in the general musical outlook in 1900 was like the change of 1600, largely a rhythmical one." Greater freedom of rhythm always precedes new developments in harmony, and the influence of Debussy was, as Mr. Dent points out, mainly rhythmical. If Debussy had not escaped from the cast-iron 4-4 rhythm which still enslaves German music, he would never have delighted us with his wonderful harmonic variety.

This historical section of the article on Harmony is a model of lucid compression, but I should have liked Mr. Dent to have carried it a little further. What does he mean precisely when he says: "'The juxtaposition of unrelated sonorities,' as some modern theorists call it, seems to imply a franker recognition of the purely physical effects of sounds than theorists of the school of Hanslick would have been willing to countenance"? I cannot

[Continued overleaf.

* "A Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians." (J. M. Dent and Sons; 35s.)



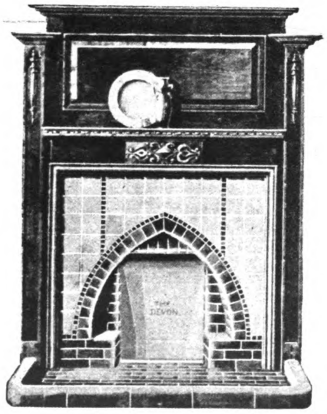
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*Continued.*]

believe that modern music makes any more direct or franker appeal to the auditory sense than the music of any previous period in the world's history; but perhaps I am wrong. Will Mr. Dent please develop this idea more fully in the second edition of the Dictionary?

One of the articles that pleases me best is that on Berlioz, who, strictly speaking, does not come within the scope of the Dictionary, as he died in 1869. But Berlioz is a more living influence than Wagner in contemporary music, and in certain respects he is still in advance of the times. I quote from M. Henri Prunières's admirable article: "Berlioz is really the origin of all that revolutionary movement which has been carried on, in the search for new forms, by the French musicians during the last half-century. He broke up all the traditional forms and conventions which stifled music, and he opened the door to the future. He offers an absolute contrast to Wagner. Whilst the latter slowly took possession of his genius, and followed its ascension methodically and surely, Berlioz perpetually hesitated to follow along his road. It does not behove us to trace this *vie douloureuse*, full of uncertainties. In 1830 (three years after Beethoven's death) this young man of twenty-seven had already composed the eight scenes from 'Faust,' the overture, 'Waverley,' and the 'Symphonie Fantastique,' in which, breaking through the milieu of the symphony character, he gives us the prototype of the 'symphonic poem.' Liszt (who made in 1830, at Paris, a piano transcription of the 'Symphonie Fantastique') only progressed by systematising Berlioz's idea. Berlioz knew not what to do with his inventions; he sowed to the winds, but nothing was lost; and Liszt, Richard Strauss, Rimsky-Korsakov, Lalo, Saint-Saëns profited largely by Berlioz's suggestions."

This is true and well said. But, apart from Berlioz's amazing inventiveness in the art of orchestration, he had an originality of conception to which full justice has not even yet been done. M. Prunières says: "His orchestral writing is so far removed from the usual procedure that one cannot imagine the effect produced in performance by merely reading it." True, and those who hear even to-day "Faust" or the "Symphonie Fantastique," or "Roméo et Juliette" find themselves listening to the most bizarre, novel, and curiously seductive effects which resemble nothing else in music. There is a purity of colour and a bareness in Berlioz's music which is extraordinarily expressive, and to which I can find no parallel outside Moussorgsky, who also failed, as Berlioz did, to find himself completely.

Another excellent though too brief article is that of M. Calvocoressi on Moussorgsky. But M. Calvocoressi tells us nothing new, nothing that we do not know already. For example, he concludes: "The much-debated questions, how far Moussorgsky's alleged technical shortcomings are to be accounted for by his very conception of his art (summed up in this excerpt from a letter of his to Stassof: 'The quest of mere beauty of shape and matter is a crude and childish stage of art; the true task of the artist is to aim at disengaging the subtle features which characterise individuals and masses'); and how far the 'revisions' of his works were justified in principle or may lead to misconceptions as regards his capacities and achievements, are still under discussion." It is about time we were presented with some of the fruits of this discussion. After all, it has been going on for very many years now. M. Calvocoressi says that the first to protest was Pierre d'Alheim in his 'epoch-making book,' published in 1896; but we know from Rimsky-Korsakov's Autobiography that protests were made at the time of the first production of Rimsky-Korsakov's revision in Russia, and Rimsky-Korsakov, in his defence of his own revision, says that the original score lies in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg, and "if ever the conclusion is arrived at that the original is better, worthier than my revision, mine will be discarded, and 'Boris Godounov' will be performed according to the original score." Surely the question could have been finally answered in the present Dictionary, with illustrations showing exactly what the differences are between the two versions? One does not expect vague, inconclusive discussions in a Dictionary.

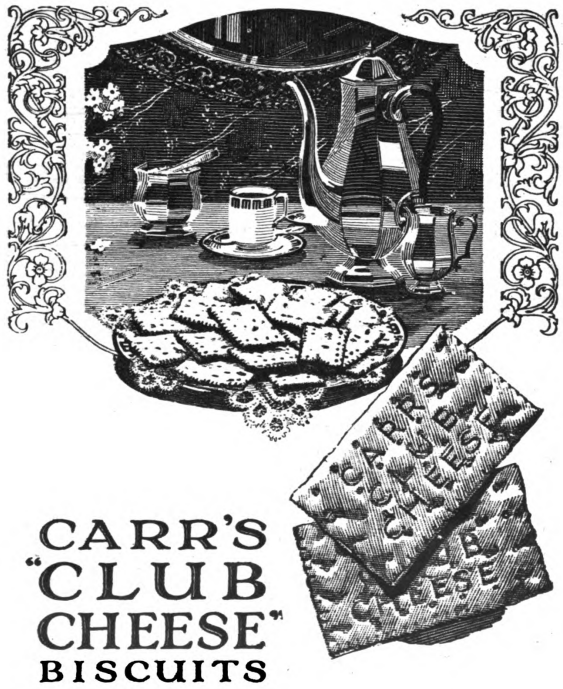
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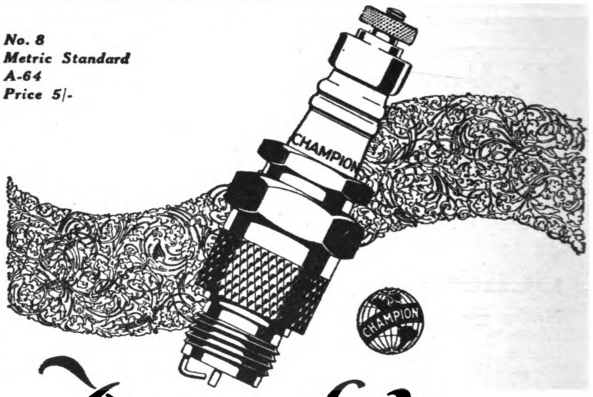




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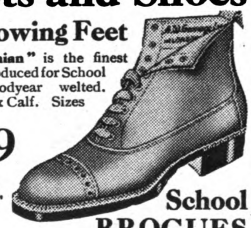
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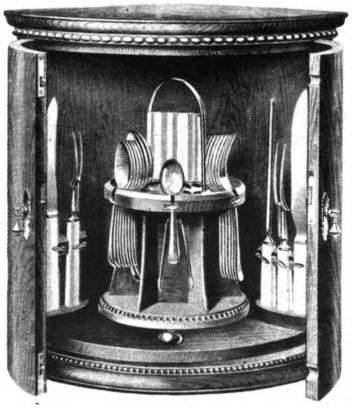


*Above, the 'Servitor' Cabinet as it appears when closed*

# *Harrods 'Servitor'* CUTLERY CABINET

TO HANG OR STAND

**THE CABINET CONTAINS**
6 Table Knives
6 Cheese Knives
1 pair Joint Carvers
1 pair Poultry Carvers
1 Steel
6 Table Forks
6 Dessert Forks
2 Table Spoons
6 Dessert Spoons
6 Tea Spoons
6 Egg Spoons
6 Soup Spoons
1 Sugar Tongs



This useful invention (Prov. Pat: 15949/23) is the most compact device for holding Table Plate and Cutlery, and is extremely serviceable where space is limited. The portable centre stand is a great convenience when laying the table, while the Cabinet itself is a very pleasing piece of Furniture.

*Below shows the 'Servitor' filled with Cutlery and Electro-plate at*
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(PS. 6377). Corner Cabinet, Jacobean style, with Oxydised Metal furnishings. Fitted with Cutlery for six persons. Stainless Steel Cutlery with imitation Ivory handles, and Harrods 'A' Quality Electro-plate Spoons and Forks, 'Old English' pattern. Complete
**£22:15:0**

**'Servitor' without Cabinet**
*(as illustrated on right)*
Filled with Knives, Forks and Spoons, but without the Corner Cabinet and Carvers - - -
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**Dangerous Road Surfaces.**

Apropos certain notes in these pages on the subject of the danger of some of the latest methods of road surfacing, I see the Ministry of Transport has appointed a small Committee to enquire into the matter and to seek a remedy. I imagine it will not be difficult to discover the latter, if in the last resort it means abandoning the surfacing material which has been proved guilty. It is perfectly certain that it will have to be altered, for the tale of accidents happening on these new roads is a growing one. I have seen it suggested that the best remedy is for the motorist to take it easily over treacherous surfaces, avoid braking, and so proceed in safety. Well, it is possible to agree with these maxims of safety first, but the trouble seems to be that the offending surfaces are perfectly safe in dry weather, or when they are really wet. When they are dangerous is when they have just been wetted by a shower, or when they are well on in the drying stage. How is one to know when they are at the danger point? Another thing, how is the motorist driving by night to know when he is approaching one of these dangerous stretches? Of course, it is beside the point for people to say that caution is the best avoidance of trouble in this direction. It amounts to this, that, if a certain method of road construction is proved to be dangerous, it has got to be altered, and the Ministry of Transport is doing the right thing in appointing the Committee referred to.



BESIDE THE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS MONUMENT IN FRONT OF THE AREGNTINE GOVERNMENT BUILDING, THE CASA ROSADA (RED HOUSE), IN BUENOS AIRES: A 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE OWNED BY MR. VICTORIANO I. SALORIO.

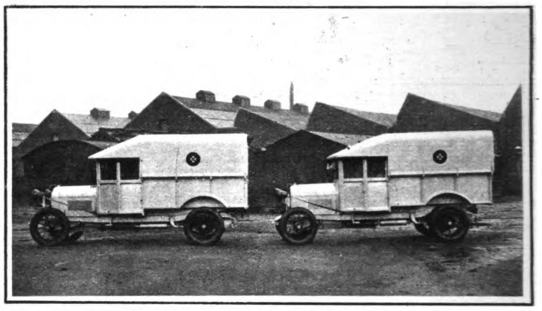
**Petrol Down in Price.**

The petrol combine companies have recently announced a drop in the price of motor fuel amounting to 3½d. per gallon. They explain that the fall is due to cheaper production overseas, and also to the fact that imports to this country have risen considerably. It has nothing to do with the well acknowledged fact that the price of a commodity is what it will fetch! Still less is it dictated by the competition of "pirate" petrol, which is still about 2d. a gallon below the combine price! But, whatever the reasons, I doubt not that the motoring community will be duly thankful for the mercies vouchsafed. I must say that, while I have no particular sympathy for the combines, I think there is a good deal to be said in favour of their methods of business. After all, they serve the motorist well even if they do charge him more than they ought. It is really a wonderful thing that one should be able to travel the length and breadth of the land and be able to buy one's fuel anywhere at a standard price, and, better still, to know that there is no occasion to worry about supplies, which will be available in the next small village. It is small consolation to the stranded motorist in a remote part of the country to know that if only he were two hundred miles away he could get petrol at 1s. 5d. against the 1s. 7½d. he has to pay for combine spirit. The distributing organisation and the service facilities of the combines are worth a little extra—if not as much as they often charge us for them.

**The Two Hundred Miles Race.**

The Two Hundred Miles Race, which is quite the most interesting event held in England every year, will be run at Brooklands next Saturday, the 20th inst. The full number of fifty entries—the entries are limited to this—has been received, and the race ought to be full of interest. The knowing ones seem to think the 1500 c.c. class is a good thing for the Darracq team, but, as we saw last year, this is eminently a race that is not always to the swiftest. There are others who have to be reckoned with, though I should say the Darracqs have a fine chance. They will almost certainly be the fastest team on the track, and their drivers are the most experienced at the game. Major Segrave, who won the Grand Prix last year, and K. Lee Guinness, are to drive two of these cars. The third was to have been in the hands of Dario Resta, who was killed at Brooklands the other day while attempting world's records on a Grand Prix Sunbeam.

[*Continued overleaf.*



TO CROSS AFRICA FROM SOUTH TO NORTH: THE TWO 25-30-H.P. CROSSLEY CARS SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE 7000-MILE CAPE-TO-CAIRO MOTOR EXPEDITION.

The six members of the expedition include the leader, Major C. Court-Treatt, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.S., and his wife. The cars can be bolted together to form a pontoon.




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Our Engineering Experts have 30 years of experience and Scientific research behind them. They are able to control the rays of light that leave your lamps, so as to obtain the exact effect you require. Their advice and help are FREE, involving no obligation whatever.

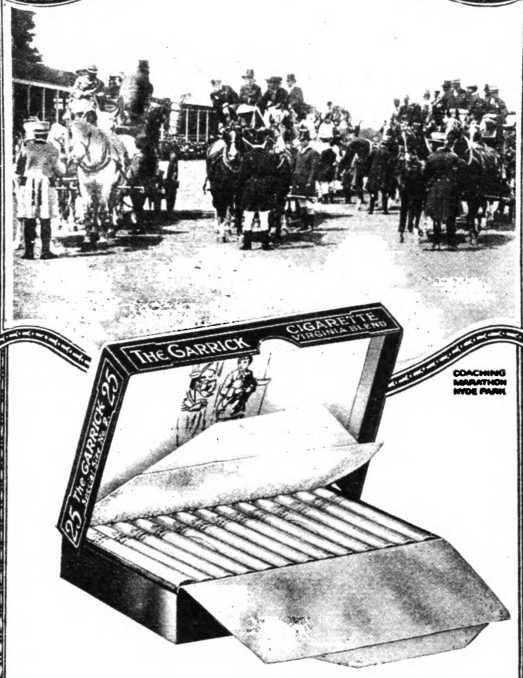
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P. 39. P. 40

P. 39.—Artistic Frock in Shot Taffeta, trimmed smart Bow at side. 42 ins. **Price 5½ Gns.**

P. 40.—Useful Navy Repp Frock with White Organdi Muslin Collar and Cuffs. 42 inches. **Price 63/-**

P. 33.—Useful Georgette Frock for Dancing Class or School Wear, trimmed Posy at waist. Piped Self colour. Lined Jap Silk. 42 ins. **Price 4 Gns.**



P. 33.

P. 35.—Attractive Georgette Frock, Accordion-pleated, with deep frill at Neck. Also same style in Net. White, Pink and Blue.

**Prices** in Georgette:

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|---|---|
| 24 **47/6** | 27 **49/6** |
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P. 36. — Smart Taffeta Frock, trimmed Frills on Skirt & Bodice. 39 ins. **Price 3½ Gns.**



P. 29.—Girl's Frock in Botany Wool, trimmed Bands of Artificial Silk in contrasting colour. Size 8. **Price 49/6**

Felt Hat, suitable for Girls of 10-16 years. **Price 18/9**



P. 115. — "The Highland Kiltie." A smart and practical Woollen Stockinette Frock and Bloomers. Made in Navy, Brown, Purple, Emerald, Copper, Cherry, White, Lemon, Sky, and Saxe. Lengths from shoulder:

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18 ins. **25/9**, 20 **27/6**, 22 **29/6**, 24 **32/9**, 26 **35/6**, 28 **39/6**, 30 **42/-**, 32 **47/6**, 34 **52/-**, 36 **55/-**.

**"Gym" Hose for Ladies and Children. Cashmere, Black and Brown.**
**Sizes 4 to 6 - 4/11½**
**„ 9, 9½ & 10 5/11**
**Perfect Fitting.**

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*Continued.*]

The 750 c.c. class ought to be a gift for Austin's, though there is a new French six-cylinder car in this class which is said to be extraordinarily fast. The 1100 c.c. class seems to be the most open of them all, though I should say the Salmson has more than a chance of repeating its victories of past years. Whatever the results, the race will certainly be worth going to Brooklands to see.

**The Cape to Cairo Expedition.** Two Crossley cars are to take part in an expedition which is attempting to cover the distance between the Cape and Cairo. The chief explorer is Major C. Court-Treatt, a well-known motorist and aviator, and he will be accompanied by his wife. Other members of the party will include Mr. T. A. Glover, who was photographer to Captain Buchanan on the famous trans-Sahara trip, and Major Court-Treatt's old hunting boy, who will be picked up in Johannesburg. The object of the expedition is to collect data, to find out what roads there are and where roads could be established. In addition, a camera record will be made of scenery, animal life, hunting and the like. Major Court-Treatt devoted a great deal of time to the selection of the cars to be used, and finally decided on two Crossleys. He was largely guided in this selection by the fact that cars of this make are used with success in every part of the world under exceptionally hard conditions, and also by the fact that his own experience with them has been sufficient to give him complete confidence in their ability to accomplish the great journey he is attempting. The two Crossley cars are of 25-30-h.p., and have been specially built and equipped. The bodies are very roomy and exceptionally strong, and are fitted with mosquito-proof netting and special water-tanks. A unique feature of the car is that when the bodies are lifted off, they can be bolted together to form a pontoon or boat, into which one of the cars can be run, and then transported across a river or lake, thus solving one of Major Court-Treatt's chief difficulties.

**Vauxhall Record-Breakers.** A cablegram has been received by Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., announcing that in the championship hill climb held by the Royal Automobile Club of Australia, a 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall car was first, making the fastest time and lowering the previous record by six seconds. In the championship touring car class, the same car was again first with fastest time. In the handicap for cars of all powers, a 14-40-h.p. Vauxhall was an easy winner. W. W.

# THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "THE BELLS," AT THE SAVOY.

MR. HENRY BAYNTON now gives a better performance of Mathias than he afforded about a year ago. He contrives to put a sort of melodramatic intensity into the dream-scene; but he fails to make it tense, eerie, or shuddery; while the two spot lights that are trained on him detract from rather than heighten the impressiveness of the supposed trial. Mr. Baynton, indeed, capable actor as he appears to be, has no very obvious qualifications for the part of the conscience-stricken criminal. He has none of Irving's command of facial and manual play; he reveals nothing of that *diablerie* and sense of the macabre which made Irving so fascinating in such parts as Mathias and Louis XI.; and such intensity as he manages to compass seems to be merely vocal and external. He lacks innervation. Spot lights are a poor substitute for flashes of genius; and "The Bells," minus an actor of genius, is seen for what it is—just tolerable, second-rate melodrama. To usher in the evening's entertainment, Shakespeare's "A Comedy of Errors" was played in a boiled-down version. It proved very amusing farce; but why the two Dromios should have been presented as blackamoors is a mystery. The best acting in the alleged "comedy" came from the women. That admirable Shakespearean actress, Miss Florence Saunders, was excellent as Adriana; while Miss Sylvia Shaw made a very pleasant Æmilia.

### THE CO-OPTIMISTS, AT THE PALACE.

The Co-Optimists have just made a welcome return to town, and are now presenting their eighth programme—at the Palace Theatre. It is a very good show on the whole, bright, gay, original, and rollicking; but the first part is a little too much in the manner of the hit-or-miss-it seaside entertainment, and needs brightening up. The Co-Optimists ought not to be tedious or amateurish. Certainly they have no need to be; for the company, though it has lost some of its original members, is quite as all-round talented as ever it was. To praise at this time of day that accomplished musician and singer, Mr. Melville Gideon, or that genial and portly comedian, Mr. David Burnaby, would be absurd. Suffice it to say that they and their colleagues, Messrs. Stanley Holloway, Gilbert Childs, and Jack Melford, with Misses Doris Bentley, Neta Underwood, and Anita Elson, are admirable alike in *ensemble* turns, such, for instance, as "Operatic Motoring" and "Dancing Melodrama," and in individual items. The position in the company left vacant by Miss Phyllis Monkman—that of chief dancer and character-actress—is taken by that remarkable young actress, Miss Hermione Baddeley. In the first part, Miss Baddeley is hampered by her poor material; but when, in the second part, she and Mr. Gilbert Childs render the burlesque scena, "Missing the Bus," she reveals herself as a real *comédienne* and as a first-rate revue artist. But she ought not to be burdened with such rubbish as "Teach Me How to Golf, Boys." Nor ought Mr. Melford to be asked to sing so silly a ditty as "Puggie."

### "POPPY," AT THE GAIETY.

Just as Mr. George Robey or Mr. Robert Hale can almost carry the whole weight of a revue on their shoulders, so Mr. George Graves and Mr. W. H. Berry can well-nigh make any musical comedy tolerable. "Poppy" is not a bad musical comedy; but what it would be without Mr. Berry, one shudders to think. Miss Annie Croft, as the heroine, looks very pretty and sings quite charmingly; but it would be the merest affectation to say that she can boast any great personality. Nor has Miss Luella Gear—an American newcomer with a manner resembling that of Miss Lee White—quite found herself yet on this side, despite the fact that one of her songs, "What do you do Sundays, Mary?" was encored again and again on the first night. Mr. Reginald Sharland, however, makes a handsome and inoffensive hero. The dresses, alleged to be of the period 1870, are some of them extremely pretty. The chorus is always romping in and singing or dancing something catchy. And, above all, Mr. Berry has the makings of a very amusing part, that of a card-sharper and cheap-jack. To see the sham professor—in the person of Mr. Berry—setting himself to the wooing of a mature and iracund foreign countess, and thereby recalling the leading scene in "The Way of the World," is, of course, to be reminded of the self-evident fact that Dorothy Donelly, the author of the "book" of "Poppy," is not exactly in the same street with William Congreve. And yet Mr. Berry played this scene with tremendous comic gusto! He has played it—or scenes like it—many a time. But never before has he made such a big success of it as he is now making at the Gaiety.





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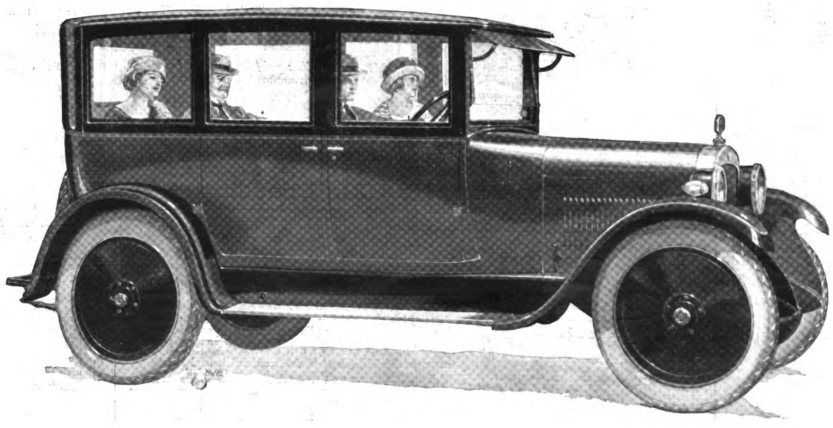
The roomy interior is upholstered in grey mohair velvet and provides roomy accommodation for five adult passengers. The equipment, which is unusually complete, includes interior heater, interior lighting, windscreen wiper, driving mirror, licence holder, grease-retaining spring gaiters and folding luggage grid.

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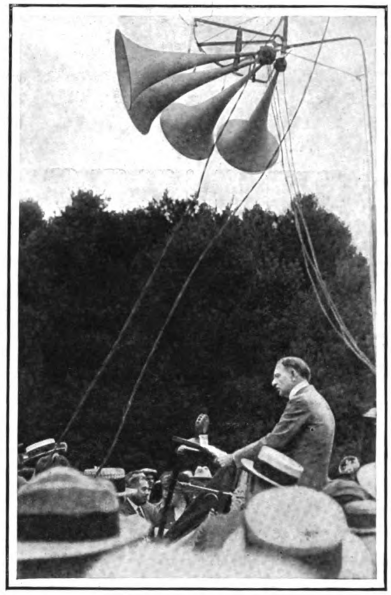
THIS week, millions of American broadcast enthusiasts are listening to the first direct-from-the-field description of a polo match, on the occasion of the International polo games held at Meadowbrook Club, and transmitted from "WJZ," the New York station of the Radio Corporation of America. Land-lines linking "WJZ" and its sister station, "WGY," at Schenectady, will enable both stations to broadcast the descriptions simultaneously. Major A. G. Rudd, United States Army, is describing every phase of the game for the radio audience. He is a polo player of long experience and considerable reputation in Army circles, an enthusiastic student of the game, and refereed the Intercollegiate Championship polo games last season; so that listeners are assured of an authoritative, concise, and colourful story of what is going on. The International Polo Cup games are three in number, the Cup going to the winners of two out of three games. Both the American defenders and the British challengers represent the finest team which either country can produce, and, particularly after the spirited contest last season, this year's game promises exceptional excitement and fine play. A remote-control broadcasting apparatus installed by "WJZ" on the field at Meadowbrook Club enables Major Rudd and his colleague, Major J. A. White, stationed close on the side-lines, to describe every detail of the play from the most advantageous point possible.

Last week, the radio public in all localities of the British Isles had the novel experience of listening to the well-known broadcasting entertainer, "John Henry," performing in front of a microphone in a De Haviland aeroplane flying 4000 ft. above London. Listeners heard "J. H.," with "Blossom," his lady partner, arrive at Hendon Aerodrome prior to flight, and the spirit of the aerodrome was conveyed with realism by the sounds of the aeroplane engine. The comic pessimism of the performer, both before and during the flight over London, provided a most exciting thrill, and all listeners must have felt relieved when they became aware that the aeroplane had landed safely.

The B.B.C. announces that, commencing on Oct. 3, a series of talks on topics of agricultural interest will be broadcast every alternate Friday. Experts of the Ministry of Agriculture will communicate bulletins consisting of notes on marketing, seasonal reminders on topics such as horticulture, dairying, small live stock, seed-testing, and short talks on apple-growing, choice of seed corn, silver leaf disease of plums, and interesting notes on the ten-perch allotment. On Oct. 24, the first of a monthly series of short lectures by foremost agricultural authorities will be broadcast simultaneously from all stations. The lecturers include Sir John Russell, D.Sc., F.R.S., Director of Rothampstead Experimental Station; Professor T. B. Wood, C.B.E.; Sir A. Daniel Hall, K.C.B., F.R.S., Chief Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture; Sir Stewart Stockman, M.R.C.V.S.; Professor R. Biffin, F.R.S., and other leading experts.

The degree of purity of reproduction of broadcasts received by a multi-valve set depends largely upon the effectiveness of the high-tension battery. A set may have given perfect results for several months, when suddenly reception is spoiled by crackling, or "frying" noises. More often than not, the disturbance is caused by a H.T. battery which has become imperfect through long use, and by leakage between the numerous small cells of which it is composed. Most batteries, designed for light weight rather than for long life, were good enough in the early days of broadcasting, when two-valve sets were used for listening to occasional transmissions; but batteries having such small cells are not capable of standing up for long when used every day in a four or five valve set, as they are now under modern broadcasting conditions. The matter has been dealt with in a most drastic manner by Burndept Ltd., who decided recently that the cells of their H.T. batteries should be made much bigger—so big, in fact, that their extra efficiency warrants the battery being used not inside the set, but as a separate component. In the new battery, each cell weighs about four ounces, as against the three-quarters of an ounce of other cells. The cells are massed together inside a polished mahogany-finished container, and five brass contacts are provided for connecting up 20, 45, 48, or 50 volts as required, according to the type of valves employed in the set. On test, the new battery, which weighs twelve and a half pounds, proved to be absolutely noiseless—this being due to the special design, care in making, and the very high insulation. Known as the Burndept Super-Radio Battery, it will operate a five-valve set four hours every day for at least eight months, and should be good for a whole year.

W. H. S.

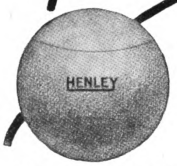


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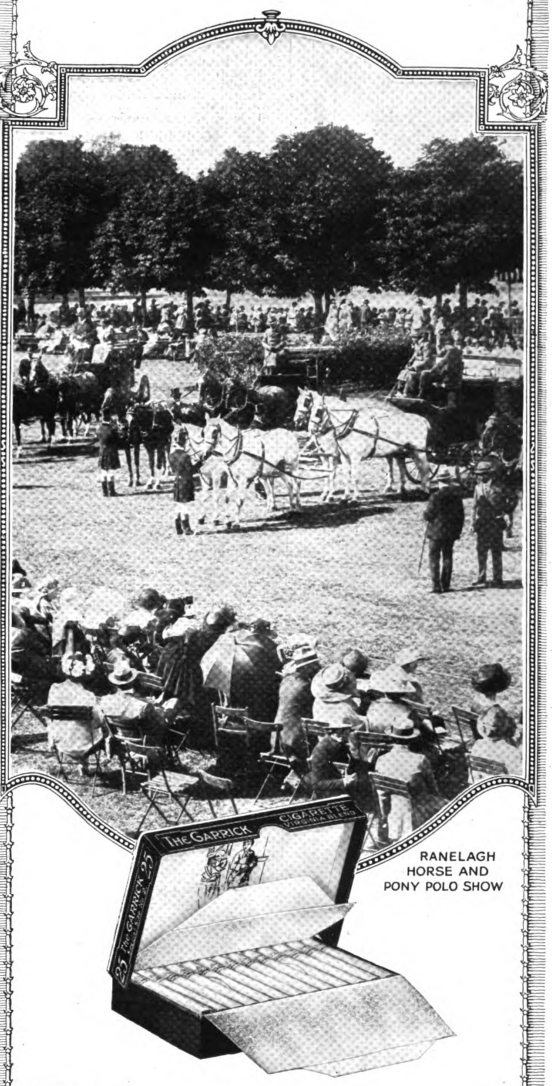
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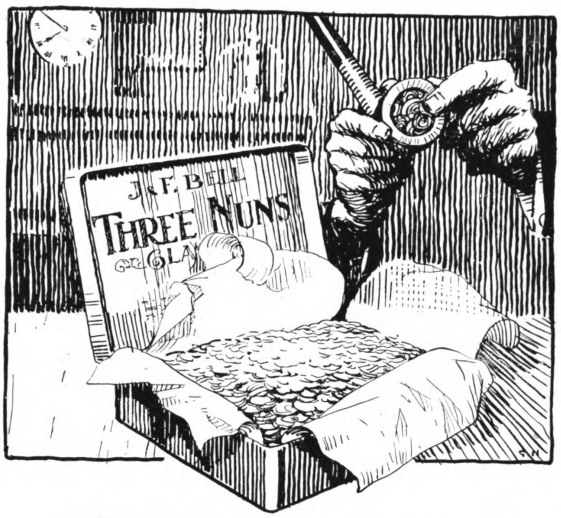
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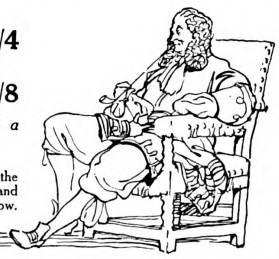
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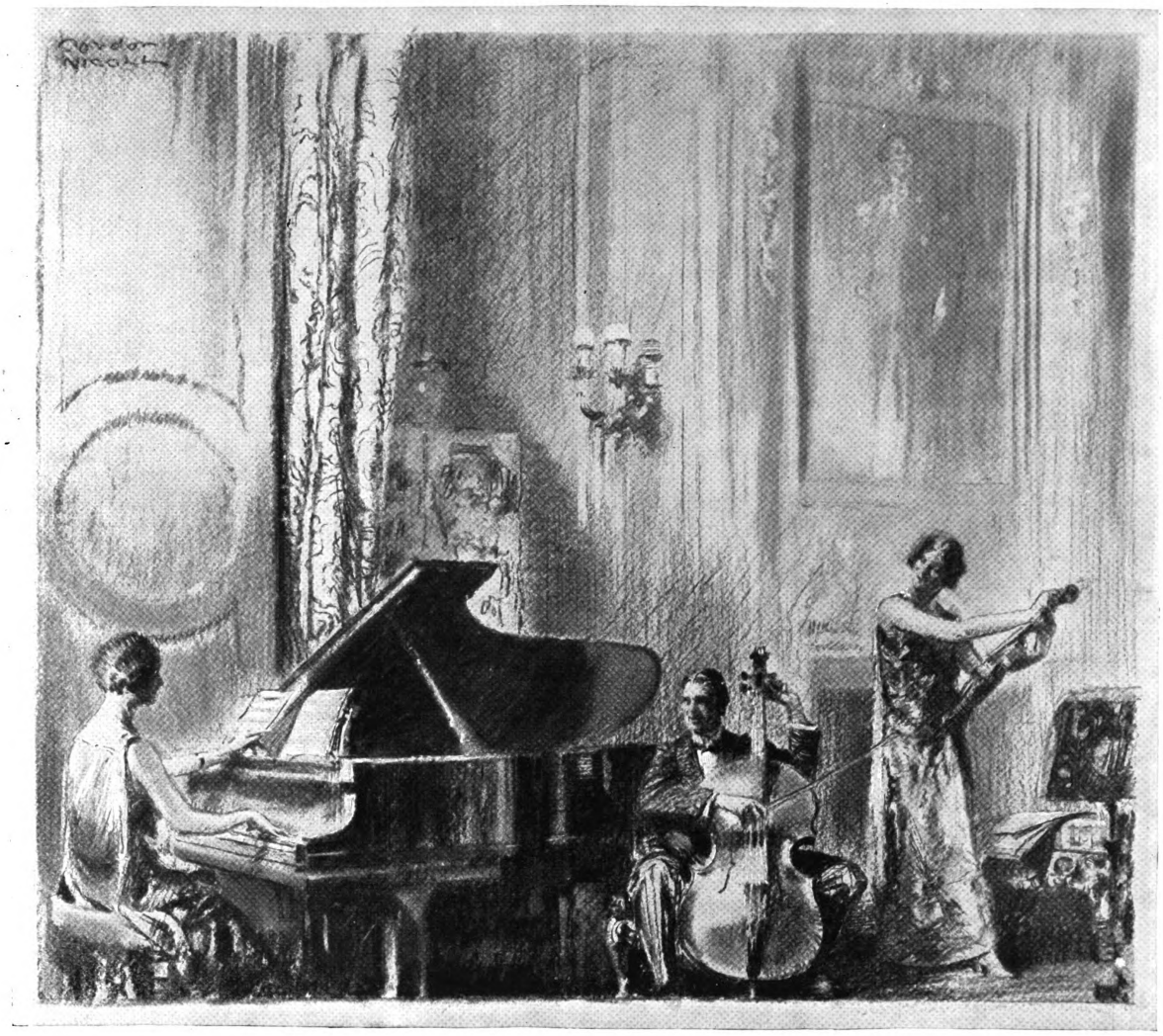
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Oliver Cromwell

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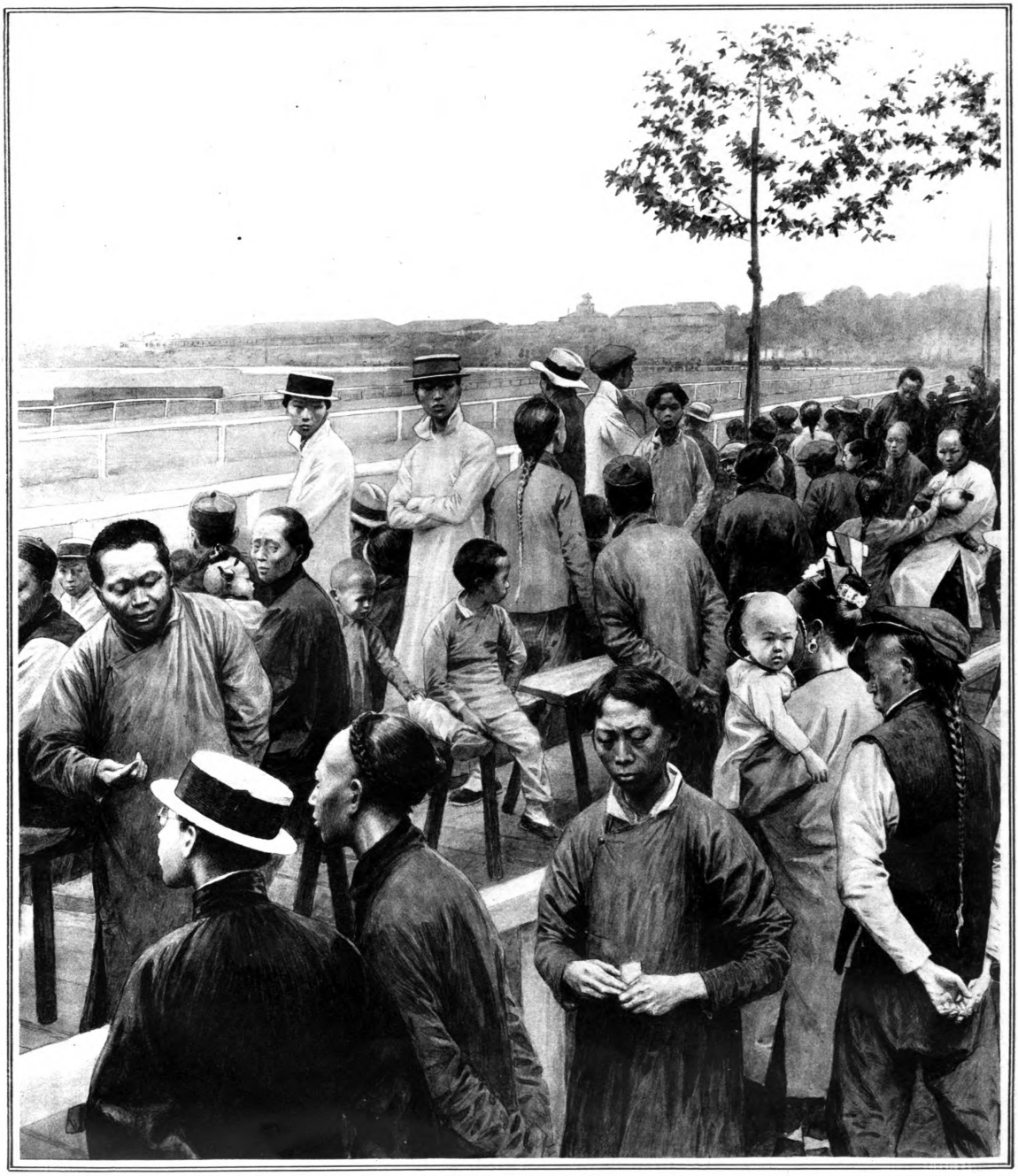
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1924.



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**CHINESE RACEGOERS AT SHANGHAI, WHERE AN INTERNATIONAL NAVAL FORCE HAS BEEN LANDED TO PROTECT THE FOREIGN COMMUNITY: NATIVE INTEREST IN WESTERN SPORT.**

Shanghai is unpleasantly close to the scene of fighting in the civil war that recently broke out in China, and, to protect the large and important foreign community, an international naval force was landed from the Allied war-ships, which are under the command of Rear-Admiral D. M. Anderson, and a cordon was drawn round the city, to prevent it from being subjected to incursions by either of the belligerents, or to an influx of large masses of unarmed men. That the native population of Shanghai takes a keen interest in sport introduced by the "foreigner" is evident from this interesting drawing by the well-known French artist, M. Sabattier, who has lately been in China. "The Chinese," he writes, "are passionately fond of gaming, and the native population of Shanghai which constantly frequents the course at the Race Club differs only in costume and facial type from the *habitués* of Longchamp or Auteuil."

FROM THE DRAWING BY L. SABATTIER. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)



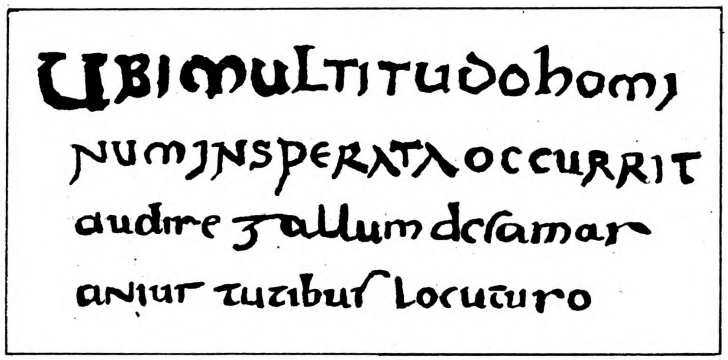

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ALL have noted the case of the young Jews who figured in the newspapers in the doubly fashionable character of murderers and millionaires. It has a great many morals and aspects of interest; one is that it is one of the excedingly few attempts ever made in the modern world to punish a millionaire for anything. It has largely failed. In another aspect it has a moral for those who are always telling us that Utopia will be built up upon the broad and solid foundation of Education. No types could be more completely educated, in the sense used by modern educationists, than these Jewish intellectuals. It is obvious that they reached the other end of nowhere, the last point of nihilism and anarchy, much *quicker* because of the speeding up of their mental development by education. If they had been utterly illiterate they might possibly have grown to a green old age in health and happiness. I do not use this to suggest the advisability of being illiterate, but I do use it to dispute the all-sufficiency of being instructed. In this case a process of education is another name for a process of exhaustion. This was because the education was connected with a false moral philosophy; but it is the same moral philosophy that can be found in three-fourths of the fiction and journalism we read to-day. It begins with what is called the philosophy of experience. It ends with exhaustion because it begins with experience. Nobody has the sense to stop it at the start by pointing out that it is nonsense for a Chinaman to say he has a right to the experiences of a Red Indian. It is nonsense for a pork-butcher in Huddersfield to say he has a right to the experiences of a pearl-diver in Ceylon. It is equally nonsense for a village maiden in Market Bosworth to say she has a right to the experiences of a film star in Los Angeles, though this right is the basis of many modern novels. And it is only a little more nonsensical for a young Yankee Jew to say that he has a right to the experience of being an assassin. It is all the same nonsense; and the answer to it is that all men have a right to justice, but no man has a right to experience. But if this common-sense condemns the boy murderers, it must simultaneously condemn nine-tenths of the boy and girl experimentalists who figure in realistic literature, and not a few who figure in real life. In other words, so long as education is valued for the sake of experience, and not for the sake of right choice and of the truth, any miserable little diseased monkey is entitled to say that one experience is as interesting as another, and this experience more interesting than most. But that is only another way of saying that we cannot settle education until we settle religion.

I have just read of a recent comedy in which a young lady justified her indifference to the Ten Commandments by saying that she felt that life must contain "something more." That is the philosophy of which Loeb and Leopold were ready to be the pioneers. If it is right, it is the religion of which Loeb and Leopold were ready to be the martyrs. They were most profoundly convinced that life ought to contain Something More. They certainly gave their own version of the great American dogma—that a man is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I for one believe in that dogma as it was declared by the dogmatist, as part of the purpose of the Creator. But the dogmatist in question conceived the lives as valued equally and the happiness as pursued normally. Here the right of the murderous youth to liberty rather impinged upon the right of the murdered youth to life. But the important point is still the definition of the pursuit of happiness; and whether it means what it meant in the Declaration of Independence or what it generally means in the sex novel of to-day. A man has a right to a reasonable chance of happiness, if he can get happiness out of normal conditions—out of human companionship and daylight and decently regular meals. I entirely agree that many modern capitalist conditions are not normal conditions, for people do not have regular meals or any meals, and sometimes hardly any daylight. Men have a right to reform in such things; but only because they are prepared to enjoy the broad daylight and their daily bread. But it is a very different business if the pursuit of happiness is to be understood as anything that will make a bored person happy. It is very different if it means not even unlimited liberty in thought, but rather unlimited liberty in thrills. By that conception we are bound to grant to him not merely what he ought to have, but practically anything that he has not got. We are bound to yield, not even to his discontent, but merely to his curiosity. If he cannot enjoy his daily bread, he must be indulged in every kind of cookery up to the point of cannibalism. If he cannot appreciate the daylight, he must be allowed to turn on every sort of coloured light, ending in the red glow of a universal conflagration. In some mystical way he is convinced that he was born in possession of a certain experience, simply and solely because he has never had it. It is hard to see on what authority rests this divine right of experiment. Yet it runs like a religion through a vast amount of the literature and talk of the time. Any number of novelists extend it to cover the destruction of homes; and it was only carrying it a little further to let it cover the destruction of lives. If adultery is an experience, so is murder an experience; and there is no reason to doubt that it is indeed a very intense experience. But perhaps it is not quite so intense as the experience of being murdered, or even of being hanged. Only those who have had these experiences can tell us how far they are forms of the pursuit of happiness.

What is needed is a rational re-statement, pointing out that the pursuit of happiness implies the capacity to be reasonably happy when we have got happiness. It does not mean that a man who is unreasonably unhappy without Imperial Tokay at tea-time must have it because he won't be happy till he gets it. For that sort of divine discontent is not the pursuit of happiness, but rather the pursuit of unhappiness. And the whole object of real art, of real romance—and, above all, of real religion—is to prevent people from losing the humility and gratitude which are thankful for daylight and daily bread; to prevent them from regarding daily life as dull or domestic life as narrow; to teach them to feel in the sunlight the song of Apollo and in the bread the epic of the plough. What is now needed most is intensive imagination. I mean the power to turn our imaginations inwards, on the things we already have, and to make those things live. It is not merely seeking new experiences, which rapidly become old experiences. It is really learning how to experience our experiences. It is learning how to enjoy our enjoyments. As it is, we are surrounded by a riot which is excused as the only way of being young, but which seems really to be a rapid way of growing old. At the end of that primrose path of "adventure" stand, like statues of Assyria or Babylon, those two horrible homicides, who, by a last and most horrible irony, were allowed to live on account of their youth. There is many a man of eighty who is young compared with them.

I fancy those two dark and simister figures will come to stand for a good deal in the rather stormy future of America. On the one hand, they dispose of a great deal of the sort of psychology that was only a new form of snobbery. If there is a contemptible creature alive, it is the criminologist who explains away crime as the result of poverty, with the delicate implication that it is only from poverty that we need expect crime. The answer to that sort of criminology is simply history, especially the history of crime. The criminologist implies that nobody will sin who is educated at a school for the sons of gentlemen only; and he seems to forget that Borgia and Gilles de Rais and the Marquis de Sade were certainly gentlemen and the sons of gentlemen.




THE ONLY PORTION OF THE ALLEGED MANUSCRIPT OF LIVY YET PUBLISHED: THE FACSIMILE OF FOUR LINES REPRODUCED IN A GERMAN PAPER.

As mentioned elsewhere in this number, Dr. Max Funke was allowed to copy four lines of the alleged Livy codex, and they were reproduced in facsimile (as above) in the "Leipziger Tageblatt" of September 12. Professor R. S. Conway, who had not then seen the facsimile, made the following comments, which, it will be noted, anticipate a different division of the lines of text. Writing in the "Times," he said: "Students of Livy's manuscripts will be strongly inclined to believe in the genuineness of the five words (*i.e.*, the first two lines). The number of letters is thirty-six—*i.e.*, just two less than twice the number which Professor Flamstead Walters and I have long since adopted as our standard of the average number per line of Uncial writing in a two-column page. . . . Observe, further, that the clause divides neatly into two not quite equal halves after *hominum*, giving nineteen letters for the first line; but the *-um* at the end of the line was probably written simply *u* with a (more or less) horizontal stroke above it. In any case, the line ended with the end of a word, a point to which the scribes of that period (and others) attached importance and which they took some pains to secure. The remaining two words contain seventeen letters, which, again, would do well for another line. . . . The most interesting part of the news, however, is the statement that two lines were in minuscule hand, 'perhaps a gloss.' But were these two lines inserted in the text or between the lines of Uncial writing, or in the margin, above, below, or at the side? Until the facsimile is available the less said on this matter the better. When the manuscript is made accessible, if it contains many of these insertions in a different hand, they may reveal to us a good deal about the history of the text; or they may be merely amusing." It will be interesting to have Professor Conway's views after seeing the above facsimile.—[*By Courtesy of the "Leipziger Tageblatt."*]

## *OUR ANAGLYPHS.*

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# THE THORN IN SPAIN'S SIDE: ABDUL KRIM AND HIS MEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY MR. G. WARD PRICE. COPYRIGHT BY THE "DAILY MAIL."



TYPICAL OF THE TRIBESMEN WHO MAKE CONSTANT ATTACKS ON SPANISH FORTIFIED POSTS: RIFF SOLDIERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT.



MUCH MORE SUMPTUOUSLY DRESSED THAN THE RANK AND FILE: A RIFF CHIEFTAIN'S SON (ON RIGHT) STARTING FOR THE FIRING LINE.

NOW that the Spanish campaign in Morocco, which has dragged on for so many years, has entered on a new phase, and the President of the Spanish Directory has himself gone to Morocco to take control of the operations, it is interesting to recall what manner of men the Spaniards are fighting. The above photographs were secured during the adventurous journey, a few months ago, by the famous war-correspondent, Mr. G. Ward Price, who in Arab dress succeeded in penetrating to the headquarters of the Riff leader, Abdul Krim. Writing in the "Daily Mail," Mr. Ward Price said: "From a mountain top one morning I looked down on to the

[*Continued opposite.*



"A RATHER SHORT, BURLY FIGURE, IN UNPRETENTIOUS BROWN ROBE AND GREEN TURBAN": ABDUL KRIM, AMIR OF THE RIFFIAN MOORS, AND THEIR LEADER IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN, AT HIS HEADQUARTERS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF MOROCCO.

*Continued.*]

Spanish front and saw a long string of fortified posts, built of stone, crowning every peak of a chain of hills. This line of blockhouses stretches from the seashore to the frontier of French Morocco. Each post is exposed to constant sniping, and occasional isolation, by the Riff clansmen hidden among the rocks on the opposing slopes. It was to the sound of such splutters of rifle-fire that, three days after entering the Riff, a long climb right over a mountain 5000 feet high brought me down to a broad, gravelly river bed, which the guide announced led to Abdul Krim's field-headquarters." Describing later the approach to the actual spot, Mr. Ward Price continues: "At fifty-

[*Continued below.*



ABANDONED BY THE SPANIARDS: A DESERTED SPANISH FORTIFIED POST IN THE RIFF, WHERE SPAIN HAS BEEN AT WAR WITH THE MOORS SINCE 1912.



RIFF CHIEFTAINS: (LEFT) BOUDGILAR, RIFF ENVOY TO LONDON IN 1922; (RIGHT) MOHAMET ABDUL KRIM, THE AMIR'S YOUNGER BROTHER AND CHIEF OF STAFF.

*Continued.*]

yard intervals on a great circle taking in either side of the river's course, stood tall motionless figures in flowing brown dress and light-blue turbans, each rigid at attention with rifle at his side. They were men of Abdul Krim's bodyguard, a picked and specially drilled force five hundred strong, all six feet high and sure shots. Still as statues they stood, all facing inward, with an effect theatrical but impressive, which gave dignity to the rather short, burly figure, in unpretentious brown robe and green turban, who waited by a plain deal table set out on the dry gravel of the watercourse. . . . Abdul Krim, who is forty-two, has a pleasant, full red face, weather-beaten and wrinkled, with keen, twinkling eyes and the usual short beard of the Arab. His hands are plump and shapely; his voice low and quick in utterance. I have heard cruelty of a cold-blooded kind alleged by Spaniards against the Riff leader, but nothing in his appearance or bearing suggests a barbarous disposition. Rather does he give an impression of alert intelligence, and there is natural self-confidence in his unaffected, quiet manner." On September 15 it was stated that Spanish forces in Morocco had abandoned several more positions in the Wad Lau district.

# THE FORM IN WHICH LIVY WAS PRESERVED: TYPICAL LATIN MSS.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM "PALÉOGRAPHIE DES CLASSIQUES LATINS," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, M. CHATELAIN, LIBRARIAN OF THE SORBONNE, PARIS. PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

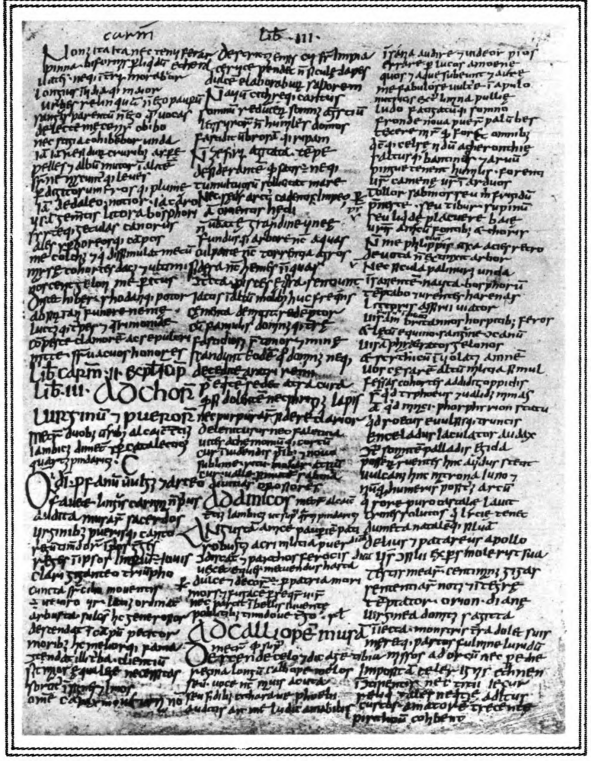


FIG. 1. ONE OF THE EARLIEST MANUSCRIPTS OF HORACE: A NINTH-CENTURY MS. OF THE ODES (BOOK III.) AT BERNE, IN MODIFIED IRISH MINUSCULES, BY ONE OF THE WANDERING IRISH SCHOLARS.

1

THE reported discovery of codices containing the whole of Livy's History of Rome lends intense interest to the story of the early manuscripts and their writers, to whom the world owes the preservation of classical literature. We are indebted for the following note on the subject to Mr. Robin Flower, of the Department of MSS. at the British Museum. "When we consider the fortunes of manuscripts," he writes, "it seems almost a miracle that in this twentieth century we can still hear Cicero speaking, read the story of Rome in the prose of Livy, and the myths of its origins in the verse of Virgil, and share in imagination the passionate loves of Catullus and the milder philanderings of Horace. For in the beginning these things were entrusted to one of the most fragile of materials—papyrus. The dry sands of Egypt have preserved much Greek writing for us, but very little Latin. By a curious chance, Livy is one of the few Latin writers thus favoured, for in 1903 there was discovered at Oxyrhynchus a roll of papyrus (Fig. 3) with passages from an unknown epitome of Livy in a hand of the third century A.D. It had been preserved because the blank reverse had been used for the writing of a fourth-century copy of the Epistle to the Hebrews. But by the fourth century vellum had taken the place of papyrus, and the classics were being transferred to this more durable material. One of the earliest existing MSS. of the classics on vellum is the fragmentary Virgil (fourth century) in the old square Roman capitals (Fig. 5), preserved part at the Vatican, part in Berlin. These capitals, derived from the incised forms of inscriptions, were modified first into the more graceful forms known as rustic capitals, and then into the more rounded forms to which the name 'uncials' belongs. Most of our early MSS. of the classics are in this latter script. The Oxyrhynchus Livy is in uncials with some admixture of cursive forms. The preservation of what remains to us is largely due to the activities of a number of revisers of classical texts who flourished in the period from the fourth to the sixth century of our era. The subscriptions testifying to their work are frequently found in the later MSS. It is interesting now to recall that the Paris Livy (containing the third decade only) is a copy of the fifth century thus revised at Avellino near

[*Continued in Box 2.*

2

Naples in the sixth century. It is in uncials (Fig. 6), and we might expect the newly discovered codices to bear something of the same aspect. Others have come to us as palimpsests, the half-obliterated writing hidden under later matter—as, for instance, the Cicero De Republica discovered by Mai in 1822 with a commentary of St. Augustine on the Psalms written over it (Fig. 4). The lives of some have hung by a thread. The existing MSS. of Catullus—best-loved of Roman poets—all derive from one lost MS. One delightful poem alone survives in a ninth-century anthology at Paris to represent another tradition (Fig. 2). On the same page of the MS. are epigrams of Martial. In the dark ages that followed the sixth century, the most active scribes were the wandering Irish scholars. The chief MS. of Horace, now lost, was probably written in an Irish minuscule hand, the older capitals having now been modified by the influence of the hastier hand of business and ordinary life. The Bernensis, an important MS. of Horace, written in the ninth century (Fig. 1), is an example of the Irish minuscule, itself modified by an intermixture from another type of script. This other type was the famous Caroline hand, developed in the entourage of the Emperor Charlemagne, largely under the influence of the Englishman, Alcuin of York. The Paris Catullus is a good example of this script. The activity of the Carolingian scribes saved the classics for us, and when, at the end of the Middle Ages, the study of the classics, never wholly dead, revived in the Italy of the Renaissance, it was in a script modelled on a later form of the Caroline hand that the Latin authors were copied out once more. The early printers imitated this Italian script and it is from them that our Roman print is derived." In the "Leipziger Tageblatt" of September 12, Dr. Max Funke, a friend of the discoverer of the alleged Livy MSS. (Dr. di Martino-Fusco) reproduced four lines of the script, which he had been allowed to copy. The first two lines, described as being written in uncials, read as follows: "Ubi multitudo hominum insperata occurrit." The German facsimile of the whole of these four lines is reproduced on "Our Notebook" page in this number.

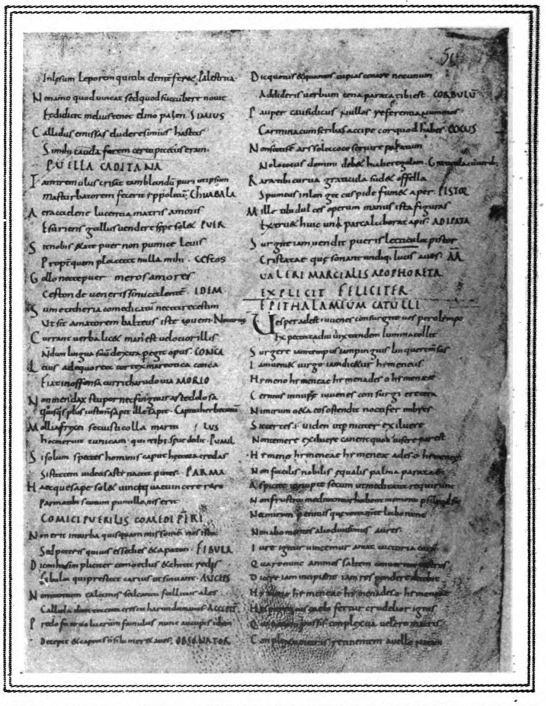


FIG. 2. HOW THE DELIGHTFUL "EPITHALAMIUM" OF CATULLUS SURVIVED: A PAGE OF A NINTH-CENTURY ANTHOLOGY (NOW IN PARIS) WITH THE POEM FOLLOWING EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL, IN CAROLINE MINUSCULES.

It was stated on September 14 that Dr. di Martino-Fusco, the young Italian professor who claims to have found the lost MSS. of Livy, had not so far reported himself to the Government authorities since leaving Naples a week before for an unknown destination, but that he was expected to return to Naples on the 15th and make a statement to the Superintendent of Libraries, Professor D'Elia. In the meantime, it was reported that the Italian Government had instructed the frontier police to take precautions against the manuscripts' being sent abroad. A few days earlier the "Leipziger Tageblatt" published what claimed to be the first authentic account of the discovery, written by Dr. Fusco's friend, Dr. Max Funke, a Leipzig scholar, who appears to have been the only man who succeeded in gaining admittance to Dr. Fusco's "cliff fastness" at Capri, and hearing his own story of the affair. Dr. Funke was allowed to examine one MS., which is described as written "in the oldest Latin script, long in form, closely joined, and later rounded off as the first step towards a smaller lettering." Dr. Fusco, he says, told him that the MSS. were found in a walled-up library in the vaults of an old monastery beneath the fortress of Castel dell'Ovo at Naples, and claimed that the MSS. were his own property and not that of the State, as they were not found in the fortress itself. [redacted]

# HOW LIVY AND OTHER CLASSICS SURVIVED: "ALMOST A MIRACLE."

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM. FIG. 3 DIRECT FROM THE PAPYRUS IN THE MUSEUM.
FIGS. 4-6 FROM "PALÉOGRAPHIE DES CLASSIQUES LATINS," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, M. CHATELAIN, LIBRARIAN OF THE SORBONNE, PARIS.

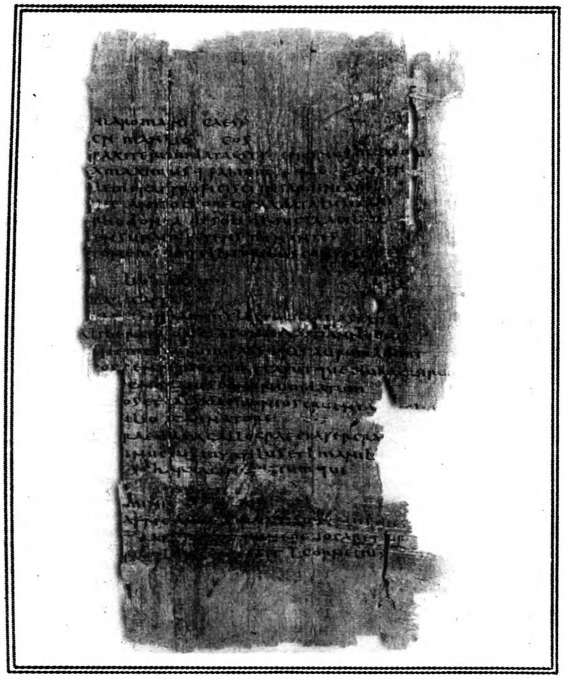


FIG. 3. FRAGILE MATERIAL ON WHICH THE CLASSICS WERE FIRST WRITTEN: A THIRD-CENTURY PAPYRUS WITH AN EPITOME OF LIVY, IN MODIFIED UNCIALS, FROM OXYRHYNCHUS.

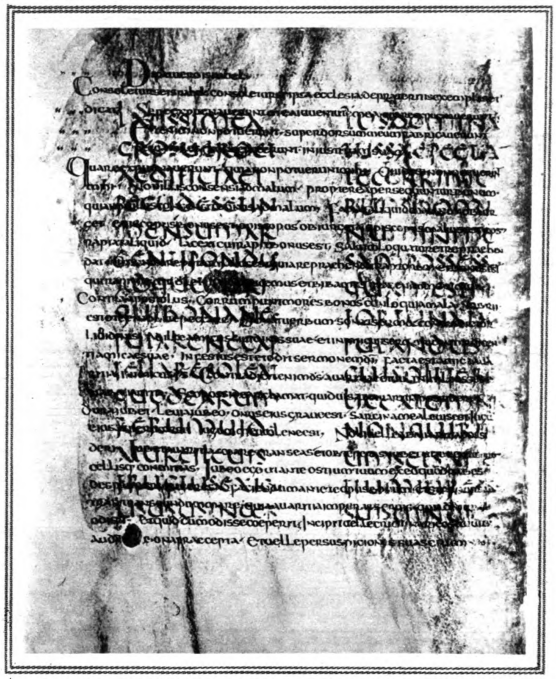


FIG. 4. WITH ST. AUGUSTINE'S COMMENTARY ON THE PSALMS WRITTEN OVER IT: A PALIMPSEST OF CICERO'S "DE REPUBLICA," IN UNCIALS, FOUND IN 1822.

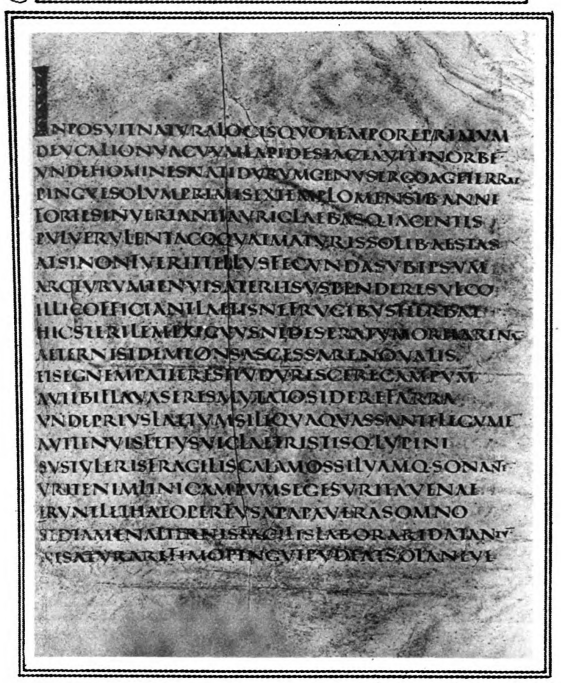


FIG. 5. IN OLD SQUARE ROMAN CAPITALS (AS IN INCISED INSCRIPTIONS) WHICH LATER DEVELOPED INTO UNCIALS: AN EARLY (FOURTH-CENTURY) MS. OF VIRGIL'S "GEORGICS."



FIG. 6. PROBABLY RESEMBLING THE LOST MSS. OF LIVY: A FIFTH-CENTURY UNCIAL MS. OF HIS HISTORY, REVISED AT AVELLINO, NEAR NAPLES, IN THE SIXTH CENTURY.

The discovery of the whole works of Livy—142 books in all, of which hitherto only 35 were known—would be (if duly authenticated) an event of great historical importance. When the report of Dr. di Martino-Fusco's discovery of the Livy MSS. was first made known a few weeks ago, the learned world was a little sceptical, but an official communiqué by the Italian Ministry of Education, issued on September 7, suggested that what had seemed an incredible rumour might be really an amazing fact. The official statement said: "The Ministry . . . took the steps necessary for the protection of the rights of the nation. Only when the formalities of the law have been completed will it be possible to furnish precise information concerning the authenticity of the discovery." Later, however, it was reported that Dr. Martino-Fusco had failed to present himself to the Government authorities in Naples, and had left for an unknown destination. The police were instructed to look for him. The alleged place of discovery, the Castel Dell'Ovo at Naples, was illustrated in our last issue. Our present illustrations show typical early manuscripts of Latin classics, including some of Livy, and it is obvious how slow and difficult must be the task of deciphering such script—generally full of contractions and abbreviations—and of arriving at the correct text. The transmission of the classics through the ages is a story full of romance. As the writer of our article on the opposite page points out is almost a miracle that the classics have survived.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

OUR abandoned forefathers, in the wantonness of their hearts, used to turn to fiction for recreation. This they found even in the works of the most serious practitioners, writers who held a place in the forefront of literature. We, their descendants, are not so fortunate, at any rate with the novelists who nowadays claim and secure the most distinguished consideration. For the reading of these authors has become anything but a pastime. In an increasing measure it declares itself a strenuous task, a thing to be undertaken after prayer and fasting. Too often we rise from the latest "great novel" with a sense that the burden of life has been augmented rather than lightened—the story, in Sir Thomas Browne's phrase, "doth so deject our cooled imagination." Those who care to look up the context in "Religio Medici" may probably trace in the quotation an appropriateness which does not here appear on the surface. For Sir Thomas has in mind something to which in its most unpleasant aspect current fiction is devoting a disproportionate attention. Small wonder, then, if we grow a trifle weary of the reiteration and its resultant dullness.

. . . . . .

Perhaps the war has saddened us, or there may be other causes; but it seems as if our sense of humour had suffered decay, seeing that we accept and praise with such solemnity novels that insist almost exclusively on the vicious and the depraved. When I speak of our sense of humour, let there be no misunderstanding. I do not here refer to the fiction of which the humour consists in the broad grin, large noses, and the rubbing in of minor misfortunes. Of that there will always be a plentiful supply to meet the continual demand of light-hearted simplicity. What I had in mind is that higher humour which preserves in the serious writer his, or her, sense of proportion, and guards against the setting up of situations which, so far from being impressive, only arouse laughter inextinguishable at the spectacle of would-be grave moralists lapsing into such absurdity. It is in the recapturing of this wholesome sense of humour that the only hope lies of clearing away the murkiness that besets the novel of to-day. To preach against it, to hold up shocked hands and to cry "Fie, for shame!" is worse than useless, for it only convinces those writers that the censor is a stupid person, quite outside the pale of that Intelligentsia which finds in the puppy lusts of humapity and the sacred aberrations of the Artistic Temperament the only true material of fiction. The cure is the gentle exposure of ludicrous solemnity.

. . . . . .

Perhaps I have been unfortunate in my recent reading, but three new novels, by distinguished hands, produced in me only a cumulative depression. One of them began well with the promise of an interesting study—a boy brought up by his father to be a social reformer. One expected reactions against the forcing of a vocation, but there was nothing in the groundwork of the situation to justify the purposeless *débâcle*, moral and spiritual, in which the author has involved his hero. We are invited to contemplate with becoming gravity the career of an engaging young gentleman of some education, who, after a spell on the road as a pedlar, is so enamoured of an unseaworthy old steamboat that he sacrifices the love of a penniless girl and marries an heiress whose wealth in time places him at the head of a huge shipping combine. He loves the crazy old hulk, the *Muriel Jones*, with a passion that passes the love of women, wherein, by the way, his experience makes up in amazing versatility and variety what it lacks in depth. Finally, his wife leaves him, whereupon his old love, the deserted, loses no time in offering herself to this Moloch. But he is for the road again, pushing his dead child's perambulator stocked with small wares. Last scene of all, the hero, in the reddening dawn, tramps steadily northward out of London, outstripping, of set purpose, the devoted woman, now footsore and weary with the long and stern chase of the man who will have none of her. Nor does the babble of pseudo-philosophy with which he dismisses his victim persuade us that we have been assisting at a tragedy. Of the author's tragic intention, however, there can be no doubt. His trouble is that in his deadly intensity he has turned the Muse of Comedy out of doors, with these fell and grotesque results. Of his characters it may be said that it seems as if some of nature's journeymen had made his men and women, they imitate nature so abominably.

. . . . . .

In a second novel we are invited to look with sympathy on the antics of the everlastingly tedious artist who, being a genius, is above the law of ordinary common-sense. The hero is a person of fine philosophic mind, whose acquiescence in the vagaries of the merely artistic leaves one wondering. Be that as it may, he acquiesced and must take his place in the gallery of the preposterous. He loved and married a musician, who loved him in return, but, being temperamental, was able also to love another, likewise a musician. At last the claims of the brother artist could no longer be denied. The woman went off with him, but her long-suffering husband assured her that the door was always open for her return when she felt so disposed. His love, in fact, was like Sairey Gamp's convenient and comforting bottle on the mantelpiece. But the wife tarried, and meanwhile the husband found solace in another woman. The lovers retard their ardour to justify their *liaison* in a passage of the subtlest dialectic.

. . . . . .

But dialectic is not everything. There are the facts of life. The truant wife having proved her musician unsatisfactory, returned suddenly, and the husband found himself bound to redeem his promise. It looks like an *impasse*, but the mistress dies opportunely, and leaves the husband and wife to a renewal of love, sure of themselves and of their future fidelity. In a novelist of lesser reputation, such a device, to say nothing of such a mechanical way out of the difficulty as the death of the alternative woman, would be scouted as improbable and held up to scorn.

. . . . . .

Here is no intention of holding the novel or the novelist up to scorn. My purpose in stripping an unsatisfactory situation of the writer's attractive texture of language is merely to illustrate my contention that humour must have decayed sadly before a fine craftswoman in fiction could thus commit herself to characters and action so manifestly artificial and absurd. Even the artist cannot escape from the consequences of action, and to put these people above the common law of life (let us say nothing of morality, lest we be misunderstood) is to remove them from the plane of humanity—a serious fault in a novel. And so to present these abnormal beings that their action shall appear normal and shall escape the consequences that would certainly overtake ordinary people, is to deny the laws of common-sense upon which society rests. In this regard, much of our current fiction is anarchic, but that is not my point. It is that certain writers have become so obsessed with the sanctity of go-as-you-please passion, and the pseudo-philosophy they are pleased to weave around it, that their saving sense of humour has gone by the board. They are of sufficient importance to impress critics who hesitate to call nonsense nonsense when it is offered by the elect of the literary coteries. Only when someone who stands entirely aloof finds a platform of authority and deals as frankly with the eminent as with the obscure, will fiction return to a broad and human sanity. It threatens to lose all touch with the main stream of life, and to become occupied exclusively with tributaries—some of them, it is to be feared, exceedingly muddy.

. . . . . .

On this question of the unnecessary stirring-up of mud, let me quote again the case of the three novels which I happened to read in sequence. In each of them occurred a parallel situation, sufficiently ugly and unpleasant to require solid justification. But, on close scrutiny, the justification did not appear. It was the seduction, or attempted seduction, of an adolescent by a depraved girl. In two cases the girl was very young; in the third and grossest instance, where the description went into minute detail of place and accessories, the temptress was twenty-eight. None of these sirens could plead the artistic temperament, which is just as well. One day, I imagine, the artists will rise in rebellion against their continual exploitation as professors of lawless living. To judge from recent instances, housemaids and schoolgirls will soon have equal cause for protest.

. . . . . .

Justice requires that the novels in question, which contain these regrettable absurdities of situation, and equally disappointing lapses into the gratuitously unpleasant, should be named. They are, unfortunately, the work of writers who stand very high in critical estimation; but that is no reason why these books, which may be praised elsewhere, should escape censure here. My readers ought to have a chance of judging for themselves, and if I am wrong, on my own head be it. The books, in order of mention, are "THE TRIUMPH OF GALLIO," by W. L. George (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.); "ARNOLD WATERLOW, A LIFE," by May Sinclair (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.); and "THE BOY IN THE BUSH," by D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner (Secker; 7s. 6d.). Let it be understood that these novels are used merely to illustrate a point. It would be quite possible to write reviews which would seize upon undeniable merits (such as style and cunning delineation of character) in each; but what impressed me most was their betrayal of a blunted sense of the higher humour, and upon that hint I spoke.

. . . . . .

If my words do anything to help readers to detect the absurdity that lurks beneath many of the most gravely presented situations in modern novels, they will not be in vain. It would be pitiful if our most serious fiction became merely an Anatomy of Melancholy, and of this there is some danger, if I read aright the signs of the times. The atmosphere of the novel grows somewhat oppressive, even fœtid in places, and one longs for some breeze to sweep away the miasmatic vapours. Clean and healthy laughter will clear the heavy air. We must learn to laugh again, to be keen to unmask the solemn ass disguised as the acute psychologist or profound pathologist, with his unsavoury preparations for the microscope. Here is no plea for empty cackling funniosities, no shirking of the great tragic situations as material for fiction. But these will miss their effect if time is broke and no proportion kept. It might be well to remember that, in his gravest works, Meredith had the Comic Muse ever at his elbow to guard his presentation of human passion and human failings from that over-statement which ends in the grotesque.

. . . . . .

These remarks apply only to the fiction that has, or professes to have, some philosophic purpose. There is still a fiction of mere pastime, to which one turns with relief from the severer exercises of the moralists. This lighter story-telling need not lack the excellences of more serious stuff, and it comes in a very welcome form in the work of Mr. Edmund Downey, who has just given us a delightful little sheaf of humorous Irish stories in "MORRISSEY" (The Bodley Head; 6s.) It may be hopelessly old-fashioned, and not very intelligent to take pleasure in a book that does not grope in the back slums of the human mind; but, if so, one must be content to bear the reproach of out-of-date simplicity.

. . . . . .

Not that Morrissey ignores human faults and failings—far from it: some of the people whose little histories he relates were fallible and imperfect creatures, and, at times, not above small deceit and such-like sinful games. But the narrator has that blessed salt of humour, which writers of greater consideration occasionally lack, with consequences which may or may not be regrettable. Here I have endeavoured to prove the former point, with what success the reader shall judge.

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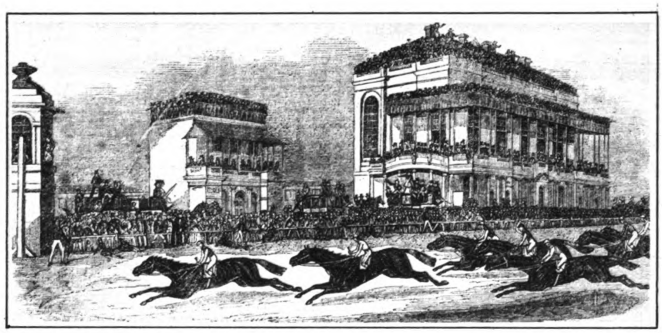
But to return to Morrissey, that engaging fellow, whose Christian name was Tom, and his place of abode the Irish port of Rockhaven. Tom was a great observer of character, and had a shrewd eye for an odd situation, now and then for a tragic situation, which he manages to keep just right, even although he himself is the victim. He can combine a happy ending (for others) with a hint of his own frustrated passion, and strike a restrained note of pathos that has no mawkishness in it. For that see his last story, "Virginia."

. . . . . .

For a comic handling of a would-be rascal, and the story of his rascality recoiling on his own head, to his advantage and utter astonishment, read "The Chance of the Sea." In fact, read the whole bunch, and you will feel convinced that, after all, fiction has in it springs of vitality that will yet enable it to conquer the morbid school.

. . . . . .

Too much, perhaps, here of novels. One word as to a new volume of biography. This is "A FIELD MARSHAL'S MEMOIRS," condensed and translated from the Diary, Correspondence and Reminiscences of Alfred, Count von Waldersee, by Frederic Whyte (Hutchinson; 18s.). Count von Waldersee succeeded Moltke as Chief of the German General Staff, and held that office from 1888 to 1891. He is best remembered by the English public as the Commander of the Allied Armies during the Boxer Rising in 1900. These reminiscences give fresh information on the campaign in China, but the most interesting part of the book is Von Waldersee's notes on the development of the ex-Kaiser's character after he came to the throne. Only the other day a newspaper raised once more the question of the Kaiser's sanity. Count von Waldersee's views read the more piquantly in the light of that theory.

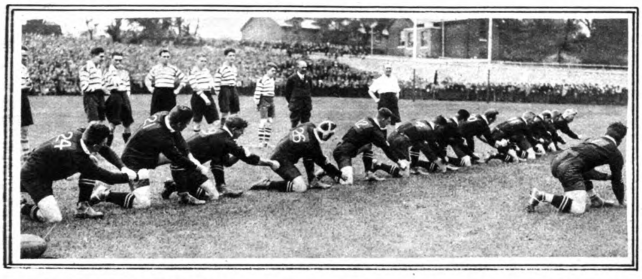


FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF 82 YEARS AGO: "DONCASTER GRAND STAND.—THE ST. LEGER RACE"—BLUE BONNET IN 1842 WINS THE EVENT WON IN 1924 BY SALMON TROUT.

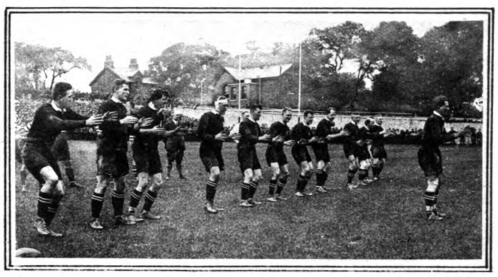
The series of reproductions (begun in our last number) from our issue for the corresponding week 82 years ago, is here appropriately continued with a drawing of the 1842 race for the St. Leger—the event won this year (on September 10) by the Aga Khan's Salmon Trout. In 1842, the winner was Lord Eglinton's Blue Bonnet (Lye up), with General Yate's Seahorse (Chapple up), second. Our report of the race said: "About 200 yards from home Blue Bonnet wrested the lead from Fireaway, was never caught, and won very easily by a length. Priscilla Tomboy went past Fireaway at the stand, but was herself challenged by Seahorse a few strides from the chair, and beaten by half a length. . . . The race was run in 3 min. 18 sec. Value of the stakes, £3600. Lord Eglinton, we believe, wins about £5000, and his trainer, Dawson (the owner of Nell, the winner of the Oaks) and friends, a much larger sum."—[*Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of September 17, 1842.*]

# FAR AND NEAR: NOTABLE OCCASIONS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

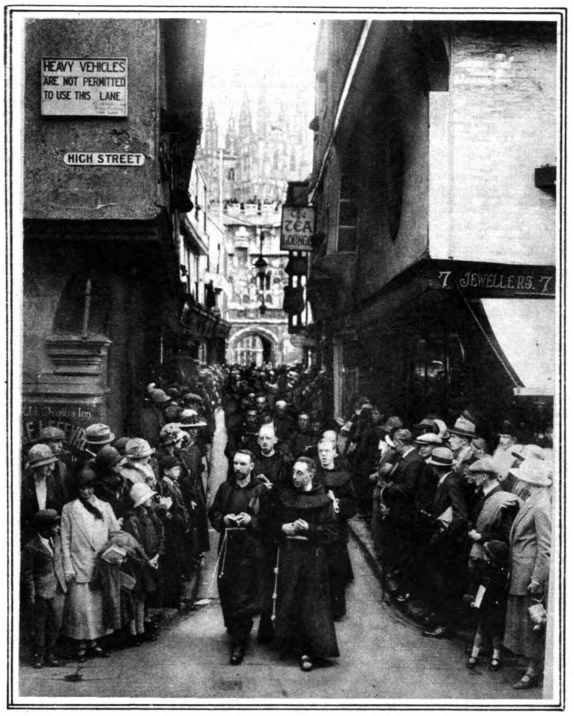
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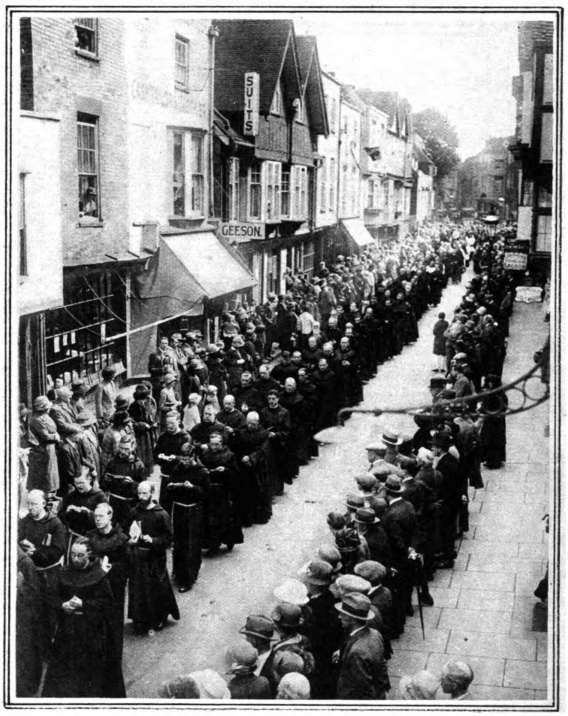
THE "WAR CHANT" OF THE "ALL-BLACKS" BEFORE THE MATCH IN WHICH THEY BEAT DEVON AT DEVONPORT: THE NEW ZEALAND "RUGGER" TEAM OPEN THEIR TOUR IN ENGLAND.



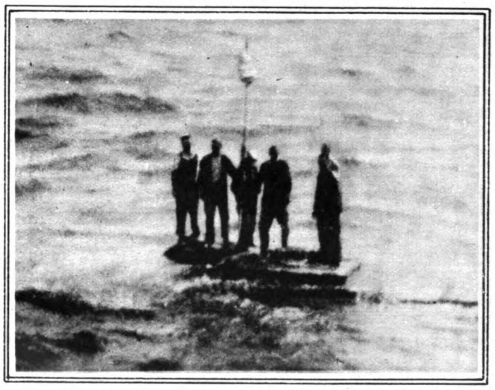
LED BY THEIR CAPTAIN, MR. C. G. PORTER (ON RIGHT): THE "ALL-BLACK" NEW ZEALAND "RUGGER" TEAM DOING THEIR "WAR DANCE."



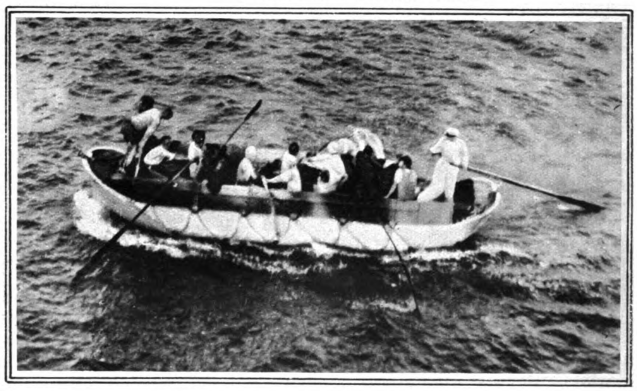

CELEBRATING THE 700TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE COMING OF THE GREY FRIARS TO CANTERBURY IN 1224: MONKS WALKING IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE CITY (SHOWING THE CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND).




SUCCESSORS OF THE NINE POOR FRIARS WHO CAME TO CANTERBURY IN 1224 TO INTRODUCE THE ORDER INTO ENGLAND: MODERN FRANCISCANS IN PROCESSION ON THE WAY TO THE FRIARY GARDEN.



ON THE RAFT ON WHICH THEY SPENT FIVE DAYS AFTER THEIR SHIP SANK IN A GREAT ATLANTIC HURRICANE: SIX SURVIVORS OF THE "HATTIE," ONE HOLDING THE POLE THAT BROUGHT HELP.



AFTER PICKING UP THE SIX SURVIVORS OF THE SCHOONER "HATTIE" FROM THEIR RAFT: THE POWERFUL LIFE-BOAT OF THE MUNSON LINER, "SOUTHERN CROSS," WHICH RESCUED THE EXHAUSTED MEN AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

The New Zealand Rugby football team, popularly known as the "All Blacks," opened their tour in this country with a match against Devon, played at Devonport on September 13. The "All Blacks" won by eleven points to nil. Like the team which visited England in 1905, they performed a "war dance," accompanied by a "war chant," before the game began.——The 700th anniversary of the coming to England of the Franciscans (or Grey Friars of the Order established by St. Francis of Assisi) was celebrated on September 10 at Canterbury, where in 1224 the pioneers of the Order, whose founder was then still alive, arrived to seek hospitality in that city. The celebrations included a picturesque procession of friars, nuns, priests, and laymen through the city to the ancient site where the original missionaries built wattle huts and afterwards a Friary. Another photograph of the procession arriving in the Friary gardens appears on page 550.——During the great hurricane that recently swept the Atlantic, the four-masted schooner "Hattie" foundered off Cape Hatteras, and the crew of six lashed themselves to a small raft. For six hours while the storm lasted they were buffeted by huge seas, and then they drifted for five days without food or water, until their signal (a handkerchief on a pole) was seen from the Munson liner "Southern Cross," whose life-boat picked them up nearly at their last gasp.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## CONCERNING BEAKS.

*By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.*

IN every group of animals, whether beasts, birds, or fishes, or creatures more lowly in the scale of life, we find some which have developed structural peculiarities enabling them to subsist in comfort on sources of food inaccessible to the rest of their tribe. This benefit, however, carries a potential penalty. For, if that food supply should fail, extermination may overtake this privileged few, since adaptations to particular ends can seldom be applied with equal success to general purposes.

A good example of such an "adaptation to particular ends" has just been furnished by Mr. Herbert Lang, a distinguished American zoologist, who has recently returned from Georgetown, Guiana. There, in the topmost branches of trees growing on an island, he found a colony of about twenty "Snail-hawks" (*Rostramus rostratus*), known also as Hook-bill hawks, and Everglade kites. Of graceful and slender build, long-winged, and of a dusky-brown coloration, these birds, when seen at large, seem to be "just hawks." At close quarters, however, it becomes immediately apparent that they are something more than "ordinary." And this on account of the curiously slender and elongated beak (Fig. 3), which is quite unlike that of the rest of their tribe, and at once proclaims something unusual in their food and its capture.



FIG. 1.—THE PREY OF THE SNAIL-HAWK: THE APPLE-SNAIL, WHICH REPELS OTHER FOES BY DISCHARGING SLIME.

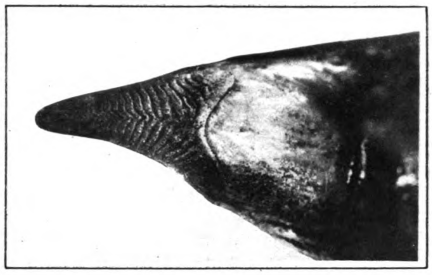


FIG. 2.—THE PECULIAR MECHANISM OF A PARROT'S BEAK: THE UNDER SURFACE OF THE UPPER JAW, SHOWING THE CURIOUS ARRANGEMENT OF RIDGES KNOWN AS THE "FILE."

*Photographs by E. J. Manly.*

What this "something" is could never have been discovered from a mere examination of this beak. And the statements by settlers and collectors, who had seen the bird in its native haunts, that it lived on snails, needed amplification. Mr. Lang's observations, therefore, will be more than welcome, not merely to ornithologists, but to all who are interested in the study of structural adaptations in relation to "shifts for a living." Both beak and claws (Fig. 3) have been remodelled to serve the ends required of them. The horny sheath of the upper jaw, he points out, forms a strongly arched, nearly semi-circular hook, the cutting edges, generally sharp in birds of prey, being dull near the base, and completely effaced at the tip; a ridge running far forward on the palatal side of this hook adds considerably to its strength at the weakest point of the curve. The claws are long and exceedingly sharp, enabling them to obtain a sure grip of slippery prey.

The water-snail on which it feeds (Fig. 1) is one of the "Apple-snails" (*Ampullarius doloides*), which, for breathing purposes, must come to the surface. It is not, however, compelled to live always at this level. On the contrary, it can remain for hours at a stretch well under water. For the greater part of the day, it would seem, they lie at rest in comparatively deep water, coming to the surface in the late afternoon, as if to escape the glare of the sun, to feed, and re-oxygenate the blood. The hawk adjusts its feeding-time accordingly; and then, swooping low over the swamp, seizes its victim with one of its feet, and bears it off to the nearest tree.

Here it must wait patiently until the snail chooses to thrust out the fore-part of its body from the shell. For, the moment it is seized, it withdraws itself to the innermost recesses of its fortress, which is closed by a very tough "operculum." After a few minutes, the snail, having been held perfectly still, slowly emerges to discover what has happened. As soon as it has fully extruded itself, the hawk, with a lightning stroke, thrusts the hook of its beak through its victim's body. Again follows a waiting period, with the body of the victim standing out from the beak like a great walnut. But slowly the muscles of the victim's body relax, and with this culmination the hawk, with a vigorous shake of the head, jerks the body from the shell, and before this has reached the ground the luscious morsel has been swallowed. No attempt seems ever to be made to hasten the meal by breaking the shell, which, as a matter of fact, is very fragile, for as many as two thousand shells have been found at the base of one tree, and yet not one showed the slightest injury.

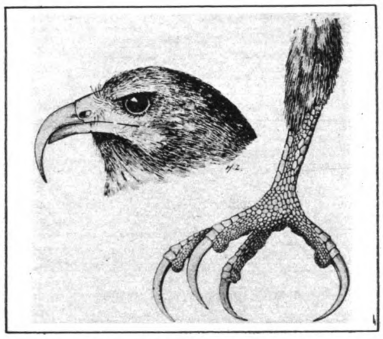


FIG. 3.—WITH BEAK AND CLAWS SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR A DIET OF SNAILS: THE HEAD AND FOOT OF THE SNAIL-HAWK.

The long claws are used to grip the shell of a water-snail, and the sharp hooked beak for spearing the snail when it emerges from the shell.

In all birds, of course, one can tell, more or less correctly, the nature of the staple diet by a study of the beak. There is the hawk's beak, the seed-eater's beak, the fish-eater's beak, and so on. But we are discussing here the exceptions to the rule obtaining in this or that tribe. The beak of the hawfinch, for example, is that of a seed-eater. But it fell to my good fortune, some years ago, to be the first to point out that within this formidable weapon there was to be found a most effective apparatus for cracking the hard stones of hawthorn and other berries. This apparatus takes the form of a broad, horny, striated pad, on the roof of the mouth, presenting a surface like a file, which is brought to bear upon two horny cushions, one on each side of the lower jaw (Fig. 5). No other bird, apparently, possesses such an apparatus, so that the hawfinch is thus enabled to avail itself of a source of food beyond the reach of other species with which it is brought into competition in the struggle for existence.

The beak of the parrot is a more remarkable organ than is perhaps generally realised. To begin with, the upper jaw articulates with the cranium by means of a transverse hinge, so that it can be raised at will, making a more effective pair of forceps than is the case with beaks where the lower jaw alone is movable. Into the mechanism of this, space will not allow me to enter now. But the upper jaw, besides this, is peculiar in that the horny sheath, at its up, bears a series of ridges, such as are shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 2). But the precise pattern differs in different genera. These ridges serve to increase the grip of hard-shelled seeds, which are to be broken open. In the macaws, as everybody knows, the beak is of great size. But to see what a parrot's beak can do, one must turn to the black cockatoo of the Aru Islands, wherein it may be justly described as enormous. And this because it is called upon to perform a task beyond the powers of any other of the parrot tribe. It feeds, Wallace tells us, on the "kanary" nut, whose shell is so hard that it can only be cracked with a hammer when a mere human desires to get at the kernel. When this bird essays the feat, however, it seizes the nut, which is quite smooth externally, end-wise in its beak, and, holding it firmly by the pressure of its tongue, which is also specially modified to this end, it cuts a transverse notch by a lateral sawing motion of the edge of the lower jaw. Then, taking hold of the nut with its foot, it bites off a piece of a leaf, and places this in the notch of the upper jaw. Replacing the nut, which is prevented from slipping by the leaf, it then fixes the edge of the lower jaw in the notch just made, and breaks off a piece of the shell. This done, the nut is again taken in the foot, and the kernel extracted, bit by bit, by the extensible tongue, which is armed at its tip with a special horny scoop.

One might add a dozen or so remarkable types of beaks to this list, but there is space now for no more than one to be mentioned. This is the beak of the helmeted hornbill, which, so far, has baffled all attempts to interpret its peculiarities. In all other horn-bills the great "casque" which surmounts the beak is but a thin shell of horn, covering a delicate filagree-work of bone. But in this species the front of the casque is formed by a dense mass of horn, of ivory-like texture, while the bony matter behind it is immensely strengthened to form a buttress, seen in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 4). From this it would seem that the whole structure is used as a hammer, like the King's seal in the tale of "The Prince and the Pauper," "to crack with." But no one has ever seen it employed for this purpose. It is but a guess awaiting confirmation.

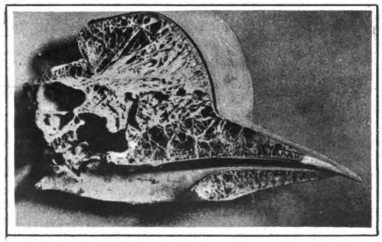


FIG. 4.—PROBABLY USED AS A HAMMER: THE VERY REMARKABLE SKULL OF THE HELMETED HORNBILL, SHOWN IN SECTION.

"This section through the very remarkable skull of the Helmeted Hornbill shows the dense horny plate forming the front of the casque, and the bony buttress behind it which evidently seems to take the stresses caused by violent hammering."



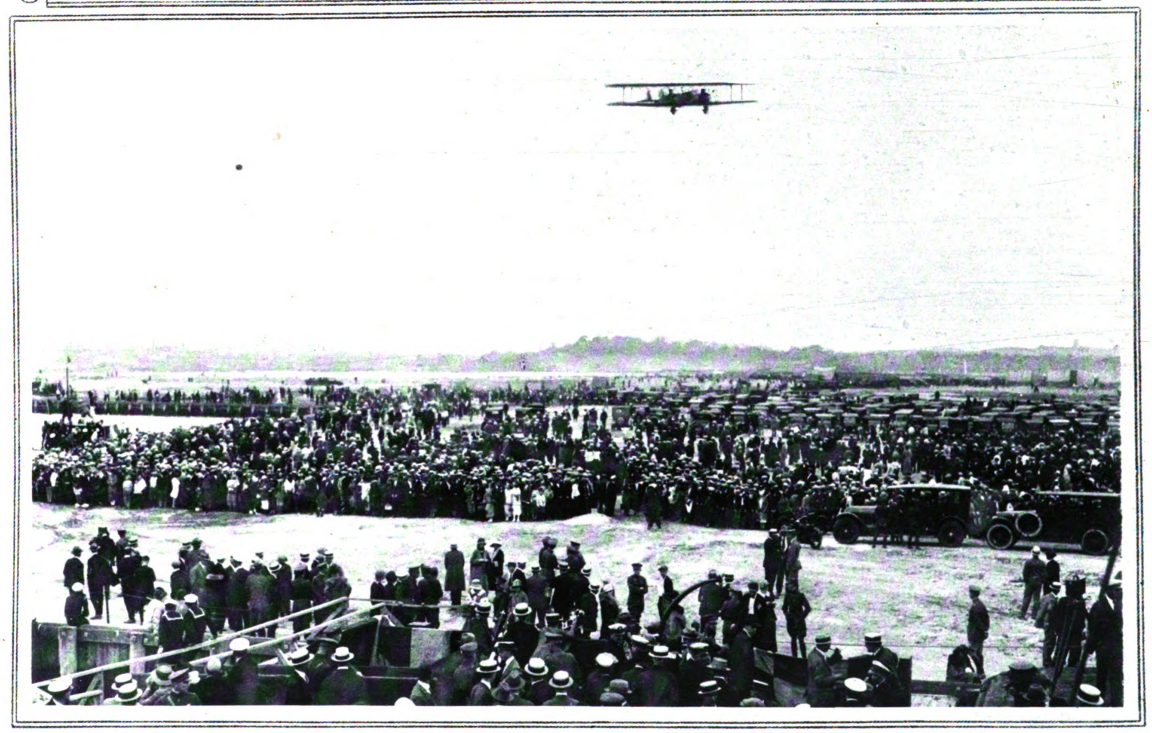
FIG. 5.—ADAPTED FOR CRACKING FRUIT STONES: THE STRANGE CRUSHING-PAD ON THE ROOF OF THE MOUTH OF THE HAWFINCH, WITH CUSHIONS ON THE LOWER JAW WORKING IN OPPOSITION TO THE PAD.—[*Photograph by E. J. Manly.*]

# THE U.S. WORLD-FLIERS BACK IN AMERICA: LABRADOR AND BOSTON.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY P. AND A. (NEW YORK) AND C.N.



REACHING AMERICAN WATERS AGAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THEY LEFT ALASKA ON THEIR FLIGHT ROUND THE WORLD: TWO OF THE UNITED STATES SEAPLANES TAXI-ING TOWARDS THE SHORE AT ICETICKLE, LABRADOR.



WHERE THEY WERE GREETED BY THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS, THE CHIEF OF THE U.S. ARMY AIR SERVICE, AND THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR: A GREAT WELCOME TO THE U.S. WORLD-FLIERS AT BOSTON AERODROME, THEIR FIRST OFFICIAL STOP ON UNITED STATES SOIL.

In the homeward stages of their great flight round the world, the United States airmen reached the American continent (for the first time since they left Alaska) on August 31, when they landed at Icetickle, in Labrador, having flown 570 miles from Greenland in 6½ hours. They alighted safely in a small cove amid the cheers of the inhabitants, and the next day received a message from President Coolidge. The King has also sent them his congratulations. They first actually touched the soil of the United States on September 5, when they were forced down by fog on a little sand-spit at Mere Point, Maine, 130 miles from Boston, which was their first official landing-point in their home territories. There next day they received a great welcome from huge crowds as they taxied along Boston Harbour to their moorings. They came ashore in an Admiral's gig, and were received by Major-General Patrick, Chief of the U.S. Army Air Service, amid the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Governor Cox, of Massachusetts, and Sir Esmé Howard, the British Ambassador, were present. The airmen have since visited New York and Washington, and on September 13 reached Dayton, Ohio, on the final flight across the continent to the starting-point in California.

# LOCUST-FIGHTING: "MILITARY ORGANISATION" AGAINST A PLAGUE THAT AFFLICTS ARGENTINA, PALESTINE, AND AFRICA.

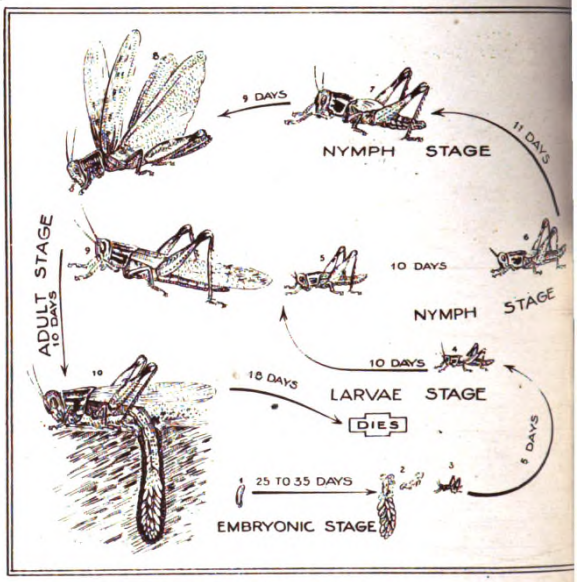
ARTICLE BY LEONARD MATTERS. ILLUSTRATIONS SUPPLIED TO HIM BY THE ARGENTINE GOVERNMENT.



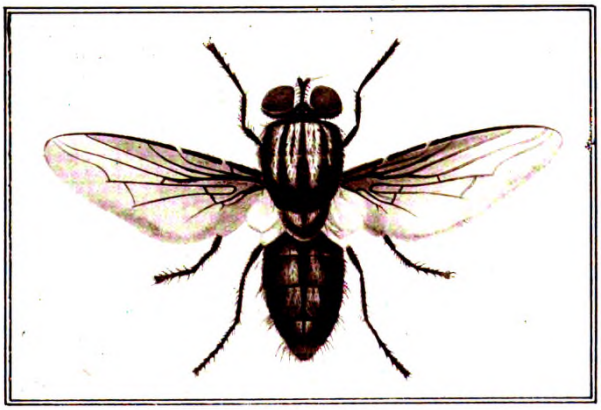
THE ARGENTINE FARMERS' "FRONT LINE" AGAINST AN ADVANCING ARMY OF LOCUSTS IN THE "HOPPER" STAGE, WHEN THEY CRAWL OVER THE GROUND AND ARE EASILY ATTACKED: A FIFTY-MILE-LONG ZINC BARRIER, AGAINST WHICH THEY PILE THEMSELVES IN MASSES.

"OF all the troubles that harass the agriculturist in foreign lands," writes Mr. Leonard Matters, "a plague of locusts is the worst. Droughts, floods, tornadoes, and rabbits each constitute a special trial to the farmers of Africa, Australia, and the United States. Quite commonly those countries have also to put up with swarms of locusts, but in the Argentine Republic this is the one persistent pest that, apparently, will never be eradicated. And if the Argentine farmer had the choice between his own special enemy and those that inflict such harm upon his fellows in other lands, he would gladly make an exchange and consider himself lucky. Locusts are always present in some parts of the Argentine. Though it is claimed that they do not breed within the Republic, but come from the remote and unpopulated wastes of Bolivia, Brazil, and Paraguay, they are to be found all the year round in some of the Argentine provinces. In the summer, reinforced by fresh swarms that must travel hundreds of miles, these regular dwellers within the boundaries of the Republic make an onslaught on the fertile agricultural zones, and, unless they can be checked, they will devastate thousands of square miles of growing crops. It is estimated that the average annual cost of combating the pests and making good the damage done is from two to three million pounds. Actually the Argentine Government maintains a constant war on the locusts. The 'Defensa Agricola' (Agricultural Protection Department) represents the general staff responsible for the never-relaxing campaign against the pest. Throughout the country, and right away on the frontiers of the Republic, there are divisional and battalion headquarters whose duty it is to observe and report on the activities of the locusts, and at many strategical points companies of men are held in readiness to attack the invading host. Moreover, there are several 'arsenals' in which the *matériel* of war is got ready and kept in reserve against the moment when the advance posts report that the enemy is on the march or in flight, and it is essential to protect a given area of country from ruthless devastation. A study of the characteristics and methods of invasion of the locust pest discloses many interesting facts, and demonstrates how essential it is, if the invader is to be coped with successfully, that something very much like a military organisation must be pitted against him. About every seven years the locusts reach a maximum of strength, as though they had been building up their forces and preparing themselves for the attack in their remote fastnesses. They generally invade the Argentine Republic in three well-defined columns, representing right, left, and centre armies. These columns fly a certain distance, and then alight to lay their eggs in the ground. Each female locust will lay from 80 to 120 eggs at a sitting. Having eaten the ground bare around the first camping and nesting place, the swarms fly on, descending at night, eating all they can, and then moving forward steadily but surely. Those who are watching the movements of the enemy get plenty of warning, because from all points along the frontier telegrams daily pour in on the general staff, and bulletins are issued to the agricultural centres stating that locusts are on the move, and precautions must be taken. Meanwhile the advancing hosts are clearing everything before them.' At intervals of from 15 to 20 days the females lay further batches of eggs—eight lots in all—and, long before the original swarms have reached the limits of their incursions, there are new armies of locusts literally springing from the ground at their rear. It is these newly born armies that the farmers fear most, and against which all the energy of destructive war is directed. The life of a locust is approximately 220 days. It passes through several stages in its metamorphic existence. Hatched after 25 to 35 days of incubation in the warm earth, it is, for a limited period, in the larva stage. Then it becomes a 'hopper,' and at 60 days it is fully grown and fledged with wings. In the hopper stage it is comparatively helpless against man's attacks, but when it can rise in flight it is safe. Every effort is consequently made to destroy the locusts while they must keep to the ground. In black swarms that make the earth seem alive and in motion, the hoppers crawl over the country, devouring everything

[*Continued in Box 2.*




FROM LARVA TO FINAL EGG-LAYING: STAGES IN THE LIFE OF A LOCUST—ABOUT 220 DAYS, DURING WHICH ONE FEMALE PRODUCES A PROGENY OF SOME 250,000.



NATURE'S ANTIDOTE TO THE LOCUST: A PARASITIC FLY (*SARCOPHAGA CARIDEI BRETHES*), WHICH DESTROYS MILLIONS, BUT STARVES WHEN LOCUSTS DISAPPEAR.

*Continued.*]

in the war on the locust. A French expert is reported to have developed a virus that will kill the locust, but his experiments in Algeria have not given any positive results so far. Argentine authorities pin their faith, after direct attack in the manner already described, to the operations of a parasitic fly, whose enmity to the locust has been described by Dr. Juan Brêthes in a booklet published by the Biological Institute of the Argentine Rural Society. This interesting insect, known as *sarcophaga caridei brêthes*, after Dr. Brêthes, confines its attention exclusively to the locust, and will not, like other flies, live on flesh or vegetable matter. The female pursues the winged locust, and deposits her eggs in its body, which she pierces with her sharp ovipositor. The eggs duly hatch and the parasitic larvæ destroy the locust. Dr. Brêthes states that in the Province of Cordoba, where locusts are present during the greater part of the year, the parasitic flies can be seen in swarms attacking their enemy. Why the fly does not completely eradicate the pest is explained by the



CHECKED BY A ZINC BARRIER AND FALLING INTO A TRAP CONSISTING OF A TRENCH WITH OVERHANGING ZINC EDGES: A "MASS ATTACK" OF LOCUSTS IN THE HOPPER STAGE DOOMED TO DESTRUCTION.

n their path. They are destroyed by the simple but costly process of raising a line of zinc breastworks across the direction of their advance, and then driving them into traps. A zinc barrier, three or four feet high, will stop hopping locusts. They pile themselves in masses against this obstacle and can be raked up, or, if left to themselves, will take the line of least resistance to deep pits in which they are trapped. If not checked and destroyed at the hopper stage of their existence, the locusts will develop wings and fly further into the agricultural zones, and there begin laying and creating new armies of lusty, voracious progeny to carry on the work of destruction. Each female, at the time of her death, has about 35,000 active descendants, and her other progeny in one stage or another of incubation will bring the number of locusts for which she is directly responsible up to about a quarter of a million. When the Argentine Republic is invaded by locusts, the law compels every landholder to do his part in the work of destruc-

[Continued in box 4.

tion, the permanent officials supervising, directing, and lending their aid with experienced locust-fighters and material for barriers and traps. Inspectors at various towns notify all the farmers when the locusts are coming, and commandeer what labour is required for erecting the zinc fences. They also pay the farmers for the bodies of the slain at the rate of about fivepence per 100 pounds. Some idea of the destruction that takes place is obtained from the statement that in a recent year, when the plague was by no means at its worst, the 'Defensa Agricola' reported that 1240 tons of flying locusts, 1550 tons of larvæ, and 60,124 tons of hoppers had been accounted for under its direct supervision. In the Province of Santa Fé during the summer of 1920-21, the slaughter of the enemy amounted in four days to 1000 tons; and that same season 35,615 tons of hoppers were killed in the Province of Cordoba over an area of 83,000 acres. How many locusts go to a ton? Apart from direct methods of attack science is taking a hand

[Continued below.



INSECT PESTS OF WHICH OVER 60,000 TONS WERE DESTROYED IN A SINGLE YEAR IN ARGENTINA: TWO HUGE MOUNDS OF LOCUSTS TRAPPED BY ZINC BARRIERS AND READY TO BE BURNT.

fact that, as the locusts disappear, so the swarms of parasitic insects die of starvation. Those locusts which escape to the wilds breed up new armies, and the few survivors of the flies have to breed up in turn to make any impression on the recruited hosts that invade the Republic. Nature does not, in this instance, seem to have made any provision for the maintenance of the balance of power on the right side. Dr. Brêthes realises the weakness of the situation, and of his own claim that the fly is the best agent for the destruction of the locust, and he has proposed a scheme under which the parasites shall be gathered in the larva stage and artificially kept in a state of suspended animation to be incubated as the locusts increase. Perhaps some day the scheme will be tried and will be so scientifically adjusted—number of flies to locusts—that pest and parasite will disappear together." Similar plagues of locusts, in Palestine, were illustrated and described in our issue of February 7, 1920, and in South Africa in the number for June 2, 1923.

# FIRST LIGHT ON A LONG-FORGOTTEN CIVILISATION:

## NEW DISCOVERIES OF AN UNKNOWN PREHISTORIC PAST IN INDIA.

*By SIR JOHN MARSHALL, Kt., C.I.E., Litt. D., Director-General of Archæology in India.*

NOT often has it been given to archæologists, as it was given to Schliemann at Tiryns and Mycenæ, or to Stein in the deserts of Turkestan, to light upon the remains of a long-forgotten civilisation. It looks, however, at this moment, as if we were on the threshold of such a discovery in the plains of the Indus.

Up to the present our knowledge of Indian antiquities has carried us back hardly further than the third century before Christ. Of the long ages before the coming of the Greeks and the rise of the Maurya dynasty; of the birth and growth of civilisation in the great river basins; of the cultural development of the races who one after another poured into the peninsula from the north and west—of these and other problems relating to that dim and remote past, archæology has given us but the faintest glimmerings; for almost the only remains of those early times that have come down to us have been rough implements of the Stone and Copper Ages, groups of prehistoric graves in the south of the peninsula, and some rude cyclopean walls at Rajagriha in Bihar. On the other hand, from the third century B.C. onwards, we have, on the whole, a fairly clear idea of man's handiwork in general: of his religious and domestic architecture, of his formative arts, of his weapons and utensils, of his personal ornaments and his jewellery, his coins and gems, and of the scripts which he used in his writing. And whenever it happens that new antiquities come to light—no matter to what race or religion they may belong—it is invariably possible to assign them with confidence and within relatively narrow limits to their respective age or class.

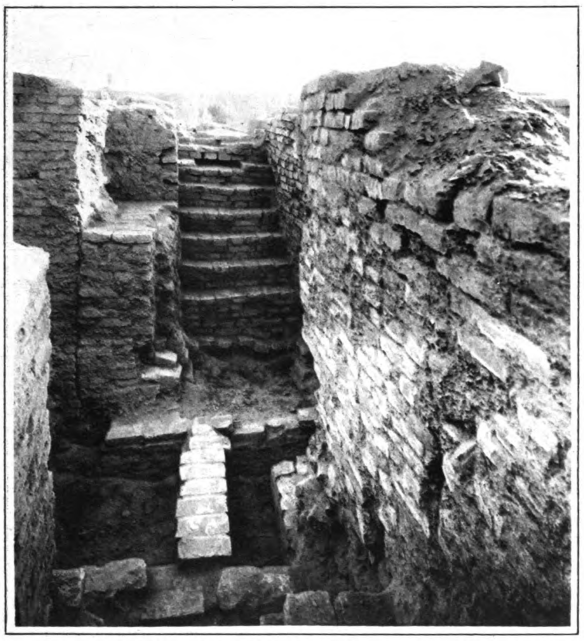
Now, however, there has unexpectedly been unearthed, in the south of the Panjab and in Sind, an entirely new class of objects which have nothing in common with those previously known to us, and which are unaccompanied by any data that might have helped to establish their age and origin.

The two sites where these somewhat startling remains have been discovered are some 400 miles apart—the one being at Harappa in the Montgomery District of the Panjab; the other at Mohenjo-Daro, in the Larkana District of Sind. At both these places there is a vast expanse of artificial mounds, evidently covering the remains of once flourishing cities, which, to judge from the mass of accumulated débris, rising as high as 60 ft. above the level of the plain, must have been in existence for many hundreds of years. Such groups of mounds abound in the plains of the Indus, just as they do in Mesopotamia and the valley of the Nile; and they are specially conspicuous along the banks of the old, dried-up beds of the main stream and its tributaries, not only in Sind, but in Bahawalpur State and in the Panjab.

The opportunities for excavation, therefore, in this part of India may be regarded as almost limitless; and, when it can be carried out on thorough and systematic lines, there is no doubt that the field will prove a peculiarly fertile one. Up to date, however, the meagre resources at the disposal of the Archæological Department have permitted it to undertake little more than preliminary trial-digging on these two sites; and it goes without saying that the remains disclosed are correspondingly limited. Yet, such as they are, they are full of promise.

At Mohenjo-Daro, the main street of the old city can still be discerned as a broad highway running from the south bank of the river towards the south-east, with houses fringing it on either side. What is surmised by the discoverer, Mr. Banerji, to have been the royal palace, stood at the point where this road emerged on to the quays of the river side. Opposite to it, in the now dry bed of the river, are several islands from which rose the principal shrines of the city, the highest and, no doubt, the chief of them all, being a massive Buddhist *stupa* raised on a high oblong platform, and surrounded by subsidiary shrines and monastic quarters. These remains belong to about the second century A.D., when the Kushans were paramount in the north-west of India; and, judging by the finds already made—particularly the urn burials, remnants of painted frescoes inscribed in Brahmi and Kharoshthi characters, new types of coins and other novel objects—there can be no doubt that their further exploration will result in welcome light being thrown on this very obscure period of Indian history.

Valuable, however, as these remains are likely to prove, it is not in them that the real interest of Mohenjo-Daro centres at the moment. Deep down below the Buddhist monuments described above, or at other parts of the site appearing close to the surface itself, there are at least two other strata of buildings belonging to much earlier epochs, and containing a variety of brick structures—the character and antiquity of which can at present only be surmised. Among these older structures one group is especially worthy of mention. Besides various halls and passages and chambers, it includes a massive structure—apparently a shrine—with walls seven or eight feet thick, pierced by several conduits which, in the opinion of the excavator, served for carrying off the lustral water when the shrine or image within it was washed. In another part of the same group is what appears to be an altar built of small glazed bricks, and provided with a drain of similar brickwork. Some idea of the appearance of these early buildings, and of their present state of preservation, is afforded by two of the photographs reproduced, the one (on this page) showing a staircase to the south-west of the shrine referred to, with a conduit in the foreground from which the covering of marble slabs has been removed; the other (on page 529), illustrating the glazed-brick flooring in a bay on the western façade of the same shrine.



UNEARTHED DEEP DOWN BELOW THE BUDDHIST MONUMENTS OF THE SECOND CENTURY AT MOHENJO-DARO: MUCH EARLIER REMAINS—A STAIRCASE OUTSIDE A SHRINE, WITH A CONDUIT COVERED BY MARBLE SLABS (IN THE FOREGROUND).

*Photograph by the Archæological Survey of India, Western Circle. By Courtesy of Sir John Marshall.*

At Harappa, Mr. Daya Ram Sahni's excavations disclosed as many as seven or eight successive levels, demonstrating the long and continuous occupation of the site during many hundreds of years prior to the third century B.C.; and throughout most, if not all, of this long period, burnt brick of a good quality was used for building purposes. The site at Harappa, however, has suffered much from the depredations of railway contractors and others, and the structures brought to light are in a more fragmentary condition than at Mohenjo-Daro. On the other hand, the smaller antiquities are generally identical in character with those from Mohenjo-Daro, and some of them even are better preserved. These smaller antiquities from the two sites comprise new varieties of potteries both painted and plain, some fashioned by hand and some turned on the wheel; terra-cottas; toys; bangles of blue glass, paste and shell; new types of coins or tokens; knives and cores of chert; dice and chessmen; a remarkable series of stone rings; and, most important of all, a number of engraved and inscribed seals. Iron does not occur at all, except in the latest deposits, and metal objects of any kind are scarce, particularly at Harappa.

Of all these antiquities the most valuable are the stone seals, not only because they are inscribed with legends in an unknown pictographic script, but because the figures engraved on them, and the style of the engraving, are different from anything of the kind hitherto met with in Indian art. Some of them are of steatite, others of ivory, and others of stone and paste. In shape most are square, and provided at the back with a boss pierced with a small hole for suspension. The animals engraved on them are in some instances bulls; in others, unicorns; but it is to be observed that neither the Indian humped bull nor the water-buffalo occurs among them.

As to the strange pictographs which do duty for letters, three points are worthy of remark: first, that the marks (apparently vowel signs) attached to many of the pictographs indicate a relatively high stage of development; secondly, that some of the inscriptions from Mohenjo-Daro betray a later stage in the evolution of this script than those from Harappa; thirdly, that they bear no resemblance whatever to any ancient Indian alphabet known to us; but, on the other hand, they do bear a certain general affinity to pictographs of the Mycenæan age in the Mediterranean area, though it is not possible to point to any of the symbols as being actually identical.

Examples of this pictographic writing are found not only on the seal dies, but also (at Mohenjo-Daro) on certain oblong bars of copper which their discoverer assumes to have been coins, since they are similar in shape to the early Indian oblong coins known as "punch-marked," though they do not correspond in weight with any recognised standards used in ancient India. Should this assumption of Mr. Banerji's prove correct, it would mean that these coins may turn out to be the earliest in existence, since the first coins hitherto known to have been struck in any other country are the Lydian pieces of the seventh century B.C.

Notwithstanding that the curious ring stones mentioned above have been found in large numbers on both sites, the purpose to which they were put has hitherto quite baffled the ingenuity of the excavators; though, for reasons into which it would take too long to enter here, Mr. Banerji believes that they were in some way connected with the *Bhartaris*, or shrines of eternal fire. They are of all sizes, from that of a small napkin ring up to fifty pounds in weight, and are made of various coloured stones or marble; but what is particularly curious about them is that in many specimens the upper and lower surfaces are undulating.

Another remarkable and significant feature at the Mohenjo-Daro site is the character of the burial customs. In the earliest period the practice was to bury the body in a hunched position in a brick tomb, generally of square or oblong form. Later on (it may be very much later), the custom obtained of burning the body, as is commonly done in India to-day, and depositing the ashes in a small urn, which, along with two or three others, was placed inside a larger round jar, accompanied by several miniature vessels containing food, raiment, and so on.

To what age and to what people do these novel antiquities belong? Those are the two questions which will naturally occur to the reader, and to which a score of different answers may perhaps suggest themselves. As to the first question, all that can be said at present is that the period during which this culture flourished in the Indus valley must have extended over many centuries, and that it came to an end before the rise of the Maurya power in the third century B.C. So much may be inferred, on the one hand, from the many successive strata of habitation, particularly on the Harappa site; on the other, from the presence of copper weapons, and

*Continued on page 548.*

# AN INDIAN "TIRYNS" AND "MYCENÆ": A FORGOTTEN AGE REVEALED.

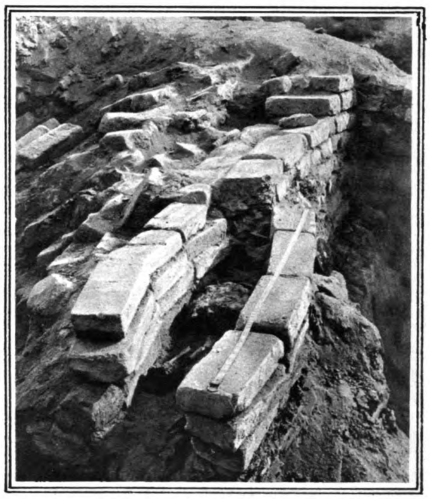
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA, WESTERN CIRCLE. BY COURTESY OF SIR JOHN MARSHALL, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHÆOLOGY IN INDIA.



ONE OF THE TWO SITES WHOSE REMAINS ARE OLDER THAN ANYTHING YET KNOWN IN INDIA: PREHISTORIC BUILDINGS EXCAVATED AT MOHENJO-DARO, SIND, DATING PROBABLY BETWEEN 1000 AND 400 B.C.



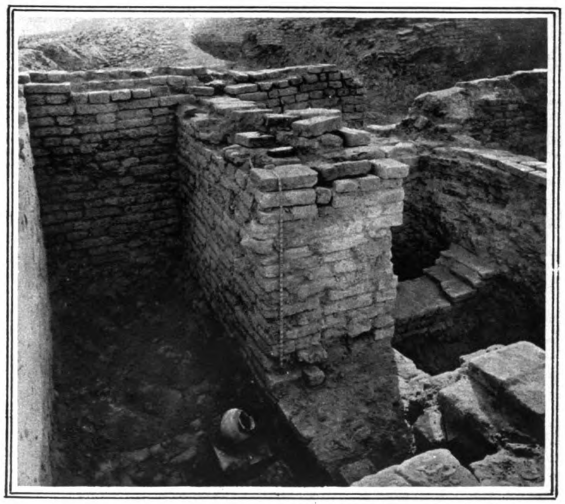
WITH FLOORING AND CONDUIT OF GLAZED BRICK: A PREHISTORIC SHRINE AT MOHENJO-DARO.



TO HOLD A HUNCHED BODY: A 3-FT. LONG BRICK GRAVE BUILT IN THE WALL OF A ROOM AT MOHENJO-DARO.



BUILT MORE THAN 2000 YEARS AGO, BUT COVERING TWO STRATA OF EARLIER REMAINS: THE SECOND-CENTURY BUDDHIST *STUPA* AT MOHENJO-DARO, ON AN ISLAND IN THE DRY RIVER-BED.



SHOWING A POT (IN FOREGROUND) THAT CONTAINED EARLY INDIAN OBLONG "PUNCH-MARKED" COINS (*KARSHAPANAS*): MASSIVE BRICK WALLS OF THE SECOND AND THIRD PERIODS AT MOHENJO-DARO.

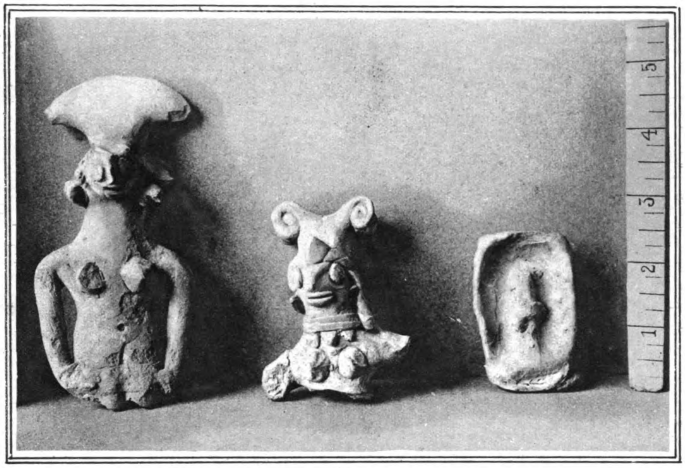


ON THE OTHER NEWLY DISCOVERED PREHISTORIC SITE IN INDIA, OCCUPIED FOR MANY HUNDREDS OF YEARS BEFORE THE THIRD CENTURY B.C.: EXCAVATIONS AT HARAPPA, IN THE PANJAB.

The remarkable discoveries here illustrated put back by several centuries the date of the earliest known remains of Indian civilisation. In his deeply interesting article describing them (on page 528) Sir John Marshall compares them to the work of Schliemann at Tiryns and Mycenæ, where likewise it fell to the archæologist to break new ground and reveal the relics of a long-forgotten past. "It looks at this moment," writes Sir John, "as if we were on the threshold of such a discovery in the plains of the Indus. Up to the present our knowledge of Indian antiquities has carried us back hardly further than the third century before Christ. . . . The two sites where these somewhat startling remains have been discovered are some 400 miles apart—the one being at Harappa in the Montgomery District of the Panjab, the other at Mohenjo-Daro in the Larkana District of Sind. At both these places there is a vast expanse of artificial mounds evidently covering the remains of once-flourishing cities, which . . . must have been in existence for many hundreds of years." The excavations at Mohenjo-Daro were made by Mr. Banerji. "At Harappa, Mr. Daya Ram Sahni's excavations disclosed as many as seven or eight successive levels, demonstrating the long and continuous occupation of the site during many hundreds of years prior to the third century B.C."

# "MODERN" REFINEMENTS IN ANCIENT INDIA: ARTS A

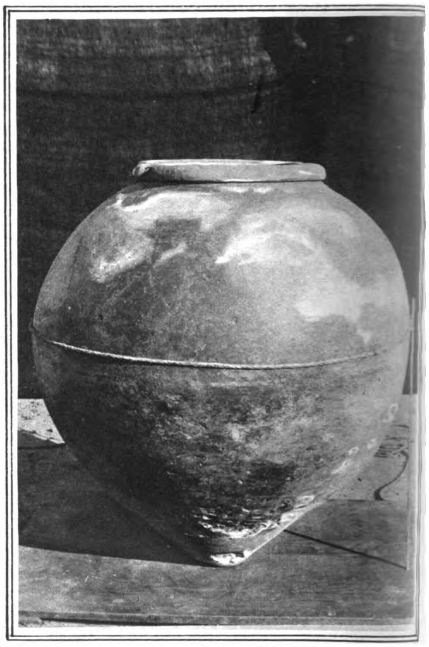
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA, WESTERN CIRCI



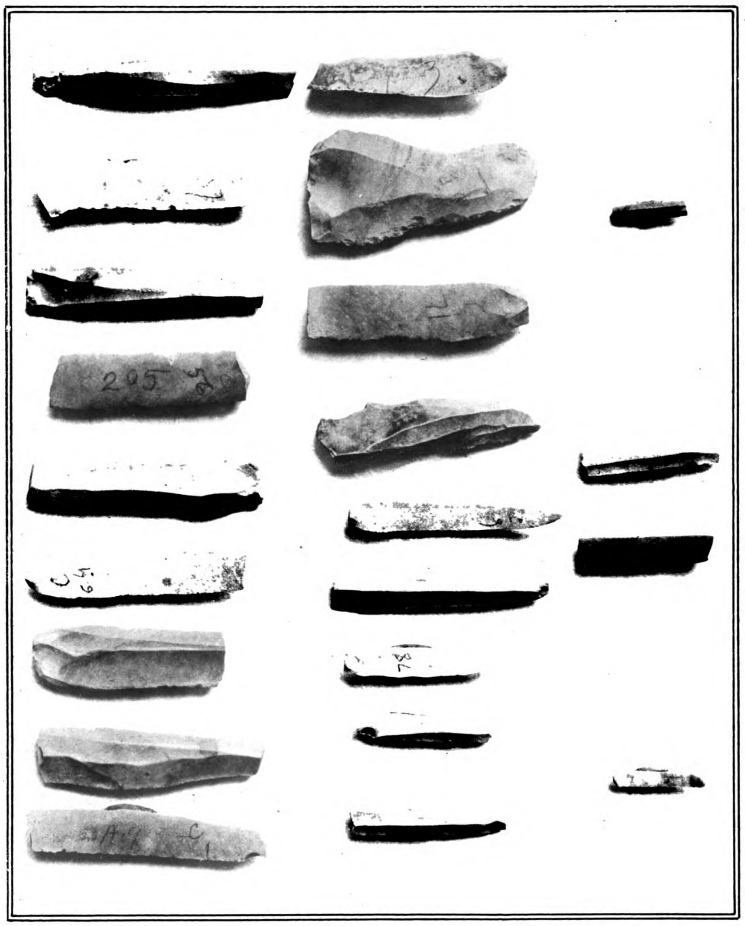
WITH HEADDRESSES RECALLING THE MEDIÆVAL FASHIONS IN EUROPE: PREHISTORIC INDIAN TERRACOTTA FIGURINES FROM HARAPPA (SIMILAR TO SOME FOUND AT PATNA, IN BIHAR).



BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN CONNECTED WITH "SHRINES OF ETERNAL FIR MYSTERIOUS RING-STONES (FREQUENT ON BOTH THE NEW PREHISTORIC SI



TAPERING AT THE BASE: A PREHISTORIC EARTHERN STORE JAR FROM HARAPPA (WITH A TWO-FOOT RULE BESIDE IT).



IMPLEMENTS USED BY A PREHISTORIC INDIAN PEOPLE IN THE REMAINS OF WHOSE BUILDINGS THERE IS NO TRACE OF IRON: FLAKES AND KNIVES OF CHERT FOUND DURING THE EXCAVATIONS OF THE EARLIER BUILDINGS AT MOHENJO-DARO.



A MODERN REFINEMENT OF LUXURY USED BY A PREHISTORIC PEOPLE IN INDIA: A HORIZONTAL JAR (ABOUT 6½ IN. HIGH) DESCRIBED AS A WINE OR WATER COOLER.

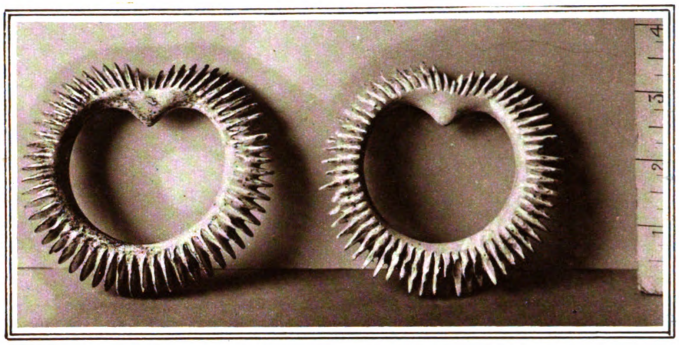
There is a remarkably modern touch about many of these objects found on the two newly discovered prehistoric sites in the Indus Valley, at Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa, described by Sir John Marshall in his article on page 528 of this number. The discoveries, as he points out, have brought to light evidences of a hitherto unknown period of primitive Indian culture, including a form of picture-writing quite new to archæology. "The smaller antiquities from the two sites," says Sir John, "comprise new varieties of potteries both painted and plain, some fashioned by hand, and some turned on the wheel, terra-cottas, toys, bangles, of blue glass, paste and shell, new types of coins or tokens, knives, and cores of chert, dice and chessmen, a remarkable series of stone rings, and, most important of all, a number of engraved and inscribed seals (illustrated on page 532). Iron does not occur at all, except in the latest deposits, and metal objects of any kind are scarce, particularly at Harappa. . . . Notwithstanding that the curious ring stones mentioned above have been found in large numbers on both sites, the purpose to which they were put has hitherto quite baffled the ingenuity of the excavators, though Mr. Banerji believes that they

# CRAFTS OF A NEWLY DISCOVERED PREHISTORIC RACE.

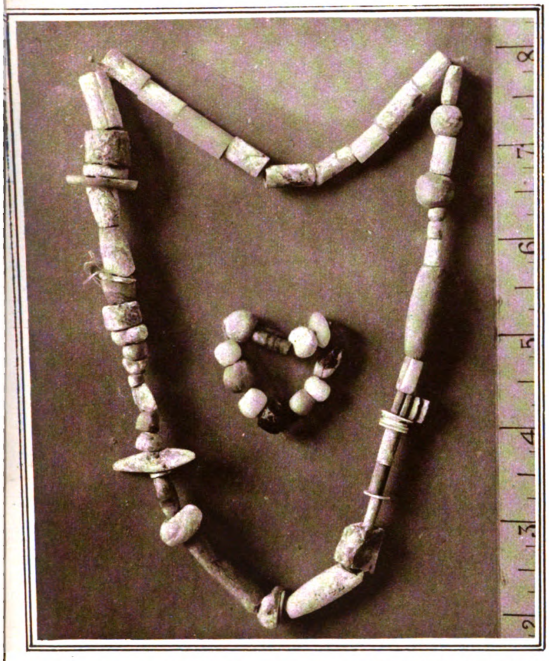
COURTESY OF SIR JOHN MARSHALL, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHÆOLOGY IN INDIA.



FROM BALUCHISTAN, THROUGH WHICH THE DRAVIDIAN RACES PROBABLY ENTERED INDIA: PREHISTORIC PAINTED POTTERY SIMILAR TO THE NEW DISCOVERIES.



POSSIBLY WORN ON THE WRISTS OF PREHISTORIC INDIAN BEAUTIES SOME 3000 YEARS AGO: BANGLES (ABOUT 3½ in. ACROSS) OF BLUE GLASS PASTE, FOUND AT HARAPPA.



TRINKETS WORN BY PREHISTORIC INDIAN PEOPLE: MISCELLANEOUS BEADS OF CORNELIAN, SHELL, AND SO ON, FROM MOHENJO-DARO.



USED IN PREHISTORIC URN-BURIAL TO HOLD FOOD OR RAIMENT AND PLACED WITH THE URN INSIDE A LARGER JAR: MINIATURE FUNERAL POTTERY (1 TO 1½ IN. HIGH) FROM MOHENJO-DARO.



INDICATING A HIGH DEGREE OF DECORATIVE ART IN THE PREHISTORIC PERIOD AT MOHENJO-DARO: THREE FRAGMENTS OF POLYCHROME POTTERY WITH DESIGNS OF VARIOUS PATTERNS.



BEAUTIFULLY SHAPED AND PROPORTIONED: A COMPLETE PAINTED VASE (ABOUT 6 IN. HIGH) OF THE PREHISTORIC PERIOD FOUND DURING THE EXCAVATIONS AT HARAPPA.



INDICATING AN ANALOGY BETWEEN THE PREHISTORIC ART OF THE INDUS VALLEY AND THAT OF BALUCHISTAN: POLYCHROME POTTERY FROM THE LATTER COUNTRY (LOWER ROW) COMPARED WITH EXAMPLES FROM MOHENJO-DARO (TOP ROW).

were in some way connected with the *Bhartaris*, or shrines of eternal fire. They are of all sizes, from that of a small napkin ring up to 50 lb. in weight, and are made of various coloured stones or marble; but what is particularly curious about them is that in many specimens, the upper and lower surfaces are undulating. Another remarkable and significant feature at the Mohenjo-Daro site is the character of the burial customs. In the earliest period the practice was to bury the body in a hunched position in a brick tomb (see page 529). Later on the custom obtained of burning the body, as is commonly done in India to-day, and depositing the ashes in a small urn which, along with two or three others, was placed inside a larger round jar, accompanied by several miniature vessels containing food or raiment." It is an interesting problem who these prehistoric people were, and whence they came. "Painted pottery and other objects somewhat analogous to those from Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa have been found in Baluchistan, and there are linguistic reasons for believing that it was by way of Baluchistan that the Dravidian races (thought by some writers to have been originally connected with the Mediterranean) entered India."

# UNKNOWN INDIAN PICTURE-WRITING: A NEW PROBLEM IN PALÆOGRAPHY.

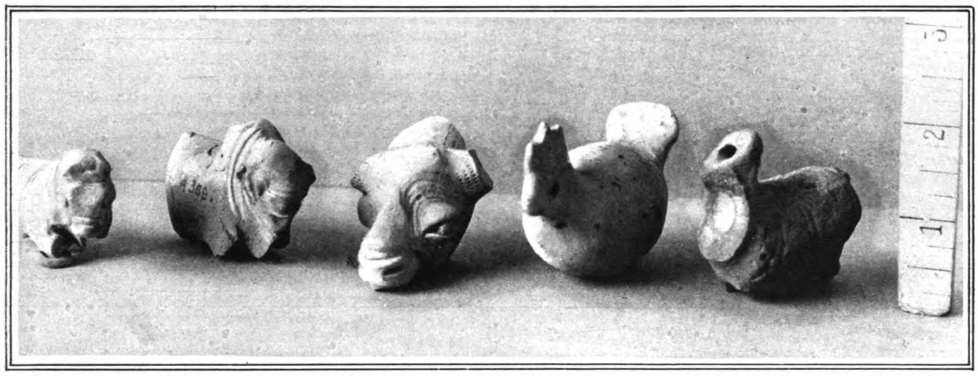
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA, WESTERN CIRCLE. BY COURTESY OF SIR JOHN MARSHALL, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHÆOLOGY IN INDIA.



ENGRAVED WITH A PICTOGRAPHIC SCRIPT UNLIKE ANY PREVIOUSLY KNOWN INDIAN ALPHABET, BUT SOMEWHAT RESEMBLING MYCENÆAN PICTOGRAPHS: PREHISTORIC SEALS FROM MOHENJO-DARO AND HARAPPA.



BEARING FIGURES OF BULLS AND MYSTERIOUS PICTOGRAPHIC SYMBOLS, SOME RESEMBLING ROMAN NUMERALS: PREHISTORIC INDIAN SEALS FROM HARAPPA AND MOHENJO-DARO WITH AN UNKNOWN FORM OF PICTURE-WRITING.



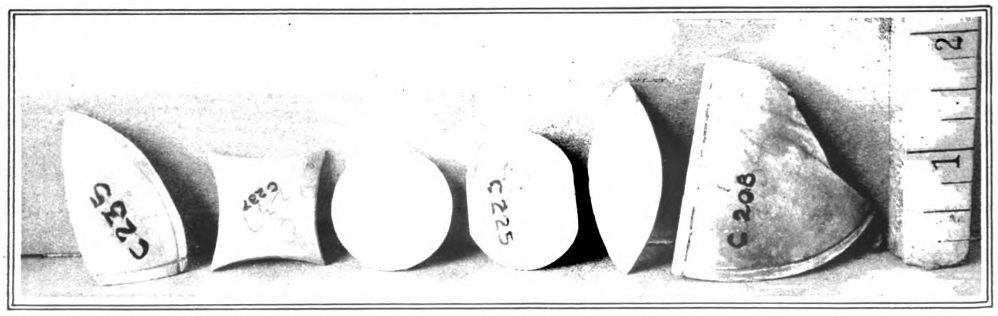
MADE PERHAPS TO AMUSE LITTLE PREHISTORIC PEOPLE IN THE INDUS VALLEY TWO OR THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO: TERRA-COTTA ANIMALS, BIRDS, AND OTHER TOYS FROM MOHENJO-DARO.



USED WITH A PREHISTORIC MORTAR: A PESTLE OF BLACK HÆMATITE.



PREHISTORIC CREMATION: A FUNERAL URN OF RED GLAZED WARE.




PREHISTORIC INDIAN DECORATIVE ART: MISCELLANEOUS ORNAMENTS OF CONCH SHELL FOR INLAYING, FOUND AT MOHENJO-DARO (WITH A MEASURE INDICATING THE HEIGHT OF THE BIGGEST ONE—2 INCHES).

Of unique and fascinating interest is the discovery of an unknown form of prehistoric Indian picture-writing, which, like the Minoan script found at Knossos in Crete, still awaits interpretation. The new Indian pictographs occur on seals found at Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro in the Indus Valley. "The figures engraved on them and the style of the engraving," writes Sir John Marshall (in his article on page 528), "are different from anything of the kind hitherto met with in Indian art. Some of them are of steatite, others of ivory and others of stone and paste. In shape most are square and provided at the back with a boss pierced with a small hole for suspension. The animals engraved on them are in some instances bulls, in others unicorns, but neither the Indian humped bull nor the water-buffalo occurs among them. As to the strange pictographs which do duty for letters . . . they bear no resemblance whatever to any ancient Indian alphabet known to us, but, on the other hand, they do bear a certain general affinity to pictographs of the Mycenæan age in the Mediterranean area. At Sir John Marshall's suggestion, we give all the photographs of seals, so that there may be a greater chance of any of our expert readers helping to elucidate the script.

# A RARE BIRD ONCE THOUGHT EXTINCT SEEN RECENTLY.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY G. E. LODGE.



"THE SIZE OF A GOOSE AND SIMILAR IN COLOUR AND SHAPE TO A WATER-HEN": THE NOTORNIS, A VERY RARE NEW ZEALAND BIRD THAT WAS RECONSTRUCTED FROM FOSSIL BONES BEFORE A LIVING SPECIMEN WAS DISCOVERED.

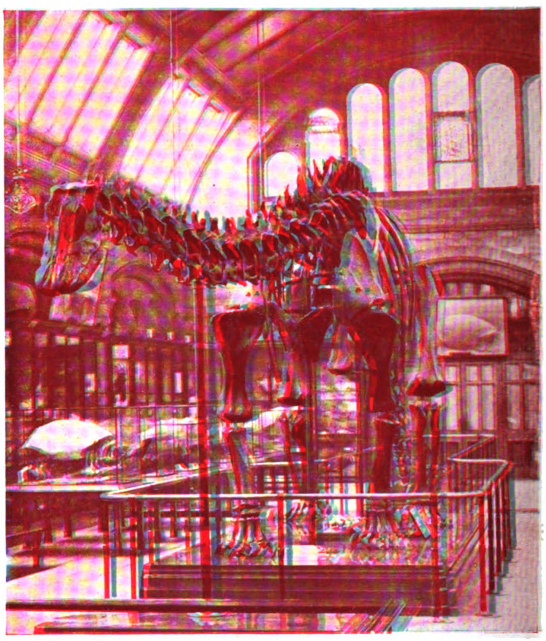
The Notornis is an exceedingly rare bird of New Zealand, described as "the size of a goose and similar in colour and shape to a water-hen." One was seen last year at Dusky Sound, in the South Island, Fiord district, where specimens had previously been captured, the last one as long ago as 1898. It is an interesting fact that the Notornis was first discovered in fossil form before it was ever seen alive, and scientists regarded it as extinct. It was in 1847 that part of a fossil skull was found, by Mr. W. Mantell, among volcanic ashes in the North Island, and from these remains the bird was reconstructed by Professor Owen. The first living specimen, caught in 1849, verified his work almost exactly. This specimen was caught, killed, and eaten by a party of sealers, but Mr. Mantell obtained the skin. Later, three other birds were captured, and the skin of one is now in the British Museum of Natural History.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

# THROWN INTO RELIEF BY THE VIEWING-MASK: PREHISTORIC MONSTERS.

*These Anaglyphs will Appear in Full Stereoscopic Relief when Looked at through the Viewing-Mask which we Supply Gratis (see below).*



SEEN THROUGH THE VIEWING-MASK AS A COLOSSAL SKELETON IN STEREOSCOPIC RELIEF: A GIANT GROUND SLOTH (*MEGATHERIUM AMERICANUM*) FROM ALLUVIAL DEPOSITS AT BUENOS AIRES.



SWAYING HIS 23-FT. NECK WITH THE MOVEMENT OF THE SPECTATOR'S HEAD, WHEN LOOKED AT THROUGH THE MASK: *DIPLODOCUS CARNEGII*, A DINOSAURIAN REPTILE FROM WYOMING.




WITH HIS IMMENSE TUSKS STANDING OUT IN BOLD RELIEF WHEN SEEN THROUGH THE VIEWING-MASK: AN AMERICAN MASTODON, FROM THE STATE OF MISSOURI.



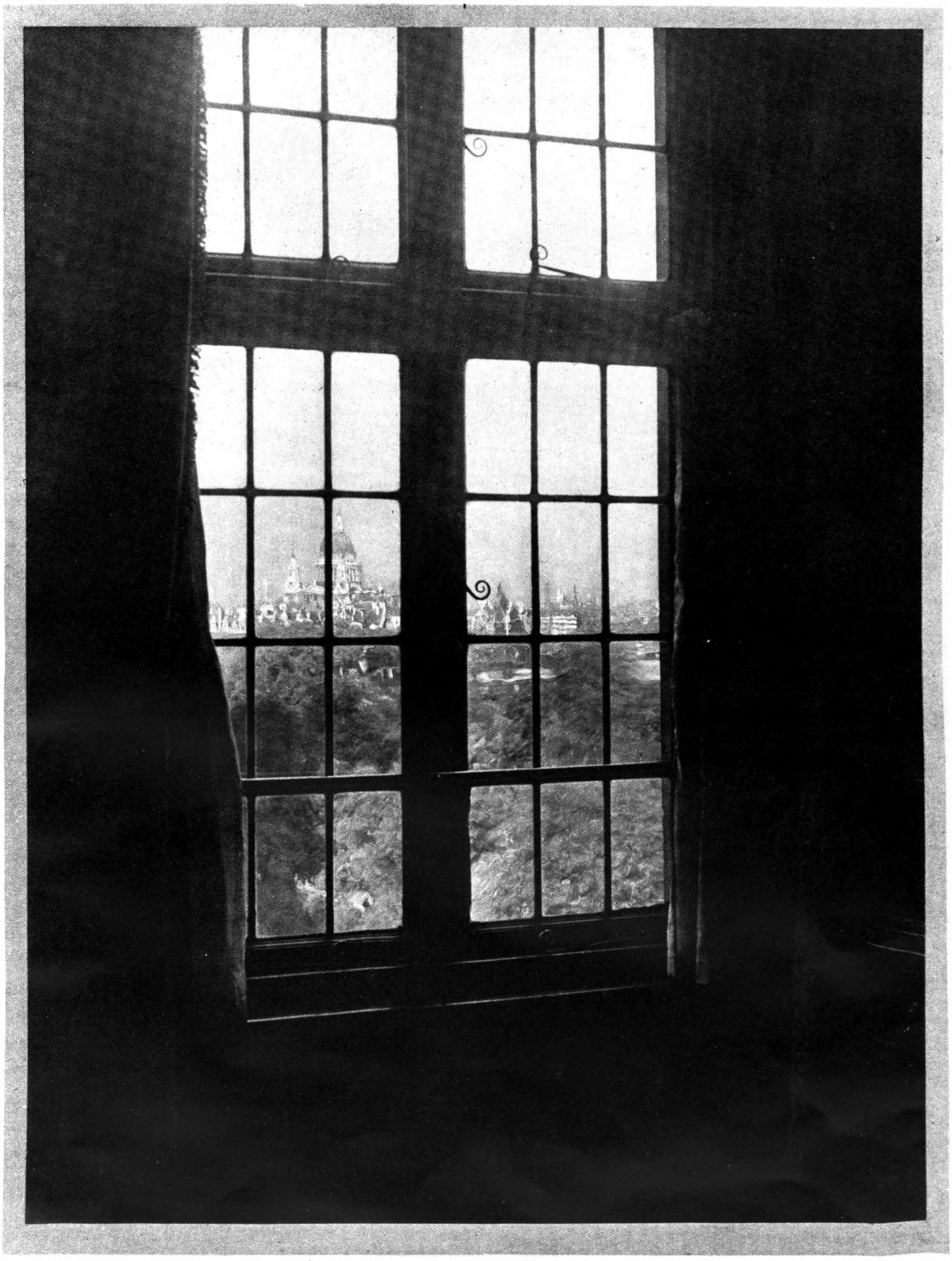
A COUSIN OF THE MONSTERS WHOSE TRACKS WERE FOUND IN THE ROOFS OF AMERICAN COAL-MINES: A HORNED DINOSAUR (*CERATOPS FRONS*) FROM WYOMING.

These huge skeletons of prehistoric monsters, all in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, lend themselves particularly well to Anaglyph treatment, as our readers will see when they examine them through the red and green viewing-mask which makes them stand out in full stereoscopic relief. If the spectator's head be moved to and fro while looking at the above illustrations, the great skeletons will appear to sway menacingly. This effect is especially vivid with the long neck of the Diplodocus, who measures 84 ft. 9 in. from head to end of tail. His neck alone is 23 ft. 3 in. long. The Dinosaur tribe have of late been much in evidence. In our last issue we illustrated dinosaur tracks found in the roofs of coal-mines in Utah, and the famous dinosaur eggs, ten million years old, will also be remembered. Those of our readers who have not already got a viewing-mask may obtain one by filling up the coupon on Cover 3 of this number, and sending it with postage stamps to the value of 1½d. Inland, or 2½d. Foreign) to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

"The Illustrated London News" at the British Museum (Natural History, South Kensington).

# LIKE OUR HEADING DESIGN OF ST. PAUL'S: A SALON PHOTOGRAPH.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BENINGTON IN THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY. BY COURTESY OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND THE SALON.



**"AN ADELPHI WINDOW": A PICTURESQUE GLIMPSE OF ST. PAUL'S, WITH ITS "CROSS OF GOLD THAT SHINES OVER CITY AND RIVER"—A FINE PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BENINGTON.**

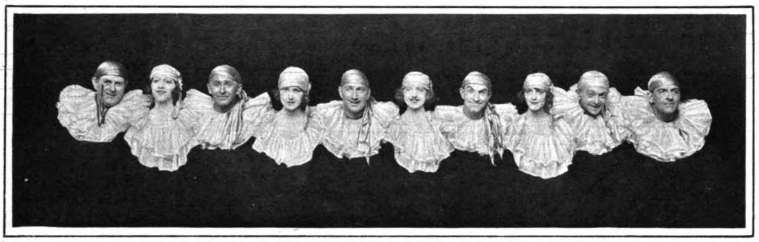
This finely devised photograph, with a distant glimpse of St. Paul's seen from an Adelphi window across the trees of the Embankment Gardens, is one of the many beautiful exhibits at the London Salon of Photography, now open at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours at 5a, Pall Mall East. The exhibition will remain open daily until October 4, and should not be missed by anyone interested in photography as a fine art. The view of St. Paul's and the adjacent buildings is curiously reminiscent of the familiar heading to this paper printed on the front page and in a slightly different form on the cover. Mr. Walter Benington, we may add, has three other London studies in the Salon, entitled "Bush House at Night," "A Thaw in the Suburbs," and "Lighting-up Time."

# The World of the Theatre.

*By J. T. GREIN.*

## INTERNATIONAL.

TRAVELLING through several countries during holidays, I met, of course, many people, and again, of course, the conversation soon drifted from politics towards Wembley and—the stage. It was ever so, in a way, but on this occasion I observed a great difference. For years, whenever the English stage was under discussion abroad among people who fancied that they knew something about it, the note was one of disparagement. How often have I not heard it: "The English, with exceptions, cannot act; and as for the plays, they were inferior to the degree of childishness." It was not expressed so drastically—in fact, with much flippant flow of words—but this was the essence. A shibboleth—the remnant of a tradition—just as it was the fashion to exalt the Parisian stage above all others.



TEAM WORK IN VARIETY: THE PRESENT COMPANY OF THE CO-OPTIMISTS, NOW GIVING AN EXCELLENT PROGRAMME AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Our photograph shows (left to right) Mr. Davy Burnaby, Miss Anita Elson, Mr. Melville Gideon (composer of the music), Miss Neta Underwood, Mr. Austin Melford, Miss Hermione Baddeley, Mr. Gilbert Childs, Miss Doris Bentley, Mr. Wolseley Charles, and Mr. Stanley Holloway.

Thinking it over, one wonders what these detractors actually saw, and how it came to pass that the tide gradually turned. I fancy that, in the first instance, the vogue of Pinero and Jones, and later, more intensely, the world-wide influence of Shaw, were the predominant reformers; and that, as far as acting was concerned, the régime of Barker made a great impression on all those who, as foreign newspaper correspondents in London or as interested visitors, reported progress. For nowadays a great deal is written in foreign papers about our drama, and one correspondent, Mr. P. van Eyck, the gifted correspondent of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, is allowed more space for the review of a single English play than is vouchsafed in three London dailies together. In Germany, too, much is imparted about our drama, and the *Neue Freie Presse* in Vienna has in Mr. Sil Vara, himself a playwright of great distinction, a contributor who has the English stage at his finger-ends, and is permitted to hold forth about it to his heart's content. To quote one instance of how highly English plays and players are considered in Holland, let me relate the proposal of a great newspaper proprietor of the Hague to bring "Saint Joan" and Sybil Thorndike and all the company over to the Royal Residence for a couple of performances, with a guarantee out of his own liberal purse. Mr. S. F. van Oss, the director of the *Haagsche Post*, one of the most far-sighted and enterprising editors of the day, has, I understand, the plan still under consideration. There are obstacles to overcome, probably in connection with Miss Thorndike's plans and the difficulty of fitting in the flying visit with the projected provincial tour. But there is some prospect of realisation, and if it comes to pass, what a tribute to our theatre—to say nothing of G. B. S., whom all Holland worships as one of the great minds of the century! In Holland every boy and girl in their 'teens is as familiar with Shaw as in my own youth we were with his literary kinsman, Multatuli, who one of these days will be discovered in England—a little late, as is our way.

But to revert to foreign opinion about our stage. The change of view is truly wonderful and the appreciation as keen as it is acute. I have heard it said that the "trial scene" of "Saint Joan" is the finest episode in the drama of our age—with which I cordially agree. I have heard the performance of "Our Betters" praised as a harmony of aristocracy in acting—rather a neat coinage that! I have heard about Edith Evans in "Tiger Cats," and in the same breath about Robert Loraine and his fellow-players, that their art was such perfection that one never thought of a translation. They did not trouble their heads, these appraisers of our stage, whether the play was of Franco-Danish descent: to them it was English in the true sense of the word—English by the manner, the restraint, the intense yet discreet power of the interpretation. Even revue, which at home is considered as a mere pastime and as a kind of holiday for actors, came in for its meed of eulogy. One critic very capably remarked that if an actor succeeded in transforming his personality half-a-dozen times in an evening (as he saw at the Vaudeville and the Duke of York's), that actor achieved more than one who created a hero in a single part filling an evening. There is a great deal of truth and observation in that remark. I look upon efficient revue-acting as a feat, an eloquent demonstration of the flexibility and elasticity of the human mind. It demands much more than the average spectator imagines—he looks upon it as stuff and nonsense, or a frolic—it means a mental as well as a physical gift of imagination that is by no means a common endowment.



TWO CLEVER RECRUITS TO THE RANKS OF THE CO-OPTIMISTS: MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY (LEFT) AND MISS ANITA ELSON IN A SCENE FROM THE NEW PROGRAMME AT THE PALACE.

Miss Hermione Baddeley made a reputation by her acting in "The Likes of Her" and "The Forest." Before joining the Co-Optimists she appeared in revue. Miss Anita Elson was in "Little Nelly Kelly."

Having heard all these comforting things about our stage, what about my own experiences? They were twofold—a great disappointment in Brussels, and a great pleasure in Holland. I am very fond of Brussels; I follow with intense interest the progress of the Flemish Theatre, notably in Antwerp, where, under Dr. de Gruyter, the strides are great and the répertoire a kaleidoscope of all that is up-to-date in several lands. But, by gad, I have seen some bad acting and a bad play in Brussels! At the Scala they gave for the sixtieth time a military play, "Le Béguin du Régiment." I like military plays when they are good—I wish we had a Courteline in England; we have no comedies of after-war soldiering—so I went with expectations. But the play and the performance were too horrible to relate—vulgar to the degree of indecency, boresome in ineffective satire, and acted in a way that would have disgraced a third-rate British touring company of 1885—and that was bad enough in all conscience. The leading comedian, a soldier, was made up like a knockabout circus clown, with a carroty stump nose for adornment and big blobs of red paint on his cheeks. And what he said and did—well, there are ladies present, let 's pass on! I did, after having endured an act and a half, what is rare for me—went out: an ancient mariner, I never leave the ship before the rats.

Then I came to Holland, and there I had the joy of living the days of my youth once again; for I saw a play forty-five years old, by the master who wrote "Little Johannes," Frederick van Eeden, the freshling of his playwriting days and in its time the talk of the hour. It is called "The Little Porch," and tells half fantastically, half realistically, how the devil came to a little town and upset all the conventions, the ways, and manners of a self-satisfied, smug, small-minded population. A little old-fashioned in its mechanism—well-nigh half a century is a long life-time for a play—the satire is delicious and bites in. It is a wonderful skit on the parochial mind of the period—a kind of "Farmer's Wife" in a Dutch setting. The actors were costumed after the fashions of 1840; the stage-picture was a vision of Holland as it was under our grandfathers. To see Dutch actors handling this material is a treat. They portray these types of small high-life, full of ceremony, hypocrisy, and egotism, to perfection. They literally breathe the atmosphere. There is no attempt at starring, though the cast was full of actors whose names are household words in Holland. They live in their parts and they live in their narrow sphere. In make-up they have to learn from our people. They are also a little slow of delivery sometimes. Each actor takes his time for his say, and, I may add, generally says it well; but a little more speed would vivify the action. Taking it all round, I saw a kind of unmistakable affinity between these Dutch players and the little band that has, with Eden Phillpotts's famous play, brought new life to the Court Theatre, which is praise indeed.

And this was but my first bull's-eye while doing a round of Dutch theatres. About others more anon. Meanwhile here 's good news to the many friends and admirers in England of Eduard Verkade. He is—with Mr. Verbeek—in command once more of the Royal Theatre at Amsterdam, where three years ago English actors spent happy days with "Mid-Channel" and "Candida."

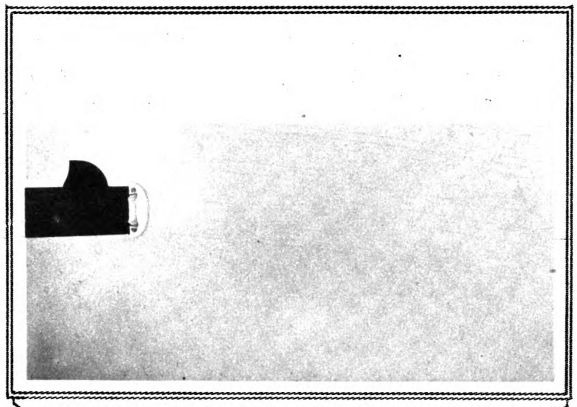


"A COLD FEAT, CUTTING NO REAL ICE, AND THUS PROVING THAT ALL IS NOT COLD THAT GLITTERS": MR. GILBERT CHILDS (ON RIGHT) LEADING THE CO-OPTIMISTS' ARCTIC EXPEDITION IN "ICELAND," AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

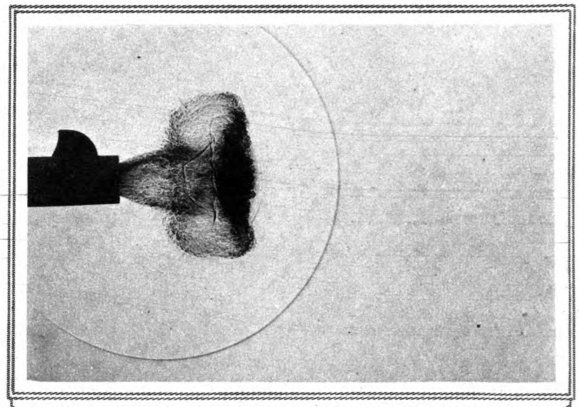
The figures are (from left to right) Mr. Davy Burnaby, Miss Neta Underwood, Mr. Stanley Holloway, Miss Doris Bentley, Mr. Austin Melford, Miss Hermione Baddeley, and Mr. Gilbert Childs.—[*Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.*]

# WHEN A BULLET IS FIRED: WHAT HAPPENS IN FRONT OF THE MUZZLE.

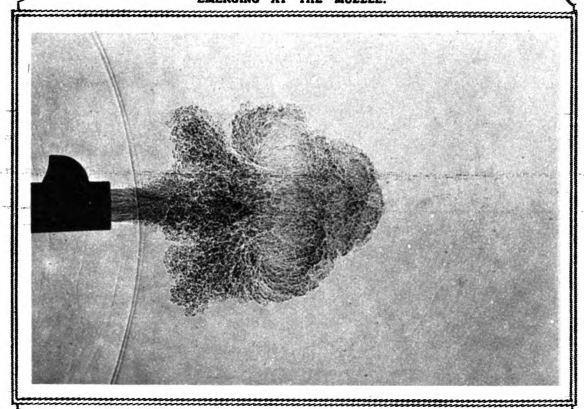
BY COURTESY OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER, MR. PHILIP P. QUAYLE, AND THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, AT WHOSE EXHIBITION THE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE ON VIEW.



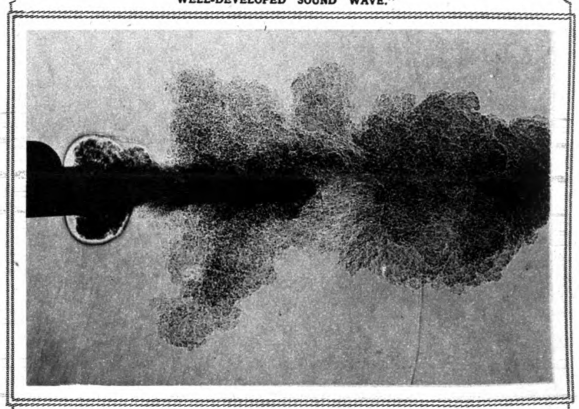
1. THE FIRST EFFECT OF FIRING A REVOLVER: "A SOUND WAVE JUST EMERGING AT THE MUZZLE."



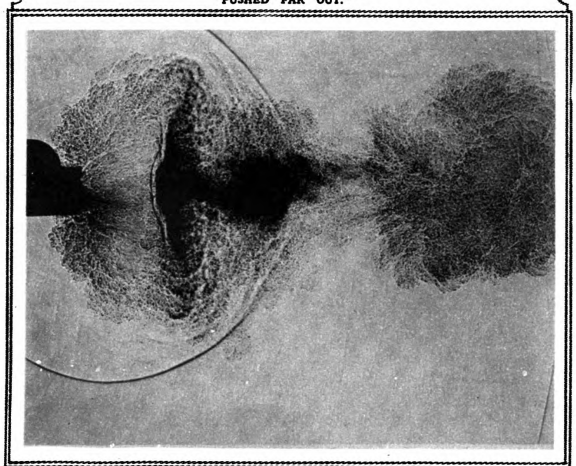
2. "THE RING-SHAPED ADVANCE GUARD OF LEAKAGE GASES" AND "THE WELL-DEVELOPED SOUND WAVE."



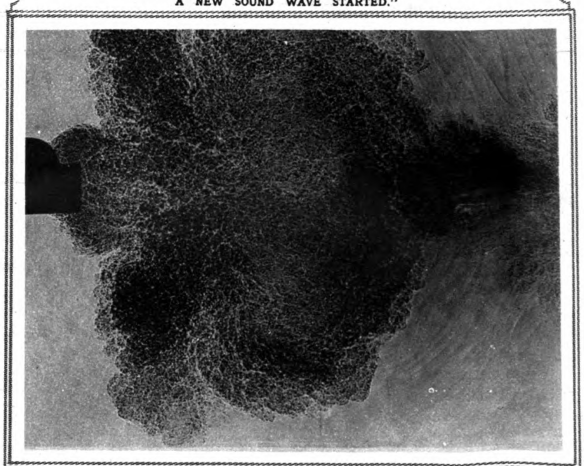
3. "THE MUZZLE WAVE IS NOW LEAVING THE PLATE; THE GASES ARE PUSHED FAR OUT."



4. "THE BULLET IS NOW 1-8TH OF AN INCH OUT OF THE MUZZLE . . . A NEW SOUND WAVE STARTED."



5. "THE SECOND MUZZLE WAVE HAS NOW DEVELOPED . . . THE BULLET IS WELL OUT OF THE MUZZLE."

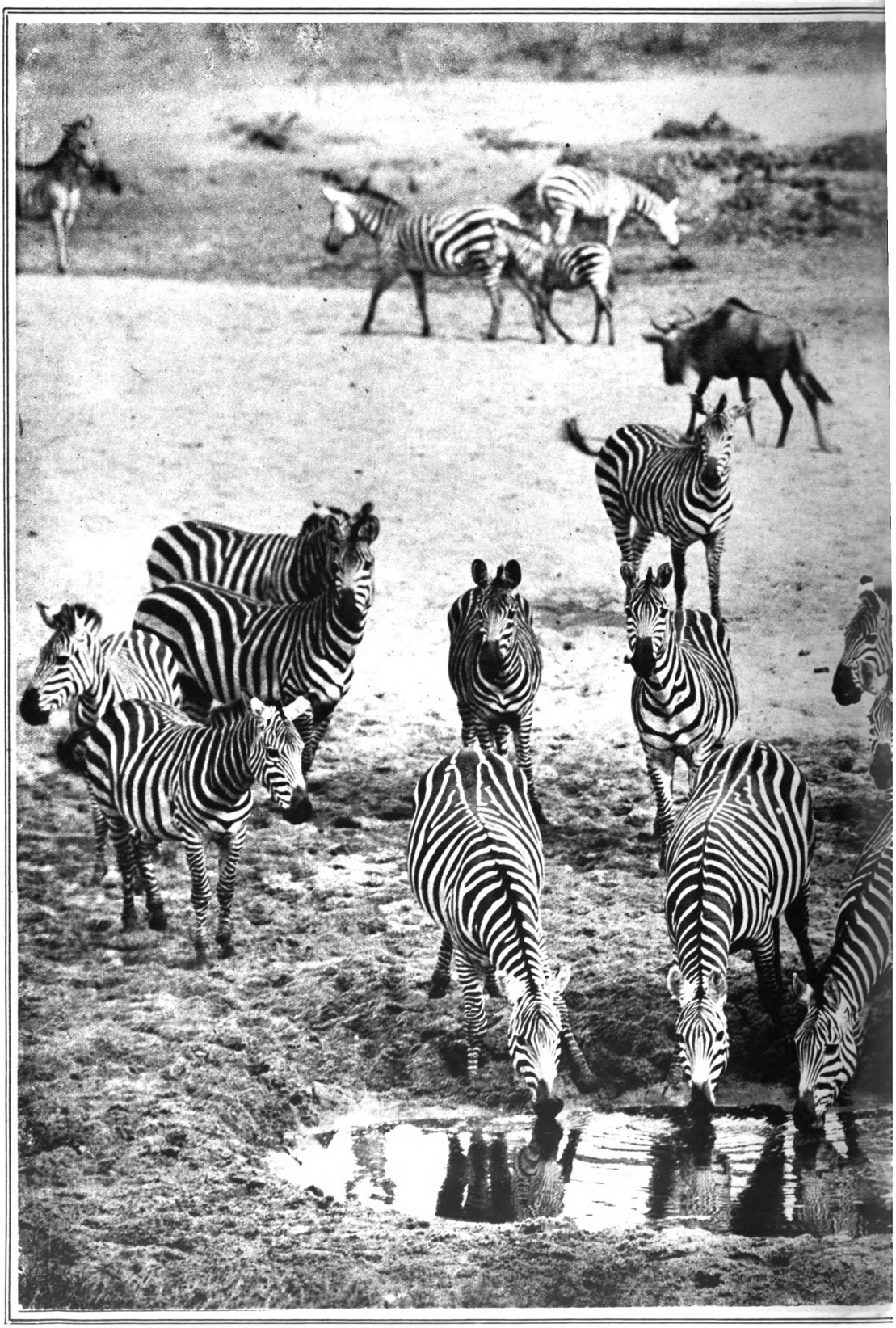


6. "THE BULLET . . . IS ABOUT TO EMERGE FROM THE EXPANDED GAS OF THE PROPELLING CHARGE."

This remarkable "group of six spark photographs, showing phenomena at the muzzle of an 0·45 calibre revolver" is on view at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition in Russell Square. The full descriptions of the photographs are as follows: "Fig. 1 shows a sound wave just emerging at the muzzle. A slight motion of the bullet or some gases that have leaked past it have pushed some of the air in the barrel forward. In Fig. 2 a number of interesting features are presented. There is the ring-shaped advance guard of the leakage gases, which now appear positively for the first time, the well-developed sound wave and the small particles of powder residue, each of which has its wake and waves, the slope of which is indicative of its speed. These particles were left in the barrel by a previous discharge. Some of them are going so fast that they have advanced beyond the sound wave. Fig. 3.—The muzzle wave is now leaving the plate; the gases are pushed far out, with most of the powder particles well ahead. Note that for the first time the wave which originated at the junction of the cylinder with the barrel is now moving on to the plate. Its centre is seen about half an inch ahead of the muzzle. This wave also encloses a great number of air disturbances. Fig. 4.—The bullet is now 1-8th of an inch out of the muzzle, and the sudden release of the pent-up gases behind it has started a new sound wave. The shape of this wave is that of an oblate spheroid, since its source is not a point but a circle whose diameter is equal to that of the bullet. The wave from the cylinder is now well across the plate. Fig. 5.—The second muzzle wave has now developed into much greater proportions. The bullet is well out of the muzzle and is still being accelerated. The out-rushing gases are impinging on its base and being deflected in a direction at right angles to their former path. Some of the gases which are going faster than the bullet have blown through the spherical wave in the centre of the plate. Fig. 6.—The bullet is no longer being accelerated, and is about to emerge from the expanded gas of the propelling charge, which has been losing speed. The fuzzy appearance of the bullet is due to the bending or refraction of light as it passes the bullet, and is caused by the hot gases which surround it."

# THE ZEBRA AS A DECORATIVE *MOTIF* IN NATURE: A

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTIN JOHNSON AT THE EXHIBITION OF

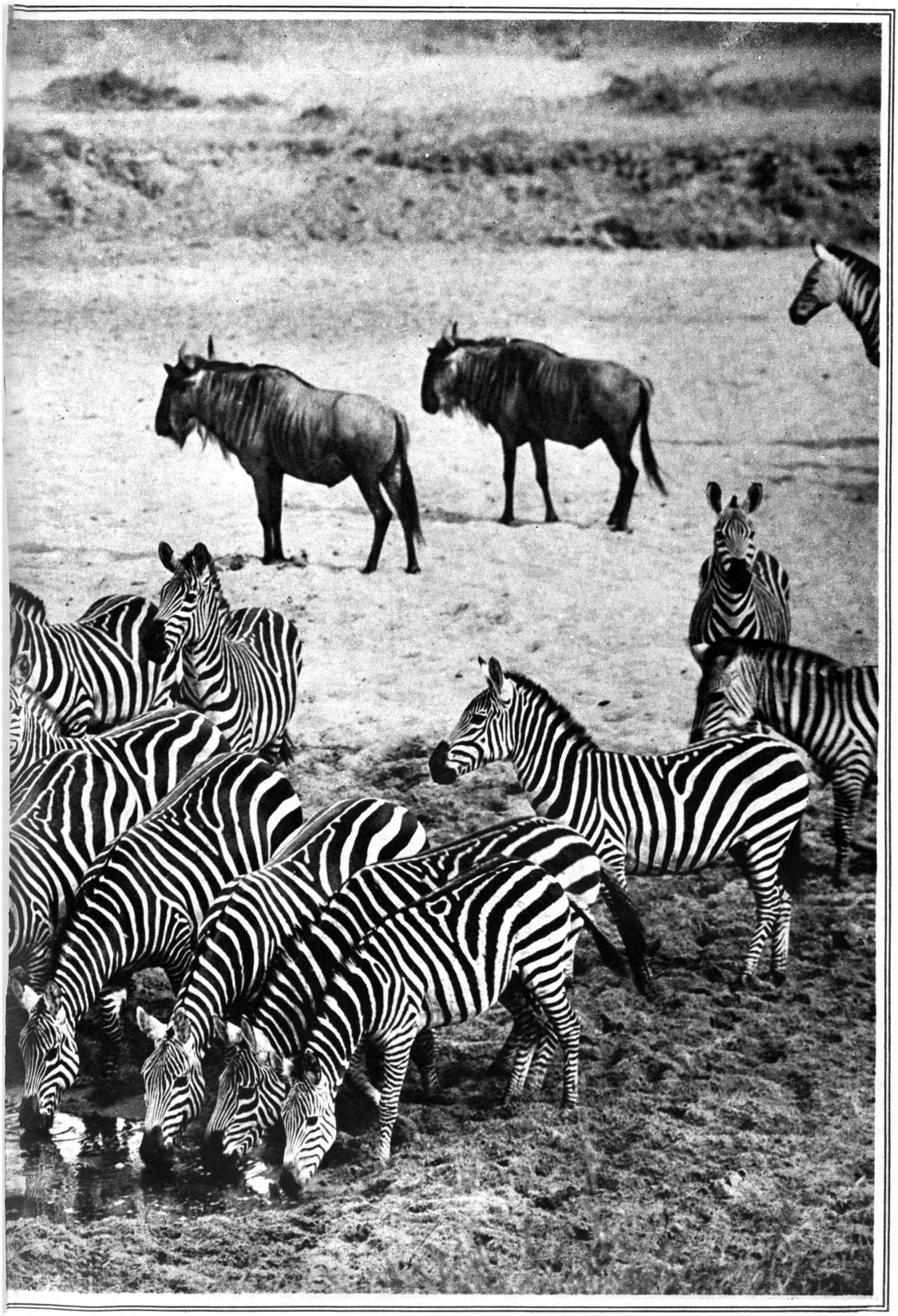


"ZEBRAS AND GNUS, KENYA COLONY, EAST AFRICA": A VERY

The sixty-ninth annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, which was opened the other day at the Society's headquarters, 35, Russell Square, is, as usual, full of interest and well worthy of a visit. As the opener, Mr. J. Dudley Johnston, observed, pictorial photography to-day

# REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH AT THE R.P.S. EXHIBITION.

ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY. BY COURTESY OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER.



## STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WILD, BY MR. MARTIN JOHNSON.

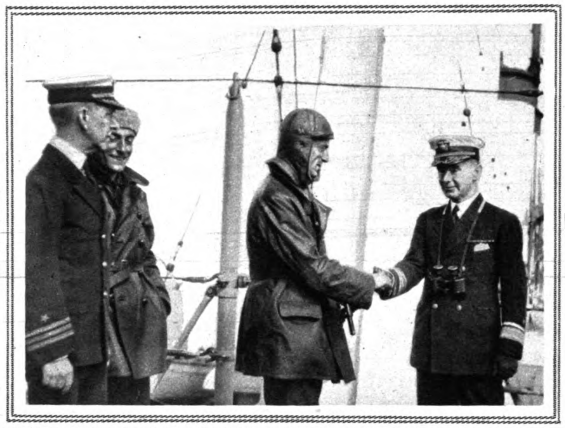
has reached a very high level of achievement, which is difficult to surpass. We reproduce here one of the most striking of this year's exhibits. The Society's first exhibition was held in 1854. The one just opened will continue until October 25.

# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COLLINS (CONSTANTINOPLE), ELLIOTT AND FRY, P. AND A., VANDYK, I.B., PHOTOPRESS, KEYSTONE, AND CENTRAL PRESS.



A NOTED MACEDONIAN PATRIOT ASSASSINATED: TODOR ALEXANDROFF, THE BALKAN "ROBIN HOOD."



THE ITALIAN WORLD-FLIER RESCUED BY AN AMERICAN CRUISER BETWEEN ICELAND AND GREENLAND: LIEUT. LOCATELLI WELCOMED BY ADMIRAL MacGRUDEN ABOARD THE U.S.S. "RICHMOND."



BROTHER OF LORD BIRKENHEAD: THE LATE SIR HAROLD SMITH, RECORDER OF BLACKBURN AND EX-M.P.



THE PREMIER'S CAR AND £30,000: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD WITH HIS OLD FRIEND, SIR ALEXANDER GRANT (LEFT).



CO-FOUNDER OF THE BROWNING SOCIETY: THE LATE MISS EMILY HICKEY.



TURKEY'S NEW DIPLOMATIC REPRESENTATIVE IN LONDON: ZEKAI BEY.



RADIO IN THE REICHSTAG: THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR, DR. MARX (RIGHT FOREGROUND) SPEAKING INTO A BROADCASTING APPARATUS.



AN ITALIAN FASCIST DEPUTY MURDERED: THE LATE SIGNOR CASALINI.



SCOTTISH SECRETARY OF THE LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION: THE LATE SIR W. MARTIN.



CHARGED WITH THE POPE'S BLESSING ON THE FRANCISCAN SEPTEMCENTENARY AT CANTERBURY: CARDINAL BOURNE (FOURTH FROM RIGHT, IN FRONT) BETWEEN THE R.C. BISHOPS OF SALFORD (LEFT) AND BRENTWOOD (RIGHT).

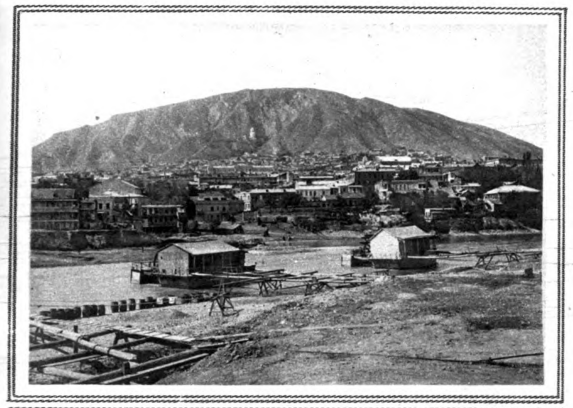


DONOR OF A WHITE ORYX ANTELOPE TO THE "ZOO": THE EMIR OF KATSINA (THIRD FROM LEFT) WITH HIS SON (EXTREME LEFT) AND NIGERIAN NOTABLES AT WEMBLEY.

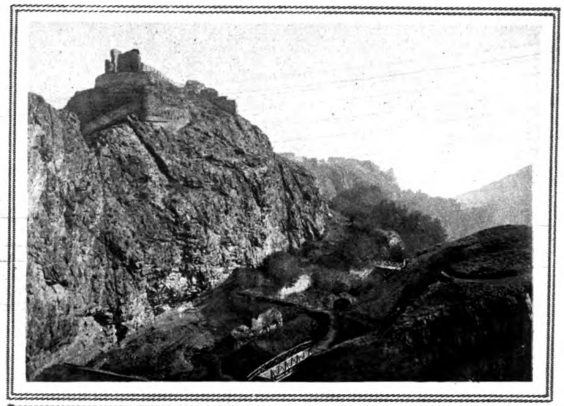
Todor Alexandroff, whose assassination on August 31 by Macedonian opponents under Bolshevist influence was lately reported from Sofia, led a revolutionary movement for an autonomous Macedonia. During the war he worked for the Germans as a spy.——Lieut. Locatelli, who left Pisa on July 25 to fly round the world, with three companions, had to alight on the sea between Reykjavik and Greenland owing to engine trouble. After drifting 100 miles the seaplane was picked up on August 24 by the U.S.S. cruiser "Richmond."——Sir Harold Smith, K.C., had been Recorder of Blackburn since 1922. He was M.P. (Cons.) for Warrington from 1910 to 1922.——It was recently made known that last March Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was allotted 30,000 £1 Preference shares in McVitie and Price, whose managing-director, Sir Alexander Grant, was made a Baronet in June. It has been explained that Sir Alexander, who, though a Conservative, is an old friend of the Premier, gave him a motor-car to save him from tiring train journeys, and the income from the shares (which revert to Sir Alexander's estate on the Premier's death) is to cover the upkeep and taxation of the car. Sir Alexander received his Baronetcy for his gift of a national library to Scotland.——Miss Emily Hickey was co-founder, with Dr. Furnivall, of the Browning Society, and herself a poet.——Signor Casalini was shot dead by a Communist in a tram in Rome on September 12 as a reprisal for the murder of Signor Matteotti.——Sir William Martin raised over £150,000 for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, of which he was Scottish Secretary for thirty years.——The Emir of Katsina visited London some years ago, and was presented with two peacocks by the "Zoo."

# IN REVOLT AGAINST BOLSHEVIST TYRANNY: GEORGIA AND ITS CAPITAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



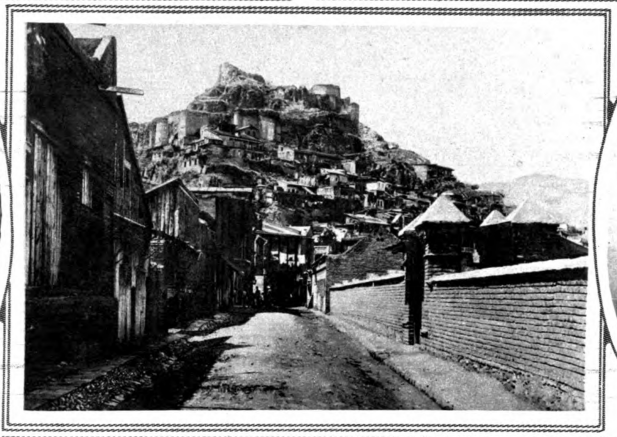
CLAIMED BY THE RUSSIAN BOLSHEVISTS TO HAVE BEEN RE-CAPTURED BY THEIR TROOPS: TIFLIS, FROM THE EAST BANK OF THE RIVER KURA—SHOWING A GEORGIAN CHURCH IN THE HILLS (CENTRE BACKGROUND).



FIRST MADE THE CAPITAL OF GEORGIA IN 455, AND FOR MANY CENTURIES A STRONGHOLD OF EASTERN CHRISTIANITY: TIFLIS—THE BEAUTIFUL PARK IN THE HILLS BEHIND THE CITY.



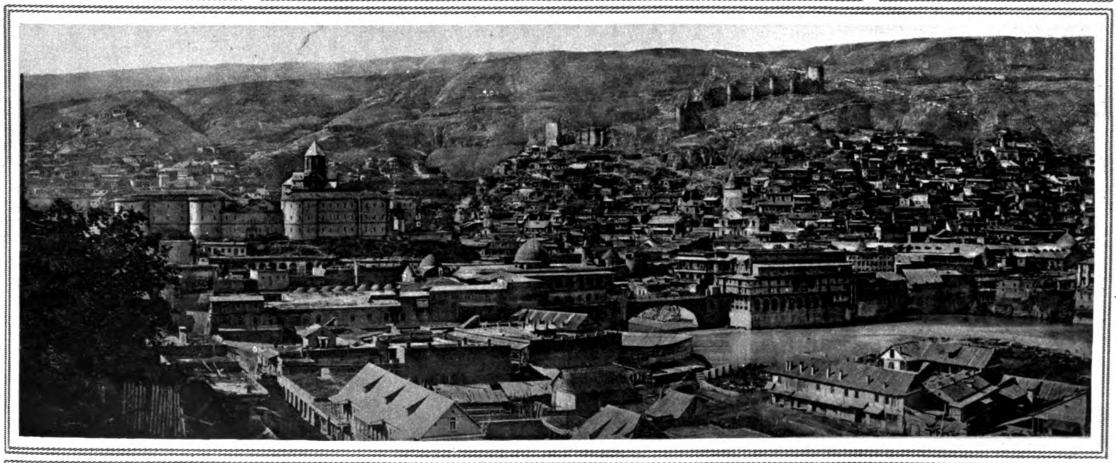
WITH DECORATIVE ORNAMENTS AND BELT: A GEORGIAN WOMAN IN NATIONAL DRESS.



FIRST OCCUPIED BY A RUSSIAN GARRISON IN 1799: THE PICTURESQUE CITY OF TIFLIS—THE TARTAR QUARTER.



TYPICAL OF MASCULINE DRESS IN GEORGIA: COSTUME AS WORN AT TIFLIS.



THE CENTRE OF A COUNTRY WAGING A WAR OF INDEPENDENCE AGAINST BOLSHEVIST OPPRESSION AND RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF TIFLIS FROM ANOTHER POINT ON THE EAST BANK OF THE RIVER KURA.

The Georgian delegation to the League of Nations at Geneva reported on September 15 that the rising against the Bolshevists had become general in the Caucasus; that an important tunnel on the Tiflis-Batum line (the only railway to the interior) had been blown up, and the Soviet troops were retreating in disorder; while a provisional Georgian Government had been established at Kutais. The movement is regarded not as a mere rising, but a war of independence, both on the part of Georgia and Azerbaijan. The Georgian Legation in Paris on September 15 expressed disbelief in the Bolshevist claim to have recaptured Tiflis. The report was contradicted from Turkish sources, though direct communication with Tiflis had been interrupted for some ten days. The Legation stated that the revolt was a national movement against the Russian Soviet invaders, who, after recognising Georgian independence in 1920, had occupied the country and maintained a régime of oppression and religious persecution for three years. The insurrection began towards the end of August. On September 11 a message from Riga said that the Soviet was daily announcing the capture and shooting of fresh batches of Georgian patriots, and had proclaimed its resolve to "crush all armed opposition with ruthless force." Later reports from Constantinople said that Georgian towns and villages were being burned and the inhabitants massacred

# "Notorious Fellows": The Gentlemen who Went By.

## "THE SMUGGLERS." By Lord Teignmouth and Charles G. Harper.*

THE smugglers of old suffered cutlass-cut and pistol-shot, fire from fuzees and swivel-guns, thrust of bayonet, imprisonment in Hold, transportation, outlawry, forced work in the Navy, "the prevayling power of Hemp," and hanging in chains. Swords were ground against them, "sharp and with a good point." There was hasty making of bullets and play of powder. Patrols petitioned for new boots and stockings to replace those worn out in the pursuit of "Free-traders." There were preventive officers on land and sea, with sailors and soldiery in support. Many traffickers fell to the "fatal lead" before they could say their Nummy Dummy, their "In Nomine Domine"; rewards brought many to the dock. Yet "the most pernicious practice" persisted on most days and flourished during the "darks," the moonless nights; spout lanterns flashed their welcomes and their warnings; tubs and packages were run all round the coast; and customs men and service men too often joined that Richard Morgan who "languished" under wounds "and languishingly did live for the space of one hour, and then did die"; too often were blood-brothers of that gallant William Webb whose tombstone proclaims—

> "I am not dead, but sleepeth here,
> And when the Trumpet Sound I will appear.
> Four balls thro' me Pearced there way:
> Hard it was. I 'd no time to pray.
>
> This stone that here you Do see
> My Comerades erected for the sake of me."

But the game went on; comparatively few of the offenders were put out of business, and the uncustomed found ready market among those who resented heavy taxes and did not deem it dishonest to rob Governments they regarded as extravagant task-masters.

The fact is that the majority sympathised with "the gentlemen who went by"; some in sheer agreement with acts which enabled them to purchase luxuries they could not have afforded had dues been settled, some in terror. Most were only too willing to watch the hedge or the wall: it was not theirs to inform or interfere, and they had no desire to be "speenied" to appear at the assizes, especially when "purgury" was likely to be necessary and someone had "squeeked." "Each tradesman smuggled, or dealt in smuggled goods; each public-house was supported by smugglers, and gave them in return every facility possible; each country gentleman on the coast dabbled a little in the interesting traffic; almost every magistrate shared in the proceeds or partook of the commodities. Scarcely a house but had its place of concealment, which would accommodate kegs or bales or human beings, as the case might be; and many streets in seaport towns had private passages from one house to another, so that the gentleman inquired for by the officers at No. 1 was often walking quietly out of No. 20, while they were searching for him in vain. The back of one street had always excellent means of communication with the front of another, and the gardens gave exit to the country with as little delay as possible."

In Kent "the peasantry laughed at, or aided, and very often got a good day's work, or, at all events, a jug of genuine hollands, from the friendly smugglers; the clerk and the sexton willingly aided and abetted, and opened the door of vault, or vestry, or church for the reception of the passing goods; the clergyman shut his eyes if he saw tubs or jars in his way; and it is remarkable what good brandy-punch was generally to be found at the house of the village pastor." The natural "confusion" of the land was another asset, offering shelter and "soft" roads safe from the prying. Populations were scanty. "The churchyards were frequently crowded at night by other spirits than those of the dead, and not even the church was exempted from such visitations." Horses were commandeered—with their owners' connivance; barns, woods and parks were refuges. And it was so in Sussex, and, in lesser degree, in Hampshire, in Devon and Cornwall, and on the East Coast.

Tobacco, tea, brandy and other spirits, cinnamon, bandana handkerchiefs, silks, laces, Leghorn hats, and many another contraband article came in duty free; and out went the forbidden wool the "Owlers" handled when it was sought to bolster up cloth-weaving in this country by starving the Continental looms; swivel-guns for French privateers; Fuller's earth, used in the manufacture of cloth; and golden guineas for the payment of Napoleon's troops.

Much of the "Notorious Fellows'" work was simply done; a strong, quick pull to shore, a speedy landing, and a rapid carrying away. But it was not always so. "Crops" were sunk and buoyed—"put in the collar"—until they could be fished up safely. One load was discovered by a Coast Blockade Service man who swam out to investigate a feather that floated on the sea but did not drift, and found it marking a cork that headed a line to dumped liquor. Tubs were buried on the shore — and a Customs officer trained a dog to nose out anything smelling of spirits! Another device was invented by one "Buffy"—"tubs of spirit whose shape and colour were disguised by a coating of Plaster of Paris, studded with gravel and shells, and partially hidden with seaweed, so as to resemble as nearly as possible the blocks of chalk found under the cliffs along the Kentish shore. These would be dropped from boats at night on the beach, above low-water line, so as to be dry when the tide receded. Next day, a smuggler, attired in a countryman's gabardine, would drive a cart on to the sands, and load it with what appeared to be lumps of chalk for lime-burning." Protection was by goodwill, as has been said, but it was also by "batmen," a guard, armed with bludgeons—stout ash poles; some six feet in length—who were employed to keep off intruders by scaring them or by less gentle means.

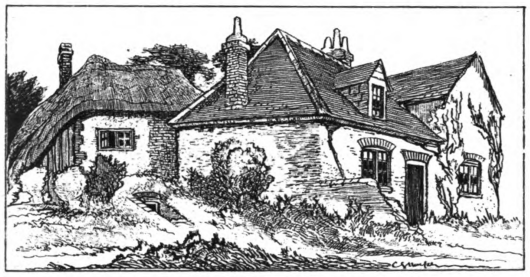
That was in the earlier, breezier days, when the smugglers were content, as a rule, to terrorise the few whose hands were against them without drawing more blood than would flow from a cracked sconce; preferring to rule by the fear of damaged crops and maimed stock, and burned houses, wheat-stacks, and hay-ricks. Sufficient, but not over-sanguinary!

Later—perhaps under the dominance of the sea-smugglers, ever more sinister than their jovial comrades of the land—the gangs took to more offensive weapons. Then, even the complaisant rebelled, even those eager to buy cheaply or because it was "agin' th' Government," even those who regarded such "free trade" as a right that had been theirs from "time out of mind." No longer would the innkeeper give the freedom of his "hides," unless he were in league; "labour" was more difficult to get; the parson ceased to pass by on the other side when he found tea in his pulpit and the aisles full of tubs; smugglers no longer "walked" as awe-inspiring phosphorescent "ghosts"; even the slabs of the tombstones of Hurstmonceaux churchyard, it may be avowed, ceased to turn on swivels and receive illicit stores; the double-roof lost its value; "Alsatias" grew rarer and rarer; farmers voted it impolitic to wink as they had done when they considered smuggling to be advantageous, "as finding employ for many who would be otherwise thrown on their parishes"!

Running by force killed the trade. An intensive attack began. Officers and men of the preventive service were increased in numbers and efficiency: "betrayals" succeeded brutalities; more pistols barked alarms; Bow Street runners, magistrates, and judges did their duty firmly. The result was that desired—and now we have few but the little people; the petty defiers of the Inland Revenue, and the more daring boot-leggers brought into being by dry America.

But, says Mr. Harper, "there is a recrudescence of smuggling, on a very large scale, of which the public in general know, and are told, nothing"—thanks, he argues, to the heavy taxation consequent upon the Great War. Further, the authors add: "Smuggling of cocaine and other drugs nowadays takes up so much of the Customs officers' attention that there is some suspicion it is diverted from the question of brandy-smuggling in particular, and of other dutiable goods in general. Of course, the fantastically high duties on foreign spirits have now again made any successful evasion of the Customs highly remunerative."

Commander Lord Teignmouth and Mr. Charles G. Harper, "with a common interest in those robustious old smuggling days," with access to official sources, and, most fortunately, with transcriptions of "secret and confidential documents of the eighteenth century" which have since been destroyed by Admiralty Orders, have written the picturesque story of the "Free-traders" as it has never been written before. "The Smugglers" is excellent in every way: two volumes of fascination.—E.H.G.



A "FREE-TRADERS'" HAUNT: THE REMAINS OF THE "DOG AND PARTRIDGE." GLINDON COMMON, NEAR ARUNDEL; AND THE SMUGGLERS' "CELLAR."

Richard Hawkins was whipped and kicked to death by two smugglers at the "Dog and Partridge," on January 28, 1748. The place is no longer an inn, but the house survives, a good deal altered, as a cottage. "In the garden may be seen a very capacious cellar, excavated out of the soil and sandstone, and very much larger than a small country inn could have ever required for ordinary business purposes. It is known as the 'Smugglers' Cellar.'"



"THE ROB ROY OF THE WEST": JACK RATTENBURY, "AUTHOR" OF "THE MEMOIRS OF A SMUGGLER" (1837).

Jack Rattenbury, of Beer, Devonshire, is credited with the writing of "The Memoirs of a Smuggler," published at Sidmouth in 1837; but it may be taken that someone more literary penned the "elegant" work, from information received from the smuggler. Rattenbury was born in 1778, and was in turn privateer, fisherman, pressed sailor in the Navy, and smuggler. His life was full of adventure, and he had a gift for escaping, although he was most unlucky.



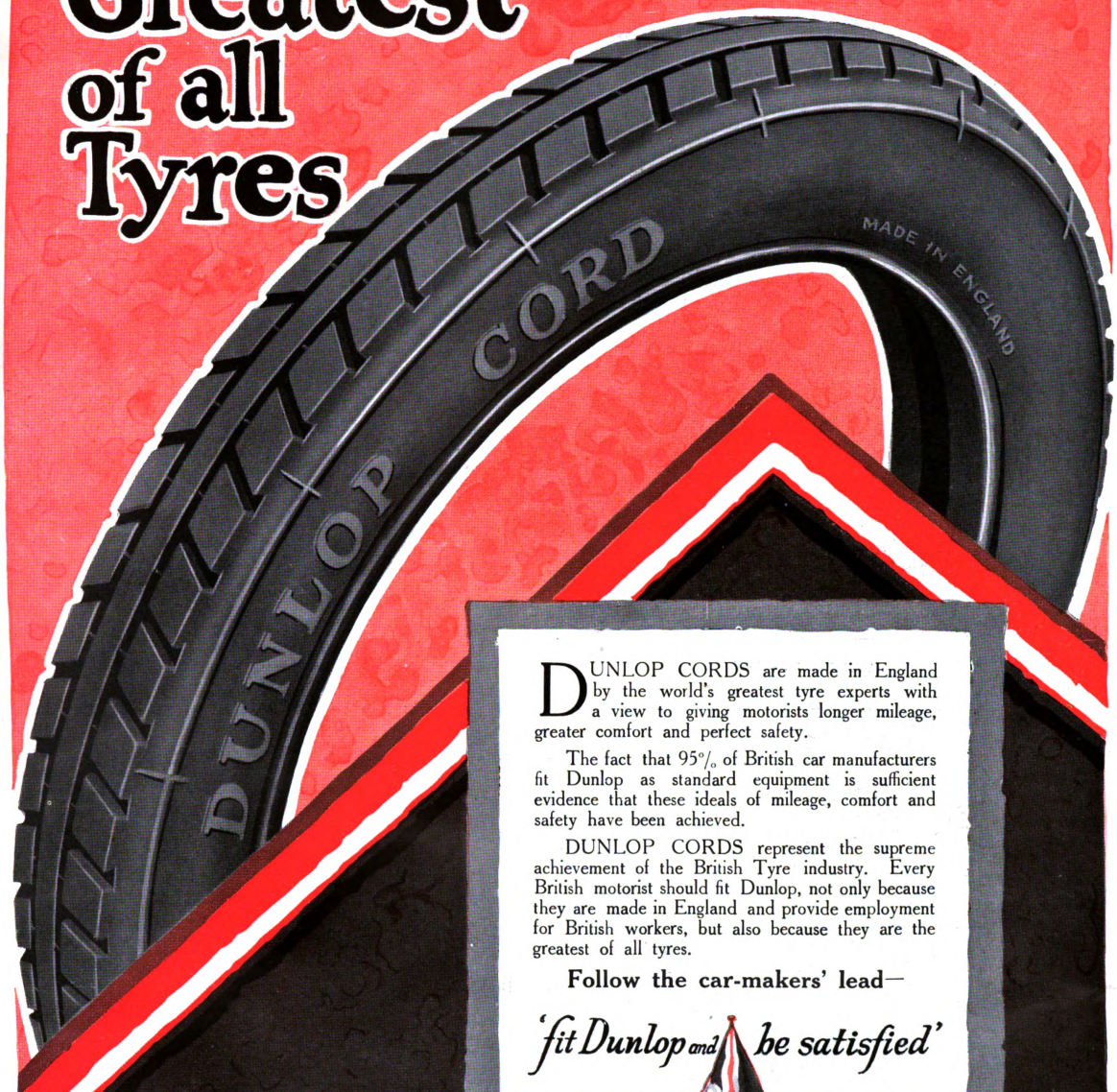
A "SOFT ROAD": SMUGGLERS' TRACKS NEAR EWHURST.

Smugglers landed many a cargo near Worthing and Shoreham, and their shore-going comrades bore the contraband inland. "Avoiding the much-travelled highroads, and traversing the chalk downs by unfrequented bridle-tracks, they went across the level Weald and past the Surrey border into that still lonely district running east and west for many miles, on the line of Leith Hill, Ewhurst, and Hindhead." There may still be seen the "soft roads" along which the "free-traders" carried their merchandise.

*Illustrations Reproduced from "The Smugglers," by Courtesy of the Authors and of the Publisher, Mr. Cecil Palmer.*

* "The Smugglers." Picturesque Chapters in the History of Contraband. By Lord Teignmouth, Commander, R.N., and Charles G. Harper. Illustrated by Paul Hardy, by the Authors, and from Old Prints and Pictures. (Cecil Palmer; £2 2s.)

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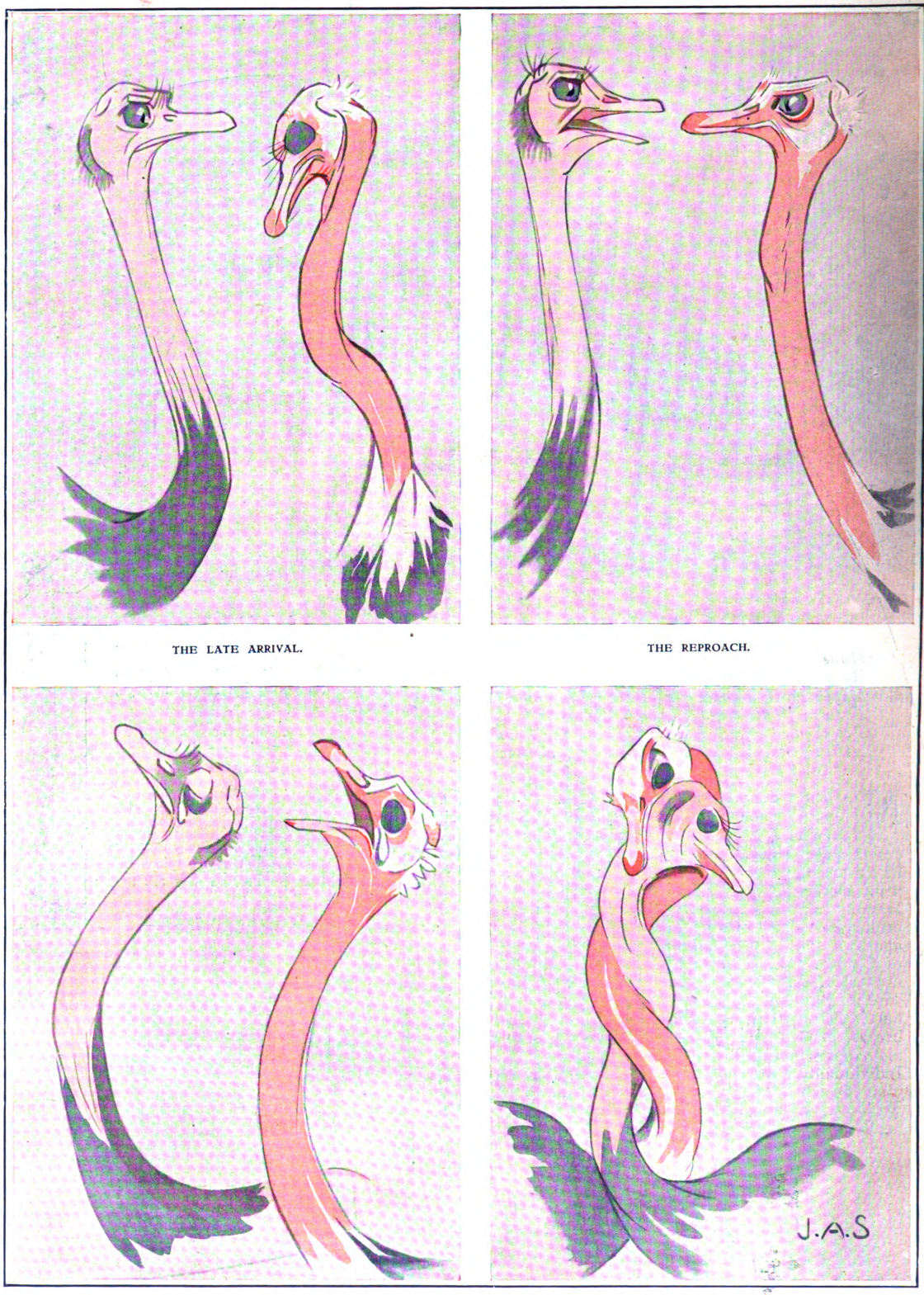
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# NATURAL HUMOURISTS—No. III: THE OSTRICH.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.




THE LATE ARRIVAL.

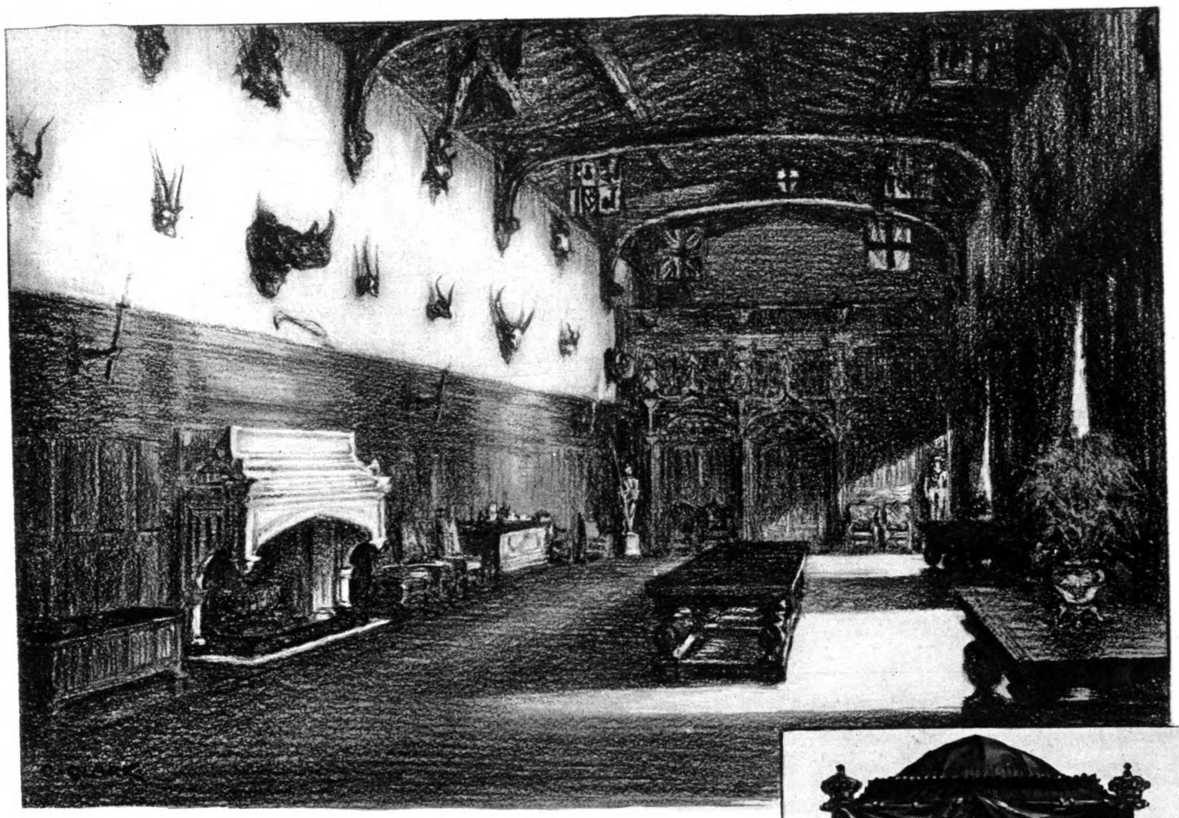
THE REPROACH.

PENITENCE.

FORGIVENESS.

**"THE REPROBATE": AN INCIDENT OF HOME LIFE IN THE OSTRICH FAMILY.**

DRAWINGS COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



The Dining Hall, Newstead Abbey.



*Lord Byron's Bed.*

*Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers joined*
*By no quite lawful marriage of the arts*
*Might shock a connoisseur; but when combined*
*Form a whole which irregular in parts*
*Yet formed a grand impression on the mind*
*At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.*

NO better description than this word picture of Lord Byron's could be given of his ancestral home, ancient Newstead Abbey, that magnificent relic of monastic design and mediæval architecture. The older portion owes its existence to Henry II., who built and endowed this with many another abbey in expiation of Thomas à Becket's death. Happily have these abbey buildings been united to the 16th century castellated mansion of the Byrons. Among the many apartments of great historic interest are the tapestried rooms of Edward III., Henry VIII., and the great dining room, finished in the olden style, once the monks' refectory.

**This old building plays no part in martial tale or civic strife, but it charms with a wonderful individuality, particularly because of its associations with Lord Byron, who here spent his happiest hours.**

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# THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE QUEEN has been, I am told, greatly amused by the accounts of the Prince of Wales being stalked by reporters and mobbed by curious crowds during his stay in democratic America. The Prince had looked forward to a quiet time, and was much disquieted about the sensation he created. His only chance would be to have a substitute to take the lionising, while he took his pleasure. I am told that the King has a double, as King Edward had: not that either of them was ever utilised as substitutes; but there is no one like the Prince of Wales. Americans seemed to have been particularly clever in spotting his Royal Highness, however carefully he tried to mix himself up with other people. Now, in Canada, on his ranch and on expeditions to the Rockies, he is nearer nature; and while he has won over the people as a man, there is less notice taken of him as a prince, and this in itself constitutes a kind of holiday for him.

The King and Queen are at one with their subjects over the weather, which remains very unsettled. There was a glorious spell of ten days; and one good day in the Highlands does people as much good as two anywhere else. The Queen is fond of Balmoral, where she takes more walking exercise than anywhere else. Her Majesty has all through the season been much thinner than before, and is all the better in health for it.

Doncaster claimed a large number of the smart racing contingent. The old days when Lord Savile had King Edward as a guest at Rufford Abbey for the meeting, and for some splendid partridge shooting, are past. Lord and Lady Savile are devoted to their boy, now in his sixth year, and there is not so much entertaining at beautiful Rufford as there was in King Edward's time. House parties for Doncaster were many and pleasant. Lord and Lady Scarbrough had several guests at Sandbeck Park. Lady Bradford, Lord Durham, Lord Churchill, and Major-General and Lady Kitty Lambton, the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Lascelles, were among them. The Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter, Lord and Lady Glanely, Lord Osborne Beauclerk, Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill, the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Glyn, Baroness Beaumont, Captain the Hon. Bernard Howard, the Hon. Ivy Stapleton, Lord and Lady Bolton, Sir John and Lady Robinson, and the Marchioness of Bute and Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart, were among the very many who were present at the races — enjoyed despite eccentricities of weather, to which we are becoming resigned through custom. Lord Lonsdale has had a party, and the King placed his private stand at his disposal.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland arrived at Dunrobin Castle the end of last week, having had a glorious cruise in Near-Eastern waters with Lord and Lady Beatty. The Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare, the Duke's cousin, and Lady Londonderry's only sister, has, with her children, occupied the Dairy Cottage at Dunrobin, lent by the Duke for two months. As Miss Florence Chaplin, she worked with the Serbian Red Cross in the war, and was taken prisoner by the Austrians, who treated her very well. She was in a V.A.D. before the war, and also underwent a year's training in a London General Hospital. She is a fine swimmer, can sail a boat, ride anything, and ply a rod with anyone. In the neighbourhood of Dunrobin she is a great favourite, as she was a favourite niece with the late Duke, and a keen helper of Millicent Duchess, who is now Lady Millicent Hawes, and who was a great benefactor to Sutherland. She now lives very quietly with her husband, Colonel Hawes, a very clever and charming man, on a farm not far from Paris, where she has a flat. From time to time she meets in Paris those literary and artistic people who keenly interest her. On the whole, however, she is happier in the simpler life of the farm.



*A graceful coat and skirt of black crêpe bouclette trimmed with fur and narrow panels of tapestry. It must be placed to the credit of Harrods.* (See page 560.)

*The loose cape back is a notable feature of this coat of black face-cloth, for which Harrods are responsible. It is trimmed with bands of musquash striped with ermine.* (See p. 560).



*Scarlet wool repp relieved with soft fawn and green stripes expresses this distinctive coat and skirt, which may be studied at Harrods.* (See page 560.)



*A deep flounce of chinchilla coney completes this coat of corded black silk from Harrods, Knightsbridge.* (See page 560.)

Sir Harry Lauder, who provided an entertainment given by the King at Balmoral to employees, has been paying a series of visits in Scotland, and has attended some of the Games. The entertainment, at which their Majesties, with Prince George and some of the residents in the neighbourhood, were present, delighted the audience, especially, of course, the essentially Scots part of it. Sir Harry is a great favourite everywhere he goes, and so is Lady Lauder, who is as simple and natural and kindly as her husband. This popular pair, after taking tea at a shooting lodge, and Sir Harry catching some trout in the burn, thought that a sketch by the famous comedian might be a pleasant souvenir of the occasion, and Sir Harry proceeded to make one. The party were photographed, and the keeping of a straight face over Sir Harry's quips and fancies was no easy matter. The photographer had no need to ask for smiles!

Last week Sir James and Lady Craig, with their twin sons and daughter, arrived after the sea voyage ordered to Sir James for his health. The question of the Boundary, greatly cleared up by Lord Birkenhead's letter to Lord Balfour, written in 1922, at once occupied Sir James, whose whole heart is in his fine work in Northern Ireland. He is quite well again, and, happily, full of energy and enthusiasm. The rumoured Coalition Free State Government would, it is thought, be in favour of an amicable settlement between the two Irish Governments, which would be greatly for the benefit of both.

Gleneagles is a wonderful place. The golf course, although inland, is very fine, and the hotel forming the only accommodation in the neighbourhood is palatial, with 150 bed-rooms, tennis-courts, swimming-bath, and everything that golfers could desire. It has recently been sampled by Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw (it would be interesting to have G. B. S.'s opinion on an assemblage of golfers), the American Ambassador and Mrs. Kellogg, Sir John and Lady Aird, Sir Hugh and Lady Denison, and Major and Mrs. Lloyd George. Gleneagles is a great hotel venture of the railway company, which deserves encouragement. It will, I understand, be open all the year round.

Susan Duchess of Somerset, who is spending the autumn at The Lodge, Portree, Isle of Skye, has been busy sketching. She is very fond of art in several branches, and recently presided at a concert in the Drill Hall, Portree, in aid of Scottish hospitals. Mrs. Kennedy Fraser and Miss Margaret Kennedy were the talented artists who organised the concert. Susan Duchess of Somerset, who has a very kind heart, and is always ready to aid good causes—those especially which are patriotic—is very popular in the Isle of Skye.

Lord and Lady Lady Dalmeny were recently the guests of Lord and Lady Ancaster at Drummond Castle, Perthshire. The Marchioness of Granby was a fellow guest, as were also Sir Ronald Graham, Captain Dudley Coats, and Captain Euan Wallace. Drummond Castle is a splendid pile, in a picturesque part of Perthshire, and is celebrated for its fine Italian gardens.

The Marchioness of Londonderry opened a bazaar in the Schools, Brora, last week, for the reconstruction of the golf links. Lady Londonderry motored in from Loch Choire. She still keeps "Carol," the house in Brora where her children spent some summers. This year, having taken Loch Choire, "Carol" has been let, first to Lady Violet Brassey and her two younger sons, now to Mr. and Mrs. Pike Pease. Lady Chaplin, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare, and many residents in the district were at the bazaar.

A. E. L.



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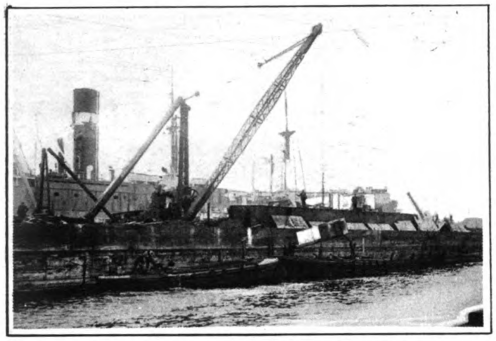
"DISCOVERIES IN INDIA."—(*Continued from page 528.*)

the total absence of any iron on either site, as well as from the fact that none of the objects, except the bricks and a few toy terra-cottas, can be paralleled among the known antiquities of the Mauryan or subsequent epochs; while the pictographic writing is totally distinct from the early Brahmi script which the Emperor Asoka employed throughout the greater part of India, or from the Kharoshthi script which he used in his inscriptions on the North-Western Frontier.

As to the second question, it is possible, though unlikely, that this civilisation of the Indus valley was an intrusive civilisation emanating from further west. Painted pottery and other objects somewhat analogous to those from Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa have been found in Baluchistan; and there are linguistic reasons for believing that it was by way of Baluchistan that the Dravidian races (thought by some writers to have been originally connected with the Mediterranean) entered India. Mr. Banerji himself is inclined to connect this culture of the Indus valley directly with the Ægean culture of the Eastern Mediterranean, and holds that distinct affinities are traceable between the Minoan antiquities of Cret, and those unearthed by him at Mohenjo-Daro—especially in regard to the painted ceramic wares and pictographic inscriptions. But the resemblances referred to are, at the best, problematical, and, in any case, too slight and intangible to warrant any inference being drawn as to a cultural connection between the two areas.

What seems *prima facie* more probable is that this forgotten civilisation, of which the excavations of Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro have now given us a first glimpse, was developed in the Indus valley itself, and just as distinctive of that region as the civilisation of the Pharaohs was distinctive of the Nile. In the marvellous forward progress which mankind made during the Neolithic, Copper, and Bronze Ages, the great river tracts of the then inhabited parts of the world played a most important part; for it was in these tracts that conditions were found most favourable for supporting a dense and settled population—namely, fertility of the soil, an unfailing water supply, and easy communications—and it was, of course, among such large and settled populations that civilisation had the best chance of making progress. The debt which, in the early stages of its development, the human race owed to the Nile, to the Danube, to the Tigris, and to the Euphrates, is already well known. But how much it owed to the Indus and to the Ganges has yet to be determined. In the case of the Indus, it is probably true that successive migrations from outside had a useful effect, as they did in Mesopotamia and in Egypt, in promoting the development of indigenous culture; but there is no reason to assume that the culture of this region was imported from other lands, or that its character was profoundly modified by outside influences.

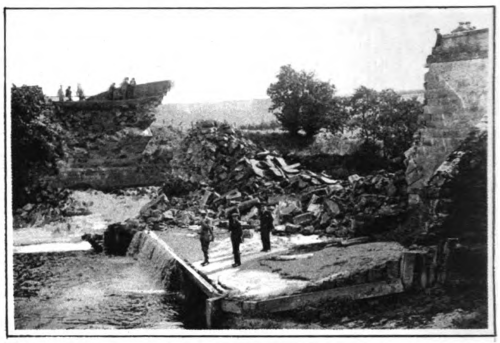
[The above article by Sir John Marshall is illustrated by four pages of photographs in this number.]



THE LAST OF THE "LION": LORD BEATTY'S JUTLAND FLAG-SHIP REDUCED TO A HULK BY SHIPBREAKERS—A CRANE ON THE MAIN DECK LOWERING A HUGE ARMOUR-PLATE INTO A BARGE.

H.M.S. "Lion," the famous battle-cruiser that was Earl Beatty's flag-ship at the Battle of Jutland, was specifically named in the Washington Treaty among the capital ships to be scrapped. It was thus impossible to preserve her as a national monument, like the "Victory," as was widely urged. The "Lion" was sold to Messrs. Hughes, Bolckow and Co. for £77,000 and taken from Rosyth to Jarrow-on-Tyne to be broken up about six months ago. The ship, which is 680 ft. long, is now but a hulk, and is shortly to go into dry dock to be cut in two. Illustrations of previous stages in her demolition appeared in our issues of April 5, 12 and 26 last.

*Photograph by Topical.*



REMINISCENT OF THE WAR: THE COLLAPSE OF GLASSFORD BRIDGE OVER THE AVON ON THE MAIN ROAD FROM AYR TO EDINBURGH.

Glassford Bridge, a massive stone structure, which carried the main road from Ayr to Edinburgh over the river Avon, between Strathaven and Stonehouse, in Lanarkshire, suddenly collapsed on the evening of September 9. Fortunately, no one was killed, but some anglers who were fishing under the bridge had a narrow escape. It may be noted that there are three rivers named Avon in Scotland, as well as four in England.

*Photograph by C.N.*




*The House for*
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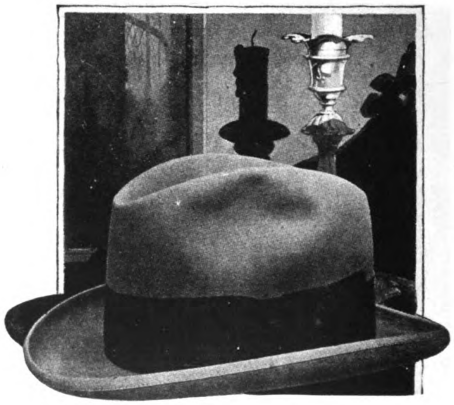
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## SPOOFS AND THE SPOOFED:
### THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ILLUSIONIST.*

CARL HERTZ became an illusionist in the best traditional manner. In knickerbocker days he pined to palm and yearned to produce rabbits from hats and coins from knee-caps. His father, as parents ever have, tabooed the stage, and insisted on the dry goods. The youthful Carl was "sacked" for conjuring in business hours. His first public appearance was as an amateur, and, of course, he shivered with fright and was a failure. Still, he was undeterred, and out he went on the road with a travelling company — two performances and a disappearing manager! The result was a reluctant return to the store, but not for long. One of a party of four, he found himself at Petaluma. He had been engaged as a conjurer, but discovered that he was expected to "throw in" Dick Deadeye, which, as he could not sing a note, somewhat perturbed him. Worse: he and the other three had to "double" all the parts in the opera; billed as "Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Pinafore' company." Sticks and stones and threatening eggs kept them in the theatre until five the next morning! Father was confirmed in his opinion and confiscated and burnt the whole of the "prodigious infant's" apparatus.

Not even that discouraged the aspirant, and in due time he had saved enough to start afresh—and start he did, for Kansas City, where he arrived after an eleven-day 3000-miles' journey, with twenty-five cents in his pocket and hope and despair wrestling in his heart.

Followed days of striving to make ends meet; then a first-night's success which augured well for the future. The forty dollars a week mounted to sixty; and from then Carl Hertz did not look back. His fees mounted up and up—and they were in cash and in kind. Miners paid in gold-dust and nuggets, very often with a liberal tipping of the scale, so that Hertz was able to write: "I have sometimes found on weighing up after the show that I had nearly £20 worth more than the box-office count of tickets called for." In Fiji, ways were otherwise: "The natives paid for admission to my entertainment in vegetables, poultry, pigs and so forth. If a pig were handed in at the pay-box, two persons were passed into the cheapest part of the house. In exchange for a goat I gave a four-shilling seat. While for a sack of potatoes three of the best seats were allowed. Some of the poorer people brought a cabbage or two apiece for admission."

And the illusionist was at his busiest when playhouse rents and other costs were low. Indeed, at times, he built his own theatres as he toured, not very substantial structures, it is true, but excellent for the purpose. Think of that, oh landlords, and sub-landlords, and sub-sub-landlords!

It was so in West Australia in the late 'nineties. Transport was by camels and costly. At Coolgardie, water was worth £1 a bucket, for it had to be carted from Perth. A bath was £1. "There was no bathroom, and the bath consisted of an oil tin, about eighteen inches high and six inches in diameter, suspended from a nail over your head. To this was attached a cord, which, when pulled, tilted the tin and upset the water over you. This was what was called a first-class bath; but the water was not allowed to be wasted, and, if no soap were used, you were only charged half-price for your bath, as in that case the water could be given to the animals."

But against such items were theatres "erected" for about £20, to hold a thousand in each audience. "The theatre consists of a sort of corral built of sage bush, and you can enclose as much ground as you think fit. The fence is about twelve feet high, and the natives weave the twigs so closely together that the 'Peeping Toms' cannot see through, much less crawl through. . . . In those cases where the theatre was rented we paid about £5 a night, and for this the proprietors not only furnished the theatre,

[Continued overleaf.

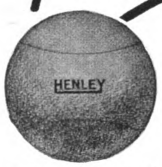


COMMEMORATING THE 700TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE COMING OF THE FRANCISCAN FRIARS TO ENGLAND: NUNS IN THE PROCESSION TO THE FRIARY GARDEN AT CANTERBURY.

The 700th anniversary of the arrival of nine poor Friars of St. Francis at Canterbury in 1224 (the first introduction of the Order into England) was commemorated there on September 10. Cardinal Bourne attended Mass in the Church of St. Thomas, and afterwards headed a procession (illustrated also on page 523) to the gardens of the ancient Friary. In Canterbury Cathedral there was a choral Eucharist with a sermon by the Bishop of Truro. Though no combined service was held, all the pilgrims, Anglican and Roman Catholic, met afterwards in the old-world Franciscan garden.—[*Photograph by G.P.U.*]

* "A Modern Mystery Merchant: the Trials, Tricks, and Travels of Carl Hertz, the Famous American Illusionist." By Carl Hertz. (Hutchinson and Co.; 18s. net.)


Bounds into Favour

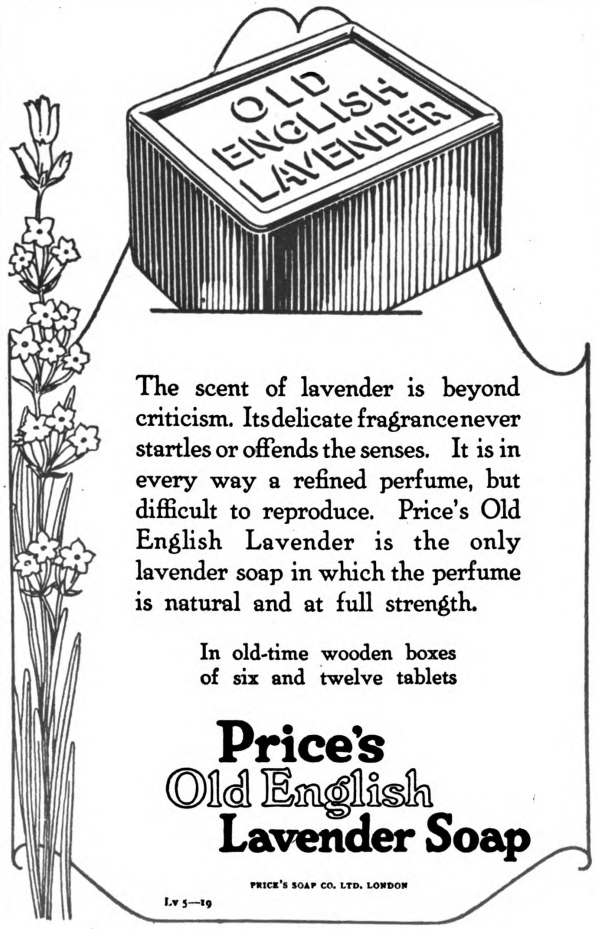



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"SPOOFS AND THE SPOOFED."—(*Continued.*)

but guaranteed to keep the enclosure in such condition that no one could peep through; and, to make doubly sure, a guard of four or five men was placed round the sage while the show was going on. The proprietor of the theatre provided and paid the guards." Reserved seats were priced at 24s., and unreserved at 12s.; standing room was 6s.

Java was even better: "At one of the towns . . . I visited I was unable to obtain a suitable building to give my performance in, so my advance-agent had to have one put up. The total cost came to just £1. It was made of palm leaves and bamboo, and the wood used was borrowed, and returned at the end of my engagement." As to Bombay!—Carl Hertz was showing the cinematograph for the first time in India, and it was necessary, if light were to be kept out, to cover the spaces between the boards of the wooden building, which were left wide apart for ventilation purposes. The place held some 1500 people, but its every side was covered and uncovered for a matinée. About a hundred natives tacked brown paper all over it, labouring from seven in the morning until the time for opening in the afternoon, and working again to remove the paper for the evening: charge two-and-a-half rupees (about two shillings) for the job!

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that the master illusionist was no believer in "the Indian Rope Trick," as a trick. He could never see it himself, and was unable to find any European who had: it was ever a case of hearsay. He was inclined to consider the affair a product of hypnotism.

Or were the audience deliberately self-deceived, ignoring facts to the acceptance of traditions? Certainly they might have done so had they been Japanese. "In Japanese theatres scenery is used, but there is neither curtain nor act-drop. The stages are made to revolve, so that while one scene is being acted, another is being set at the back. . . . When properties have to be brought on to the stage or removed, this is done by two men dressed in black alpaca, their heads covered by black hoods, and their hands encased in black gloves. Thus dressed, the audience are not supposed to see them."

To return to our subject. One of Carl Hertz's most discussed tricks was that of the disappearing cage and canary. The illusionist was frequently accused of cruelty, and it was even said that he killed a bird at each show. This was untrue. The canary was unhurt, and Hertz was able to demonstrate the fact on a number of trial occasions. He would deny, in fact, that any cruelty was used in the training of performing animals. "It is the first object of every trainer to discover how animals play when at liberty and to attempt to imitate their games in the performances which he devises. An animal that will not play is useless from the trainer's point of view. . . .

"If rubber balls had not been invented there would have been no performing dogs. Dan, the drunken dog, was trained by rolling a ball from side to side in front of him. The dog, of course, followed every movement of the ball. Afterwards, the ball was dispensed with, the trainer's hands indicating the necessary movements. In a similar way dogs are taught to turn somersaults. A ball is thrown, and the dog springs up at it. The next throw is directed behind the dog, which, in consequence, flings itself backwards. Once the idea is grasped, subsequent training is easy. . . . Sea-lions, like elephants, are natural balancers. The wonderful balancing feats performed by Captain Woodward's sea-lions were first suggested by the sea-lions at play in San Francisco Bay. The animals were noticed tossing pieces of wreckage from one to the other, and it was remarked that they hardly ever made a miss."

Another topic of exceptional interest: mind-reading. The Hertzian description is "muscle-reading." "In all the cases where the mind-reader is supposed to lead a person to a hidden object, the performer is guided entirely by an involuntary movement of the subject's muscles. A person keeping a hidden object in mind naturally reveals a slight inclination to move hands, limbs or head in that direction. So long as a subject is in this condition he will lead the mind-reader, who is thoroughly practised in his art of watching for the movement of the muscles, directly to the object.

"This is all there is in it. It makes no difference whether I take a person's hand in mine, or place mine on his head, shoulder or leg, so long as it is where there are muscles. The practice all mind-readers have is sufficient to enable them to detect the slightest movement of the muscles. . . . All the tricks of the mind-reader are capable of similar explanation. No living being can do anything by supernatural aid, and mediums, mind-readers and others who claim to work by such means are frauds."

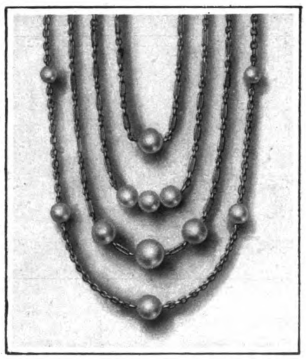
Thus one of the greatest illusionists of his day, writing of his trials, tricks, and travels; telling tales of himself and of others, of sleight-of-hand and confederates and mesmerism, of poker as played by the sharpers and as upset by the conjurer for the good of the "mug," of the Vanishing Lady and the "burning" of Jeanne Granier at the stake, of the three-card and other swindles, of spoofs that failed and spoofs that won through. In his life, Carl Hertz was an entertainer of the first rank; in this his book he continues to entertain and his audiences should be "full-houses." E. H. G.

---

The Empress Rooms are going through a process of rejuvenation, and will emerge in a few days with a much smaller "intimate" floor, two new and very good bands, and a series of eleven o'clock "turns" of a very first-rate order. As the Empress Rooms have undoubtedly one of the finest floors in London the news that they will be slightly reduced in size is not likely to affect their popularity. On the contrary, people these days like to dance "jammed up." Fashion so dictates.


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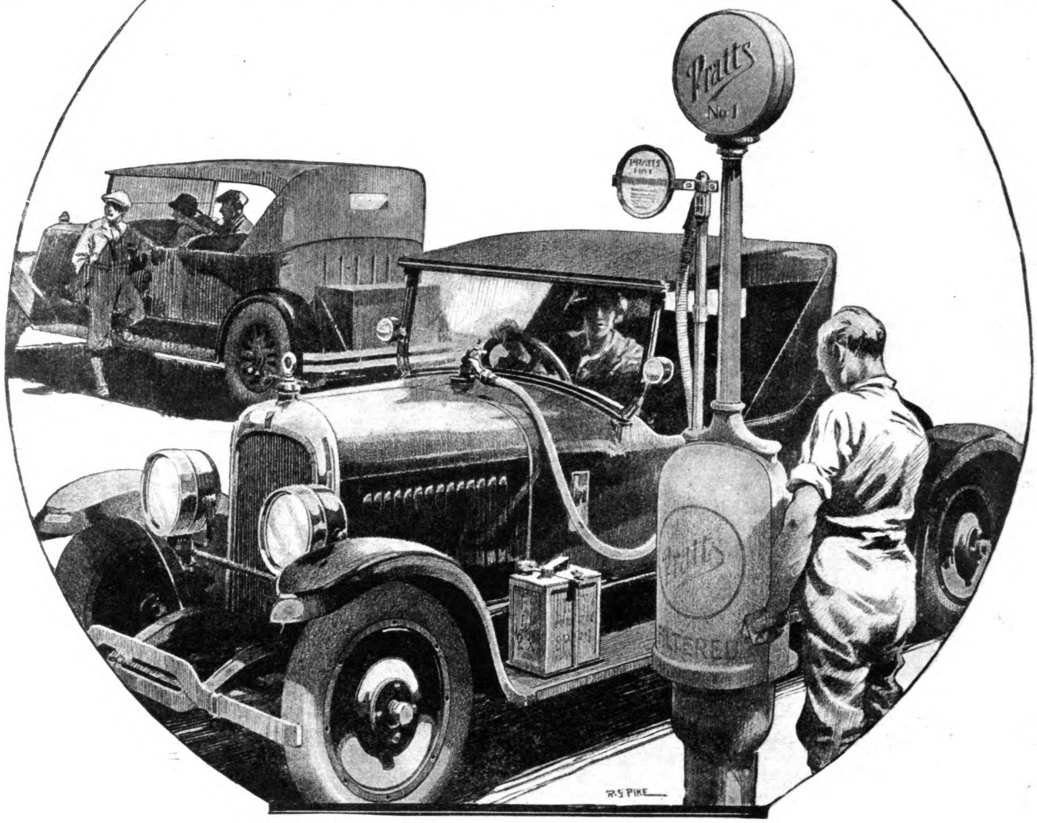
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# THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE SPORT OF KINGS," AT THE SAVOY.

THOSE who remember the admirable work which Mr. Holman Clark has done on the London stage ever since that time—in the early 'Nineties—when he used to play character parts at the Hay-market under Beerbohm Tree's management, will be delighted to hear of the big success he has just made at the Savoy as a sort of modern Pecksniff in the new comedy "The Sport of Kings." Years ago it used to be Mr. Henry Arthur Jones who showed up the (alleged) hypocrisy of the Puritan; witness "Saints and Sinners," "The Crusaders," and "The Triumph of the Philistines." Now it is Ian Hay's turn to baste them, and he does it well and amusingly enough; in the way, though, of farce rather than of comedy. The canting and wealthy old humbug who is made to abandon the conventions of a lifetime not only by yielding to the temptation of making bets, but by actually figuring on the race-course as a welshing bookmaker, is certainly a very diverting figure, alike as conceived by Mr. Hay and as played with a happy mixture of broad effect and stipple by Mr. Clark. Those who like an evening of boisterous fun should make a point of sampling the new entertainment at the Savoy. They will enjoy themselves thoroughly.



THE UNITED STATES WORLD-FLIERS IN ICELAND: TAKING IN A SUPPLY OF SHELL AVIATION SPIRIT AT REYKJAVIK.

The U.S. world-fliers took part in the Defence Day parade at Washington on September 12, before beginning their final flight across the continent back to their starting-point at Seattle. They left Reykjavik, after some weeks' stay, on August 21. Supplies of Shell Aviation spirit had been deposited for them at many points on their route round the world—namely, Rangoon, Akyab, Calcutta, Delhi, Allahabad, Mooltan, Karachi, Bushire, Charbar, Bandarabbas, Baghdad, Aleppo, Konia, San Stefano, and Constantinople, as well as in Iceland and Greenland.—[*Photograph by Iceland Moving Pictures, Ltd.*]

## PAVLOVA AT COVENT GARDEN.

During the last fifteen years we have had, not our fill—that would be an ungracious phrase to use—but at any rate a fairly complete supply of those constant imports, the Russian dancers. Lydia Kyasht, Karsavina, Lopokova, Tchernicheva and the Romanovs have all been popular, each in her own way. But none has won quite that place in the heart of the British public that Pavlova captured so many years ago, and has retained ever since. There is something exquisite and lyrical in Pavlova's dancing, which, seen at its best when she had so famous and splendid a partner as Mordkin, appears scarcely less alluring and entrancing now that she is, as it were, a soloist. "Don Quixote," the two-act ballet (invented by her new partner, M. Novikov) in which she is making her reappearance at Covent Garden, is not the most suitable vehicle for the display of Anna Pavlova's genius. But such opportunities as it gives the great dancer, particularly the moonlit dream scene, she seizes with incomparable art. And, of course, she gives us the old and ever new and ever delightful "Swan" dance. It is a pity that Pavlova should have opened with such a piece as "Don Quixote," in which it is difficult to say which is the poorer stuff, the music or the ballet. Fortunately, she is to be with us for a month; and so there should be ample occasion, by a change of programme, for her appearance at her very best.

## "THE CLAIMANT," AT THE QUEEN'S.

To see so able a manager as Mr. Basil Dean and so competent an actress as Miss Fay Compton condescending to the old-fashioned romantics of "The Claimant" would be a pathetic spectacle if it were not a humorous one; for, after all, it may be doubted whether there is much money in M. F. Watts's play,

[*Continued on page 564.*



THE WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER: THE AGA KHAN'S SALMON TROUT (B. CARSLAKE UP) BEING LED IN BY HIS TRAINER, MR. R. DAWSON, AFTER THE RACE.

Salmon Trout, which started at 6 to 1 against, won the St. Leger at Doncaster on September 10 by two lengths from Santorb, with Polyphontes, the favourite, third. On page 522 of this number we give an interesting old wood-cut, showing the finish of the St. Leger of 82 years ago, reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of September 17, 1842.—[*Photograph by Farringdon Photo. Co.*]




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*BULLOCH, LADE & CO. LTD.*

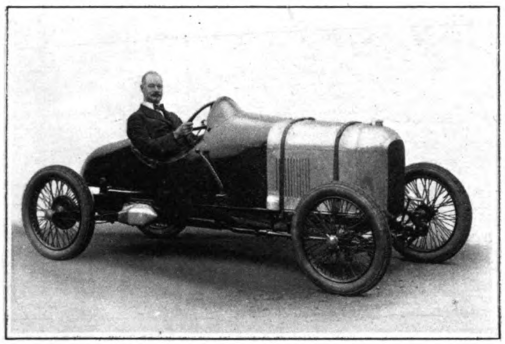
*GLASGOW.* *LONDON.*

# THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**The Motor Show.**

Low-pressure tyres and front-wheel braking are to be the two outstanding developments of the forthcoming Motor Show. As we already know all about these, I think we may take it as read that there will be no startling novelties. Extra refinement in detail we shall see, no doubt. Also, I expect to find that there is a distinct tendency to give us bigger engines in the smaller car classes. Already several leading firms who have specialised in "tens" or "eleven-point-nines" have gone one bigger by making cars of about 14-h.p. rating, and this movement is likely to spread. The smaller engines no doubt do their work excellently well, but there is no getting away from the fact that when they begin to lose their tune they give rise to the wish that the driver had just a little horse-power in reserve. That is the trouble about the small motor—that it has no reserve of power, and unless it is kept up to concert pitch it does not "deliver the goods." Another drawback of the small motor is that when it is installed in a full-sized car it has to be geared down at the road wheels to a point which means that at reasonably high car speeds the motor has to turn so fast that it is fussy. The "fourteen" certainly scores in this, that it can push a higher gear, and so the revolutions at high road speeds can be kept within the comfortable margin. It is the last couple of hundred revolutions that make all the difference. Personally, I welcome the tendency, for, though I am very fond of the modern high-efficiency engine, I realise its limitations and think it will be all to the good of motoring generally when we get our power more from generous cylinder capacity than from ultra-efficiency.

Apart from the directions I have noted I do not think we can look forward to any striking departures.



WITH MR. F. W. SHORLAND, SALES MANAGER, AT THE WHEEL: THE NEW 10-23-H.P. TALBOT SPORTS MODEL.

This car has been entered for numerous hill-climbs and speed trials, organised by the various automobile clubs in the South of England.

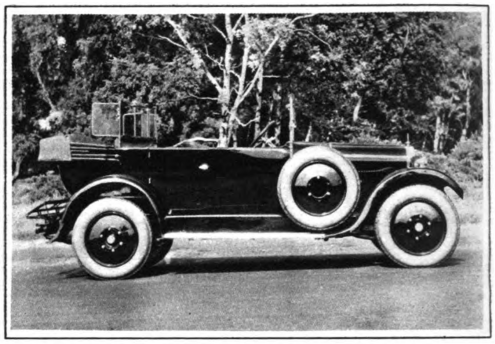
**Running Costs of Cars.**

One of the questions I am most frequently asked is: What does it cost per mile to run a small car? As a rule, the answer I give is that it all depends. There are so many factors which affect the cost of running a car that it is virtually impossible to lay down any definite figure for any type of car. If we take the light car class, to which the question most often refers, I should say that, given average luck, a running cost of about fivepence per mile ought to be near the mark. I often hear of people who say they do much better than that, but, as a rule, their figures do not bear out their ideas of what the car is costing them; there is almost always something forgotten or not allowed on the schedule. I have an excellent case in point before me as I write. A year or so ago I was asked to recommend a make of car for the use of the travellers of a large concern. On my advice they bought Morris-Cowleys, which have certainly done very well. The other day the head of the sales department told me that he had had a report from a provincial representative which showed that the running cost of his car, taken over three months, had worked out at 2·08d. per mile. I asked for the figures, and here they are—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Interest on capital at 4 per cent. | 1 | 15 | 0 |
| Depreciation on 4 years' basis - | 8 | 15 | 0 |
| Tax and driving license - - | 3 | 13 | 11 |
| Garage - - - - - | 3 | 5 | 0 |
| Petrol (114 gals.) - - - | 10 | 15 | 10 |
| Oil - - - - - - | 1 | 17 | 2 |
| Repairs and replacements - | 1 | 11 | 8 |
| Total | £31 | 13 | 7 |

Mileage was 3400, and at this the figure per mile *does* work out at 2·08d. But it is totally misleading, because it fails to take note of depreciation of tyres, which is quite a different thing from depreciation of

[*Continued overleaf.*



FOR USE IN SOUTH AFRICA: A FIVE-SEATER DODGE BROS. TOURING CAR SUPPLIED BY DODGE BROS. (BRITAIN), LTD., TO MAJOR INSKIP.

The car has a standard English body, but is fitted with Michelin disc wheels and comfort cord tyres in place of standard wooden artillery wheels and 32-in. by 4-in. cord tyres. All the other equipment is standard, and includes automatic windscreen-wiper, driving mirror, licence-holder, eight-day clock, six-panel rear windscreen, folding luggage grid, and oil-retaining spring gaiters.




LEATHER COATS for the CAR

*Leather Coats for Motoring wear, made with an eye to appearance as well as service, are a feature of our Weather Coat Dept. Two new models are here shown.*

*On Extreme Left.*

Motoring Coat made in good quality Leather, lined throughout with fine wool frieze. Smart shape with collar and revers, inset sleeves and novel patch pockets. In Tan and Chocolate only. 5½ Gns.

*On Near Left.*

Smart Motor Coat in finest quality Leather, very soft and pliable, lined throughout check fleece. Sleeves fitted with wind cuffs. Collar and cuffs smartly trimmed fine quality American Opossum. In Tan, Brown, Grey, Wine, Navy and Black. 10 Gns.

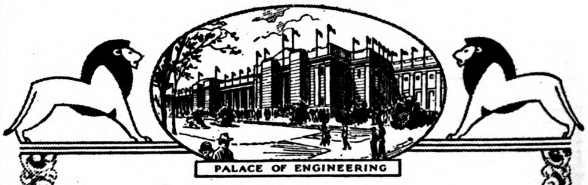
Trimmed rich quality Nutria, 11 Gns.

*Write to-day for our Special Booklet of Household Linen and Curtains.*

DICKINS & JONES

"The Fashion House" LTD.

REGENT STREET. LONDON. W.1



PALACE OF ENGINEERING

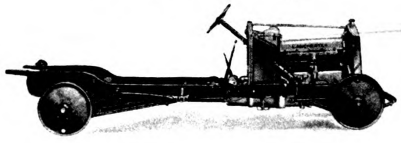
WEMBLEY

THE

GREATEST OF ALL EXHIBITIONS

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR Co., LTD., are exhibiting in the Palace of Engineering Motor Section, one of the new 21 h.p. six-cylinder Lanchester Chassis, described by the best known authorities as being one of the finest examples of Automobile Engineering in the World. Ask for particulars.

STAND 63



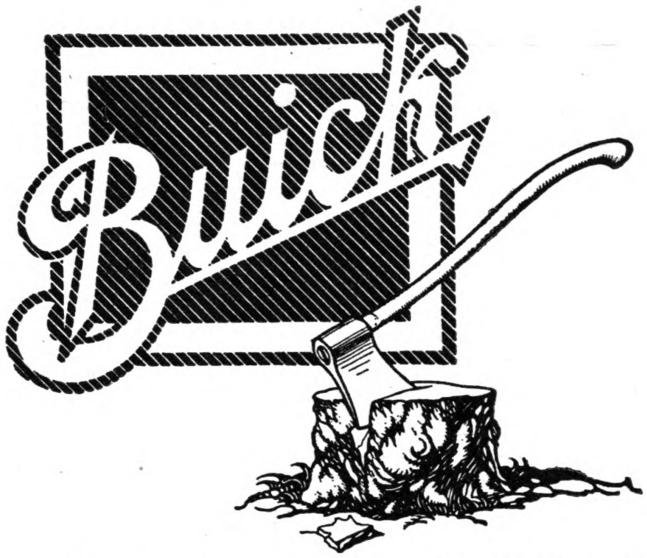
*21 h.p. 6-cylinder Lanchester Chassis.*

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR Co., Ltd.

Armourer Mills, Birmingham. 88, Deansgate, Manchester. 95, New Bond Street, London, W.

LET A BRITISH CAR REFLECT YOUR PRIDE OF OWNERSHIP

*The new 20 h.p. Six*




# *A chip of the old block*

THE new 20 h.p. 6-cylinder Buick is an exact replica on a small scale of the famous big Buick Six. It may be relied on to show the family qualities of power, stamina, dependability and distinguished appearance.

The FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES give added security, while the new LOW-PRESSURE TYRES insure increased comfort. These new tyres, chosen by Buick engineers after exhaustive tests with every kind of tyre, materially reduce the vibration of the car mechanism and thereby add to its life.

## And look at the Price!

| | |
|---|---|
| Chassis ... ... ... ... ... | £295 |
| 2-seater with dickey ... ... | £395 |
| 5-seater "Majestic" Tourer ... | £395 |
| 4-seater Coupé ... ... ... | £500 |
| 5-seater Saloon ... ... ... | £525 |
| Landaulette (English Coachwork) ... | £575 |

**The above prices and free delivery apply in Great Britain and Ulster only.**

**Prices of the new 27 h.p. models on application.**

***Write for the name of your local Buick Dealer, who will gladly give you full particulars and a demonstration.***

Buick
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

## GENERAL MOTORS LTD.
## THE HYDE, HENDON, N.W. 9.

*Continued.*]

the car and cannot be included in that, nor does it allow for the cost of insurance. Furthermore, the allowance of 4 per cent. on capital is not enough, but it is not so low as to have any serious effect on cost per mile, so we will let it pass. Now, taking the life of a set of tyres at 10,000 miles—which is quite generous enough—at the present cost this would add, roughly, '45d. per mile, while insurance again will account for another '25d. This brings our running cost figure up to 2·78d. per mile—a rather different figure. It is very low still, but this car has been lucky. Apparently it has not had to visit the repairer for any thing that matters, since the item under this head represents mainly a new carburetter jet to aid economy, a new set of plugs, and two small tyre repairs, as well as new lamp bulbs. It seems clear that the figures show the absolute minimum of running cost, and the experienced car-owner will easily gather that there are many other ways of spending money to keep the car going than those set forth above. Taking the year right round, I am confident my own estimate is not far out, assuming an average mileage per annum of something like five thousand miles, which is a very usual one where the car is used mainly for week-end and holiday trips.

**"Listed" Hotels.**

A great deal of abuse is sometimes levelled at the motoring organisations on account of their alleged neglect to keep the managements of "listed" and recommended hotels up to the mark. I quite agree that very often these establishments leave a good deal to be desired in their standard of comfort, cooking, and cleanliness; but, after all, if such an hotel is the best in a particular town, I do not see where the alternative is. I do know that both the R.A.C. and the A.A. do their best to ensure that things should be as they ought. The system followed by the A.A., for example, is that every hotel on its list is slept in at least once in the year by one of the assistant road managers. It is not often, I agree; but when the many hundreds of hotels listed are realised it must be conceded that this is about all we can ask in reason. Further than this, every complaint made to the Association by one of its members is investigated at once, and where it is found that a serious complaint is well founded the hotel in question is removed from the list. If motorists, whether members or not, would bring their complaints before the organisation on whose list the hotel figures, instead of writing letters to the motoring journals, their protests would have much more effect.




A PIONEER OF PHOTOGRAPHY COMMEMORATED BY THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY: A BRONZE PORTRAIT OF MR. W. H. FOX TALBOT UNVEILED AT THE OPENING OF THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

After the opening of the sixty-ninth annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, at 35, Russell Square, on September 13, Dr. G. H. Rodman unveiled in the library a bronze portrait of Mr. W. H. Fox Talbot, who was one of the pioneers of photography, and invented a process of obtaining positives from negatives. The portrait is the work of Mr. George Hawkings and his son, Mr. F. J. Hawkings.

*Photograph by Courtesy of the Royal Photographic Society.*

**A New Car Polish.**

I have been trying the Bromhead car polish, which seems to be quite the best thing of its kind so far. Unlike the previous "best," the Bromhead is a single compound polish. That is, one does not have to go over the car with a cleaning compound first and apply the wax after. After the car is washed, the Bromhead wax is applied with a soft cloth and then polished with a clean duster. It removes all rain spots and blemishes, and brings up the surface like new. Rain does not affect it, and mud and dust can be simply wiped off without scratching the varnish. It is a really good thing.

**To Remove Tar Stains.**

An American correspondent writes me to say he has found an infallible way of removing tar spots from coach-work. He says that if the tar is smeared with common lard, which should be left on for half an hour, and then carefully wiped off with a soft rag, the tar will come with it, and will not leave a trace. If the tar has had time to become set and hard, the car should be stood out in the sun for long enough to soften the tar, and the lard then applied. It seems all right, but what is one to do in a climate like this, where there apparently is no sun? W. W.




*Special Notice!*

WEMBLEY.

An experienced Professional Nurse is always in attendance at Benger's Food Stand. The public are cordially invited to avail themselves of the free advice in the preparation, etc., of Benger's Food for Infants, Invalids and the Aged.

*Direction.*—Enter the Palace of Industry by the Gate of Plenty, opposite Australia. The Food Section is on the left. Ask for Benger's Food Stand. The demonstrators are there to advise and help, and not to sell.

**Are you health worried?**

Those who do not enjoy robust health are recommended to Benger's Food.

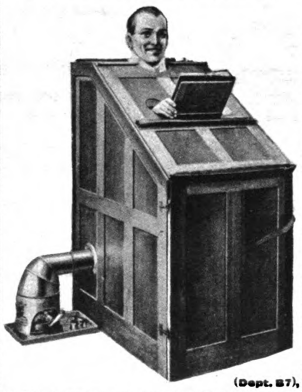
It gives digestive rest with full nourishment. Doctors agree that this in itself is one of the finest nerve restoratives.

BENGER'S Food for INFANTS, INVALIDS & the AGED.

BENGER'S FOOD, LTD. —— Otter Works, MANCHESTER.

SYDNEY (N.S.W.): 117, Pitt St. CAPE TOWN (S.A.): P.O. Box 573. NEW YORK (U.S.A.): 90, Beekman St.

**THE SECRET OF HEALTH**



The first step—and the most important—towards securing what is more precious than gold is perfect action of the millions of pores in the skin with which our bodies are covered. The pores are nature's provision for discharge of poison-laden matter and worn-out tissue, the elimination of which is absolutely essential to perfect health. There is no better means of keeping the pores open and cleansed of impurities than by regular use of Thermal (Hot-Air and Vapour) Baths. Soap and Water cleanse the outer surface of the skin only. Thermal Baths stimulate the pores into vigorous, healthful action, increase the circulation, tone up the entire system, and produce that delightful feeling of invigorated health and buoyancy.

Physicians recommend

**FOOT'S BATH CABINET**

for the prevention and cure of Colds, Influenza, Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Skin Affections, etc. Every form of Thermal Bath (plain, medicated, or perfumed) can be enjoyed privately in one's own room. Foot's Cabinet possesses several exclusive advantages.

*Write for Bath Book B7.*

**J. FOOT & SON, Ltd.,**

(Dept. B7), 168, Gt. Portland St., London, W.1




*TO VISITORS from OVERSEAS and the PROVINCES.*

**WHEN YOU ARE AT WEMBLEY**

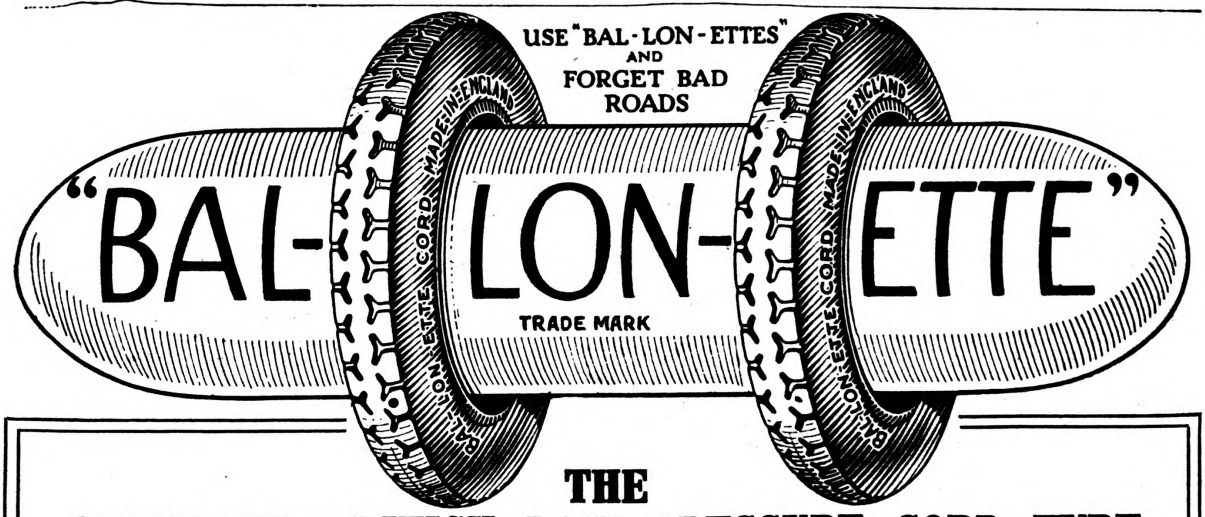
Visit the BIG SIX KIOSK,

in the main Avenue, between the Palace of Industry and the Palace of Engineering (*opposite Stephenson's Gate*).

*There you will always find—*

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
THE SPHERE
THE SKETCH
THE TATLER
EVE—The Lady's Pictorial
THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS
THE MAGPIE

There are also novelties which you can purchase as a Souvenir of the BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.




# THE STANDARD BRITISH LOW-PRESSURE CORD TYRE

**CAN BE NOW SUPPLIED FROM STOCK TO FIT ALL MAKES OF CARS— LARGE AND SMALL—AS FOLLOWS:**

| Size of ordinary tyre. | Bal-lon-ette sizes to correspond. | Cover. | Tube. | Spoke Wheel. | Disc Wheel. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | £ s. d. | £ s. d. | £ s. d. | £ s. d. |
| 650 × 65<br>700 × 80<br>700 × 85<br>26 × 3 | 715 × 115 | 3 . 2 . 3 | 11 . 9 | 1 . 6 . 3 | 13 . 6 |
| 710 × 90<br>28 × 3½<br>30 × 3½<br>760 × 90 | 730 × 130 | 3 . 13 . 0 | 13 . 0 | 1 . 6 . 3 | 13 . 6 |
| 760 × 90<br>810 × 90<br>30 × 3½<br>765 × 105 | 775 × 145 | 4 . 16 . 0 | 14 . 0 | 1 . 12 . 0 | 4 studs. 16 . 6<br>6 studs. 18 . 3 |
| 815 × 105<br>815 × 120<br>820 × 120 | 860 × 160 | 6 . 3 . 6 | 16 . 0 | 2 . 6 . 6 | 1 . 2 . 0 |
| 895 × 135 | 895 × 165 | 9 . 15 . 4 | 18 . 5 | The 895 × 165 fits existing rims and is for large cars such as Rolls Royce, Daimler, Napier, etc. | |

## THE 31 × 4·40 BAL-LON-ETTE.

**Prices:—Cover, £2 13 0; Tube, 9/6.**

**This tyre has been specially made to fit the wheels of cars using 30 × 3½ and 30 × 4 tyres, but these tyres are advised for use on Ford cars only as new wheels cannot be fitted without expensive alterations to hub fittings. For other cars we recommend motorists to fit our 730 × 130 tyre and wheel.**

## Real Advantages

**ACTUAL—NOT RELATIVE—COMFORT** — No other tyre gives such comfortable riding, because the "BAL-LON-ETTE" gives absolute freedom from bumps.

**LONGER LIFE FOR THE CAR** — Vibration and shock are completely absorbed by the "BAL-LON-ETTE," and consequently the chassis and body are protected from undue strain.

**INCREASE OF AVERAGE SPEED** — The "BAL-LON-ETTE" enables even the lightest of light cars to be driven in perfect comfort at 40 miles per hour over the worst roads.

**GREATER SAFETY** — The large contact of surface area does away with the possibility of skidding.

**LESS COST PER MILE** — THE "BAL-LON-ETTE" LASTS LONGER THAN THE ORDINARY TYRE.

### All these Advantages are gained

**WITHOUT CAUSING THE CAR TO "DRAG"** — When loaded, the height of the "BAL-LON-ETTE" is the same as that of the ordinary tyre which it replaces, because the larger section of the tyre is equalised by a smaller wheel. The effect of a larger surface contact is counterbalanced by the ease and rapidity with which the tyre flexes.

**WITH A LOWER PETROL CONSUMPTION ON BAD ROADS** — The "BAL-LON-ETTE" yields exactly to the shape of the road over any inequality, so that the wheels revolve with the least possible loss of engine power between the tyre and the road.

## 14 Days' Free Offer

In order to convince you of the superiority of "Bal-lon-ette" low-pressure tyres over ordinary tyres we will sell you a set complete with wheels to fit your car. If you are not satisfied return them to us within 14 days and we will *refund all your money*, charging you only for the carriage incurred (if any). This is, of course, providing they are given fair wear and tear and have not been damaged by an accident.

## What users say.

**Bal-lon-ette—A Money-Saver.**

"I have now had an opportunity of testing the Bal-lon-ettes thoroughly, and find them very satisfactory. There is undoubtedly a very marked difference in comfort. They should be greatly appreciated, however, as a 'money-saver' by the user, as I find a delightfully harmonious mechanical function throughout."—J. J. T., Baldock, 13/5/24.

**One from the Trade.**

"A member of the trade has fitted Bal-lon-ette tyres to his Jowett car and speaks highly of their reliability and comfort No evident wear after 4000 miles of roads in Devon, Cornwall, and the North Country. Petrol consumption is 47 m.p.g., and the road holding is excellent."—*Motor Trader*, 20/8/24.

**Improvement in Riding Comfort very Marked.**

"The improvement in riding comfort on my G.W.K. is very marked indeed. Really bad roads are now taken with speed and ease quite impossible with the old tyres. Everyone would fit Bal-lon-ette tyres if they realised the greater riding comfort obtained."—E. S., London, 7/4/24.

**5,000 Miles—No Sign of Wear.**

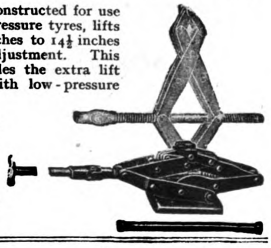
"I feel nothing but satisfaction for your tyres on my 11.9-h.p Morris-Cowley. 5000 miles completed on all kinds of roads and show no signs of wear. Springing greatly improved, vibrations eliminated, violent shocks subdued. Your Bal-lon-ette tyres make an otherwise excellent car practically perfect."—B.I.M., Ltd., Bournemouth, 1/3/24.

## The "Bal-lon-ette" Jack.

Specially constructed for use with low-pressure tyres, lifts from 5½ inches to 14½ inches without adjustment. This jack provides the extra lift required with low-pressure tyres.

**Price (with collapsible handle)**

**14/-**



*Take your car to-day to our works, Almagam Mills, Harpenden, or one of our depôts— 172, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1.; 100, Victoria Street, Bristol; or 38, Grey Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne—and have it refitted with BAL-LON-ETTE tyres and wheels while you wait; or write for full particulars to:*

## ASSOCIATED RUBBER MANUFACTURERS LIMITED

**ALMAGAM MILLS, HARPENDEN.**

# Fashions and Fancies.

**Fashion Smiles on Corded Silk.** In the new wrap coats for the coming season, Dame Fashion has dexterously manipulated in a diversity of ways the familiar corded silk of our grandmothers' days. Ribs of different widths and panels, inset the reverse way, achieve very distinctive striped effects, for in these days everything must be striped or checked. To give the necessary warmth, the coats are lined with kasha or supple face-cloth velour. They are cut chiefly on straight, wrap-over lines, or boast the new fan-shaped flounce in front, often carried out in fur. There are many fascinating models of this genre to be studied at Harrods', Knightsbridge, S.W., who are responsible for those pictured on page 546. Chinchilla coney trims the coat of corded black silk at the top, and bands of musquash striped with ermine the black face-cloth coat with a graceful cape back on the extreme left. Another captivating model in these salons is a graceful affair of black satin with a quilted flounce in front shaped like an open fan.

**Autumn Coats and Skirts.** Sketched on the same page are two delightful coats and skirts, which must also be placed to the credit of Harrods'. Black crêpe bouclette trimmed with fur and narrow tapestry panels expresses one, and scarlet wool repp the other, the skirt being carried out in harmonising stripes. A distinctive suit for every occasion in black face-cloth trimmed with white coney can be obtained for 10½ guineas, and gaily checked tweed coats and skirts are 10 guineas, trimmed with mouflon. For sports wear there are some distinctive tunic suits in bouclette for 8½ guineas, the tunic cut in the fashionable Russian length, and checked tweed coats and skirts bound with suède are obtainable for the same amount.

**Motoring Coats and Wraps.** Motoring is a distinctly chilly pastime unless one is well wrapped up, and every ardent motorist will revel in the cosy fleece lined leather coat portrayed on the right, which hails from Gamage's, Holborn, E.C. It is double-breasted, fitted with storm collar and cuffs, and fastens simply with a neat buckle. The price is 7 guineas, and 5 guineas secures a useful undercoat of leather to slip beneath an ordinary coat or waterproof. An excellent investment, too, is a double-breasted coat of imitation leather, guaranteed waterproof, which may be secured for 48s. 6d. in several shades. Gabardine raincoats, lined throughout with shot twill, are always indispensable in the autumn. These range from 38s. 6d upwards; and those who prefer a mackintosh will rejoice to hear that the featherweight affair pictured on this page costs only 18s. 6d., and weighs no more than 19 oz.!



*Fine October days are ideal for motoring provided one is well protected from the wind, and here are two practical wraps from Gamage's, Holborn, E.C. On the right is a fleece-lined coat of tan chrome leather, and on the left a reliable featherweight mackintosh.*

**Schoolgirl Fashions.** Parents are in the midst of a whirlwind of shopping before the family return to school next week, and they must not neglect to visit Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street, W., who have a splendid department devoted to the needs of the schoolgirl. There are neat, perfectly tailored coats and skirts in real homespun, which will give yeoman service, obtainable for 5 guineas, fitting girls of fourteen to seventeen years; and wrap coats in warm corded materials, collared with beaver coney, are 5½ guineas, in the same sizes, cut with useful patch pockets. For the schoolroom, a simple frock in navy-wool marocain edged with braid and boasting a tucked apron skirt and tiny pocket, is an excellent investment for 5 guineas. Shoes specially designed for growing feet are another important item; and patent Cromwell slippers with large buckles range from 16s. 9d., and low-heeled box calf shoes for hard wear are 21s. 9d.; sizes 2 to 7. The needs of smaller brothers and sisters still in the nursery are studied with equal care by this firm, and complete outfits for children and layettes can be obtained at pleasantly moderate prices. An illustrated brochure giving full particulars will be sent on application.

**Novelties of the Week.** Just now, women are continually lamenting the redness and hardness of their complexions, resulting from strenuous holidays. An excellent bleaching cream, which will quickly remove this unbecoming tint, can be obtained for 3s., and the same price secures a pasteurised cream which cleanses, freshens, and gives a soft resiliency to the most hardened skin. On application to this paper I shall be pleased to give the name and address where these useful preparations may be obtained.


**SUPERLATIVELY GOOD and BRITISH**

*ASK YOUR* BROMHEAD'S CAR POLISH (IMPROVED & REVIVIFIED) *GARAGE FOR IT.*

**CLEANS *and* POLISHES INSTANTANEOUSLY**
**PRESERVES THE COACHWORK.**

Proprietors and Manufacturers:
PURE WAX PRODUCTS, LTD., WEMBLEY.

# Sleeplessness




**"Just a bundle of nerves," a common expression, which often means that life is hardly worth living. Depressed—melancholy—no appetite—sleepless—no energy. If that be your condition take Cassell's Tablets. They will put you right.**

***Testimony from Mr. Albert Turner.***

**Mr. Albert Turner, The Green, Hersham, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey,** says: "I had been ailing for ten years and was just a bundle of nerves, with no spirit or energy. I was so depressed that I was afraid to be left alone, and suffered terribly from sleeplessness. I would drop off to sleep when I got into bed, but in half-an-hour I would wake again, and afterwards be awake for hours. For years I was like this, and during the whole time was taking medicine of one kind or another, but nothing did me any good. Then I obtained Cassell's Tablets, and I believe they saved my life. I soon began to improve, and now I think I must be the fittest and healthiest man in the world."

**TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME**
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

*The Universal Home Remedy for*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Nervous Breakdown | Neurasthenia | Kidney Weakness |
| Neuritis | Nerve Pains | Children's Weakness |
| Indigestion | Headache | Anæmia |
| Sleeplessness | Palpitation | Wasting |

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

# Dr. Cassell's Tablets

**Home Price, 1/3; Family Size, 3/-.**
Sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the Empire.

# *McCreadie's Liqueur Scots Whisky.*

***"A Healthy Whisky."***

**A Very Old and Characteristic Blend of Scots Whiskies.**

**30° U.P. at 156/- per Case.**
**24° U.P. „ 168/- „ „**

*Carriage Paid*

(Cash with Order.)

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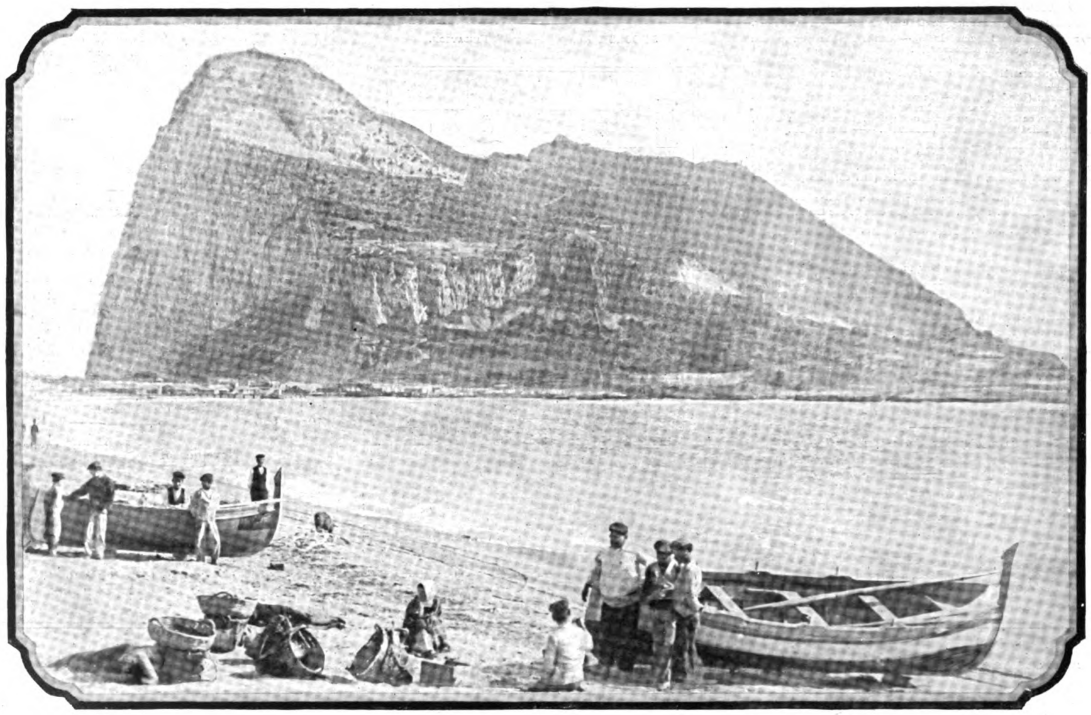
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## CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

CENTRO MERCANTIL (Sevilla).—There is unfortunately a second solution to your neat little problem by: 1. Q to K B 8th K to K 3rd; 2. Kt to Q B 8th Anything: 3. B or Q mates.

T W WIGAN (Knapshill).—Your last contribution is quite satisfactory, and we consider your own criticism of it to be a very fair and sensible one.

L W CAFFERATA (Farndon).—Problem to hand with thanks. Please do not think, however, it supersedes the earlier one we have of yours.

REV. W SCOTT (Elgin).—In your exhaustive solution of No. 3938, you have omitted to say what happens if Black play 1. —— P takes Kt.

HOWARD STAUNTON (Ooregum, India).—Thanks for the game, which shall have our careful consideration.

REV. J C SCRIMGEOUR, D.D. (Calcutta).—Your maiden venture is a perfectly successful one, and we trust you will be encouraged to try again.

T O POYNTON (London, W.1.).—We presume the marks of interrogation that embellish your postcard refer to the solution of No. 3938 which they enshrine. You were quite right to put them there: you have failed to consider the variation 1. —— P takes Kt.

M BEACH (Milton Bridge).—Your last composition shows some advance; but Black is not given sufficient play in his defence, owing to the overwhelming strength of White's first move. Besides this, P to K 4th mates at once, while Kt takes Kt (dis. ch) also provides a solution.

J M K LUPTON (Richmond).—Of your last batch of problems, we like No. 2 best, and No. 1 least. Would you care to use the latter elsewhere?

E M VICARS (Norfolk).—A more difficult problem than any we are in the habit of handling is imposed upon us by your kindly meant card. We must either blush like a lobster or bid base flattery avaunt, and we do not know how to do either.

E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—We are sorry we have mislaid your emendation of the last two-mover you sent us. May we trouble you to repeat it?

F J FALWELL (Caterham).—You will find your solution of No. 3937 has been duly acknowledged—subject to a mistake which we are sorry escaped notice.

F H WARD (Bexhill).—There is a compliment implied in your complaint which we much appreciate. Its cause, however, is beyond our control.

E BOSWELL (Lancaster).—Thanks for your very interesting letter. For us, too, in days long gone by, four and five movers held no terrors; but now—*quantum mutatus ab illo!*

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3934 received from George Parbury (Singapore), and Howard Staunton (Obregon); of No. 3935 from H M Marker (Porbander, India), and R D Dupuis (Chitral, India); of No. 3936 from H F Marker (Porbander), Rev. J C Scrimgeour, D.D. (Calcutta), and R D Dupuis (Chitral); and of No. 3737 from R S S (Cairo), E M Vicars (Norfolk), J Fowler (Arundel), J M K Lupton (Richmond), M. Brinkenhoff (New York), A D Meares (Baltimore), and J E Houseman (Chicoutmi, Canada).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3938 received from Semper Idem (New Southgate), C H Watson (Masham), H W Satow (Bangor), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), J P Smith (Cricklewood), J J Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), R B N (Tewkesbury) G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), S Caldwell (Hove), A Edmeston (Worsley), L W Cafferata (Farndon), J Fowler (Arundel), E M Vicars (Norfolk), M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands), J Hunter (Leicester), J M K Lupton (Richmond), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), C B S (Canterbury), W N Powell (Ledbury), R P Nicholson (Crayke), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Hugh Nicholson (Ottley), M Beach (Milton Bridge), and F J Falwell (Caterham).

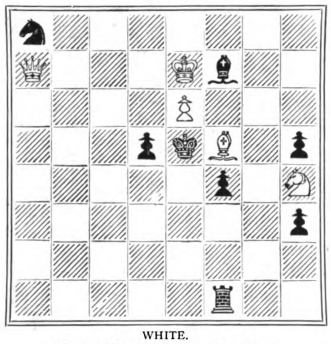
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3938.—BY C. R. B. SUMNER.

| WHITE | BLACK |
|---|---|
| 1. Q to K 8th | Anything. |
| 2. Mates accordingly. | |

Assuming White claimed in each case the least possible force required for mating, this problem presents the promotion of the same Pawn to Rook, Bishop, or Knight, according to Black's defence. Apart from this, although easy, it has some interesting points, and has evoked many expressions of praise. It is curious, moreover, that several good solvers have proposed 1. P Queens as a solution.

PROBLEM NO. 3940.—BY W. FINLAYSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

We regret our notice of the successful meeting of the British Chess Federation at Southport must be limited to the record of its results, although some acknowledgment ought to be made of the hospitality of the town, and the energy of the executive, by which the Congress was made one of the most enjoyable yet held. The return of Mr. Atkins to the honour of a championship he first won nearly twenty years ago also merits particular mention. The prizes were won as follows: Championship tournament—1st, H. E. Atkins, 8½; 2nd, F. D. Yates, 8; 3rd, Sir G. A. Thomas, 7½. Ladies' Championship—1st, Miss Price, 9; 2nd, Mrs. R. H. Stevenson, 8. Major Open Tournament—1st, A. Rubinstein, 11; 2nd, J. A. J. Drewitt, 8; 3rd, G. W. Moses, 7½. First Class Tournament—A section, C. R. Gurnhill, 10; B section, J. H. Morrison, 9.

On Sept. 1, at the ripe age of eighty-four years, there quietly passed away, in the person of Mr. J. H. Blackburne, the greatest master English chess has known. To the present generation, perhaps, he has been but the shadow of a great name, for chess, like other sports, demands the vigour of youth for its successful pursuit; but to those whose memories or whose studies carry them back half a century or more, he was the one outstanding figure of the game, and, to his contemporary chess-players, much what Dr. W. G. Grace was to cricketers of the same period. In his prime—say, between his thirtieth and fortieth years—he was the foremost tourney player in the world, when even to defeat him required an "immortal" game for that achievement, and when no tournament was considered worth attention in which he did not take part. A style of play founded in the school of Morphy was the efficacious instrument of his success, and in the variety of opposing temperaments he found a stimulus to his inventive genius that carried him brilliantly to the front through every difficulty. It was only in match play he strangely failed, for when confined to the monotony of meeting a single opponent like Steinitz or Zukertort, his powers seemed paralysed, and against the new tactics they were inaugurating his "little bits of Morphy" refused to materialise. If, however, he broke down in this respect, in the domain of blindfold play he stood easily supreme. There were other famous blindfold performers in his day, but none approached him in the ease, the freedom, and the brilliance with which he undertook his task. His knowledge of each individual board under these conditions was extraordinary. Many stories have been told about his feats in this respect; one may be mentioned here for which the writer can vouch. The blindfold player was conducting a simultaneous exhibition against eight members of the City of London Chess Club. Sitting chatting and joking with his friends about him, a move was called Kt to Kt sq. Blackburne almost immediately replied: "Now Black's knights have exchanged squares." Investigation proved this to be correct. What other player, even over an open board, would have noticed such an occurrence? It is safe to say that as long as English chess endures his name and fame will not be forgotten, and the brilliancy of his exploits will continue to delight until the game itself has vanished from the amusements of mankind.

### CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in an exhibition of simultaneous blindfold play, by Mr. A. ALEKHINE, on twenty-six boards, at the Hotel Alamac, New York. The Black pieces were played by Mr. A. FRIEMAN.

*(Danish Gambit.)*

| WHITE (Mr. A.) | BLACK (Mr. F.) |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th |
| 2. P to Q 4th | P takes P |
| 3. P to Q B 3rd | P to Q 4th |

The simplest and best possible defence, especially against the peculiar attacking qualifications of the Russian master.

| | |
|---|---|
| 4. K P takes P | Q takes P |
| 5. P takes P | B to Kt 5th (ch) |

Kt to Q B 3rd is the better reply. The more complicated the game can be kept, the more difficult it becomes for the blindfold player.

| | |
|---|---|
| 6. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd |
| 7. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to B 3rd |
| 8. B to K 2nd | B takes Kt (ch) |
| 9. P takes B | Castles |
| 10. Castles | P to Q Kt 3rd |
| 11. P to B 4th | Q to Q sq |
| 12. P to Q 5th | Kt to K 2nd |
| 13. Kt to Q 4th | B to Kt 2nd |
| 14. B to Kt 2nd | P to B 3rd |
| 15. B to K B 3rd | P takes P |
| 16. R to K sq | R to K sq |

| WHITE (Mr. A.) | BLACK (Mr. F.) |
|---|---|
| 17. Q to Q 2nd | R to Kt sq |
| 18. Q to Kt 5th | |

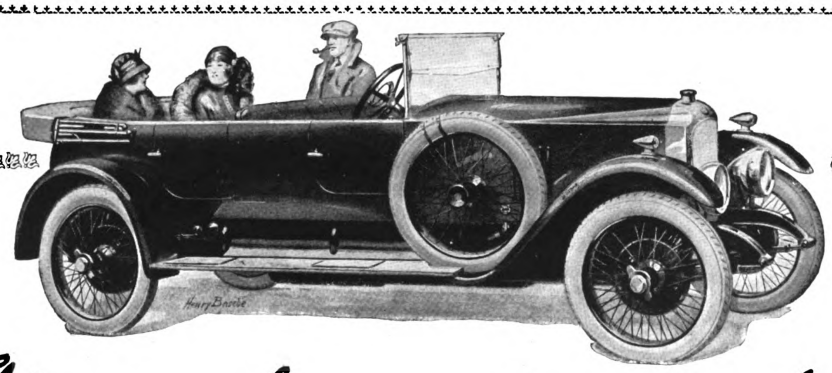
The power of combination and the command of position exercised by White under the circumstances are marvellous. How many players over the board would force a victory from this point in four more moves?

| | |
|---|---|
| 18. | Kt to Kt 3rd |

Black had to guard against 19. R takes Kt, R takes R; 20. Kt to B 5th and wins; but he should have found a better move than this. Probably P to K R 3rd is the best reply available.

| | |
|---|---|
| 19. Kt to B 5th | R takes R (ch) |
| 20. R takes R | P takes P |
| 21. B takes P | R takes B |
| 22. B takes Kt | P takes B |

And White mates in three moves. He further pointed out that if Q takes B instead, the following beautiful mate in four resulted: 23. R to K 8th (ch) Kt to B sq; 24. Kt to R 6th (ch) Q takes Kt; 25. R takes Kt (ch) K takes R; 26. Q to Q 8th. mate.

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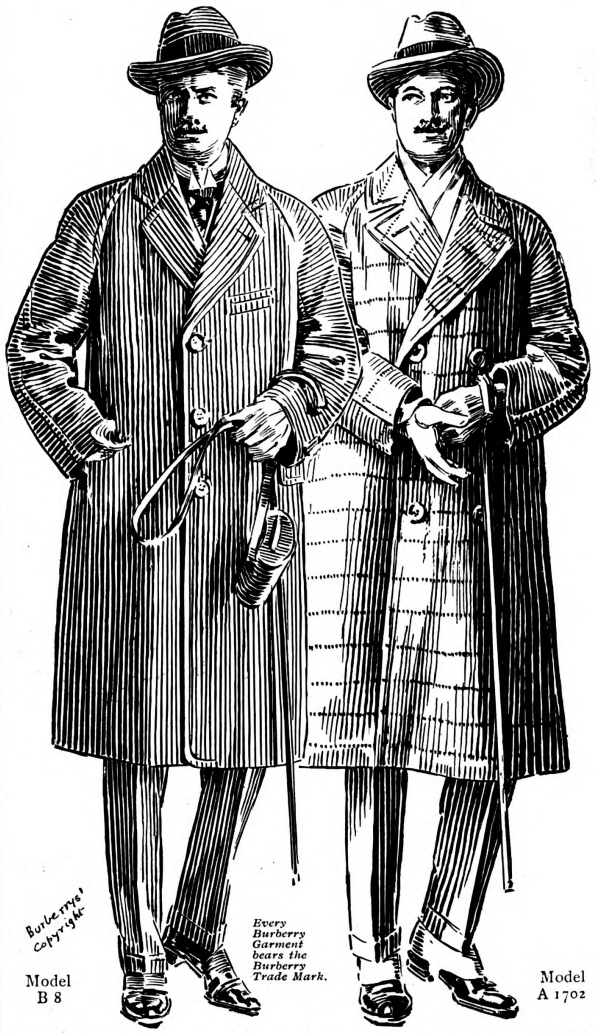
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*THE PLAYHOUSES.* (*Continued from page 554.*)

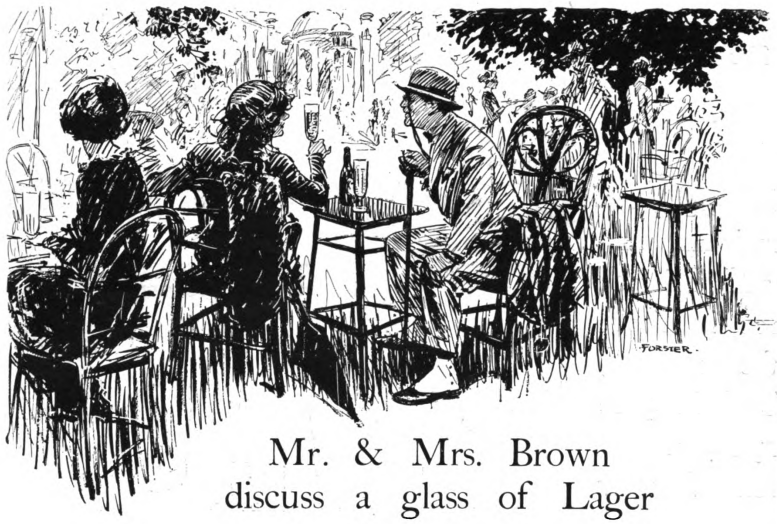
which belongs to the type of drawing-room melodrama which Henry Hamilton and Claude Carton used to write a quarter of a century ago. The story, which deals with the return of the missing heir, may still survive in the novel, which can cover the dry bones of the theme with a sort of simulacrum of flesh. But in a play presented to—may we say ?—the intelligent audiences of 1924, the melodramatic skeleton is revealed in all its naked deformity. To find Mr. Leon Quartermaine, after the fine work he has done in "Secrets" and "Hassan" and in one of Tcheckov's plays, being required to impersonate so characterless a part as that of the hero of "The Claimant," is rather depressing, for it is the sort of Braddon-like rôle which Tree would have chosen at the very beginning of his managerial career. As the cousin who is so idiotically willing to hand over the Tunstall fortune to the more or less fraudulent claimant, Miss Fay Compton is even in worse case. She has scarcely anything to do at all. The play, it is only fair to add, is effective enough in its transpontine way; but it ought to be staged at the Lyceum, not at the Queen's.

**"PRIMROSE," AT THE WINTER GARDEN.**

The new musical comedy at the Winter Garden Theatre ought to do well, if sprightly music, pretty dresses, the dancing of Miss Heather Thatcher and the comic genius of Mr. Leslie Henson count for anything. True, the charming and shapely Miss Dorothy Dickson no longer figures in the cast; and it would be the merest affectation to say that her place is completely filled by that pretty and dainty newcomer, Miss Margery Hicklin. Still, Mr. Henson in his many disguises—he impersonates, for instance, a German spiritualist and a policeman—is so very funny with his legs, with his face, and with his patter, and Miss Thatcher is so handsome, so dashing, and so aplomb, that the comic side of the show may fairly be said to compare favourably with anything of the kind now being presented on the London stage. Nor is the sentimental side weak. On the contrary, it is unusually strong; for Mr. Percy Heming, the baritone hero, sang remarkably well, and Miss Hicklin at least looks the heroine to perfection. One missed, of course, Mr. Grossmith in his customary part of the over-dressed "blood," and one felt, on the first night, that a piece which lasted till almost midnight needed cutting. But doubtless by this time the curtain falls promptly at eleven o'clock; in which case our advice to all who want to spend a jolly evening is, "Be sure you don't miss 'Primrose!'"

On September 16 the Italian Ministry of Education announced that Dr. di Martino Fusco had been interrogated at Naples, and that apparently he had not found the codices of Livy, but only *data* relative to them. He contradicted the statements attributed to him in the "Leipziger Tageblatt."

We have pleasure in announcing that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has graciously accepted the invitation of the President, Sir Harold Bowden, and Committee of the Motor and Cycle Trades' Benevolent Fund to be present at the Annual Banquet of the Fund to be held at the Connaught Rooms, on Tuesday, the 18th November. A record subscription list is expected, Sir Harold Bowden opening it with a donation of £1000. We believe that this is the first time that a similar function in connection with either of the two trades has been honoured by the presence of royalty.


Mr. & Mrs. Brown
discuss a glass of Lager

*VI. The Summing-up*

"It's wonderful," said Henry Brown, withdrawing his face from the sunlit glass he was holding and pointing to the variegated Wembley throng that passed and repassed before his table.

"And is it not a solemn thought," said Mrs. Brown, "that in almost every country of the world Lager Beer is being consumed at this moment—except, of course, where they've got Prohibition or it's breakfast-time."

"I don't see that either case need be entirely ruled out," observed Henry. "Anyhow, our little discussion has made it clear that throughout the civilised globe Lager Beer is a favourite drink with both sexes, as it has now happily become in our own country. And from my own experience of many lands I can honestly affirm that for flavour and condition the finest Continental Lagers are not superior to Barclay's. In fact—"

"In fact," concluded his wife, "we've never tasted better Lager anywhere than this, and we don't believe we ever shall."

"Amen to that," said Henry as he emptied his glass.

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565

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1924.



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## MOTHER LOVE.

A remarkable phenomenon occurred in the Lion House at the "Zoo" on Sunday, September 21, during the visit of the Emir of Katsina, a native ruler of Northern Nigeria who recently came to stay in London. When the Emir and his suite, in their African dress, stood in front of the cages, the lions, which as a rule take no notice of visitors, and were lying placidly in the sun, became highly excited. They rose up and growled, pacing up and down, watching every movement of the Nigerian chiefs, and every now and then sprang at the bars. The Emir himself showed no surprise, merely remarking that the lions knew "we are accustomed to hunt them," but the behaviour of the lions was most unusual. The hyenas and jackals evinced similar agitation. The Emir afterwards inspected the white oryx antelope he has presented, and promised to send it a mate, as well as some Nigerian gazelles and a pair of giant tortoises. The delightful photograph of a lioness and her cub, reproduced here, was taken at the "Zoo" by Mr. Neville Kingston with a Taylor-Hobson-Cooke lens.

A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWN AT THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.




By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE is one element, among those strange and stormy elements that make up the present problem in America, which I did not mention in referring recently to the mystery of the Ku Klux Klan. It is the effect on the problem of international peace of all this internal war. Everybody has heard the ideal phrase about the United States of Europe. Mr. H. G. Wells offered to us the pattern or model of the United States merely because they are united. He suggested that the time will come when war between France and Germany will seem as strange as international war between Illinois and Kentucky. But surely it is not much better to have civil war both in Kentucky and Illinois. It is not much better to have the same league of white-hooded conspirators in both States, trying to lynch the same clubs of Irishmen and Italians in both States. The poor old European nations, bristling with armed frontiers and flaming with variegated flags, are at this moment much quieter places to live in than many a quiet prairie town under the single flag of the Union, where the wild white spectres drag people to death or torture, or are themselves driven to bay by mobs roaring for vengeance. Mr. Wells would never have accused even M. Poincaré of such playful tricks. For there are limits to the slander that should be uttered even against an ally. The truth is that America, which Mr. Wells held up to us as a model of the method by which peace can be achieved, may soon be the one country in the world where it is most difficult to keep the peace. So far from disarming its soldiers it has to think of arming its policemen. So far from being satisfied to say that every State is united to every other State, we begin to fear that every State will be divided against itself. Suppose that France and Germany really were united to-morrow in the World State of Mr. Wells, would they be united as the negro and the lyncher are united? Would it be by the sacred sympathies that bind Mr. Ford to the Jews or the Imperial Wizard to the Ancient Order of Hibernians? Would the Englishman and the Frenchman really embrace as affectionately as a K.K.Klansman and a Knight of Columbus?

But there is a peculiar point raised by this question. It seems to me that these wide-spread movements in an almost world-wide state are more dangerous than national movements. There is one argument for nationalism that nobody seems to notice. It is that, while Christendom consists of nations, a revolution need not extend beyond a nation. Indeed, it generally does not. People talk of the dangerous example of the French or Russian Revolutions; but in fact the example cuts both ways. Europe learns from one local experiment, not only that the thing can be done, but also the thing that it cannot do. It learns that a Republic does not always free men or a Soviet always feed them. I think there is far *less* chance of Europe becoming Socialist since Russia became Socialist. There was much more Socialism in the air when it was only in the air. Bolshevism has lost Europe because it has captured Moscow.

There are two senses in which we may say that a revolutionary government has been successful. It may have succeeded as a government, or it may have only succeeded as a revolution. Of course, it is much easier for it to succeed as a revolution than to succeed as a revolutionary government. And though the generalisation covers many perfectly just revolutions and many perfectly stable republics, I think the generalisation can roughly be made in this form. When the revolution as a revolution has just succeeded, there is everywhere a certain chance that it will be imitated. Any act of such social courage is inspiring; and if its triumph is improbable, its triumph is all the more intoxicating. But revolt is only thus infectious when it has just recently revolted. It is quite a different matter when it is no longer a question of success in seizing the government, but only of success in conducting the government. If the new idea has time to become an institution, it will cease to be an infection. By that same process of time, through which it begins to be tolerated, it will cease to be imitated. It will become a government like any other. It will neither be bad enough to crush nor good enough to copy. That is exactly what has happened to the Republican movement in America and France. That is exactly what has happened to the Bolshevist movement in Russia.

Now because Europe is in separate States it can make separate experiments. In other words, it can have separate revolutions. And those revolutions will be truly experiments—that is, they will be tests of a general principle by partial application. If there were really a world state, there would probably be a world revolution. More probably, perhaps there would be a series of World Revolutions. The very fact that the social system was more or less unified would mean that local discontents could not be merely local. Some social type or class would ramify all over the world, as does the proletariat in the industrial world, about which the Socialists make their generalisations. If there were a doubt about its status anywhere, it would be about its status everywhere. If there were a doubt about its status everywhere, there could only be a change in its status everywhere. And any change in that world status would be a revolution in the world state. But the point is that it would not be possible, as it is at present, for one nation to be revolutionary and the other nations merely watch the result of the revolution. History, especially contemporary history, could no longer be the object-lesson of politics. As it is, even a revolution is a tradition; and riot itself is a part of the established past. A mob remains to be judged like a monument; and the rebel as much as the reactionary awaits the criticism of posterity. But in a universal system innovation must be a universal novelty. It cannot be tried by anybody until it is tried by everybody. It must always mean experiment, and never experience. Each step of progress will be a real leap in the dark; a leap into that ultimate and universal dark which will swallow up not a man, but a world, a planet, a star. Suppose there does arise a universal Ku Klux Klan throughout the United States of the World. It might be about anything, but it would almost certainly be about something. The universal system will not be universal. The humanitarian scheme will not cover everything that is human. For absolute justice is a thing of proportion and would never be delicate enough for all the needs of man; to say nothing of the fact that those needs will continually change. Nor can we ever be certain that there will not be a sceptical reaction against any social assumption. For instance, Mr. H. G. Wells again and again insists that his world state will be a universal system of education. I cannot see why there should not be a universal revolt against education. I cannot for the life of me see why, if all men can be got to agree that a certain education would be a success, all men should not be got to agree that it had been a failure. And if once it looked like a failure, it would look like a universal failure. The very efforts that had been made to create the same conditions for it everywhere would create the same case against it everywhere. The consequence can be conjectured without any grave improbability; at least with as little as most of these futurist conjectures. People would no longer say that public school education was bad or elementary school education was bad; they would no longer say that French secular education was bad or that German or Russian education was bad. They would say that education was bad. They would abolish the only knowledge they had ever known, even if they knew nothing to replace it.

Suppose some great sophist preached that the very idea of education is a sin against emancipation. Suppose he said that a man has no right to enslave the soul of a baby by teaching it anything at all. There is more to be said for it than for most modern sophistries. For instance, we load every child with what we call a living language, but which consists largely of dead words. A language is a lumber of antiquated assumptions and associations. How do we know that the delicate independence of the young mind would not poise itself more perfectly if left to make up its own symbols, and utter the unutterable by a gentle waving of the left leg or a graduated winking of the other eye? I can imagine this spreading as the new and free psychology, which could alone produce a new race; and so on and so on. This would be a fundamental revolt against the whole Utopia of Education. It would have to rescue the children from a school as from a house on fire. It would be a great deal more humane and defensible than the Ku Klux Klan, which is at present setting the American houses on fire; and which has been known to set the people on fire too. But the point is that we should not have education tried in one state and non-education in another. We should not watch one group of the new race winking and waving its left legs. If we only saw a few of them, we should probably come to the conclusion that we had seen enough of them. But in a unified system we should be doomed, first to see nothing of them, and then to see nothing else. For this reason alone I am glad that our civilisation has not been merely cosmopolitan, but has clustered into patriotic peoples.

## PROFESSOR A. H. SAYCE ON THE REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES IN INDIA.

**Professor A. H. Sayce, D.Litt., LL.D., D.D., the famous Assyriologist, writes to us as follows:—**

The remarkable discoveries in the Panjab and Sind, of which Sir John Marshall has given an account in "The Illustrated London News," September 20, are even more remarkable and startling than he supposes. The inscribed "seals" or plaques found at Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro are practically identical with the Proto-Elamite "tablettes de comptabilité" discovered by De Morgan at Susa. The form and size of the plaques are the same, the "unicorns" are the same, and the pictographs and numerals are also the same. The identity is such that the "seals" and tablets might have come from the same hand. The tablets, which are very numerous, have been published by Scheil in the "Mémoires de la Mission Archéologique de Perse," VI. (1905) and XVII. (1923). They belong to the third millennium B.C., and extend from the age of the Babylonian King Manistusu (B.C. 2600) to that of the Third Dynasty of Ur (B.C. 2300). A native king a little later has added a text in the same pictographs to a cuneiform inscription. It is evident, therefore, that as far back as the third millennium B.C. there was intercourse between Susa and the North-West of India. The discovery opens up a new historical vista, and is likely to revolutionise our ideas of the age and origin of Indian civilisation. So far as I can gather from the description of the painted pottery accompanying the plaques, it resembles that of the Susian "second style," which was contemporaneous with the tablets. An inscribed "seal" from Harappa was published by Terrien de la Couperie in an early number of the "Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology."

A. H. SAYCE.

*Our readers will remember that in last week's issue of "The Illustrated London News" we published a notable article by Sir John Marshall, C.I.E., Litt.D., Director-General of Archæology in India, which dealt with the new light thrown upon an early civilisation in India by the recent excavations at Harappa in the Panjab and Mohenjo-Daro in Sind.*

## *OUR ANAGLYPHS.*

*Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 608, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.*

# INTERESTED IN THE WAR IN THE SPANISH ZONE: FRENCH MOROCCO.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MOROCCO, A. FORESTIER.



GUARDING THE WILD, HILLY REGION OF THE TSOUL: A FRENCH MILITARY POST ON THE ROAD FROM TAZA TO FEZ.



ONE OF THE GATES OF FEZ: THE BAB EL GUISSA, WITH MINARETS OF THE MOSQUE OF THE SAME NAME AND THAT OF MOULAY IDRISS.



A TYPICAL HOSTELRY IN THE CAPITAL OF FRENCH MOROCCO: AN INN AT FEZ—THE ARRIVAL OF A TRAVELLER WITH HIS MULE.



THE END OF A LONG BARGAIN: A WOMAN SELLING BREAD (COVERED WITH WHITE CLOTH) IN A STREET AT MARRAKESH RECEIVING PAYMENT FROM A CUSTOMER.



HOW THE FRENCH MAINTAIN THEIR PROTECTORATE IN MOROCCO: FORTIFIED POSTS (ALSO USED AS WINTER FARMS) ON THE HEIGHTS BETWEEN FEZ AND TAZA.

French Morocco has been subject to border disturbances owing to the disorder in the adjoining Spanish zone due to the war between the Spaniards and the Riff tribes under Abdul Krim. The latter have been making raids into the French protectorate, and the French forces, who cannot pursue the raiders into the Spanish zone, have had a considerable amount of fighting in their own territory. Two operations carried out by French Algerian troops near the Spanish frontier were recently reported from Rabat. Marshal Lyautey, the French Resident-General in Morocco, pointed out some weeks ago the difficulties which the French were experiencing owing to the failure of the Spanish to pacify their zone. At the same time he emphatically repudiated and ridiculed the rumour that France had any designs on Spanish Morocco. The Riff, he said, was a miserable country of barren mountains and savage tribesmen. France would be only too glad if Spain could succeed in obtaining control over her zone and in stabilising the conditions there. The above illustrations belong to a set of drawings which Mr. Forestier made during a tour in French Morocco on our behalf. Others appeared in our issue of February 23 last. We should like to make it clear that there are no disturbances in those districts of French Morocco which are frequented by tourists, and that travelling there is perfectly safe.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

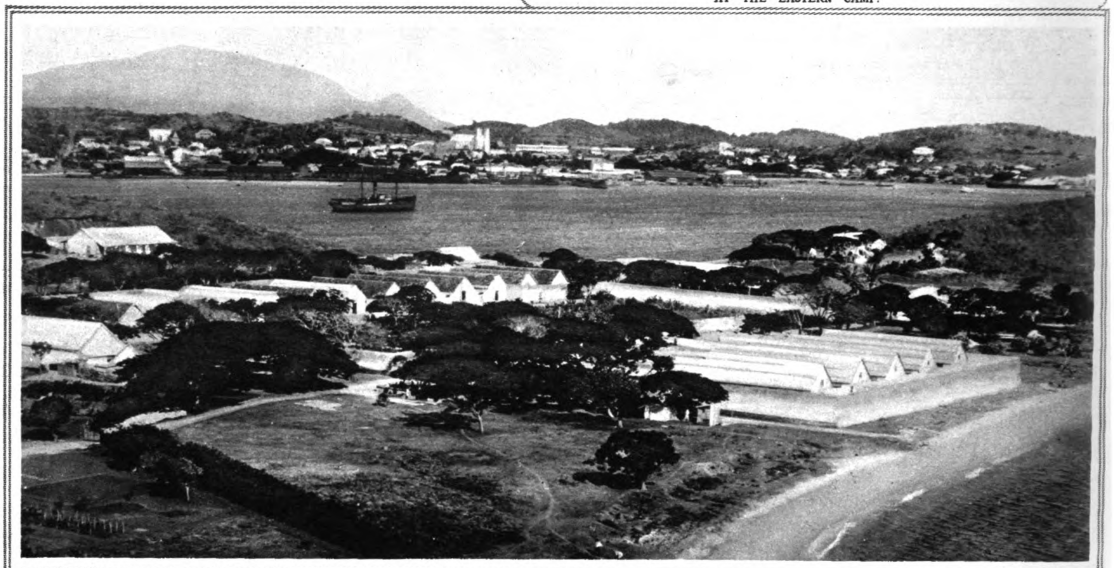
# FRENCH CONVICT SETTLEMENTS ABOLISHED: NEW CALEDONIA.

IT was stated recently that all the French convict prisons overseas are to be abolished, as a result of revelations by a well-known journalist, M. Albert Londres, whose description of the terrible conditions at Devil's Island, in French Guiana, and other settlements, led the Premier, M. Herriot, to order a full inquiry into the whole subject. Our illustrations show the convict station on the Pacific islands of New Caledonia, which became a French colony in 1853. In 1863 began the transportation thither of convicts condemned to forced labour, and to these were added, in 1887, habitual criminals, bringing the total criminal population up to about 12,000. In 1872 came some 4000 political prisoners of the Commune. Since 1894, owing to protests by the colonists, no further common criminals have been sent, and the settlement has been allowed to dwindle. In 1911, there were 5671; in 1921, 2310; and to-day there remain only some 250 aged convicts, of whom 200 are at the Eastern Camp, and 50 at the Central Camp. Describing the place at the time of his recent visit, when these photographs were secured by a companion, M. Fernand Colardeau says: "All these men are classed as 'impotent.' They are now 'condemned to forced repose.' The little things they make they sell for their own profit. In principle,

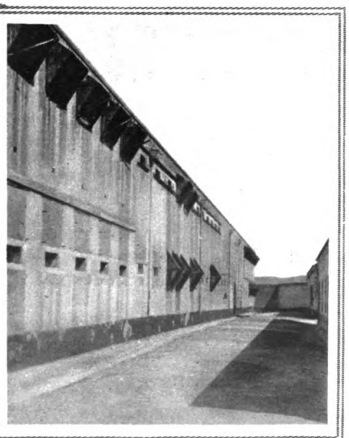
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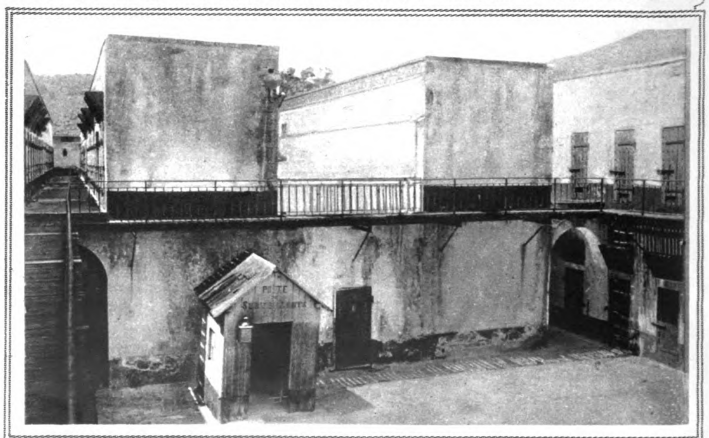
AGED CONVICTS LINGERING ON AT THE FRENCH PENAL SETTLEMENT IN NEW CALEDONIA, WHERE ONLY ABOUT 200 REMAIN: CRIPPLES AND NONAGENARIANS AT THE EASTERN CAMP.



"THE SURROUNDINGS ARE DELIGHTFUL": A GENERAL VIEW OF ONE SECTION OF THE FRENCH CONVICT SETTLEMENT IN NEW CALEDONIA, NOW BEING DISCONTINUED—THE EASTERN CAMP ON THE ISLE OF NOU, SHOWING IN THE BACKGROUND, ACROSS THE STRAIT, THE HARBOUR AND TOWN OF NOUMEA.



ONCE PACKED WITH CONVICTS: THE YARD WHERE OCCUPANTS OF THE CELLS TOOK EXERCISE UNDER ARMED GUARD.



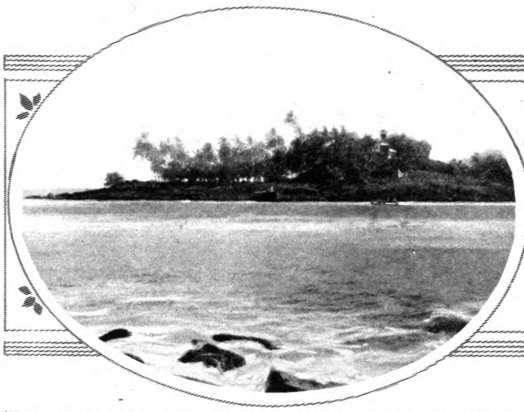
WHERE THE GUILLOTINE (WHICH BEHEADED MARIE ANTOINETTE) WAS ONCE IN FREQUENT USE: THE DISCIPLINARY QUARTER OF THE CONVICT PRISON—SHOWING THE CELLS ABOVE ON THE LEFT.

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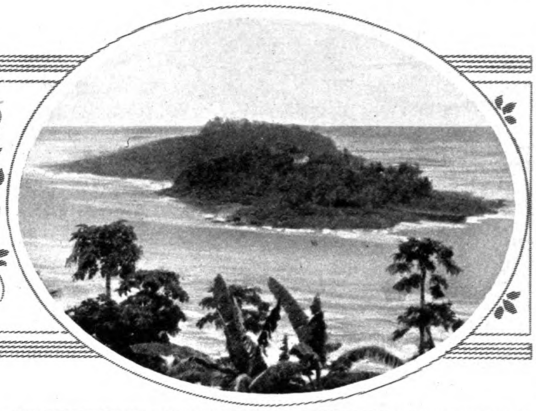
this is forbidden, but, seeing these old men, one understands how the warders shut their eyes a little. . . . One should see them all—the sound and healthy as well as the halt and the maimed, lame men, one-armed men, and cripples—take flight before the camera in scared indignation. But a silver coin or some cigarettes will overcome this false modesty. I questioned some of them. They had never done anything; they were suffering for a comrade's misdeeds; or they were military convicts; 'I boxed the ears of my sergeant,' was a frequent response. But—'Patience!' 'The hour will come.' Only think of it—nonagenarian convicts!" In the old days discipline was severe. "The cells and dungeons were often full, and the guillotine—the same, it was said, which severed the neck of Marie Antoinette, was in frequent use. . . . The executioner used to receive 16 francs and a box of sardines for every head he cut off."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAGEON.

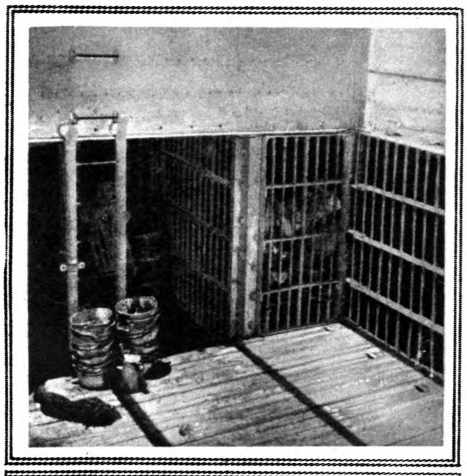
# A BLOT ON THE SCUTCHEON OF FRANCE REMOVED: DEVIL'S ISLAND.



WHERE MAJOR DREYFUS WAS CONFINED FOR FOUR YEARS, UNTIL HIS INNOCENCE WAS VINDICATED: DEVIL'S ISLAND (L'ILE DU DIABLE).



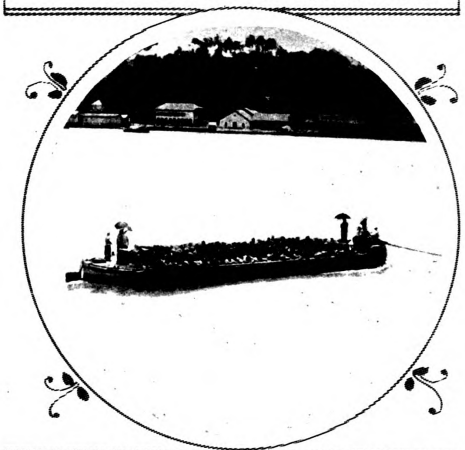
A PARADISE MADE INTO A PURGATORY: L'ILE DU DIABLE SEEN FROM L'ILE ROYALE, OFF THE COAST OF FRENCH GUIANA.



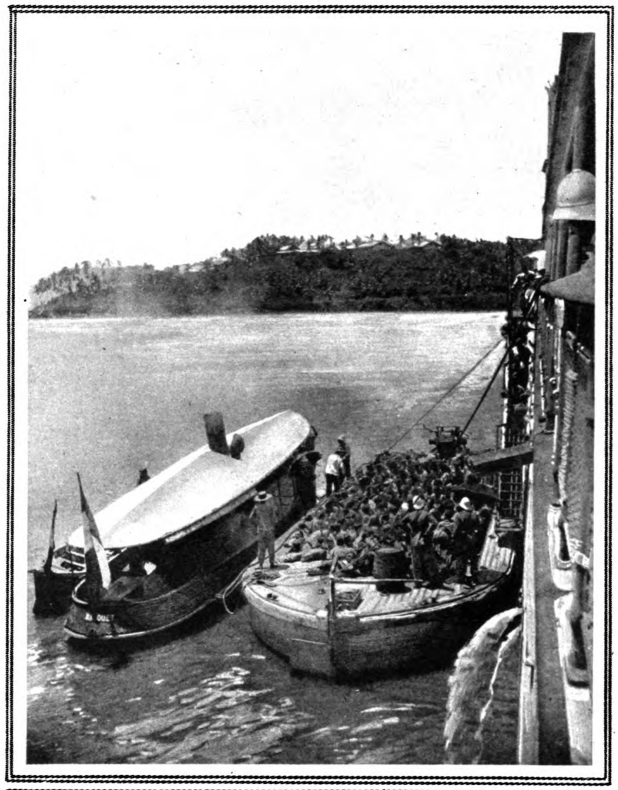
"THE LAST DESCENDANT OF THE OLD-TIME PRISON-HULKS": CAGES FOR CONVICTS ON THE FRENCH TRANSPORT "LOIRE."

AS we note on the preceding page, the French Government has decided to abolish the system of convict settlements abroad, among which are those of the Iles du Salut, Cayenne, St. Laurent du Maroni, and New Caledonia. The Iles du Salut, three small islands lying off French Guiana, on the north-east coast of South America, include the notorious Ile du Diable (Devil's Island), where Major (then Captain) Dreyfus spent four years (1895-9) until his vindication. The above photographs are reproduced from our issue of June 26, 1909, when frequent escapes from the convict prisons were causing some concern to the people

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BOUND FOR THEIR ISLAND PRISON: A BARGE-LOAD OF CONVICTS FROM THE "LOIRE" PASSING THE ILE ROYALE ON THE WAY TO THE ILE ST. JOSEPH.



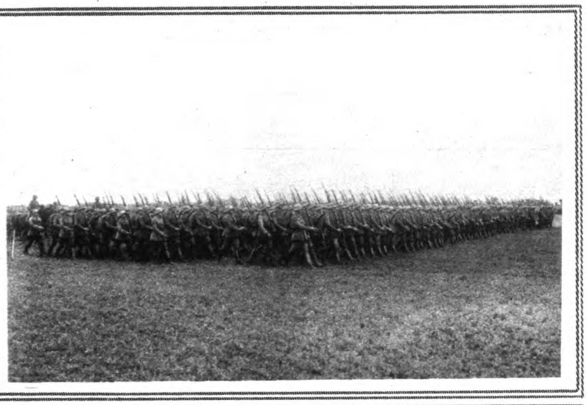
A SYSTEM FRANCE HAS DECIDED TO ABOLISH: CONVICTS LEAVING THE TRANSPORT "LOIRE" FOR THE PENAL SETTLEMENT ON THE ILES DU SALUT—(IN THE BACKGROUND) THE ILE ST. JOSEPH.

*Continued.*]

of British Guiana. We then wrote: "The steamer 'Loire' goes to the Iles du Salut twice a year, carrying convicts. On her most recent voyage, she had on board 740 prisoners. Very rebellious men are kept on the Ile St. Joseph; those who are still worse and are practically uncontrollable are confined on the Ile Royale." The book entitled "Au Bagne" (At the Convict Settlement), in which M. Albert Londres recently denounced the transportation system, is dedicated to special correspondents, including Mr. G. Ward Price. "And what ghastly scenes they are," writes the latter, "that Londres describes in French Guiana! Leprosy, madness, fever, cruelty, solitude. . . . The convict-ship that brings 600 fresh felons to French Guiana twice a year is the last descendant of the old-time prison-hulks." Quoting M. Londres, he continues: "The hold forms the courtyard. Around it, weighed down by a low roof, are cages. They are dark and gloomy. I could see the convicts who were gripping the bars. . . . 'Would you like to go in?' the Commandant asked me. It was like being asked to enter a sardine-tin when the sardines are inside. Against possible mutinies, steam-pipes are fitted up in the cages. Discipline or scalding—they have the choice."

# GERMANY SHOWS WHAT "TEETH" SHE H

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CONTINENTAL



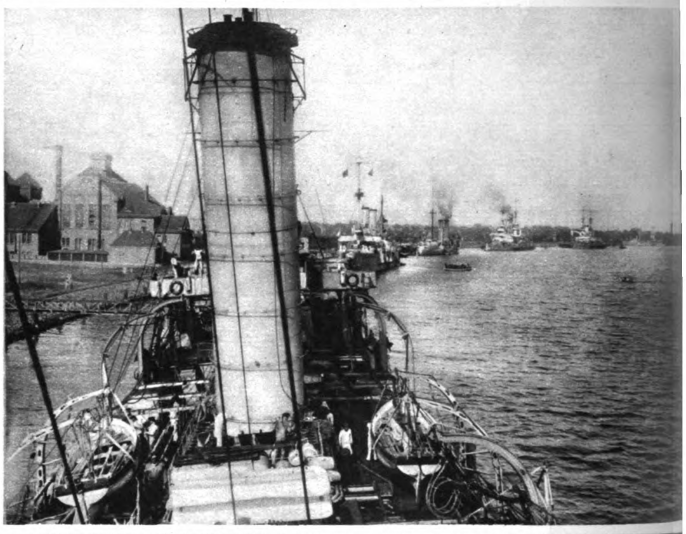
THE FIRST AUTUMN REVIEW OF THE GERMAN ARMY SINCE 1914: SOME OF THE 10,000 REICHSWEHR TROOPS ON PARADE AT STRAUSBERG.



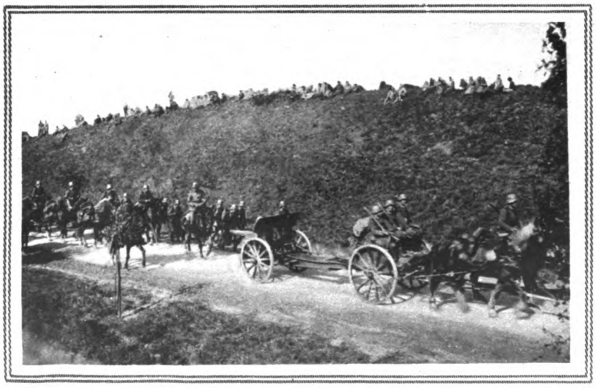
THE FIRST GERMAN NAVAL REVIEW SINCE 1914: WAR-SHIPS LEAVING THE ... OF SWINEMÜNDE, WATCHED BY AN ADMIRING CROWD OF HOLIDAY-MAKER...



INSPECTING THE GUARD IN THE "HANNOVER": HERR GESSLER (MINISTER OF DEFENCE), FOLLOWED BY ADMIRAL VON BEHNCKE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.



THE GERMAN FLEET AS IT IS TO-DAY: THE CRUISERS "BERLIN," "AMAZON... AND "MEDUSA," AND THE BATTLE-SHIPS "ELSASS" AND "HANNOVER," IN L... AHEAD AT THE SWINEMÜNDE REVIEW.



THE REICHSWEHR AUTUMN MANŒUVRES AN EVENT OF GREAT POPULAR INTEREST IN GERMANY: A RIDGE LINED WITH SPECTATORS WATCHING AN ARTILLERY COLUMN GO BY BELOW.

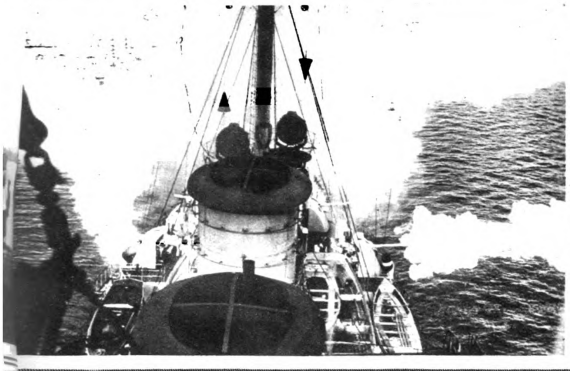


MIMIC WARFARE DURING THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES OF THE GERMAN REICHSWE... A BATTERY OF FIELD-GUNS UNDER TREES "IN ACTION" TO REPULSE AN ATT... OF THE "ENEMY."

That Germany's "teeth" were not entirely drawn by the Armistice, or that she has since grown new ones, is evident from these photographs of the fi... autumn manœuvres of the German military forces, now known as the Reichswehr, and the first German naval manœuvres, held since 1914. The Reichswe... manœuvres, in which the 3rd Infantry Division (Berlin Command) and the 2nd Cavalry Division (Brandenburg and Silesia) took part, were conducted in t... Neumark, an expanse of wooded and undulating country between Berlin and the Oder. Two opposing "armies" fought a general action, and the operatio... concluded, on September 9, with a review and tattoo in the presence of General von Seeckt, the Commander-in-Chief, and Herr Gessler, the Reichswehr Minist... There were also present some Swedish and Japanese officers, and the Mexican Military Attaché. The troops on parade, who numbered over 10,000, includ... artillery, infantry, and cavalry, with armoured cars, machine-guns, and other sections. Although the review was held at Strausberg, 25 miles from Berlin...

# EFT: ARMY AND NAVY MANŒUVRES.

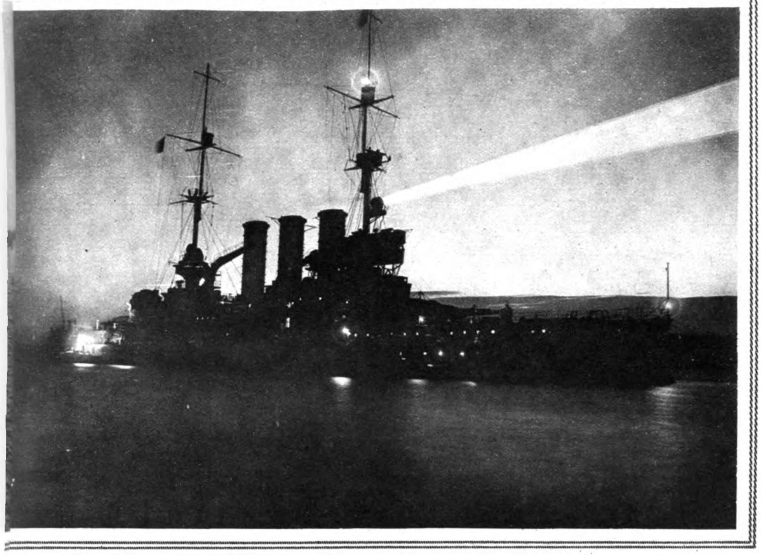
TO SERVICE AND WOLTER (BERLIN).



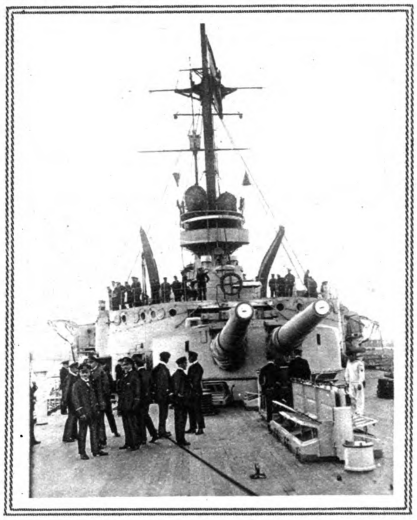
RING A SALUTE ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN MINISTER OF DEFENCE: THE "BRAUNSCHWEIG," ONE OF GERMANY'S THREE REMAINING BATTLE-SHIPS.



AN OCCASION FOR WHICH BERLIN SCHOOL-CHILDREN WERE GRANTED A SPECIAL HOLIDAY: THE REICHSWEHR REVIEW AT STRAUSBERG—ARTILLERY IN THE MARCH-PAST.



LLUMINATIONS IN THE GERMAN FLEET ON THE OCCASION OF THE NAVAL REVIEW N THE BAY OF SWINEMÜNDE: A NIGHT VIEW OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "BRAUNSCHWEIG," WITH HER SEARCHLIGHT PLAYING.



ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "HANNOVER," WHICH WAS PRESENT AT THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND: A GROUP OF OFFICERS.



"ARMY EXERCISES" BY THE GERMAN REICHSWEHR, IN THE NEUMARK, A STRETCH OF COUNTRY SITUATED BETWEEN BERLIN AND THE RIVER ODER: A MACHINE-GUN SECTION READY FOR ACTION IN A FIELD.



POPULAR INTEREST IN THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES OF THE GERMAN REICHSWEHR: WOMEN AMONG THE SPECTATORS WATCHING AN ARTILLERY COLUMN ON THE MARCH BESIDE A HARVEST FIELD.

arge number of Berlin school-children were granted a holiday for the occasion, and were taken by their teachers to see it. At the same time as the military nanœuvres the German fleet exercises (previously illustrated in our issue of September 13) were carried out in the Baltic for the first time since the war. The hips engaged were the "Elsass," "Hannover," and "Braunschweig" (the only three battle-ships left to Germany), three light cruisers, and two flotillas of estroyers. On the completion of the manœuvres, the fleet was reviewed in the harbour of Swinemünde. It was reported recently that the Inter-Allied Military Mission of Control was beginning the general inspection of German armaments, to which the German Government had agreed. An appeal was issued o the people urging them to abstain from any obstruction or hostility towards the Allied Commission, so that the Allies might keep their promise that they vould withdraw it if there were no incidents, and if the results of the inspection proved satisfactory.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## BLIND AS A BAT.

*By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.*

NOT only do the shadows of the evening overtake us now with disconcerting swiftness, but they bring a chilliness with them which is felt not merely by ourselves, but also by all the creatures which give to our summer evenings that sense of pulsating life contrasting so strongly with the dying day. We miss the soothing drone of the blundering dor-beetles, and the bats with "woolly breasts and beaded eyes" which have sallied forth to hunt for them, and for smaller prey, to our eyes invisible.



FIG. 1. POSSIBLY HAVING A SENSE OF TOUCH THAT GUIDES IT IN THE DARK: THE HUGE EARS OF THE LONG-EARED BAT, WITH THE "ANTI-TRAGUS" IN FRONT.

"This drawing of the head of the Long-eared Bat shows the enormous ears and the long, narrow 'anti-tragus,' alone visible when the little creature is at rest; the large ear-conch being then folded back close to the body."

What is this smaller prey? This is a question more easily asked than answered. We see the bats, night after night, turning, twisting, diving, with the most surprising speed, performing aerial evolutions, indeed, which no bird can match, and we assume that these gyrations are the necessary accompaniments to the capture of food. But, save the beetles and the moths, we do not see these winged atoms; the twilight hides them.

But do the bats see them? Like the mole, they are popularly supposed to have no eyes. This, however, is true of neither, though in both the eyes are reduced to the condition of mere vestiges. In the mole, however, this process of reduction has gone even further than in the case of the bat, for the diameter of the eyeball does not exceed one millimetre, and the eyelids form but a mere puncture in the skin. Though dissection shows that iris, lens, and retina are present, experiment proves that the power of sight no more than suffices to distinguish light from darkness.

The eye of the mole then, to all intents and purposes, is wanting. And it is well that it should be so, since for the greater part of its life it lives not only underground, but in tunnels scarcely greater in diameter than its own body. Large, exposed eyes, in such retreats, would be worse than useless, they would be a source of danger. For such sensitive organs would have no protection against contact with the inevitable falling particles of earth from the roof of the tunnel, which of necessity would set up inflammation and cause endless pain. Reduced as they have now become, they are well protected by the fur. A keen sense of smell has replaced the need for eyes. Small though the bat's eyes are, they are yet large enough to enable it to see, though we have no measure as to their acuity of vision, or as to their range. The power of vision certainly varies in different species. A captive Lesser-horseshoe bat (Fig. 3) persistently flew at, and hovered before, a large mirror, never actually touching it, but seeming to recognise itself in the reflection; and the Noctule bat will, it is said, not only fly towards, but actually catch stones thrown into the air.

Many years ago, the naturalist Spalanzani made some elaborate and certainly extremely cruel experiments by way of testing whether and in how far bats were incommoded by the loss of their eyes. He found that, in so far as their movements were concerned at any rate, they were apparently unaffected. Years later, Miss Caroline Bowden, with others, made an interesting experiment with a bat which had in no way been penalised. No mention is made of the species, but we are told it measured one foot from tip to tip of the extended wings. It was let loose in a room about twenty feet by sixteen, but crossed, in every direction, by threads arranged to form a net-work, with about sixteen inches between the strands. To each string was attached a bell, in such a way that the slightest touch would make it ring. The experimenters took up their stand in one corner of the room, and, being in absolute darkness, had to depend on their hearing and sense of touch for information as to what was going on. During half an hour the bat flew rapidly in and out between the entanglements, yet without once touching a thread. At times it approached so close to their faces that they could feel the fanning of its wings, and the consequent agitation of the air. At the end of half an hour the door was opened and the light let in, when at once the performer stopped flying and retreated to the darkest corner of the room.

It was not sight, then, but apparently some peculiarly delicate sense of touch which was the creature's guide. The source of this sense is not certainly known. But it would seem to be located partly in the delicate wing-membrane and partly in the ear-lobes. In some bats, as in our Long-eared bat (Fig. 1), these are of enormous size, and can be folded back close to the body when the creature is at rest. At such times their place is taken by a surprisingly long and narrow fold of skin, known as the "anti-tragus." It answers to the semi-lunar lobe directed backwards from the cheek in our own ears. In some species of African bats the ears are not only enormously large, but furthermore they fuse together in the middle line throughout the greater part of their length, thus still further increasing their area (Fig. 2).

But, besides, in many species, as in our own Horse-shoe bat, above and around the nose are developed lobes of skin, of fanciful shapes;



FIG. 2. WITH EARS "FUSED TOGETHER": THE AFRICAN MEGADERM BAT.

"In the African Megaderm Bat the ears are not only of great size, but they fuse together in the middle line of the body. The 'anti-tragus' is also very large. The nose bears a voluminous fold of skin answering to that of the Horseshoe Bat."

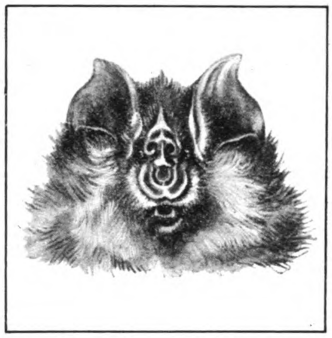


FIG. 3.—WITH SKIN FOLDS ON THE NOSE BELIEVED TO ACT AS SENSORY ORGANS: THE LESSER-HORSESHOE BAT.

"In the Lesser-horseshoe Bat the nose bears a series of complicated folds of skin, which are supposed to act as sensory organs. The Greater-horseshoe Bat has a similar apparatus."



FIG. 4.—A MODEL FOR A PANTOMIME DEMON: THE GROTESQUE BLAINVILLE'S BAT, WITH SENSORY SKIN-FOLDS EVEN ON THE CHIN.

"In Blainville's Bat this development of sensory folds of skin attains to exaggerated proportions; even the chin and throat are included."

and these, also, may act as sense organs. They attain to their maximum in the extraordinary Blainville's bat, of South America and the West Indies. In this animal, as will be seen in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 4), these folds of skin are borne also on the chin, producing an effect so grotesque that it might well serve as a model for some demon mask for pantomime purposes! Nothing is known of the habits of this creature, so that we can only assume that this extraordinary mask serves some useful purpose. But it belongs, it is to be noticed, to the Phyllostomidæ, or Vampires—bats which have earned an evil reputation as blood-suckers. Though the injuries they inflicted were greatly exaggerated by the older travellers, they are nevertheless sufficiently serious. Darwin, Bates, and Wallace, when in South America, had many opportunities of examining horses and cattle which had been bitten, while both Bates and Wallace were themselves bitten. In their attacks on men, the tip of the nose and the great toe are the favourite points of attack. The wound is very small, but the consequent bleeding is hard to stop.

How this taste for blood arose is at present inexplicable, and it obtains only in a few species. For the most part these creatures are insectivorous, catching their prey when in mid-air, or, in the case of moths at any rate, very often as they are at rest on the outermost twigs of trees, when the bat hovers like a kestrel while he seizes his unsuspecting victim. Some species, like the little Pipistrelle, place otherwise unmanageable prey, such as large beetles, in a pouch which is formed by the fold of skin stretched between the hind-leg and the tail. When the tail is turned downwards and forwards under the body, the head is then thrust into this curious food-bag, enabling the little creature to feast as he goes along! (Fig. 5). But this device is only possible in species possessing this interfemoral membrane. Since they have prodigious appetites, these much-maligned creatures help very materially to reduce the swarms of noxious insects hatched out during the summer months.

Finally we come to the Fruit bats of the Tropics. These, though they are also nocturnal, have large eyes—and *very* large appetites. Some of the larger African species cut off, and transport, fruit as large as figs and guavas to a distance of several hundred yards, to some spot where they can conveniently be eaten, and thus may play an important part in the propagation of fruit-bearing trees.

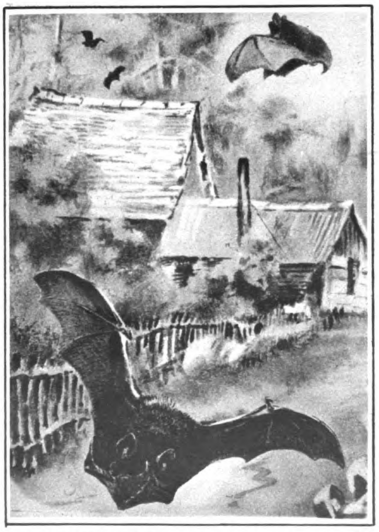
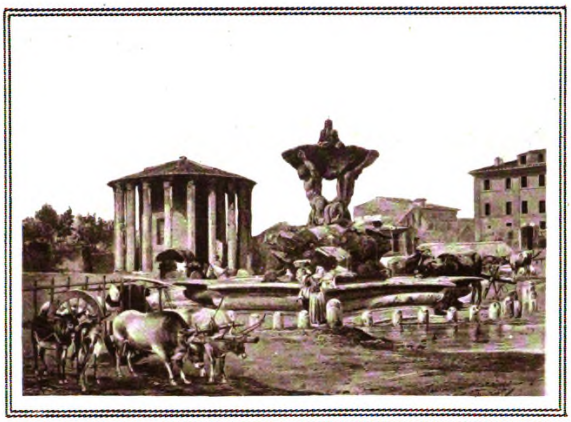


FIG. 5.—FEEDING FROM ITS "POUCH" IN MID-AIR: THE LITTLE PIPISTRELLE BAT IN FLIGHT.

The "pouch," used for carrying otherwise unmanageable prey, such as large beetles, is formed by a fold of skin stretched between the hind-leg and the tail.

# NEW DISCOVERIES IN ROME: BYZANTINE FRESCOES; A RESTORED TEMPLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES AND FINE ARTS, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHÆOLOGIST.



1. SHOWING THE ROUGH BUILDING (TO RIGHT OF FOUNTAIN STATUARY) IN WHICH THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNE WAS THEN EMBEDDED: THE FORUM BOARIUM AS IT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO—(ON LEFT) THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.



2. WITH THE TEMPLE OF VESTA (RIGHT) AND THE FOUNTAIN OF THE TRITONS (LEFT): THE FORUM BOARIUM (OR PIAZZA BOCCA DELLA VERITA) AS IT IS TO-DAY—A VIEW FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

1

THESE photographs illustrate a great archæological occasion in Rome, of which Professor Federico Halbherr said in a recent letter sending them to us: "The Temple of Fortuna Virilis will probably be inaugurated in its recovered form on September 20, the national feast of Italy. From the mediæval and more recent superstructures of the ancient building some very important reliefs and inscriptions have been extracted, and on the interior walls, under the plaster, many Byzantine frescoes have been discovered, which are still kept jealously hidden, none of them having so far been published. The two specimens I send are among the best, and it was with great difficulty that I secured them." Professor Halbherr's full notes on the photographs (numbered for reference as above) are as follows:—(1) The forum Boarium in the Velabrum, as it was fifty years ago, at the end of the Papal Government, with the temple of Vesta and the Fountain of the Tritons, built by Bizzaccheri and Muratti, under Pope

[*Continued in Box 2.*



3. SAID TO HAVE BEEN BUILT BY SERVIUS TULLIUS, AND ONE OF THE OLDEST IN ROME: THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNA VIRILIS (RESTORED) WHERE THE BYZANTINE FRESCOES WERE FOUND.

2

Clemens XI. in 1715. In the walls of the rough building visible to the right of the fountain the Fortuna Temple was then entirely embedded. (2) The Forum Boarium, or Piazza Bocca della Verita, as it is now. (3) The Temple of Fortuna Virilis, now entirely isolated and restored, showing the northern entrance and western wing. The beginning of these works was announced by "The Illustrated London News," in the issue of December 17, 1921, and their completion was promised for the Palilian feast of the following year. But, owing to some difficulties which occurred later, it has been delayed till the present year, and the opening of the Temple to the public was arranged for September 20. This temple, one of the most ancient in Rome, built, according to tradition, by Servius Tullius, was reconstructed in 214 B.C., becoming a very marvel of Græco-Roman art and architecture. It is an Ionic Pseudoperipterus with four fluted columns, on both front and back, and seven on each side, rivalling in elegance

[*Continued in Box 3.*



4. PAINTED WHEN THE TEMPLE WAS A CHURCH: A NEWLY-DISCOVERED FRESCO—ST. JOHN AND ST. PETER AT THE SEPULCHRE.

3

the charming Corinthian colonnade of the neighbouring temple of Hercules or Vesta. The Temple of Fortuna was converted into a Christian church in 880 A.D., and dedicated to the memory of the penitent Egyptian woman, Sancta Maria Ægyptiaca. Its inner walls and pillars were decorated, during the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, with very important reliefs and frescoes in Byzantine style, which have been for the most part discovered under the lime-coat, by the Director of the restorations, Professor Muñoz, the Roman superintendent of Fine Arts. These frescoes open a new page in the history of Byzantine and early mediæval art in Italy. It is to be noted that the Velabrum, with all the left shore of the Tiber, from the Forum Boarium to the ancient harbour of Ripa Grande, was from the third century A.D. the quarter of the Greeks, in which were situated their chief church of Sancta Maria in Cosmedin, called also Schola Græca, and their shops, banks, and industries. The other early churches of the Velabrum are also dedicated to Greek saints like St. Theodore, at the foot of the Palatine, and St. George, near the Janus Quadrifrons or Arch of the Bankers (Argentarii). In this last church, works of clearing and extensive repairs are now also in progress, so that it may be expected that, in a few months, all this quarter, the most ancient of early Rome, after the Palatine, will be brought back to its primitive conditions. According to a plan proposed by Professor Bacchiani, from this monumental quarter of the city the new and majestic archæological avenue, to be called the

[*Continued below.*



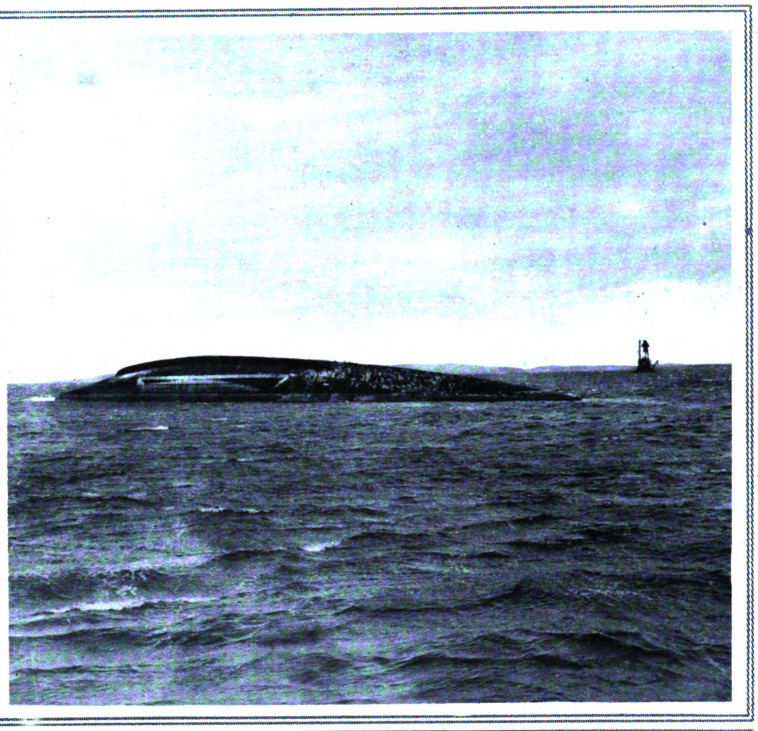
5. A NEW PAGE IN THE HISTORY OF BYZANTINE ART: A FRESCO BELOW THE OTHER—TWO GREEK SAINTS (ON LEFT, ST. PANTALEON).

*Continued.*]

Via Imperialis, will start, leading through the most venerable ruins, such as the Circus Maximus and the Palace of Septimius Severus, the Porta Capena, the Thermæ (Baths) of Caracalla, the Columbaria, the Arch of Drusus, the Catacombs of Callixtus and those of St. Sebastian, the Circus of Romulus, the Tomb of Cæcilia Metella, the Claudian Aqueducts, and the monuments of the Appian Way. The road will extend to the most historic site in this direction near Rome, namely, the ancient Bovillæ, and thence to the Alban Hills. At Bovillæ, the early colony of Alba Longa, are the famous shrine of the Gens Julia, a Circus, and a theatre. The projected road, with an uninterrupted line of early ruins, 15 miles long, will form the most magnificent avenue of ancient monuments in the world. (4 and 5) Two amongst the finest frescoes discovered in the Temple. (4) St. John and St. Peter: a suggestive illustration of St. John's Gospel, Chapter xx. 3-7, where we read that St. John "came first to the sepulchre" of the Lord "and stooping down, he saw the linen clothes lying. . . . Then cometh Simon Peter following him," and St. John announces to him, with visible astonishment, that the Lord is no more there. The name of St. John is written in abbreviated form in the inner upper part of the door, while St. Peter's figure is recognisable not only by his characteristic type, but also by the keys in his left hand. (5) Two Greek Saints, the left one only recognisable from the inscription. This is the Greek physician, St. Pantaleon of Nicomedia, to whom a church and a piazza in Rome are dedicated.

# THE SCUTTLED GERMAN FLEET EMERGING FROM SCAPA FLOW

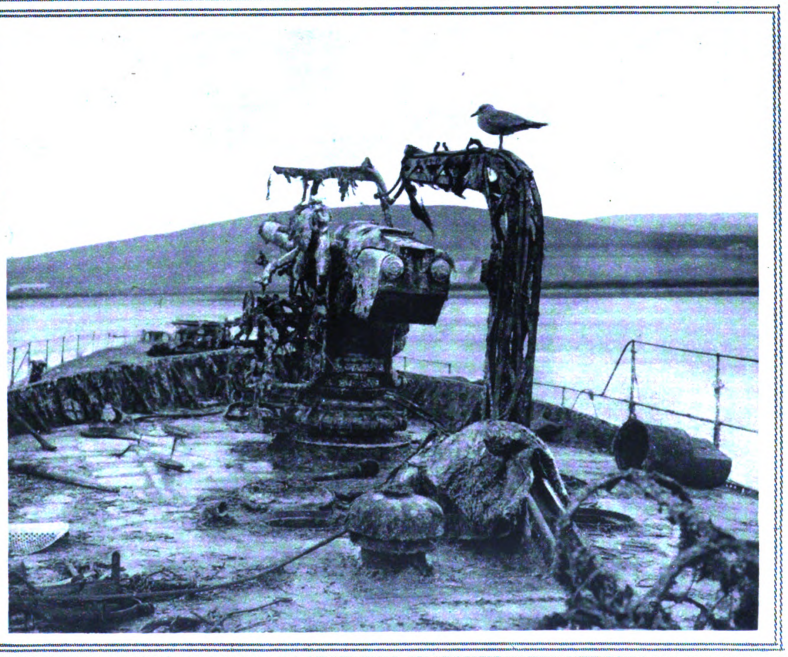
PHOTOGRAPH



LOOKING LIKE A HUGE WHALE: THE HULL OF THE GERMAN CRUISER "SEYDLITZ" LYING ON HER SIDE—(ON THE RIGHT) THE BATTLE-CRUISER "HINDENBURG."



ONE OF THE BIGGEST TASKS BEFORE THE SALVAGE OPERATORS: THE BATTLE-CRUISER "HINDENBURG," RESTING UPRIGHT ON A SANDY BOTTOM.



WITH A CONTEMPLATIVE SEA-GULL STANDING ON ONE LEG ON A DILAPIDATED DAVIT: THE FORE-DECK OF THE GERMAN DESTROYER "S 131" AFTER FIVE YEARS' IMMERSION—SHOWING A GUN ENCRUSTED WITH MARINE GROWTHS.



SHOWING CRANES FIXED FOR LIFTING OUT DECK FITTI... THE PLANS FOR RAISING WHICH INCL...

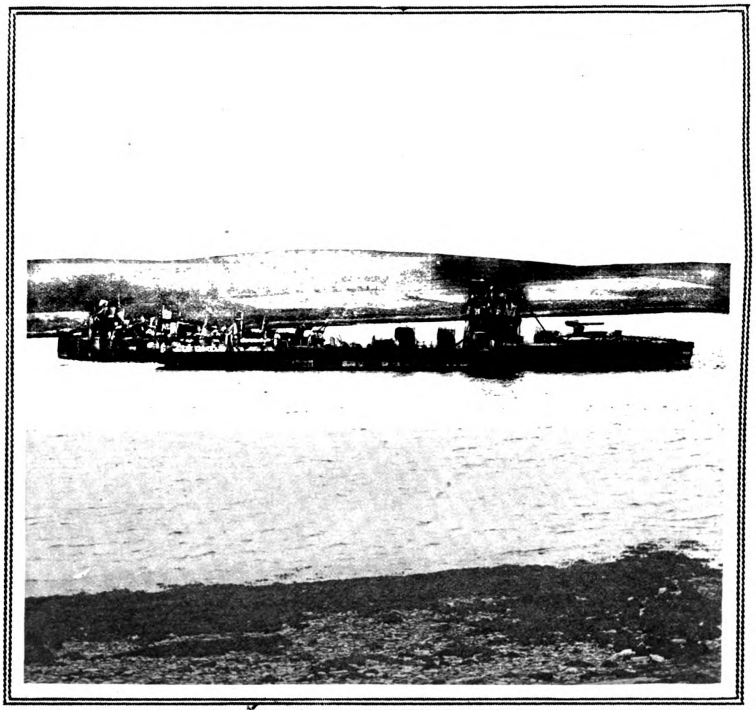
The greatest salvage work ever undertaken—that of raising the surrendered German fleet, scuttled by its own crews at Scapa Flow in 1919—will occupy many years; for out of the 74 ships (including 11 battle-ships, 5 battle-cruisers, 8 light cruisers, and 50 destroyers) all but four of the large ships and a few destroyers were sunk. Considerable progress has, however, been made since the first destroyer was brought to the surface a few weeks ago, and several others have now been lifted. The operations are being conducted by two firms—Messrs. Cox and Danks and the Scapa Flow Salvage and Shipbreaking Company, who are each using different methods. In our issue of September 13 we illustrated the raising of a destroyer by the Scapa Flow Company by means of wire hawsers, passed round the sunken ship from two concrete barges, and air-pontoons like balloons attached to its bows. Messrs. Cox and Danks (whose system was illustrated in our issue of August 16) use a surrendered German floating dock, which has been cut in halves and adapted for their purposes. For the big

# MARKABLE PROGRESS IN VAST SALVAGE OPERATIONS.

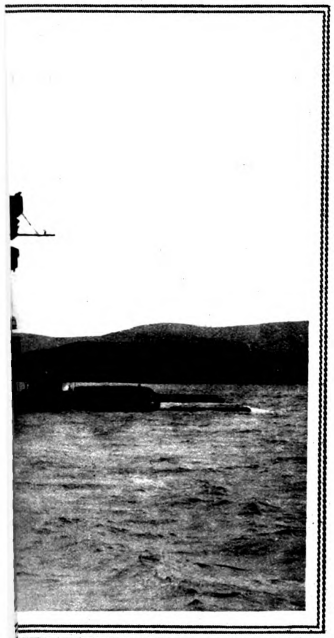
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HER VIEW OF THE "HINDENBURG" AT LOW TIDE: UPPER WORKS, SHOWING TWO TURRET GUNS, AND THE NAME OF THE SALVAGE FIRM.



WITH THEIR DECK GUNS STILL IN POSITION: TWO OF THE SALVAGED GERMAN DESTROYERS LYING IN THE "BONE YARD" OF MESSRS. COX AND DANKS AT LYNESS.



NS: A LOW-TIDE VIEW OF THE "HINDENBURG," G OFF AND PUMPING OUT BY SECTIONS.



SNAPPED AS EASILY AS A DAISY-CHAIN BY THE ENORMOUS WEIGHT OF A SHIP: A MIGHTY CHAIN-CABLE THAT PARTED AT THE FIRST ATTEMPT, AND WAS DISCARDED FOR WIRE HAWSERS—AN OPERATOR INDICATING A BROKEN LINK.

le-cruiser "Hindenburg," however, they devised a provisional scheme, which was described as follows: "The first step is to blank off, by means of plugs, hes, and so on, the whole forward portion of the ship. Steel tubes will then be built into her, and down them will be lowered powerful submersible ps. By this means the whole forward section should be freed from water. The next operation will be the pumping out of the upper midship sectio- -d hoped this will give the ship sufficient buoyancy forward to raise her bows considerably and make it possible to tow her into shallower water. castle will be utilised as a working platform to lift out her heavy deck fittings, turrets, guns, and top hamper. It may then be possible to bl p out the rest of the ship, so that she will float. If these operations prove successful, the 'Hindenburg' would thus become an ideal 'ponto pose of raising the other vessels."

# WAR AND PROGRESS.

## By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

*The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

*We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.*

THE old question is once again being discussed as to whether war is a progressive force or one of the scourges of civilisation. De Maistre would have said: "Is it or is it not of Divine origin?" This question is rather in the fashion everywhere. Among the new apologists for the god Ares, some of the preachers of communistic doctrines are prominent. The Communists are so grateful to the god of war for having made them a present of the Russian Empire that they are desirous of a continuance of his generosity in their favour.

The question is one of the most obscure of historical engimas. In order to solve it, it would probably be necessary to get a clear understanding of what we mean by the word "progress"—that word which all the world uses so glibly without anyone knowing exactly what it signifies. Let us take it in its most usual, and, if you will, its grossest sense, and that which is most accessible to the masses: that of the increase of riches, population, well-being, luxury, power, intellectual culture, and juridical guarantees which render life safe and agreeable, of the creative impulse of human genius, which shakes men out of superannuated routines. Can one say that war favours that sort of progress, which is so highly valued in our day?

The answer is yes and no. One cannot deny that certain wars did possess the merit of contributing to the progress of humanity according to the above standard. But it is also indisputable that other wars have depopulated, impoverished, and thrown back certain peoples and countries into anarchy and barbarism. History is obliged to admit that some wars were favourable to progress, and others were fatal to it, without, however, in any way explaining why the same cause produced such very different effects.

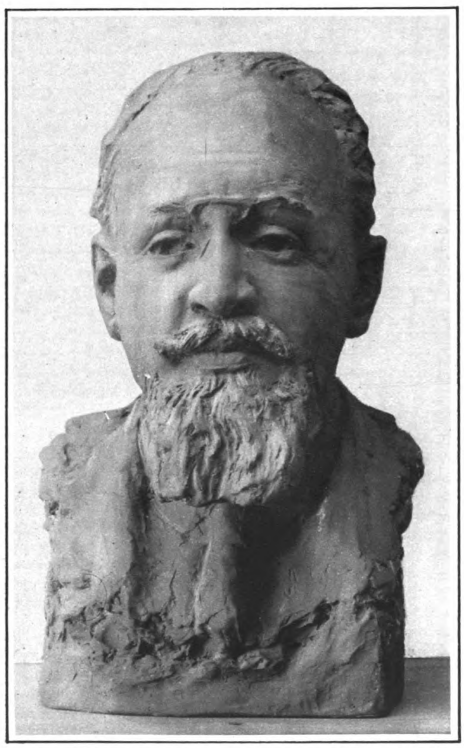
Let us give some examples. The two centuries between the second Punic War and the birth of Christ were an epoch of iron and blood for the whole basin of the Mediterranean. During those two centuries, of all the great and little states which shared the Mediterranean basin among them, some killed each other in an interminable series of wars, others were destroyed by Rome; while others, again, understanding that they could not escape their destiny, committed suicide. In this way Carthage, the monarchies which were the outcome of the conquests of Alexander, the kingdoms of Macedonia, Pergamos, Syria and Egypt, the great empire, half Greek, half barbarian, of Pontus, and a large number of barbarous or semi-barbarous states in the West and in Northern Africa disappeared. The destruction of all these states produced complications by the internal crises of the states by which they were supplanted.

As the extent of her territories and the number of men subject to her authority increased, Rome became incapable of governing herself. During the century which preceded the Christian era, Italy was terribly ravaged by four civil wars. After having destroyed nearly all the monarchies of the East, the Roman Republic succumbed herself. There was a time, after the death of Cæsar, when in the whole basin of the Mediterranean there seemed to exist only one shadow of monarchy—that of Egypt, where the power had fallen into the hands of a bastard branch of the dynasty, which consequently was without authority—and a crude military dictatorship, which lived by pillage, in Italy.

And yet, thirty years after Augustus had been able to give back to the world a legitimate and stable government, by re-establishing the Republican constitution under his own control, the Mediterranean basin had already become the flowery cradle of Christianity. The simplification, made by Rome, in substituting her rudimentary government and small army in the place of so many complicated governments and so many rival armies, all in quest of glory and booty, had borne its fruits. Peace and order reigned, and with them prosperity returned. Barbarous countries were rapidly transformed by contact with the old civilisation of the Empire. Gaul was Romanised, the Mediterranean, free and tranquil, became the great water-way of an intense trade between all the provinces. Agriculture, commerce, and industry were developed in the East as well as in the West; population increased, towns grew and were embellished; intellectual culture—art, literature, and philosophy—shone with a new, if not very intensive lustre, gaining in diffusion what it lost in originality and depth.

Things were different three centuries later. The civil wars which began after the fall of the Severian dynasty, and the external wars by which they were accompanied, depopulated and impoverished the Empire, and gradually destroyed nearly all the ancient civilisation. It was in vain that several generations tried to fight against their fate, and with untiring obstinacy endeavoured to rebuild upon the ruins. War relentlessly pursued its course of destruction until the day when, of the work of so many generations, only a few ruined vestiges remained in Europe.

Therefore, the two opposing doctrines with regard to war are both true. War can be a progressive force or a destructive scourge. It is not, indeed, difficult to explain this contradiction, if one reflects that war is always the violent rupture of an established balance and order. When a country engages in a war, whether it be long or short, whether it emerges from it victorious or defeated, there always remains more or less perturbation in a certain number of social, political, economic, juridical respects, which, when the war is over, cannot return to their original condition. As all social equilibrium tends to crystallise and become rigid, war is often a revolutionary force which breaks the juridical and economic organisations when they have become too rigid. If there exist in a state of society forces capable of augmenting riches, power, or culture which were kept prisoners by the crystallisation of social equilibrium, war, by destroying that balance and liberating those forces, can accelerate the progress of a country. If there are no such captive forces to liberate, the rupture of the existing balance made by war serves only to enfeeble those which were already at work, or to replace them by others more weak and incapable. There is then decadence and ruin.



A LEADER OF BOLSHEVIST RUSSIA AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN SCULPTOR: A BUST OF JOFFE BY MR. JO DAVIDSON.

Mr. Jo Davidson, the American sculptor, recently made a trip through Russia, and executed a series of busts of Soviet notables, including one of M. Joffe, shown above. Six others appear on the opposite page. M. Joffe has had experience of the Far East, as a former Ambassador to Japan.

*Photograph by Topical.*

The history of the nineteenth century is a conspicuous proof of this theory. The nineteenth century was essentially the century of progress, if by progress one understands augmentation of riches, power, well-being and knowledge, and the perfecting of juridical order, which has nothing or very little in common with moral order. The conquest of the earth and its treasures made by the great development of industry, the bureaucratic organisation of the great states and their formidable military power, the discoveries of science, and political liberty, appear to us as the marvels of an epoch which has changed man's destiny. Despite a few reservations which can be made to the somewhat summary optimism of our time, no one can deny that the nineteenth century, taken as a whole, was a great and fertile revolution. But why did this revolution, which had been prepared during two centuries by immense underground work, break out so suddenly between 1815 and 1848? Why was it that during those fifteen years the steam-engine with its whistle suddenly awoke the drowsy country districts, and announced to them that the new era of iron and fire, of democracy, great armies and fabulously rich states was about to begin?

. . . . . .

There exists a school of historians in Germany who maintain that the great industrial movement is a child of the Reformation. I think this is a mistake. The Reformation, by authorising loans with interest, contributed much to the development of banking. But while it may be true that banks have been a necessary instrument for the great development of industry, we must remember that they existed before it; they have therefore profited by the great economical development in the nineteenth century, while at the same time contributing to it; but it was not created by the Banks. A system of banking would have been developed without the great industries, though no doubt in smaller proportions.

One might even maintain that Protestantism was more opposed than Catholicism to the three requirements of the great industrial development: mobility of customs, multiplication of desires, and the vulgarisation of luxury. The great industrial development, which can produce merchandise in much greater quantities than hand workers, urges towards consumption; for it would be useless to manufacture objects if the world would not make use of them. Therefore, the great industrial advance could only be born and developed by a real psychological revolution among the masses. Whereas up till the time of the French Revolution all civilisations had said that men should live simply, consuming as little as possible, limiting their desires, and preserving the customs of their fathers, the great industrial development has told men that duty, progress and perfection consist in consuming as much as possible, in having many wants, in augmenting them unceasingly, in being "modern"—that is to say, in continually changing their customs, tastes and ideas, and in considering everything that is new to be better than that which existed before it, simply because it is new.

If this luxurious and mobile view of life had not imposed itself upon Europe and America, there would not be so many factory chimneys blackening the atmosphere with their smoke to-day; the world would have remained much smaller and much poorer; states would not anywhere have expended the immense sums which have rendered them so powerful, and the world would not have seen such formidable fleets and armies. But a conception of life which deified matter, riches, enjoyment, activity and struggle, which overthrew at one blow the wisdom which had been venerated for so many centuries, must come into collision with many opponents: with the whole of Christianity itself in the first place, Catholic and Protestant alike. The New Testament could not agree with that idolisation of Fire, which was reborn under such unforeseen forms. Yet two generations sufficed to win over two continents to the worship of the new ideal. Why? Because the wars of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Empire, by breaking, throughout Europe, the ancient framework of society, and by improvising a new one, had everywhere overthrown ideas and customs, weakened the traditions, beliefs and authorities by which the ancient conception of the world was sustained, and created in the soul of Europe a restless void, hungry for novelties, and easily elated and depressed.

The renascence of religion which preceded and followed the fall of Napoleon had endeavoured to appease and fill this restless void by a return to Faith. But the void was too great and success was only partial. Thanks to that void, the new ideal of intense life and progress rapidly took possession of the soul of Europe between 1815 and 1830, in the form of romanticism, liberalism, and socialism, and since then has never let go its hold. From one success to another it has become the supreme master of Europe and America.

The marvellous impetus of the nineteenth century, which created and destroyed so many things, has been thrown out of gear by a long war. For two centuries vague aspirations towards a freer, larger, more active life, confused dreams of happiness and power, a dull dissatisfaction with the world as it had always existed, tormented all classes alike—those who commanded and those who obeyed. New energies were being prepared in silence; but a social organisation crystallised in institutions, traditions and customs, rendered venerable by age, held these obscure energies prisoners. The wars of the French Revolution and the Empire destroyed it, and men escaped to seek the happiness of which they had so long dreamed. They did not find it, but they found something of which they had never thought: the era of iron and fire, with its horrors and its grandeurs. Are the riches and power, which were found, worth the possessions which perished with the ancient régime in all those wars? That is the insoluble problem which for more than a century Europe has sought to unravel.

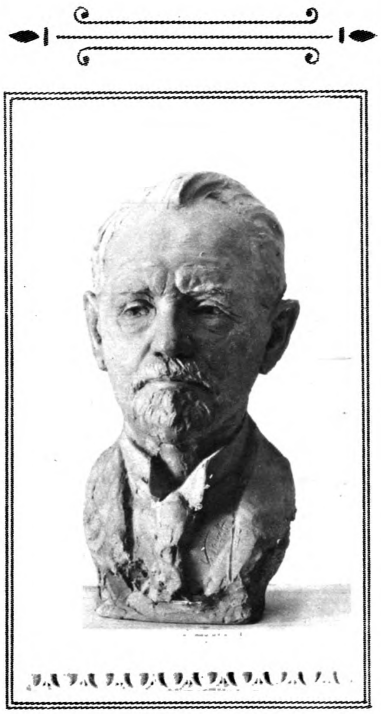
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The wars of the Revolution and the Empire could therefore be compared in their results to the wars of the first two centuries of the Roman Republic. Must we prolong the parallel and ask ourselves whether the World

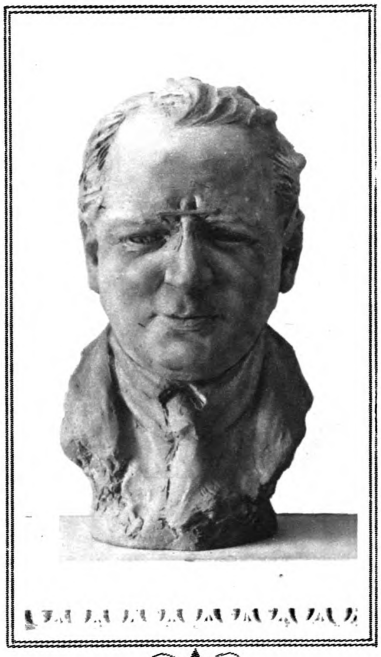
[*Continued on page 598.*

# MEN WITH WHOM BRITAIN IS DEALING IN RUSSIA: SOVIET LEADERS.

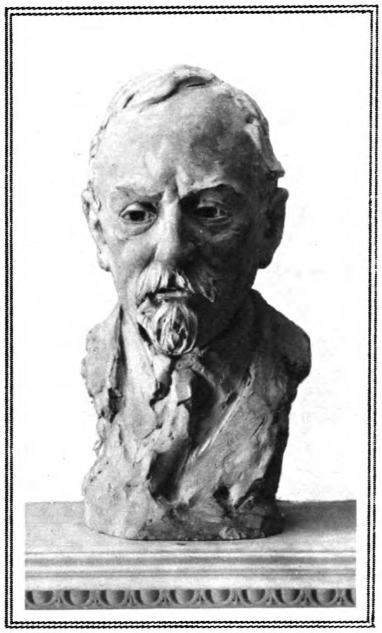
FROM BUSTS BY MR. JO DAVIDSON. PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



COMMISSARY FOR COMMERCE, INDUSTRY, AND CONCESSIONS: M. KRASSIN.



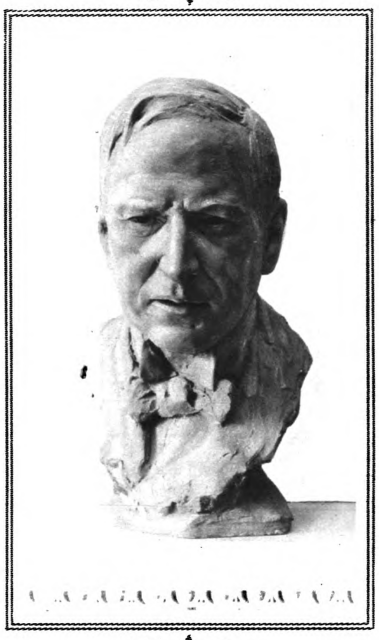
PRESIDENT OF THE SOVIET STATE BANK: M. LITVINOFF.



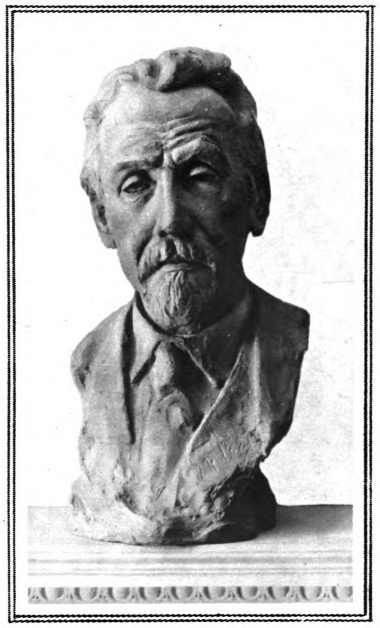
MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS IN THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT: M. TCHICHERIN.



LEADER OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY IN RUSSIA: M. RADEK.



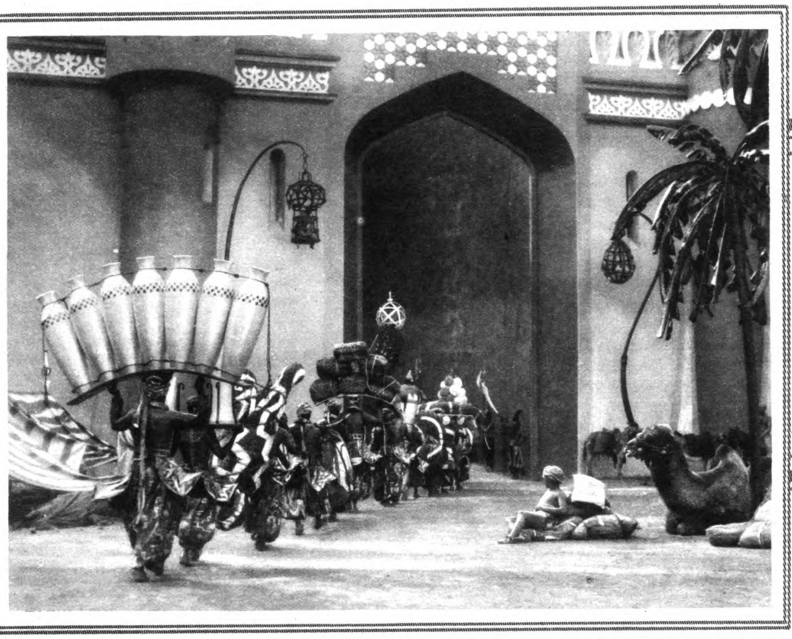
RUSSIAN CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES IN LONDON FOR THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT: M. CHRISTIAN RAKOVSKY.



PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF PEOPLE'S COMMISSARIES: M. ALEXEI IVANOVITCH RYKOFF.

In view of the Anglo-Soviet draft Treaty, and the controversy over the proposed Loan to Russia, it is interesting to see the type of men with whom our Government has to deal. The Bolshevist group at present controlling the destinies of Russia includes the seven men shown in our illustrations on this and the opposite page. The busts were made by the well-known American sculptor, Mr. Jo Davidson, during a recent visit to Russia, when the chiefs of the Soviet administration sat to him. Mr. Davidson accompanied Senator La Follette and other distinguished Americans. During the Paris Peace Conference of 1919 he made busts of the principal statesmen, and his studio in Paris is a gallery of notables. The names of those here represented are familiar from the events of the last few years, and several of them—M. Rakovsky, M. Krassin and M. Litvinoff—are personally well known in London. M. Rykoff was chosen last February to fill the office left vacant by the death of Lenin—that of President of the Council of People's Commissaries. He has lately been making a tour of the Volga, to study the condition of the peasants and the prospects of agriculture, both of which he found unsatisfactory. In one of his speeches, alluding to the Anglo-Russian Treaty, he is said to have spoken of "the great victory over the British Government." M. Rakovsky, who was formerly President of the Ukraine Government, headed the Russian delegation to London which resulted in the draft Treaty, and M. Litvinoff was also a member of it.

# DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN A NEW "ARABIAN NIGHT



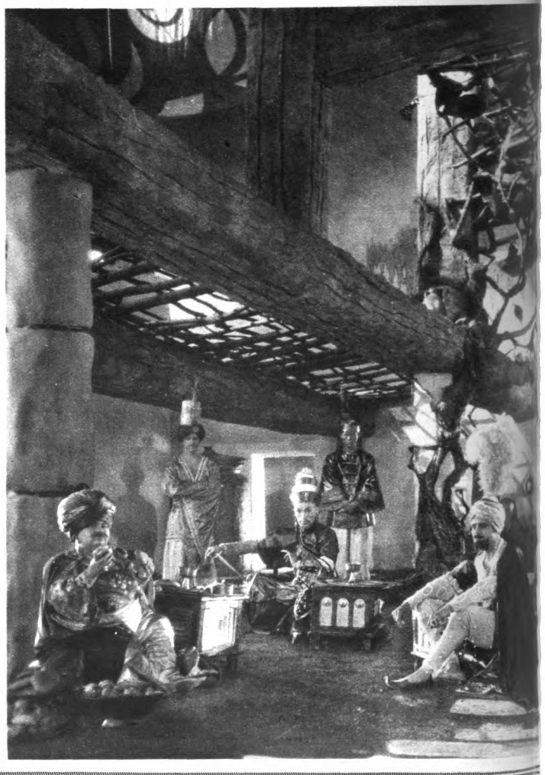
ENTERING "THE COSTLY DOORS FLUNG OPEN WIDE": A PROCESSION OF SLAVES BEARING GIFTS FOR THE PRINCESS—A SPECTACULAR SCENE FROM "THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD."



AN ORIENTAL VARIATION OF THE BALCONY SCE
AS THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD AND



BEFORE "THE GREAT PAVILION OF THE CALIPHAT": SOLDIERS FACE AN EXCITED MOB—A DRAMATIC CROWD SCENE IN "THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD."



IN THE CALIPH'S PALACE IN THE CITY OF THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS": DINING
FILM, "THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD," ANNOUNCED

The romantic possibilities of Baghdad were by no means exhausted by Scheherazade in her thousand-and-one tales of Arabian Nights. The famous city of Haroun al Raschid is the scene of a new and elaborate film spectacle, "The Thief of Baghdad," produced by Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, who himself impersonates the Thief. It has already been seen in America, and was announced for production at Drury Lane on September 24, and is the first film play given at that theatre since its reconstruction. The settings of old Baghdad, with all the decoration and costumes, are magnificently picturesque, while the story has the right spirit of adventure and fantasy. In Baghdad there lives a Thief, who pursues his nefarious career until one day, by the aid of a stolen magic rope, he gains access to the Caliph's palace, in quest of the royal treasure, and sees the Princess. Thereupon he falls in love with her, and ceases from his wickedness. Three Princes court the Princess, who sends them on their travels, but agrees to wed the one who brings back the rarest treasure. One of them,

# FILM: "THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD," AT DRURY LANE.



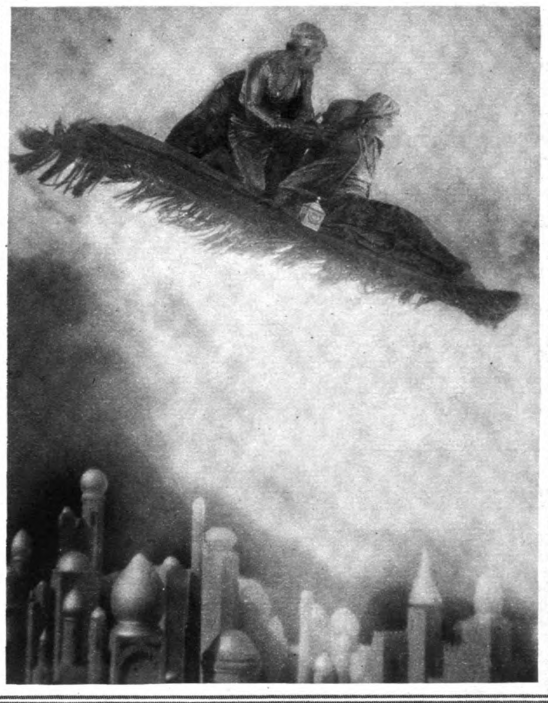
N "ROMEO AND JULIET": DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
ULIANNE JOHNSTON AS THE PRINCESS.



"ADOWN THE TIGRIS . . . BY BAGDAT'S SHRINES OF FRETTED GOLD": A FILM RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CITY OF HAROUN AL RASCHID — THE RIVERSIDE SCENE IN "THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD."



IN THE ORIENTAL MANNER—A PICTURESQUE INTERIOR SETTING IN THE NEW FOR PRODUCTION AT DRURY LANE ON THE 24TH.



THE MAGIC CARPET MATERIALISED: THE THIEF AND THE PRINCESS (MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AND MISS JULIANNE JOHNSTON) TAKE FLIGHT FOR THE LAND OF LOVE.

a Mongol chief, attacks and takes Baghdad. but the Thief by means of a magic chest raises a great army and recaptures the city. He then flies away with the Princess on the Magic Carpet to the Land of Love. The part of the Princess is played by Miss Julianne Johnston. The mechanism of the Magic Carpet is a steel arm that works on a revolving base, and it is said that Mr. Douglas Fairbanks spent £15,000 on various experiments before solving the problem. Other magical effects in the film are the Winged Horse, the Crystal Realm beneath the sea floor, the Valley of Monsters, the Cavern of Enchanted Trees, the Cloak of Invisibility, a gigantic spider, and a fire-breathing dragon. Mr. Fairbanks also performs the famous rope-trick of the Indian fakirs; and is seen throwing a rope into the air, climbing up it, and at the top tying it round his body to show that it is not suspended from anything. The effect was obtained by the ingenious and simple device of doing the movements upside down. The setting of old Baghdad was constructed on a concrete floor of six acres.



# The World of the Theatre.

*By J. T. GREIN.*



## THE FEUD.—MR. C. B. COCHRAN.

WAR wages fast and furiously in the World of the Theatre, and at present it seems that the scales incline towards the side of the Actors' Association. The resignation of Mr. Courtneidge from the Actors' Guild, followed by others, is significant, and goes to prove that dissension has crept into the ranks of the young institution before it has actually been able to prove its vitality. At present it seems difficult to choose between the parties. The general public will not like the methods of the Actors' Association: there is something irksome in the notion that the artists should follow the artisan by coercion; and every sympathy is extended to Sir Martin Harvey, who is rightly indignant that, after years of labour fairly rewarded, he should be hampered by threats. On the other hand, the Guild has, as was prophesied in these pages—somewhat estranged public opinion by the proposed tenour of its contracts, which is not on all-fours with the famous Valentine standard of the living wage minimum of £3 10s. per week. It has gone abroad that the Guild proposes to abolish the minimum wage for twenty-five per cent. of the members of touring companies who have had less than forty weeks' employment in two years. In other words, the newcomer will be penalised either for his lack of experience or for his bad luck. The Guild protests that so far nothing has been decided, and that it is unfair to judge its plan of action on a mere proposal. Granted. But so far we have seen nowhere an actual refutation of the aforesaid, and the impression remains that the Guild in one form or another will try to modify the Valentine figure.

In the face of economic conditions, any attempt to lower the minimum salary will be ill-considered by actors and public alike. In all conscience, £3 10s. per week is little enough in these days "to keep body and soul together," and, speaking to touring actors, I have heard the general consensus that it is—especially for women—very difficult to live at that rate of payment. It means a hand-to-mouth existence, often in lodgings of the humblest and the most sordid class. As for saving, it is altogether out of the question. What the life of actors will be at less than the sum named can only be conjectured. It places the actor on a lower plane than the scavenger.

Reverting to the principles of the A.A., there is something to be said for its design that every actor should belong to it, and that none should be engaged who decline membership. In a way it is a safeguard, for it implies a kind of protectorate for the actor over the manager. And I think that the Association by perseverance could achieve its end, if its methods were less aggressive, and, especially, if there had been no approach of the stage-hands to act as helpmates against managers who defy the minimum wage. To many actors the notion of a trade union is repellent; they are free-and-easy going, self-centred people, and prefer to be unhampered by grandmotherly control. I have been at the public meetings where the questions have been debated, and I have found that many did not understand the root of the question, that others were extremists asking for the moon—they did not exactly know why—and that, generally, there prevailed an atmosphere of vacillation and uncertainty which turned the proceedings into a performance instead of a serious debate on a vital question.

Old actors whose experience has taught them mansuetude and common-sense have been heard to say that the whole warfare is nothing more than a storm in a teacup; that one sensible person could settle the affair by arbitration, and that in the end things would go on as before—namely, that there would be a fusion between the parties; that afterwards there would be active recruiting by the A.A. with £3 10s. for all as a shibboleth, and—now comes the crux—that *covertly* such salaries would be paid in the provinces as those seeking work would feel inclined to accept, to keep the wolf from the door. "We may be sheep," said one of them, "but we defy the shepherd as well as the dog; we are no longer rogues and vagabonds as per the Act, but the free-and-easy spirit is in us. We think of the day, not of the morrow; if we did, our system of running theatres and actors would increase the roll of suicides. Things won't mend so long as we will not adopt the Continental system of engagements for a period instead of a mere run. And that is very far off, considering the fact that gambling on the Stock Exchange is a mere child's play compared with the risk of running a theatre."

I think he was a wise man who spoke thus, and one who knows his clan. Somehow, the actor hates conventions and compulsions, and not all the eloquence and energy of the A.A. and sundry allied bodies will be able to establish a unity *nem. con.* As usual, we shall have to leave things to the cure of Doctor Time.

All the world, not least that of the theatre, wishes Mr. C. B. Cochran more strength to his elbow, and feels confident that he will rise like the Phœnix. His is not exactly a case of "*qui trop embrasse mal étreint*," for whatever he undertook he carried out grandly and thoroughly. There is no manager in London who outvies him in astuteness, in catholicity of taste, in boldness of venture. He has his eye everywhere, and his motto is that the best of everything in the world of art deserves to be seen in London. Thus his record of but a few years is a remarkable one. Wholesale he brought over American plays, to say nothing of boxers and the Rodeo; he gave us memorable evenings with Sarah Bernhardt, the Guitrys, André Brulé; he persuaded Duse once more to visit London, despite age and infirmity; he has acquired plays that he fancied and staked fortunes on them. His ambition was as boundless as the liberality of his purse. Of him it cannot be said that money came first; like every true business man, he hoped to make it, but his artistic instinct, his desire to be a pioneer among managers, overwhelmed all other considerations. An excellent showman in his dealings with the world, he is at heart an artist—an artistic sybarite I would say—and he was keen that London should share the pleasure of his admiration. Like all of us, he has made mistakes. He grew omnivorous and paid the cost, but on the whole his career is one of great merit and unbroken progress. That his present misfortune will be but a passing event is a foregone conclusion. He is one of those whom fate cannot beat. As he has risen from a little back room in an agency to be a wielder of theatres and actors, so he will emerge from Carey Street, his head high and full of new enterprises. And among the multitudes that will acclaim his return to command, his foremost well-wishers will be the dramatic critics, for whom he professes no love, but who, one and all, consider him as a man of moment in theatre-land.



THE LOVERS IN "POPPY," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE: MISS ANNIE CROFT IN THE NAME-PART; AND MR. REGINALD SHARLAND AS WILLIAM HERBERT.

Poppy is the supposed daughter of Professor McGargle, itinerant quack, card-sharper and general swindler, whom she seeks to reform. At a village fair she meets William Herbert, a rich young man, who falls in love with her. Her father having established a false claim to an estate, she attends a ball in unaccustomed finery, as shown above.

*Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.*



WITH THE SILENT VILLAGE BOY (REGINALD FOX), WHO PERTURBS HIM BY RUSTLING PAPER AND DEPOSITING GLUE: MR. W. H. BERRY AS PROFESSOR McGARGLE, IN "POPPY" AT THE GAIETY.

Among his other accomplishments, Professor McGargle plays a stringed instrument, but while preparing to perform he is much flurried by the presence of a boy, who says nothing, but rustles brown paper and puts about glue that sticks to everything. Mr. Berry makes great play with the situation.

*Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.*



THE FANCY-DRESS SCENE IN "THE CLAIMANT," AT THE QUEEN'S: MISS LOTTIE VENNE AS A DUCHESS REPRESENTING BRITANNIA, AND MISS GILDA VARESI AS LADY TUNSTALL, THE CLAIMANT'S SUPPOSED MOTHER.

The plot of "The Claimant" (by M. F. Watts), which concerns the "Tunstall" estates, recalls the famous Tichborne case, especially as the Tunstall claimant is also called Roger. Lolita, Lady Tunstall, once a Spanish dancer, accepts him as her son for private reasons. There is a fancy-dress ball scene, in which Miss Lottie Venne figures as a duchess in the character of Britannia.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.*]

# BRITISH GAME BIRDS AND THEIR COUNTRY: GROUSE AT HOME.

FROM THE WATER-COLOURS BY J. C. HARRISON. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"COMING INTO THE STUBBLE": GROUSE ENTERING A HARVEST FIELD ON THE EDGE OF THE MOORS.

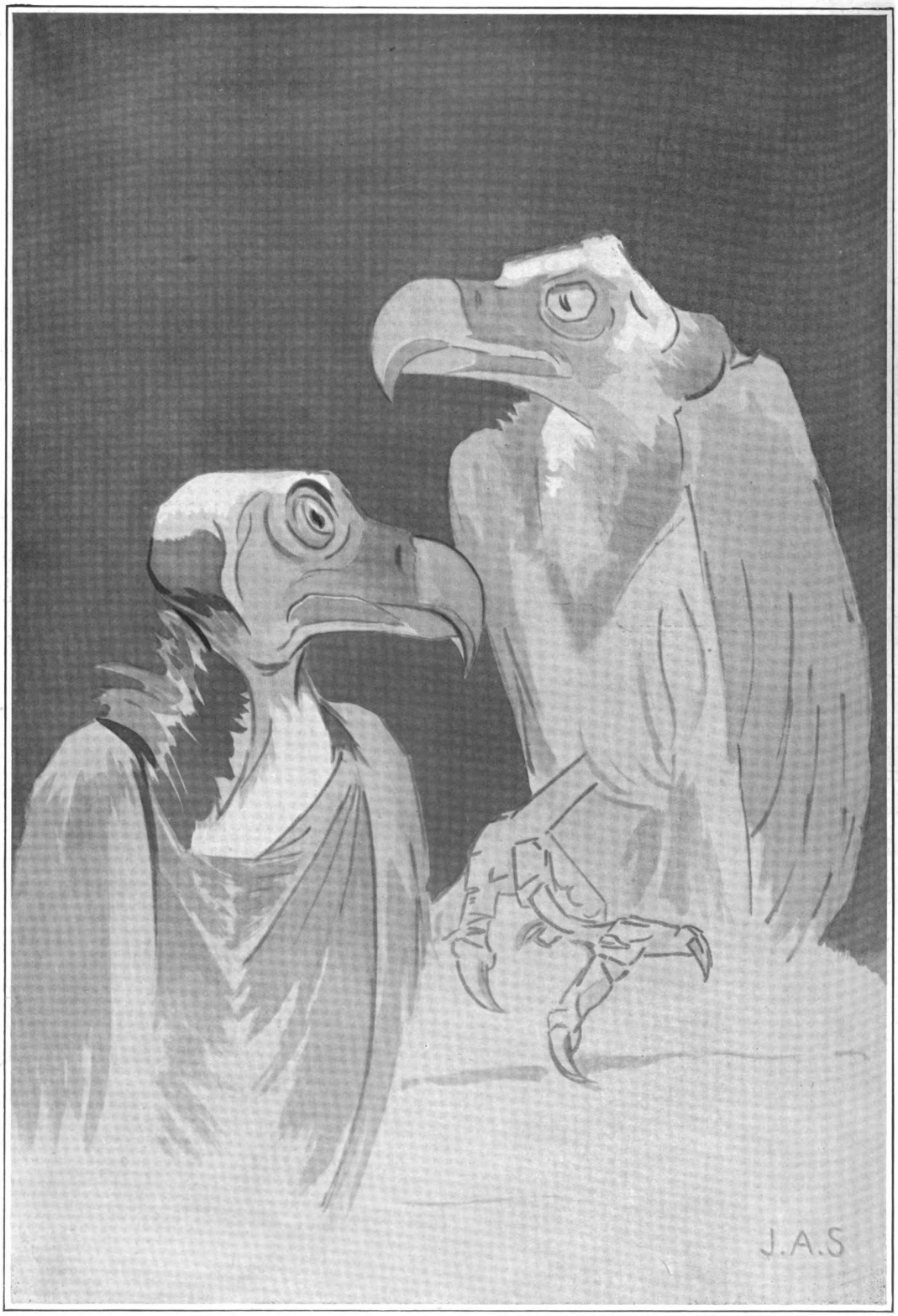


"DAWN": PARTIES OF GROUSE AMONG THE HEATHER ON MOORLAND HILLS GREETING THE SUNRISE—A TURNERESQUE EFFECT.

These delightful landscape studies of grouse and their native haunts, by Mr. J. C. Harrison, will be a pleasant souvenir to those of our readers who have lately been enjoying sport on the northern moors. The drawings were included in Mr. Harrison's exhibition of Water-Colours of British Game Birds, held last year at the galleries of Messrs. Vicars Bros., in Old Bond Street. The forty-odd pictures shown represented many different varieties of game birds of woodland and moor, besides aquatic birds. One of them, a vivid study of pheasants in flight, coming over the guns, was reproduced in colour in our issue of December 15 last. Messrs. Vicars will open a new exhibition of Mr. Harrison's Water-Colours of British Game Birds on October 27.

# NATURAL HUMOURISTS—No. IV: THE VULTURE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



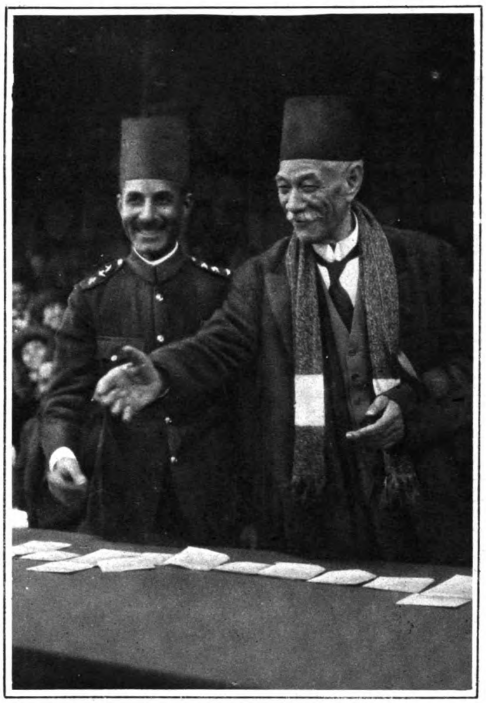

"TOO OLD AT SIX WEEKS": YOUNG OCCIPITAL VULTURES FROM THE WHITE NILE—A DRAWING MADE AT LUXOR RAILWAY STATION.

"These birds," says Mr. J. A. Shepherd in a note on his drawing, which he entitles "Too Old at Six Weeks," "were amongst a collection of animals brought from Khartoum by Major S. S. Flower, Director of the Giza Zoological Gardens, Cairo. The above sketch was taken at Luxor railway station, where the train halted." The previous example of natural humour—the ostrich—appeared in our issue of Sept. 20.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

# The Idol of Modern Egypt: Saad Pasha Zaghlul.

*A Character Sketch by MURRAY HARRIS.*

ON the 24th there arrived in London Saad Pasha Zaghlul, Prime Minister of Egypt, and one of the three prominent figures in modern Egyptian history. Egypt as she is to-day is the work of Lord Cromer, the Administrator; Lord Kitchener, the soldier; and Saad Pasha, the Nationalist. If the two former were among us now, the outcome of recent events in Egypt might well have been very different.



"HE CAN, ON OCCASION, UNBEND": ZAGHLUL PASHA, IN AFFABLE MOOD, GREETS AN ARRIVAL WITH—"COME ON, MAN! DON'T BE NERVOUS."

It was stated recently that Zaghlul Pasha had informed Mr. Ramsay Macdonald that he would arrive in London on September 23, and would be at his disposal for an informal meeting on the 25th.—[*Photograph by G.P.A.*]

Saad Pasha Zaghlul was for many years a leading light of the native Bar, and his first entrance into public life was in the character of a Nationalist follower of Arabi. Without doubt, the tradition has remained with him. Office came towards the end of the Crômer régime. He was appointed Minister of Public Instruction in 1905. At that time he belonged to the moderate group of Nationalists, with whom Lord Cromer, a Liberal of the old school, often showed his sympathy. The high opinion he held of Zaghlul Pasha may be gathered from the following extract from his farewell speech in Egypt—

"Unless I am much mistaken, a career of great public usefulness lies before the present Minister of Education, Saad Zaghlul Pasha. He possesses all the qualities to serve his country. He is honest; he is capable; he has the courage of his convictions. These are high qualifications. He should go far."

He has indeed gone much farther than Cromer could ever have dreamt. The Arabi revolt was largely anti-Turkish, and Saad Pasha's political views have shown the same bias throughout his career. For many years he played a leading rôle in the "Hasb el Oum," or popular party, whose main platform was the suppression of the influence of the Pashas; but as early as 1905 he threw in his lot with the "Hasb el Watan," or National Party. Nevertheless, he has always been regarded as the champion of the purely Egyptian ideal.

With his rise to power the old bias reasserted itself. The Adly Party, while equally fervent nationalists, are looked on as the stronghold of the Turks. Adly Pasha Yeghen is the *doyen* of the aristocracy of Egypt. The name Yeghen implies connection with the ruling family. With the growing conviction of a coming change in the status of Egypt, these two outbid each other for popular favour. The less balanced promises of Saad Pasha, while they served his end, are already creating difficulties for him, and the Sudan negotiations will undoubtedly increase them.

He is the new Arabi that the Egyptians have been expecting to free them from foreign bondage, but in addition he is a statesman of experience and judgment, and he realises that Egypt has not yet produced the type of man capable of governing. He therefore effected a partial reconciliation with the less intransigent elements of the Turkish clique, and many of the offices in the new Government are filled from the Turkish aristocracy. Mohamed Said, Ahmed Ziwer, and Mazloum Pashas are examples of the public-spirited and high-minded men who belong racially, though not politically, to the Adly clique, but who realised that in the present temper of the nation they would have to throw in their lot with Zaghlul if they wished to remain in office to guide Egypt's first faltering steps.

On the surface, relations between Saad Pasha and the Palace are cordial, though the Turkish element must know that he stands for the removal of their influence almost as much as for that of Europe. He seems bent on reconciling the influential Turco-Egyptians, but may have to yield to the pressure which his more extreme and less experienced followers will not fail to exert. As the whole of the ruling and governing caste is Turkish, it will be impossible to avoid recruiting from them for the higher posts for many years to come. Nevertheless, antagonism between the Egyptian and Turkish elements, however hidden, will not cease to exist.

Saad Pasha claims to be a fellah of the fellahin. But his personal appearance belies it. The high cheekbones and upward-slanting, narrow eyes denote some strain of Turanian ancestry, but this may go back to the Mongol invasion of the twelfth century. His colouring is essentially Egyptian, though this may be due to climatic reasons. Pure-bred Turks in Egypt are often of Egyptian colouring, while preserving all the characteristics of their Tartar or Aryan ancestry. He has considerable personality, and is harder in type than the average Egyptian. He does not lay himself out to be affable, and does not hesitate to express views in definite opposition to those held by whomever he may be addressing. In these particulars, indeed, he is very un-Egyptian. He is seventy-three years of age; of great height and spare of frame; more angular than the usual Egyptian type, which is all round contours. He married the daughter of Mustafa Pasha Fahmi, who brought him a considerable fortune, and plays among Egyptian women the same part as does her husband among the men.

He showed personal courage by his unconcern on the occasion of the recent attempt on his life. The story goes that he was leaning out of the window of his carriage at the station, addressing the crowd which never fails to accompany his comings and goings, and was expressing his pride at the confidence the nation put in him, adding, "I pray God He will curb any undue exultation I, as a human being, cannot but feel on being acclaimed like this," when at that very moment his misguided assailant shot him in the shoulder. He showed his courage, too, by repeatedly braving exile, which might easily have proved fatal to a man of his age and indifferent health.

He is a stubborn fighter, but not a diplomatist. On his last visit to London, he antagonised all the officials with whom he came in contact. His own followers left him one by one and returned to Egypt, on some plausible excuse of ill-health. They admit he is impossible to work with. On the occasion of his first request to be allowed to proceed to London to lay Egypt's case before the British people, Sir Reginald Wingate is reputed to have counselled acquiescence, but it was vetoed by the Foreign Office. Under Allenby, in the absence of an official visit to the Residency, he was ignored, and there was no contact between the leader of the Egyptian nation and our authorities, until he became in reality the acknowledged head of the Government of independent Egypt. A less unbending attitude might have made him more tractable.

He talks French well, and since his accession to power has made considerable efforts to learn English, to facilitate conversations with British authorities. Among his personal foibles may be mentioned a fondness for the table, and he showed himself a good trencherman on his frequent visits to the Mitre at Hampton Court, where he much admired the home-grown lamb. He can on occasion unbend, and be even affable among friends.

Saad Pasha Zaglul is the idol of the Egyptian nation. Few men in history can ever have had such a reception from their countrymen as was afforded him on the occasion of his return from exile in Malta. Certainly half the population of Cairo lined the streets to do him honour. Processions paraded for months on end with the cry of "Yehya el rais el mahbub"—"Long live our beloved leader"—with his house as their objective. It is known to-day as the "Beit el Watan"—the house of the nation. His determination and singleness of purpose compel our admiration, but his intractability will be the main obstacle for the success of the forthcoming negotiations. Among his own people he is looked on as the symbol of "Masr lil Masryin"—Egypt for the Egyptians, to the exclusion of all foreign influence, be it European or Turkish—and, as such, as an epitome of the spirit of modern Egypt.



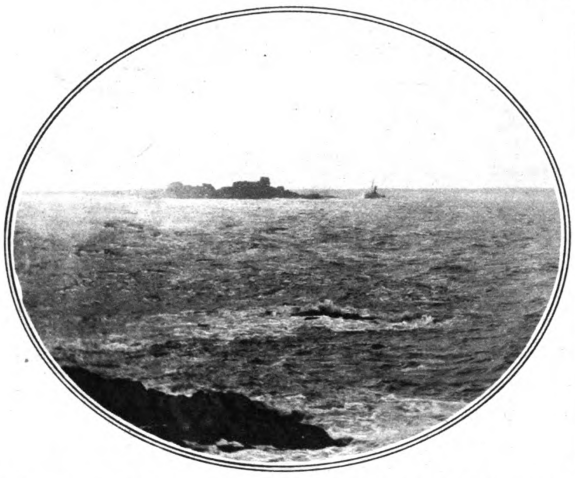
A LEADER AMONG EGYPTIAN WOMEN: MME. SAAD ZAGHLUL, WIFE OF THE PREMIER.

As Mr. Murray Harris mentions on this page, Mme. Saad Zaghlul, who is a daughter of Mustafa Pasha Fahmi, brought her husband a considerable fortune, and plays the same part among Egyptian women as he does among the men.

*Photograph by G.P.A.*

# AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF CURRENT NEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., TOPICAL, AND KEYSTONE. THAT OF SHESHUAN REPRODUCED FROM MR. V. C. SCOTT O'CONNOR'S BOOK, "A VISION OF MOROCCO," BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. THORNTON BUTTERWORTH.



WRECKED ON THE STAG ROCKS, OFF THE COAST OF CORK: THE LEYLAND LINER "ASIAN" (BROKEN IN TWO) AFTER HER CREW HAD BEEN RESCUED BY A DESTROYER.



WITH ONLY THE TOPS OF SEVERAL TEMPLES ABOVE WATER: THE FLOODED GANGES AT BENARES, WHERE THE RIVER IS SAID TO HAVE RISEN 54 FEET.



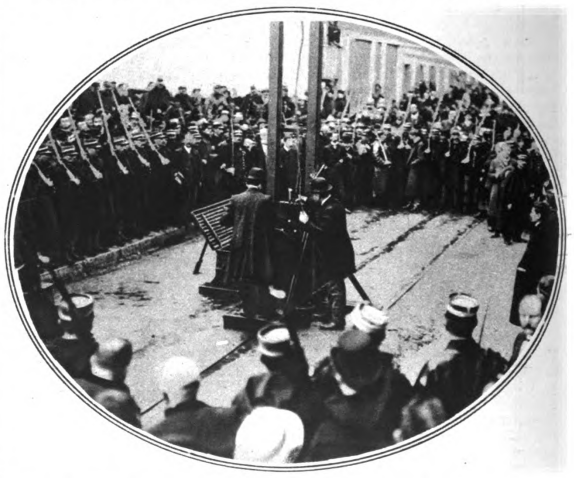
WHERE A SPANISH GARRISON OF 3000, BELEAGUERED FOR THREE WEEKS, WAS SUMMONED TO SURRENDER BY THE MOORS: SHESHUAN—A MEETING OF NOTABLES.



TYPICAL OF THE COUNTRY WHERE THE SPANIARDS AND MOORS ARE FIGHTING: A COLUMN OF SPANISH MOTOR TRANSPORT AND HORSES ON A ROAD IN MOROCCO.



AFTER THE TERRIBLE FIRE IN WHICH NINE PEOPLE, INCLUDING FIVE WOMEN, PERISHED: KILNFORD FARM, NEAR KILMARNOCK, SHOWING THE BURNT WING.



CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN FRANCE: AN UNCOMMON PHOTOGRAPH OF A GUILLOTINE PREPARED FOR A PUBLIC EXECUTION IN A FRENCH TOWN.

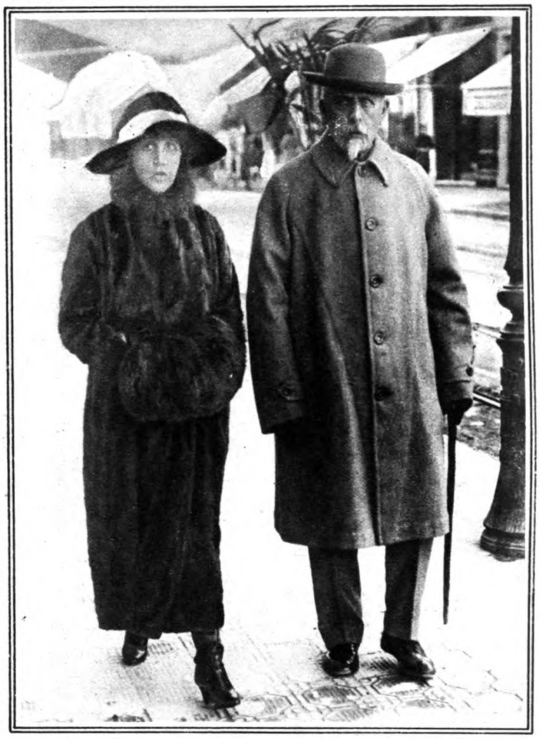
During a fog in the early hours of September 17, the Leyland cargo steamer "Asian" struck the Stag rocks, off the southern Irish coast, near Skibbereen, Co. Cork, and rapidly broke up in heavy seas. The passengers and crew (about eighty in all) took to the boats, one of which capsized, and one man among its occupants was dashed against the rocks and later died. All were picked up by the British destroyer "Seawolf," summoned by wireless.——The Spaniards in Morocco recently succeeded in relieving a beleaguered post, at Gorgues, near Tetuan, but it was stated on September 23 that the garrison of 3000 in Sheshuan had been isolated for nearly three weeks, and were short of supplies. The Moors demanded its unconditional surrender. The above photograph of Sheshuan, shows the Pasha with the Spanish Minister of War and General Berenguer, then High Commissioner. Mr. V. C. Scott O'Connor describes the old town in his book, "A Vision of Morocco."——A terrible fire occurred in a loft where potato-pullers were sleeping at Kilnford Farm, near Kilmarnock, on September 20. Nine lives were lost — five women and four men. John Greenan, an ex-Naval man, after rescuing one woman, perished in a heroic attempt to save the rest.

# ROYAL AND OTHER PERSONALITIES: A PAGE OF INTERESTING PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A., L.N.A., AND C.N.;



WITH LIZARDS AND ARMADILLOS OBTAINED IN CENTRAL AMERICA: LADY (RICHMOND) BROWN AND MR. F. A. MITCHELL HEDGES, SOON TO START ON A NEW EXPEDITION.



THE "MYSTERY" MILLIONAIRE MARRIED: SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF, WITH HIS SPANISH BRIDE, THE DUCHESS DE VILLA FRANCA DE LOS CABALLEROS.



THE PRETTY DAUGHTER OF THE MEXICAN PRESIDENT IN PICTURESQUE ATTIRE: SENORITA REFUGIO OBREGON.

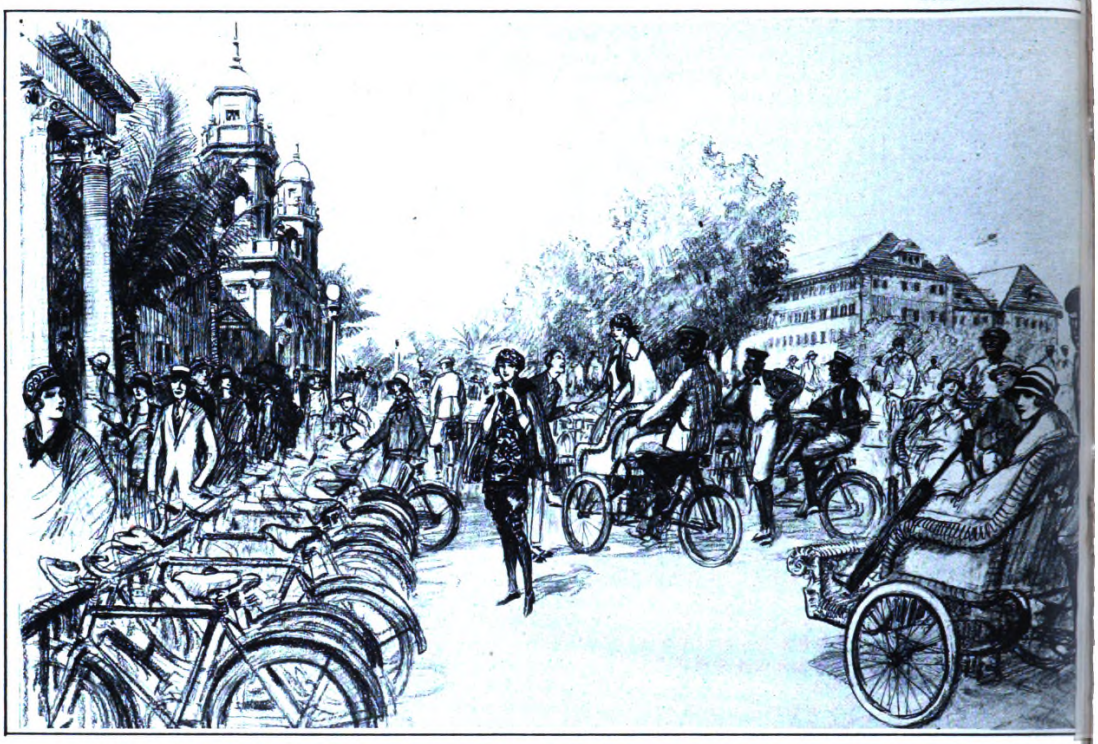


THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL: A CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH OF HER MAJESTY WALKING IN THE CASTLE GROUNDS WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

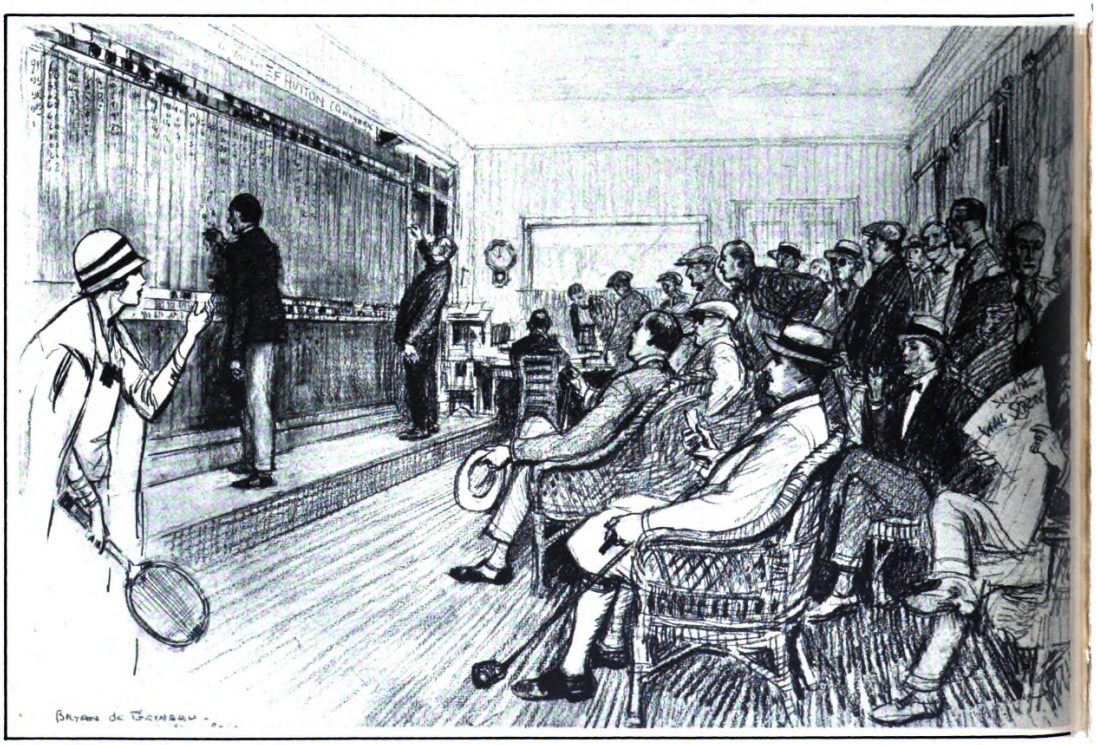
The King and Queen and the Duke and Duchess of York, with the rest of the royal house party at Balmoral, attended the service at Crathie parish church on Sunday, September 21.——Sir Basil Zaharoff, the famous Greek financier, reputed to be one of the richest men in the world, and generally known as the "mystery man" of Europe, married on September 22 the Duchess de Villa Franca de los Caballeros. The civil wedding took place in the village mairie at Aronville, and the religious ceremony in the chapel of the Château de Balincourt, Sir Basil's estate near Paris. Lady Zaharoff belongs to the noble Spanish family of the Condes de Maguiro. At seventeen she was married morganatically in Madrid to Francisco de Bourbon, Duke of Marchena, a great-grandson of Charles III., and is thus distantly related by marriage to the King of Spain. By her first husband she had three daughters.——Lady (Richmond) Brown and Mr. F. A. Mitchell Hedges, the well-known explorer, are to start next month on an archæological expedition to the Maya ruins in British Honduras, where they will join Dr. Thomas Gann. Their previous joint expedition in Central America is described in Lady (Richmond) Brown's new book, "Unknown Tribes, Uncharted Seas."

# THE "RIVIERA" OF THE UNITED STATES: PALM BEA

DRAWINGS BY OUR S



1. WHERE BEAUTY GOES TO BATHE, AND RETURNS, BY BICYCLES OR WHEELED CHAIRS PROPELLED BY COLOURED BOYS: A TYPICAL MID-DAY SCENE OUTSIDE THE BATHING CASINO AT PALM BEACH, FLORIDA, THE FASHIONABLE WINTER RESORT.

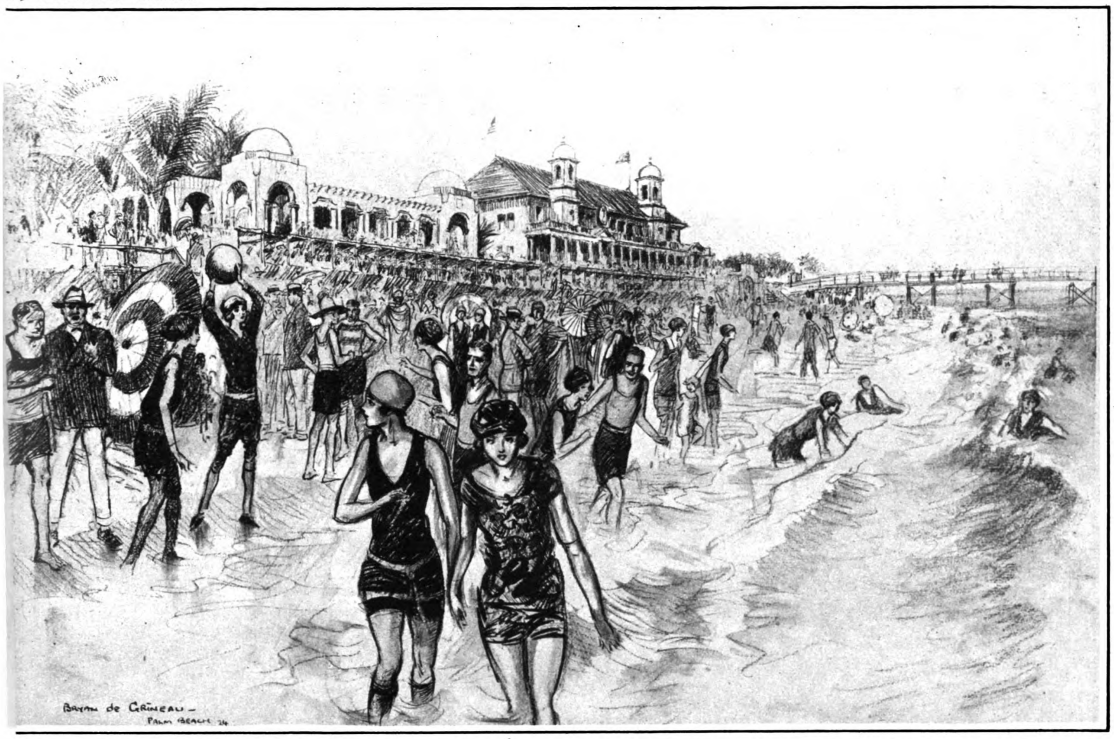



3. THE "WALL STREET" OF PALM BEACH: A SPECIAL OFFICE AT THE ROYAL POINCIANA HOTEL, WHERE BUSINESS MEN ON HOLID MAY NOTE THE RISE AND FALL OF THE STOCK MARKET DURING INTERVALS BETWEEN GOLF AND TENNIS.

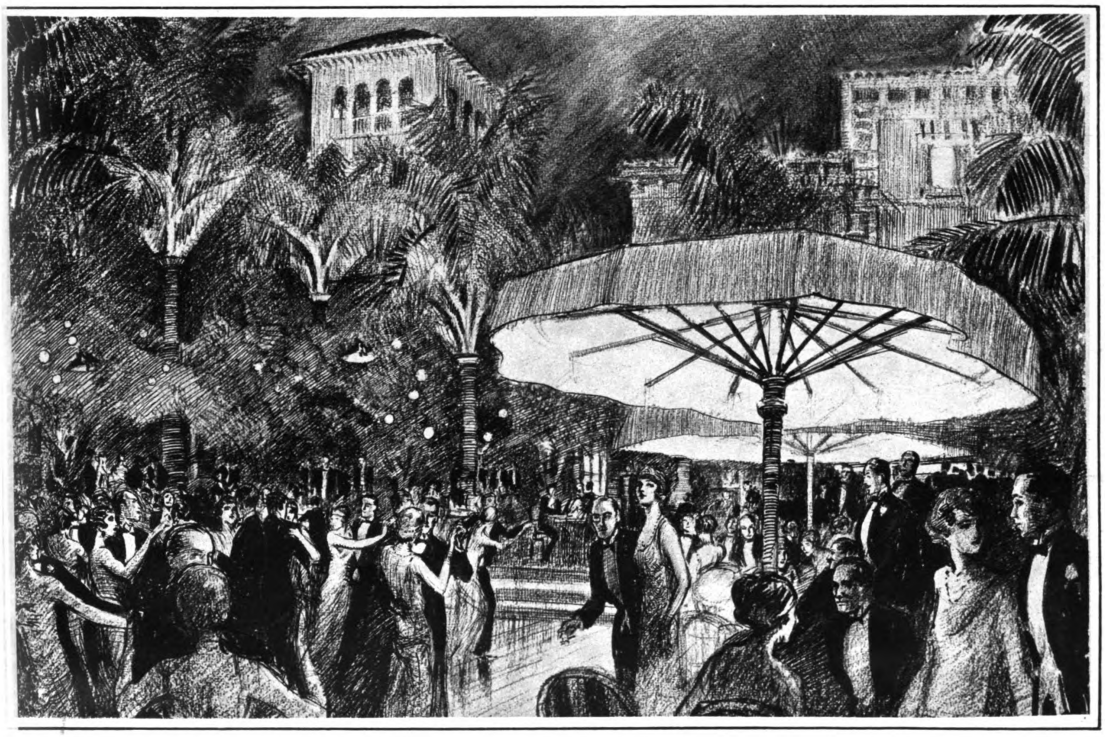
"Palm Beach," writes Mr. Bryan de Grineau, "is the Riviera of the United States, where American Society spends the winter months, and it becoming more and more exclusive every year. The *élite* of fashionable America is spending millions there on palatial residences and estates. Fro February to April everybody who is anybody flocks to Florida's coast *plage*. There millionaires, 'old' and 'new,' Society leaders, business magnate film stars, rub shoulders with each other on the 200 yards of sand which forms the Casino Beach—the only bit of a beautiful stretch of sand runnir for miles which 'exists' as far as the fashionable world is concerned. This season many well-known English people are there—gaining a fresh e perience as a change from the delights of Cannes and the other favoured resorts of the European Riviera. Palm Beach is detached from the mai land, being a long strip of an island covered with coconut palms, and is bounded by the Atlantic Ocean on one side, and on the other by Lak Worth. There is quite an English colony forming around the exclusive 'Everglades' Club." The artist's notes on his drawings are as follows

# THE FAMOUS WINTER RESORT OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

T. BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



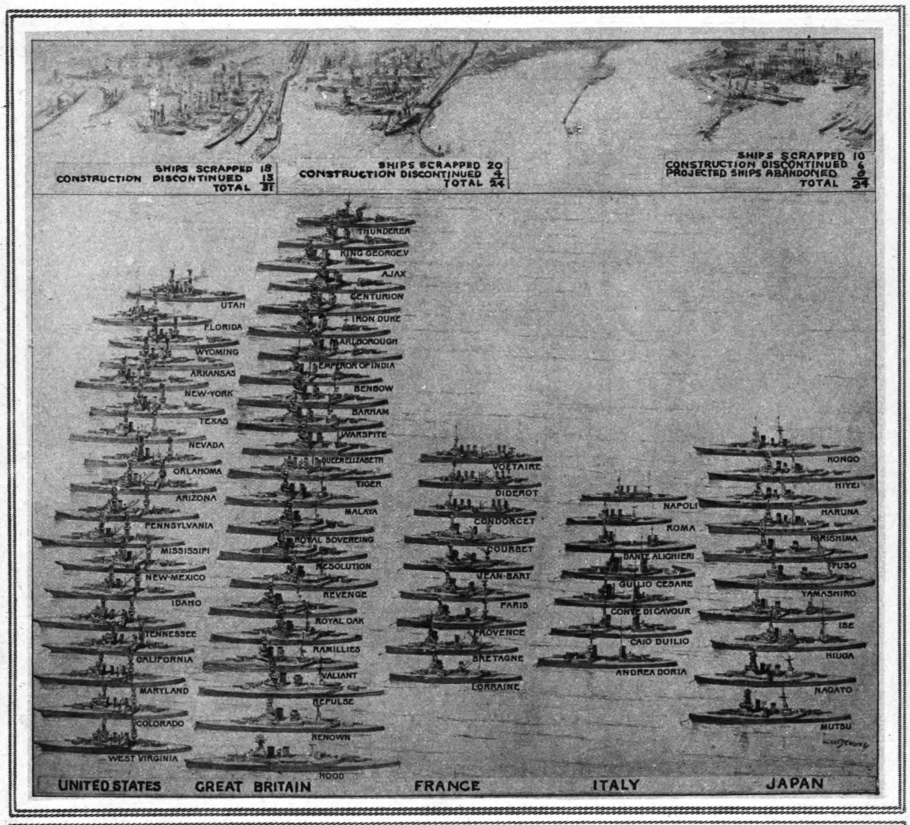
"STOCKINGS FOR LADIES ARE *DE RIGUEUR* . . . OCCASIONALLY THE SUMPTUARY LAWS ARE DEFIED BY A STRANGER OR A DARING MAIDEN . . . QUICKLY CORNERED BY THE BEACH POLICE": THE FASHIONABLE BATHING HOUR AT PALM BEACH.



ONE OF THE MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUBS IN THE UNITED STATES: A DINNER DANCE IN THE ORANGE GROVES OF THE EVERGLADES CLUB AT PALM BEACH—THE PATIO OF THE PICTURESQUE BUILDINGS IN OLD SPANISH STYLE FORMING A ROMANTIC SETTING.

1. As no automobiles may desecrate the environs of the Society Bathing Beach, bicycles or wheel-chairs propelled by coloured 'boys' are the 'thing'—nless one lives at the famous 'Breakers' Hotel, when the beach is within walking distance. The wheel-chair is a delightful mode of travelling, nd, as the surrounding district is as flat as Holland, long journeys may be taken without unduly overtaxing the energies of the human machine—ie humorous, good-natured 'cullud bo'' of the south. 2. Bathing is officially from 11 to 5—fashionably from 12 to 1. Regulations as to costume e very strict—stockings for ladies are *de rigueur*, and no nakedness of lower limb is permitted. Occasionally the sumptuary laws are defied by a ranger or daring maiden, but delinquents are quickly cornered by the Beach Police, and retire to the Casino bathing boxes in confusion. 3. The merican business man cannot bear to get out of touch with the world, so at the Royal Poinciana Hotel a special office has been installed, where the sitor may follow the Stock Market. 4. The exclusive Everglades Club was founded by Mr. Paris Singer."—[*Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

# THE NAVY AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: WASHINGTON TREATY RESULTS.




IN 1924: THE RELATIVE NAVAL STRENGTH OF THE FIVE POWERS THAT SIGNED THE WASHINGTON TREATY—(ABOVE) NUMBERS OF SHIPS "SCRAPPED" OR DISCONTINUED; (BELOW) SHIPS OF THE LINE, REPRESENTING THE ALLOTTED TONNAGE, FORMING THE VARIOUS FLEETS AS AT AUGUST 31 LAST.

1

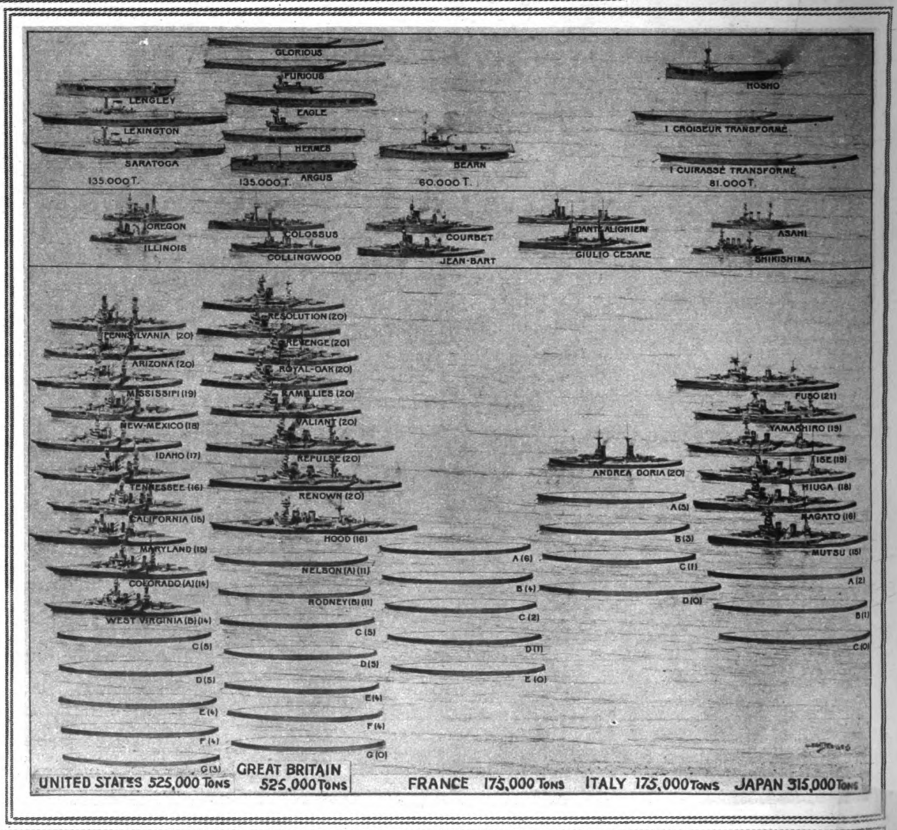
THE recent discussions on disarmament at the League of Nations meeting in Geneva, where it was suggested that the British Navy might be placed at the disposal of the League as a "police" force, have revived interest in the whole question of naval power, and the relative strengths of the principal fleets of the world since the reductions effected by the Washington Treaty. In this connection we may recall that in March last the Parliamentary Secretary of the Admiralty, Mr. C. G. Ammon, gave the following official information in a written reply to a question in the House of Commons. The question was—what was the existing effective battle-ship strength in tonnage of Great Britain, France, Italy, the United States, and Japan, and what would be the approximate figures by the end of 1925, if the present naval programmes were maintained? Mr. Ammon's reply stated that the strength in battle-ships and battle-cruisers was governed by the terms of the Washington Treaty. The figures then were—Battle-ships: Great Britain, 18 (457,750 tons in

[*Continued in Box 2.*

2

*Continued.*]

all); France, 9 (194,420 tons); Italy, 7 (133,670 tons); United States, 18 (525,850 tons); and Japan, 6 (191,320 tons). Battle-Cruisers: Great Britain, 4 (122,700 tons); France, Italy, and the United States, nil; Japan, 4 (110,000 tons). Mr. Ammon added that there would be no change at the end of 1925. The above diagrams, we may mention, with the accompanying figures, are taken from a French source. In an article published with them, M. Raymond Lestonnat recalls that the Washington Treaty was signed on February 6, 1922, and will remain in force until December 31, 1936. Discussing its effects from the French standpoint, he urges the need of France for a large force of submarines to defend her extensive coasts, and in the interests of his country deprecates the suggested conference for the limitation of air forces. On September 22 Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Home Secretary, announced at Geneva that there was no question of putting the British Navy under the Council of the League of Nations, though our forces might in certain circumstances support the League.




IN 1936: THE NAVIES OF THE FIVE SIGNATORY NATIONS AS THEY WILL BE ON THE EXPIRATION OF THE WASHINGTON TREATY—(ABOVE) TONNAGE OF AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS BUILT OR BUILDING IN 1924; (CENTRE) TRAINING AND OTHER NON-COMBATANT SHIPS; (BELOW) TONNAGE REPRESENTED BY SHIPS BUILT OR TO BE BUILT (BLANK HULLS).

# WEMBLEY FIREWORKS: FINE PHOTOGRAPHS OF PYROTECHNIC EFFECTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL-GRAY.

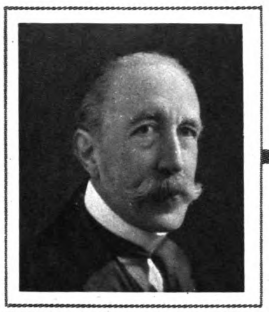


**PART OF A PROGRAMME INCLUDING REPRESENTATIONS IN FIRE OF INDIAN ELEPHANTS, DURBAR ILLUMINATIONS, ENGLISH SCENES, AND "THE UNION OF EMPIRE": FIREWORKS IN THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY.**

The firework displays at Wembley, which had been postponed owing to the continuance of the Tattoo until September 20, began on the 22nd. The programme, which was arranged by Messrs. James Pain and Sons, included, for three of the entertainments, an Eastern night, an All-British night, and an English night. On the Eastern night it was arranged to represent in fire herds of elephants in an Indian setting, and also an Indian Court with Durbar illuminations. The concluding item of the All-British night was to be a set-piece entitled "The Union of Empire." The subjects chosen for the English night comprised scenes of domestic life, a colour carnival, and portraits of the King and Queen. It was officially announced on September 23 that the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley will close on November 1. The question whether it will be reopened next year has not (at the time of writing) been decided.

# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLAUDE HARRIS, LAFAYETTE ELLIOTT AND FRY, PHOTOPRESS, TOPICAL AND RUSSELL.



A FAMOUS ILLUSIONIST AND CONJURER FOUND DEAD IN BED: THE LATE MR. NEVIL MASKELYNE.



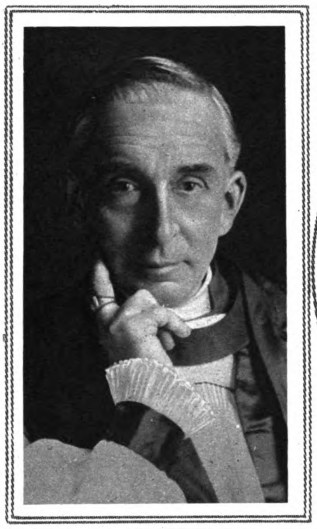
WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE OF £1000 IN THE FILENE PEACE COMPETITION: MR. BOLTON C. WALLER.



DESCENDANT OF THE "SILVER-TONGUED FINCH," WHO DEFENDED THE SEVEN BISHOPS: THE LATE EARL OF AYLESFORD.



A WELL-KNOWN CEMENT EXPERT KILLED IN A MOTOR ACCIDENT: THE LATE MR. H. K. G. BAMBER.



PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS: DR. BURGE, BISHOP OF OXFORD.



WINNER OF THE 200-MILE RACE AT BROOKLANDS AT 102·27 M.P.H.: MR. K. LEE-GUINNESS IN HIS TALBOT-DARRACQ CAR.



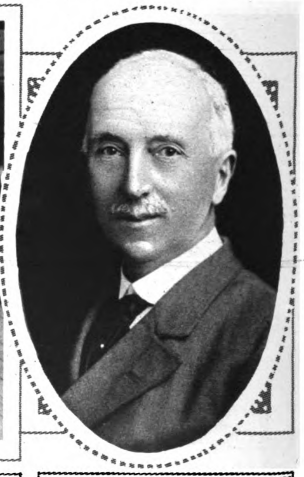
NEW ZEALAND'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE: THE LATE SIR JOHN SALMOND.



EX-UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA: THE LATE SIR THOMAS HOLDERNESS.



THE BRITISH WORLD-FLIERS HOME AFTER THEIR SPLENDID ATTEMPT: (L. TO R.) SERGT. ANDREWS, FLYING-OFFICER PLENDERLEITH [MRS. MACLAREN], SQUADRON-LEADER MACLAREN, AND COMMANDER G. S. WEBSTER.



FOUNDER OF A FAMOUS PUBLISHING FIRM: THE LATE SIR ALGERNON METHUEN, BT.

Mr. J. Nevil Maskelyne, son and successor of the famous conjurer and illusionist, had been in partnership with Mr. David Devant since 1905. To an older generation of schoolboy audiences, the name of "Maskelyne and Cook" was a household word.——Mr. Bolton C. Waller won the first prize of £1000 offered by Mr. Edward Filene, of Boston, U.S.A., in the British Peace Award Competition, for the best essay on restoring peace and prosperity in Great Britain and in Europe.——Lord Aylesford, the eighth Earl, was Deputy-Lieutenant and J.P. for Warwickshire and J.P. for Kent. The first Earl, known as "the silver-tongued Finch," was one of the counsel for the Seven Bishops against the Crown.——Mr. H. K. G. Bamber was for many years Managing Director of the British Portland Cement Manufacturers, Ltd.——Dr. Burge, D.D., Bishop of Oxford, will preside over the fifty-ninth annual Church Congress, to be held at Oxford from September 30 to October 3.——Mr. K. Lee-Guinness, on a Talbot-Darracq, won the 200 miles track race at Brooklands on September 20. His time was 1 hour 58 min. 30·2-5 sec.——Sir John Salmond was a Judge of the Supreme Court of New Zealand and a great Imperialist.——Sir Thomas Holderness was Permanent Under-Secretary for India from 1912 to 1919. He had spent twenty-nine years (1872-1901) in India as a distinguished member of the I.C.S.——Our photograph of the British world-fliers was taken on board the liner "Montclare" on her arrival at Liverpool on September 19.——Sir Algernon Methuen, who began his career as a schoolmaster and writer of school books, changed his name from Stedman to Methuen shortly after he founded the publishing firm of Methuen and Co. in 1889.



*Friction—the Unseen Enemy of Power*

# Oil + Dust + Fuel + Water = ?

## Look out for this mixture in your crank case

Good oil stays good a long time. But present-day fuel is less volatile than that formerly sold. It is more apt to be drawn in liquid form into the combustion chambers. From there it leaks past the piston rings into the crank case. This thins out the oil. As mileage mounts up, this oil and fuel mixture is often further adulterated. Carbon is added. Road dust enters through the carburettor. Water and rust may also be present.

Then what?

(1) Premature wear of cylinders, pistons, piston rings, crank shaft, connecting rod and gudgeon pin bearings and possibly bearing trouble.

(2) An incomplete piston ring seal with consequent loss of compression and power.

(3) Fouled sparking plugs.

(4) Considerably increased carbon formation.

(5) Direct waste of fuel.

The quality of Gargoyle Mobiloil enables it to withstand remarkably well the cutting effect of present-day fuel. The body of the grade specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations provides a piston ring seal which further insures you against leakage of fuel into the crank case.

But even with this scientific and economical lubrication all used oil should be drawn off *regularly* and replaced with fresh oil. It will pay you to-day to begin to use the right oil—in the right way.

Authoritative advice on this subject is contained in our booklet "Correct Lubrication." Write for a post-free copy to-day.

*Remember:*

*Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say, "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.*

*If you purchase Gargoyle Mobiloil "loose," see that it is drawn from a container bearing the trade mark shown in this advertisement. A fair average price for Gargoyle Mobiloil from bulk is 1/9 a quart.*

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# DEWAR'S

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## DEWAR'S

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

**By J. D. SYMON.**

NOT long ago there appeared a most entertaining book about the lost kingdom of Burgundy. It was history of an unconventional kind, and, although the author seemed at times to fall into a semi-burlesque vein in his treatment of legend, there was about his style such an agreeable individuality that one could not be too hard upon him for his occasional irreverence. If he adopted at times a Mark Twainish attitude and manner that was faintly irritating, as all imitations of the inimitable must be irritating, it was impossible not to like the book and to acknowledge that this out-of-the-way history had a sound groundwork. The book and the author's name left a pleasant and enduring memory, and it was with more than ordinary expectation that this week I took up another work by the same hand.

The peculiarities of the author's method had aroused a surmise, not altogether wild, that possibly Mr. Robert J. Casey in his earlier work was feeling his way towards something finer, some handling of history that would not sacrifice his idiosyncratic humour, but would present it in a more restrained form. His talent lies in the exploration of by-paths of history and topography, and in the gathering up of fantastic legend. If he failed at all on the former occasion it was in a little overdone "guying"—he is an American, so the word may stand—of local myth. But beneath his jocular manner lay more than a hint of power to detect in legend the kernel of historical truth and to harmonise it with his main theme. Quite evidently he is a serious and conscientious student of history, who possesses the essential equipment of historical imagination and the courage to write picturesquely. All these qualities led one to hope that when next Mr. Casey turned his attention to some little-known period or region he would offer a still better vintage than his old Burgundy.

His new book treats of hermit Luxemburg, and it comes at an appropriate hour; for just ten years and a month ago the country of which Mr. Casey now writes had emerged from its obscurity to occupy once more for a moment a prominent place on the European stage. The reappearance of that region of old romance was invested for the time being with a new romance, and legend was again busy about it. For it was said that the girl-ruler of the little Grand Duchy had thrown herself in the path of the invading Hun and had defied him to enter her territory. One version, which Mr. Casey denies, had it that the Grand Duchess actually stood up in front of a German Staff Officer's car. He does not mention the other and more usual version—that she blocked the way with her own car and parleyed with the invaders. Perhaps he is right in treating the whole story as an invention. Marie Adelaide had not at her back even three, let alone three hundred, to make a new Thermopylæ.

Be that as it may, the closing chapter of "THE LAND OF HAUNTED CASTLES," by Robert J. Casey (Parsons; 21s.), contains an excellent account of what happened in and to Luxemburg during the years of war. It forms a most valuable and interesting contribution to the story of 1914-18, for it lights up a little section of the war area about which, after the first German rush towards France, very little was heard. The tale is told from the point of view of the ordinary folk of Luxemburg, and very often in their own words; consequently it comes very close home to the reader. But recent events occupy only a very small portion of the book. It is the ancient history of Luxemburg that provides its finest romance. Mr. Casey weaves his story round the Duchy's haunted castles.

It is, he says, only natural that there should be haunted castles there. "It is the most beautiful country in northern Europe. It has been the home of a dozen races, the battle-ground of a score of wars. It has been for a thousand years a sort of Chinese Wall between two powerful ententes. The bones of Roman legionaries have given calcium to its soil. The sarcophagi of Crusaders are in its grey-green churches. Its people carry in their blood an atavistic stoicism in the presence of death, fortified by a practical faith in the life beyond the grave. And the past intrudes itself upon them subconsciously in the thousand mysterious relics that cling to the crags in successful defiance of time and of the elements."

All these influences and national characteristics find illustration in Mr. Casey's story. Writing in an allusive style that recalls somewhat Michelet's "Poetry of Earth and Sea," he weaves a most attractive web of the weird, the ghostly, the picturesque, and the practical. He takes us back to the Druid and the Roman, he evokes the shades of Frank and Hun, and passes to the necromantic legends of the Middle Ages. The patron saint—not very saintly—of the story from first to last is the Fairy Mélusine, the mystic bride of tenth-century Siegfroid, father of Luxemburg. It was Mélusine who built in a single night the great château on the Bock, the formidable crag that juts into the valley of the Alzette. In that rock Mélusine is still a prisoner, since the day when Siegfroid, disregarding a promise made at marriage, violated his wife's privacy on a Saturday, which day she had stipulated should be entirely her own. He saw sporting in her bath, not the beautiful woman he had married, but a scaly mermaid. With a clap of thunder bath and bather disappeared, and Siegfroid never saw Mélusine again. But the people believe she will return, and about the Princess has gathered a whole cycle of fantastic and enthralling myth, for which I refer you cordially to the book itself. If Mr. Casey still treats legend humorously at times, he no longer condescends to the familiar jocosity that made some of his Burgundian episodes undeniably funny, but threatened to rob them of dignity and significance. He has now struck just the right note, and very delightful it is.

One word more to commend the vignettes of present-day Luxemburg. These connect most ingeniously the ancient tales and superstitions of the Grand Duchy with its surviving customs and folk-lore. In the Wordsworthian manner, Mr. Casey has seized upon "a wedding and a funeral" for his salient instances of the common life of everyday, but these incidents do not exhaust the charm of his pastels. Even the best of them must perhaps yield the palm for quaint descriptive writing to his little sketch of the Pig Piper, a modern fact—at bottom a prosaic measure of municipal scavenging—here treated with allusive humour in pleasant parody of the famous happening at Hamelin Town in Brunswick. If you want a book that will stimulate the imagination, keep always one remove away from the prosaic, and yet contrive to communicate with shrewd observation a great deal of political and social history, you cannot do better than read "The Land of Haunted Castles." I have enjoyed it, and sat up late over it, with pleasure unspoiled by a howler in a quotation from Cæsar, another in a French phrase, and in a German phrase a lapse into English spelling of one word. These may not be the author's fault—any one of them might be due to an officious and ill-informed corrector—but if he be to blame he has atoned royally.



FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF EIGHTY-TWO YEARS AGO: "SOMERSET HOUSE STAMP OFFICE—'THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS' PAPER UNLOADING"—A ONCE FAMILIAR SCENE BEFORE THE ABOLITION OF THE COMPULSORY STAMP ON NEWSPAPERS.

This interesting old woodcut, which appeared in our issue of September 24, 1842, with humorous descriptive verses in the punning manner of Tom Hood, relates to the days before the abolition of those "taxes on knowledge"—the compulsory stamp, the advertisement tax, and the duty on paper. The long agitation for their removal is admirably recorded by the writer of our weekly article on this page, Mr. J. D. Symon, in his book, "The Press and Its Story" (Seeley, Service). "No journal," he recalls, "could be issued to the public until it had been officially stamped at Somerset House. . . . On August 4, 1853, the Advertisement Tax was repealed. . . . On June 15, 1855, the Newspaper Stamp Bill (making the stamp optional) became law. . . . In 1860 Mr. Gladstone removed as much of the Customs duty on imported paper as exceeded the Excise duty on paper made at home, and in the following year the paper duty was altogether abolished. Thus ended the last great struggle for the freedom of the Press."

If in "Haunted Castles" you may sup your fill of mystery, mystery of another sort awaits you in the autobiography of Carl Hertz (reviewed last week by "E.H.G."). Hertz laid no claim to any occult powers, but worked his wonders merely by the means described by the late Mr. Chevalier when he sang that pleasing stave of his, "It 's the quickness o' the 'and deceives the oye." There is, to be sure, more in it than manual dexterity, for where would a conjurer be without his adroit gift of patter? It is under cover of the tongue that the hand finds its opportunity to deceive the eye. Never was the gift of the magician's gab brought nearer to fine art than it was by Hertz and the late Charles Bertram. By the latter I was once genially victimised during a cruise on a Castle Liner—but that is nothing to the present point, and the story cannot be dragged in here, although, as Chaucer would say—

Truly 'twere a game to hearen alle.

Writing this week away from my usual workshop, and with a limited and somewhat randomly sharked up supply of new books, I see it will be impossible to keep a continuous thread running through the whole of this article; but to prevent the next notice from coming in altogether on a side wind, let me hark back to a "Books of the Day" page of two years ago, dated from a happy little South Coast village and written on a spring evening at an inn fireside while a boisterous South-wester roared up the Channel. Then I was lucky in having at hand books appropriate to my local habitation, for the post had brought in three volumes about ships and shipping. To-day, beside the same stretch of sea, not now so stormy, although very far from Æschylus's "spirit of windless calm," I happen to have by me only one book about the sea and seafaring; but it will suffice, for it deals with a most interesting and important chapter in the history of our Mercantile Marine.

This is "A CENTURY OF SEA TRADING," by L. Cope Cornford, with illustrations by W. L. Wyllie, R.A., and J. Spurling (Black; 10s. 6d.). It is the story of the General Steam Navigation Company, which is this year celebrating its centenary. It came into being when steam navigation had not quite emerged from the problematic stage, when it had yet to make its way to popular acceptance. Only five years earlier a steamboat, the *Savannah*, had crossed the Atlantic, but that was not a pure triumph for the new power, for the vessel was still largely indebted to her sails. But the proof of the pudding, etc. Before long, steam transport by sea had proved its own best advocate, and to its ultimate success the enterprise of the General Steam Navigation Company made a large pioneer contribution, and ever since has maintained and extended its efficiency. If it has never built huge boats—even to-day the company's vessels are not so very much larger than those of the earliest fleet—it has launched and sailed worthy and famous ships, some of them with names that became household words.

Apart from its record of home and Mediterranean traffic, "A Century of Sea Trading" has an especial interest and charm in its associations with the never-failing romance and picturesqueness of the Thames "Below Bridge." This is brought graphically before the reader, not only by Mr. Wyllie's and Mr. Spurling's drawings, but by the former artist's spirited description of the Thames sixty years ago, when the old collier brigs still crowded these waters. Mr. Cope Cornford's account of the Company's progress will be read with delight by everyone who is concerned intimately or remotely with the works and days of those that go down to the sea in ships.

From any branch of commerce to advertisement it is but a step, and the step is very short in the case of the commerce that has to do with sea and land transport. The whole art of that necessary auxiliary to trade, the art of publicity, cannot move very far without an appeal to pictorial art, and this branch of the subject is discussed in detail by Mr. Walter Shaw Sparrow in "ADVERTISING AND BRITISH ART" (John Lane; 30s.) The author treats the art of the poster philosophically and idealistically, and strives to reconcile artistic excellence with practical utility. In his jealousy for art, he naturally strives after the evasion of the obvious, and his contention starts nice hares of speculation.

This is all to the good, and the book is sure to provide useful stimulus alike to the artist, the advertiser and the general public. It contains a survey of progress, with sound criticism of methods and suggestions for improvement. Much has been done in the last thirty years to redeem the hoarding from blatant ugliness and vulgarity, but perfection is not yet. Whether Mr. Shaw Sparrow's dream of artistic control—a sort of hanging committee for posters—be realisable or no, it is at least worth while to suggest that when so many fine advertisements exist, they should not be arranged in a haphazard manner, which may mean the killing of one good design by another. Here, it must be admitted, commercial competition intervenes with a sly and secret satisfaction that might make control difficult, or even corrupt. The subject tends towards an *impasse*, for, when we come down to the root of the matter, art and commerce wed at the peril of one. At their best, their union is morganatic.

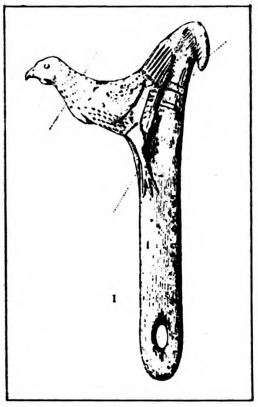
I do not know whether the pleasant village where these notes are set down comes anywhere near possessing the "lowest death rate on the South Coast," but if you would like to find out what place boasts that enviable distinction you should read Mr. Denis Mackail's new novel, "THE MAJESTIC MYSTERY" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). The mystery there unfolded came in due course before the Coroner for the district, for it was a matter of mortality, but, despite the untoward occurrence, the Crowner took a hopeful view that the desirable death-rate remained unimpaired. This mere hint should be sufficient to give you a taste of Mr. Mackail's quality. It is refreshing to find a really good writer of fiction who can afford to lift us above the sordid and the despairing, who can make sly fun for fun's sake and yet somehow keep on nodding terms with literature. "The Majestic Mystery," so sublime in sound, owes something of its loftiness to a mere verbal accident; it was a mystery connected with the Majestic Hotel. But that circumstance does not let the mystery down, even although, to quote yet another official, Mr. Chick, the head waiter, it would be a matter of surprise "if at the Day of Judgment the affair is so much as mentioned." I wish more of our novelists would give us as gay an assurance of belief that their creations will be of no account at the Last Assize.

# Art Before the Dawn of History: 20,000 Years Ago.

## "ANCIENT HUNTERS." By W. J. Sollas.*

HAVING progressed far from *Pithecanthropus erectus*, "that strange creature . . . which is so ambiguous that distinguished naturalists are not agreed whether it should be placed among the Hominids or the anthropoid apes"; having bettered infinitely such Hominids as *Eoanthropus* and *Palæanthropus*, man-like yet "so remote from *Homo sapiens* that they can no longer be referred to the same genus"—*Homo sapiens* began to win through so many thousands of years ago that the "date" of Adam—the 23rd day of March, 4004 B.C.!—is but of yesterday.

As we first meet with him, always and essentially, he was a hunter, "not by choice but from necessity, winning a precarious existence from the chase of wild beasts and the collection of grubs, eggs, and other edible products, especially those afforded by wild plants. Nature as he knew her was as yet untamed, though he had already wrested two great powers from the inanimate world, the first that of transforming energy into fire, and the next concentrating its effect by means of an edge given to a stone." Flaking the flint was followed by polishing, and refinement succeeded refinement until there came into being craftsmanship that was to differentiate man from all the other creatures of the earth and set him in full mastery over them. Demand for more certain defence, for more potent means of offence, for what would now be called a higher standard of living, led to development of weapon and utensil. Massive jaws and fighting teeth were no longer vital. The spear, the knife, the scraper, the hammer, and the axe were evolved; even, possibly, the bola. Then were implements and ornaments—beads, bracelets, and pendants—of worked bone and ivory, and, especially, the bow and arrow and the shaft-straightener.



ART AND THE IMPLEMENT: A MAGDALENIAN SPEAR-THROWER, WITH A "COCK OF THE WOODS" FOR A "FIGURE-HEAD." AFTER BREUIL. (ONE-THIRD OF ACTUAL SIZE).

*From "Ancient Hunters," by Courtesy of the Author, Professor W. J. Sollas, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.*

The bow was revolutionary. Armed with it, the Aurignacian was "able to take full advantage of favourable circumstances by which he was surrounded. Life was easier, and among its amenities may be counted a certain amount of leisure. Hence we now witness the birth of the fine arts. Sculpture and drawing almost simultaneously make their appearance . . . Sculptures in the round and in low relief, as well as a solitary instance of engraving on stone, were among the first to attract the attention of observers; but in the course of the last forty or fifty years a series of remarkable discoveries has brought to light whole picture galleries which begin with the Aurignacian and extend through the Magdalenian age."

With numbers of these specimens of artistry before the dawn of History readers of this paper are familiar—from the painted bisons, horses, deer, and other animals of the roof of the cave of Altamira, to those recently recorded beasts incised and modelled in clay some 20,000 or more years ago in the cavern of Montespan and pictured in our issues of Nov. 3 and Nov. 10, 1923, an enterprise as to which Professor Sollas notes courteously, "A tribute of respect is due to *The Illustrated London News*, which at a very early date recognised the importance of this discovery."

It is for that reason that, in dealing with "Ancient Hunters," we choose those pages of it which describe and discuss prehistoric man as artist. The learned author has much that is valuable to say on this as on all other sides of his subject.

Take one point that has puzzled. "The mural paintings which date from Aurignacian times are generally found in remote recesses of the caves, far from the entrance, where the light of the sun never reaches. Various explanations have been offered for the problem which thus arises; but artificial illumination is the only one which meets the case. It has been objected that no signs of smoke are to be seen on the walls of the caves. The fact, however, that no smoke is given off by the Eskimo lamps when they are properly tended disposes of this difficulty."

As to material. "In the Aurignacian layer of Pair-non-Pair, M. Deleau found the red oxide of iron which had furnished the pigment for the paintings on the walls, as well as the pestles of granite and quartzite which had been used for pounding it up, and several scapulæ daubed with red, which seemed to have served for palettes." At Altamira, "the colours employed were red, brown, black, and several shades of yellow, graduated into numberless half tones and tints. They were obtained from mineral substances such as iron ochre and oxide of manganese, which were prepared for use by grinding them down to a fine powder. The pigment was carried in little horn-like cases, made from the cannon-bone of a reindeer, and adorned by transverse lines or rows of criss-cross scored on the exterior. Such 'paint-tubes,' one still containing ochre, have been found among the débris of Aurignacian deposits. The pigment was also made up into crayons. The sides of these are scored by transverse lines, which are perhaps the maker's mark. The actual painting was probably done with a brush. The Bushmen, whose art is so remarkably similar, are said to have made paint-brushes with hair taken out of the tail or mane of a gnu." Again, this time in connection with painted pebbles of a later, the Azilian, stage: "The pebbles at Mas d'Azil came from the bed of the Arise; the red ochre with which they were painted was ground between stones and mixed with some menstruum, probably fat, in a pecten shell." "Red ochre, which is in great demand (among the Australian aborigines)," adds the Professor, "has a special interest for us, since it was one of the commonest pigments used by the ancient cave-men of Europe. . . . It generally occurs at the outcrop of mineral veins, and certain localities are noted for yielding the best quality."



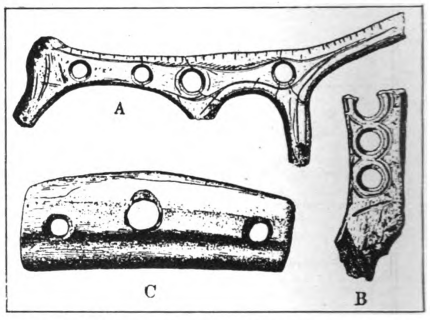
PART OF A FRIEZE OVER 10 METRES LONG AND 2·5 METRES IN HEIGHT: FROM THE WALL OF A ROCK SHELTER AT ALPERA. (AFTER BREUIL.)

The oblique striation indicates red colouring. Most of the little people are black; but one of three "great men" is in red. One is seen on the right, with "Red Indian" head-dress.

*From "Ancient Hunters," by Courtesy of the Author, Professor W. J. Sollas, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.*

Next, the nature of the subjects. "The portrait we should most welcome is not to be found in any of the caves of Northern Aurignacia, for the man of this period has not depicted himself with that close attention to detail which distinguishes his studies of the lower animals. Of such poor attempts as have yet been discovered, there is not a score in all. . . . There are some grotesques which seem to be meaningless, like the foolish caricatures on a schoolboy's slate; possibly they are intended for demons, which the Babylonians are said to have made as unprepossessing as possible in order that they might be frightened at their own image. . . . In their apparent neglect of the human form the ancient artists have been compared to the Ainos of Japan, who decorate certain rods—used to lift the moustaches when drinking—with figures of birds, mammals and fish, but never of men; and when asked the reason for this they assert that they do not know how to represent the human form.

"When, however, we leave the North and enter the southern or Mediterranean province the scene suddenly changes, a different fauna is represented on the walls, and human figures engaged in many interesting occupations greet our eyes. . . . An obvious difference which distinguishes this art of the South, practised in the open air, from that of the North, is that no attempt is made at the faithful and elaborate portraiture of isolated individuals; the artist is content to indicate his subject by generalised figures, taking care, however, to embody their most distinctive characters." The Aurignacian statuettes of women, more particularly, are another affair, definitely human, although often "portrait"-less, or headless. The Aurignacian, in fact, had no scruple about sculpturing the form in the round; "he by no means restricted himself to this subject, but he seems to have taken a special pleasure in carving figurines, which almost invariably represent woman in the nude."




PREHISTORIC IMPLEMENTS STILL USED BY THE ESKIMO: SHAFT-STRAIGHTENERS—(*A* AND *B*) FROM LA MADELEINE: (*C*) FROM BAFFIN LAND. (ALL ONE-THIRD OF ORIGINAL SIZE.)

The curious Magdalenian bone implements perforated with holes have been variously interpreted as sceptres, tent-pegs, drum-sticks, magic rods, trophies, parts of a bridle, or benders for basket-making. They have now been identified with the Eskimo shaft-straightener for making arrows or darts, with holes of different size (as in *C* above), according to the thickness of the shaft.

*From "Ancient Hunters," by Courtesy of the Author, Professor W. J. Sollas, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.*

For the rest, the subjects—painted, incised, drawn or sculpted—are of bison bulls, horses, reindeer, trout, mammoths, deer, elephants, rhinoceros, geese, antelopes, chamois, swans, ibexes, seals, wolves, bears, lions, goats, wild asses, a "lioness," and so forth—sometimes for "exhibition," sometimes as ornate finish for cherished implements.

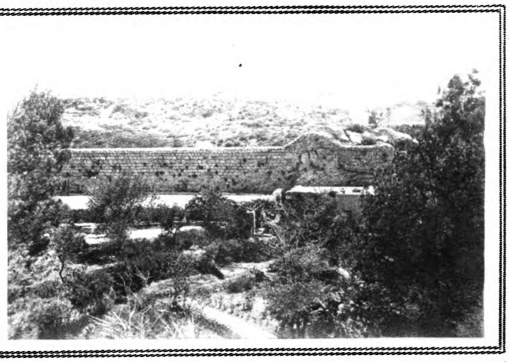
What was the object of the painters, draughtsmen, engravers, and sculptors? In cases, doubtless, the artist practised merely to please himself and his friends; in others he invoked magic. Is there not presumed witness in the famous "Sorcerer" of the Cavern of Les Trois Frères, near Tuc d'Audoubert? "It presents a remarkable combination of the horns of a stag, a face like an owl's, long beard, the ears of a wolf, the tail of a horse, the paws of a bear, and the feet of a man. The body and thighs are striped, probably to represent the pelt of some animal. It seems to symbolise in one person fleetness, wisdom, penetrating vision, and strength. Whether these attributes were attributed to the wizard himself or to some mythical being it is impossible to say." Further, we have the comments of Professor

[*Continued on page 598.*

* "Ancient Hunters and Their Modern Representatives." By W. J. Sollas, D.Sc., Cambridge; F.R.S.; Professor of Geology and Palæontology in the University of Oxford, etc. (Macmillan and Co.; 25s. net.)

# THE GARDEN TOMB AND THE RESURRECTION: A RECENT DISCOVERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MAJOR E. W. POLSON NEWMAN.



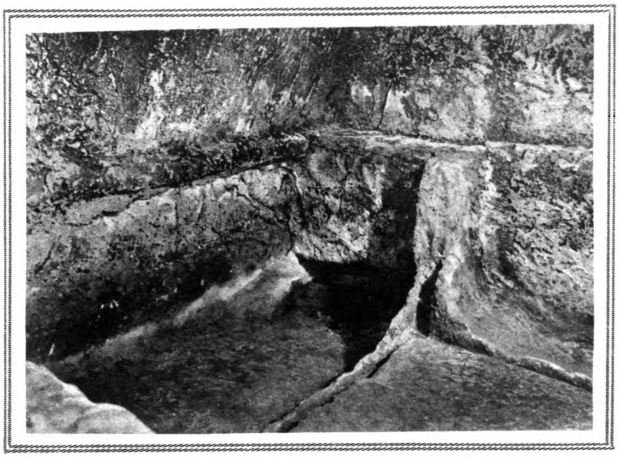
BELIEVED BY MANY (INCLUDING GENERAL GORDON) TO HAVE BEEN THE HILL OF CAVALRY: THE SO-CALLED SKULL HILL, JUST OUTSIDE THE DAMASCUS GATE AT JERUSALEM.



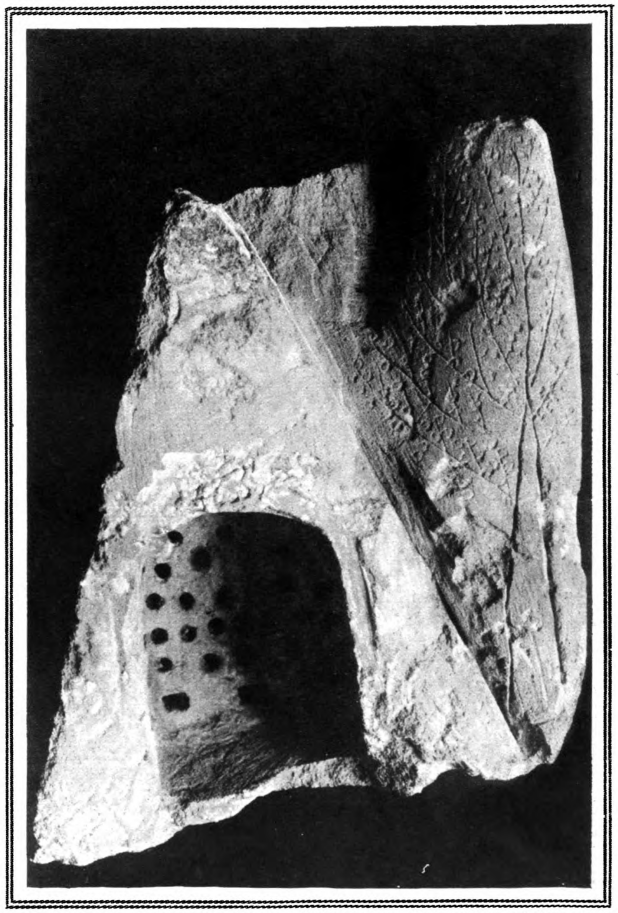
"POSSIBLY THE MOST HALLOWED SPOT IN CHRISTENDOM": THE TOMB IN THE GARDEN (DISCOVERED IN 1867 AND SINCE BOUGHT BY AN ENGLISH COMMITTEE) WITH SKULL HILL BEYOND.



SHOWING TRACES OF A LARGE ROMAN BUILDING, POSSIBLY THE TEMPLE OF VENUS BUILT BY HADRIAN OVER THE TOMB OF THE RESURRECTION IN A.D. 135: THE ENTRANCE TO THE GARDEN TOMB.



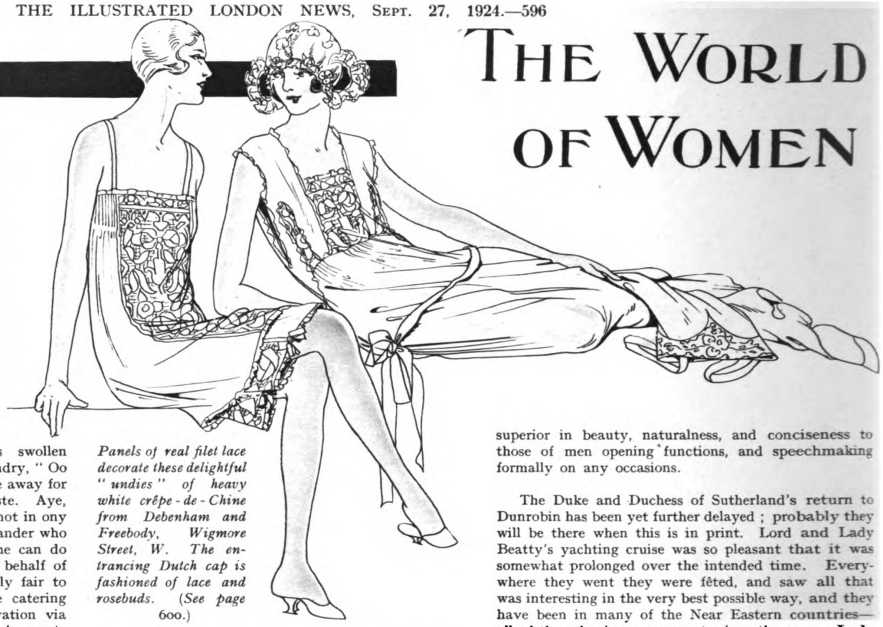
BELIEVED BY SOME TO BE THE SEPULCHRE WHEREIN THE BODY OF JESUS WAS LAID: THE GRAVE INSIDE THE GARDEN TOMB AT JERUSALEM.



THE NEW DISCOVERY AT THE GARDEN TOMB, VARIOUSLY REGARDED AS A RELIC OF A TEMPLE OF VENUS, OR AS A KIND OF CALENDAR: A SHRINE-STONE (10 BY 7 INCHES) WITH "COLUMBARIAN" NICHE AND A "TREE OF ADONIS."

The question whether the scene of the Resurrection was the traditional Holy Sepulchre situated in the heart of Jerusalem, or, as some think, the Garden Tomb (here illustrated) on the "Skull" Hill just outside the Damascus Gate, has recently been revived by an interesting discovery at the latter site. The Garden Tomb was first found in 1867, and a few years later was re-excavated at the instance of General Gordon, who was convinced that the Skull Hill was the Hill of Calvary. An English committee, which issued a public appeal, bought the site as being possibly the most hallowed spot in Christendom, and still owns it. The new discovery consists of a small shrine-stone (illustrated above), measuring about 7 in. by 10 in., and containing a niche in the shape of a columbarium (dove-cote) perforated with holes, of the type associated with the worship of Venus, and a representation of a tree possibly connected with the story of Adonis. This discovery is held to strengthen the supposition that the Garden Tomb was really the Holy Sepulchre, because it is known that in A.D. 135 the Emperor Hadrian, who rebuilt Jerusalem and named it Aelia Capitoliana, built a Temple of Venus over the Tomb of the Resurrection in order to desecrate it. Another explanation of the columbarium niche is that it was a calendar of the type used by the Babylonians and Etruscans. There are sixty round holes (the number of days in a double month, according to ancient usage) and seven rectangular holes (the number of days in a week). It is suggested that time was marked by fixing pegs in these holes.

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN



*Panels of real filet lace decorate these delightful "undies" of heavy white crêpe-de-Chine from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W. The entrancing Dutch cap is fashioned of lace and rosebuds.* (See page 600.)

THE QUEEN has been paying visits by motor-car in the neighbouring Dee-side and further afield. Her Majesty likes these visits to be as informal as possible, and gives very short notice of her intention of making them. While the Duchess of York was at Balmoral the Queen was accompanied by her on these visits. Her Majesty, like ladies less exalted in position, loves her tea, and when a long motor expedition is necessary, is quite prepared to enjoy a good one. In Scotland it is invariably that. After all, where would it be better than in the Land o' Cakes? The august guest likes home-made fare, and when it is intimated that the Queen is coming there is a quick call on the kitchen, and if there is a speciality in the district it is commandeered in a friendly way. The one chosen goes about for days swollen with pride and announcing to all and sundry, "Oo aye, they sentit frae the Lodge twelve mile away for one of my short cakes for the Queen to taste. Aye, an' her Majestee 'll niver have tasted better, not in ony Palace where she goes." There is no Highlander who will not be puffed up with pride if he or she can do anything for the King or the Queen. On behalf of Lowlanders and British generally, it is only fair to say all feel alike. The proprietors of the catering queen in question say that since her elevation via shortbread, her provision for them and their guests has been erratic, but that happily she is settling down. The King and the Duke of York have been shooting and stalking. It is unlikely that their Majesties will be back at Buckingham Palace before the second week of October.

Discussions as to how much it takes to keep a motor-car are rife—not altogether unprompted by the subsidy for one given by a friend to the Prime Minister, in addition to the car itself. The differences in cost by different people are very great. One man who has a beautiful car, the smartest of chauffeurs, and an unlimited mileage, pays £650 a year for the whole thing, the car to be replaced by a new one when it gets shabby or out of date. The motor company must make a good profit, so it seems fair to assume that a car may be kept running for £350 to £400 a year. Men who drive themselves, and know enough about engines and bodies to superintend their upkeep, do it for £200; and lots of ladies run their good, comfortable cars for an expenditure of little more than £100. That it should take the interest of £30,000 to keep up a presented car would frighten most of us from motoring, but most of us know better than to be frightened from such a fascinating means of transit so easily.

The Marchioness of Londonderry not only opened the Brora Golf Club Bazaar with the neatest of little speeches, she sold at the game stall on both days, she grassed a stag with her own rifle, and she attended a dance in the Drill Hall, Brora, after the bazaar. The dancing of the reels on that occasion, and the punctuation thereof by Highland exclamations, showed that there is life in us all yet. It was noisy, but it was nice. Lady Londonderry was in mauve, and the only criticism made by the natives was that she did not wear a tiara! After all, the Queen does not always wear her crown. I have seen a tiara emerge decorous and dignified from the exigencies of an eightsome reel, and have felt added respect for its wearer. If, however, such an ornament does get off the straight it is almost as demoralised-looking as a ministerial white tie fluttering sideways under a left ear. The bazaar and dance resulted in £1100, which was splendid for a small place. The Marchioness of Titchfield opened proceedings the second day, and made a neat speech too. The more I hear of women of quality speaking the more I think their efforts are superior in beauty, naturalness, and conciseness to those of men opening functions, and speechmaking formally on any occasions.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland's return to Dunrobin has been yet further delayed; probably they will be there when this is in print. Lord and Lady Beatty's yachting cruise was so pleasant that it was somewhat prolonged over the intended time. Everywhere they went they were fêted, and saw all that was interesting in the very best possible way, and they have been in many of the Near Eastern countries—all of them having new aspects since the war. Lady Betty Butler has been up here with Lord and Lady Londonderry and with Lord and Lady Chaplin, and is looking very well and very pretty. Lord Castlereagh, Lord and Lady Chaplin's two sons, and Sir Leonard and Lady Brassey's two younger sons have been her companions at sport and golf. Weather up here has not been settled just lately, but not so bad as it apparently has been in the South and in the West; while from Ireland come the worst kind of wails over the continuous wet and the impossibility of saving hay or other crops. Poor old Ireland! In every way it seems to have fallen on evil times. Ulster is, of course, all right if it is left alone. Even there the harvest is poor; but farmers have something laid by in the North, while the Free State is all hand-to-mouth, and very little in the hand oft-times when it gets to the mouth, one fears.

Lord Ailwyn was one of those Peers who, a younger brother of a Peer, was made one himself. His elder brother, Lord de Ramsay, was in Germany when war broke out, and was kept there under most uncomfortable conditions, although his business in Wiesbaden was nothing more belligerent than to have treatment for his eyes. Lord Ailwyn was a member of Queen Victoria's Household and a President of the Board of Agriculture, with a seat in the Cabinet. Honingham, the family place in Norfolk, is a very fine one. Lady Ailwyn, a pretty and graceful lady, is a sister of Lord Hylton, and is a very devout Anglo-Catholic and given to good works. Major the Hon. Ronald Fellowes, the eldest son, is in the Rifle Brigade, and has the M.C. and D.S.O. He is married to a charming wife, but they have no children; one of his brothers was killed in the war, and left no children. Two other brothers, one in the Navy, the other fruit-farming near Hounslow, are unmarried. The family is of Huntingdonshire. Lord de Ramsay is the second Baron.

Miss Diana Guest, to whom the Prince of Wales gave his polo pony Ashby, is the fifteen-year-old daughter of Captain the Hon. Frederick and Mrs. Guest, niece of Lord Wimborne. Mrs. Frederick Guest is the daughter of Mr. Henry Phipps, and has a home on Long Island. There are two sons as well as the lucky recipient of Ashby, the elder called Winston Churchill after his godfather and father's cousin, our own and only Winston of the hats. Captain Frederick Guest, who was in the Life Guards, has seen much service, and held important offices in Government. He has the D.S.O., C.B.E., and is a Privy Councillor. In spite of the crowds of curious who desired, and left no trouble undertaken, to see him, the Prince enjoyed his stay on Long Island so well that it was slightly prolonged. There now remains to him his holiday on his Canadian ranch.—A. E. L.



*More fascinating "undies" from Debenham and Freebody. The chemise, knickers, and nightie on the left are of white crêpe-de-Chine, adorned with coffee-tinted Flanders lace, and the cami-knickers are of shell-pink crêpe-de-Chine with many frills of georgette.* (See page 600.)



"WE all take 'Ovaltine,'" writes the mother here shown with her happy, healthy children. "The children love it with their 'Ovaltine' Rusks."

Wise mothers will always choose "Ovaltine" as their children's daily beverage instead of tea or coffee, which have an injurious effect on the digestive and nervous systems. Children much prefer delicious, fragrant "Ovaltine" to any other beverage.

"Ovaltine" is just pure, concentrated nourishment, containing a super-abundance of those essential food elements which build up sturdy bodies and give robust health. There is nothing to compare with "Ovaltine"—no beverage more health-giving or more delicious.

Mother and father, too, will also choose "Ovaltine" as their own beverage at meals and last thing before retiring. It restores weary bodies, rebuilds tired nerves and gives new life and energy. Taken before retiring, it ensures sound, natural sleep.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from Nature's tonic foods which are richest in nutriment—ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs. One cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 7 cups of cocoa, 12 cups of beef extract or 3 eggs.

# OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

**Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body**

*Sold by all Chemists throughout the British Empire.*
*Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.*

A. WANDER, Ltd., 45, Cowcross St., London, E.C. 1.

*Works: King's Langley.*

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## 'OVALTINE' RUSKS

More appetising, easily digested and much more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits.

*Price 1/6 & 2/6 per tin.*




## 'OVALTINE' CHOCOLATE

Children—and adults, too—will enjoy this most delicious and very nourishing food-sweet.

*Price 8d. & 1/3 per packet.*

## WAR AND PROGRESS.

(*Continued from Page 576.*)

war will in its results resemble the wars of the third century? Such a conclusion would be too simple and too hasty. Outside the readjustment of territories necessary to give Europe a more stable and just political balance, there is no doubt that the World War contributed its part, like the wars of the Revolution and the Empire, to the progress of the world as it is understood in our day. The serious question is to discover whether we are not beginning to progress a little too much, and whether this new impetus of progress must not be put down to the debit of the last war. Since 1848 the history of Europe and of America has been a sort of general mobilisation of everything: riches, ideas, customs, family, political institutions and public spirit. Capital has been taught to circulate with a growing rapidity from one country to another, in the same way as human beings. Men's minds have emancipated themselves more and more from all traditional principles and all undisputed authorities. Manners are relaxed by a growing indulgence, which explains, understands, admits and tolerates everything. Every day the governments submit more easily to the capricious somersaults of public opinion and to the incoherent pressure of interests. Everything which tended to stabilise ideas, manners, sentiments, fortunes, and conditions of life was considered bad, anti-progressive, and the negation of the modern world. Increasingly what really mattered was movement rather than direction. Action ceased to be a means and became an end.

Instead of crystallising, like all the civilisations of the past, our epoch suffered, even before the war, from the opposite evil—that is, from general fluidity. For the first time in the history of the world, a civilisation lived in perpetual motion. This time a general war could only accentuate a tendency which was already too strong; exaggerate a fault instead of correcting it; become a revolutionary force which, instead of thwarting overpowerful conservative forces, associated itself with other revolutionary forces that were already numerous in the midst of a society which rather stood in need of moderation.

Thus the disquietude which has everywhere followed the World War is explained. At one moment it might have been imagined that, in common with the wars of the Revolution and the Empire, it would be followed by a religious revival. This hope appears to have been disappointed. Our condition since the war resembles more nearly that of the time of the Directorate than that of the Restoration: to convince ourselves of this it is sufficient if we study feminine fashions, or take a look at the places where people amuse themselves, or think they do so. What we have seen up to the present time is only the extreme exaggeration of all the pre-war tendencies; industrialisation carried to the utmost limit exaggeration of urbanism, bureaucratic inflation of governments, dissolution of the family, weakening of all authorities, overflowing luxury, equalisation of the sexes and general instability.

The masses, who demand peace, seem inspired by profounder wisdom than the Communist or Conservative philosophers, who write apologies for the war. War is a revolutionary force; it can therefore be useful when the crystallisation of established order confines the active and creative forces too straitly. A civilisation like ours, which lives in a kind of perpetual revolution, has more need of peace than of war. War, by mobilising still more energies which are in themselves already very mobile, might end by rendering them volatile. If the societies of the past appear to have been petrified, modern civilisation is not far from being vaporous. A little crystallisation would do it no harm, but rather a great deal of good. The World War has caused the world to progress so much that it ought to make us modify to some extent the idea we have of progress. If it did so, that would be one of the greatest benefits it had conferred upon humanity.



TO BE UNVEILED BY LORD PLUMER IN BATTERSEA PARK: THE REMARKABLE WAR MEMORIAL TO THE 24TH DIVISION—WHICH IS THE WORK OF MR. ERIC KENNINGTON, A PAINTER TURNED SCULPTOR.

The unveiling of the 24th Division War Memorial, in Battersea Park, is to be performed by Field-Marshal Lord Plumer on October 4. The monument, which is distinctively modern in style, is the work of Mr. Eric Kennington, a painter who during the last two years has for the first time turned his attention to sculpture. In the heraldic decorations on the pedestal he was assisted by Miss Lucy Sampson. On the same day, October 4, Mr. Kennington's exhibition of "Sculpture and other Works" will be opened at the Leicester Galleries in Leicester Square.

*By Courtesy of the Leicester Galleries. Photograph by Henry Dixon and Son.*

## ANCIENT HUNTERS.

(*Continued from Page 594.*)

Sollas on the statuary and sculptures of the cavern of Montespan, to which reference has been made—works in a virgin cave abandoned by the ancient hunters some twenty thousand years ago. "None of the statuary or sculpture in this cave of Montespan," he writes, "has any merit as a work of art. Detail is neglected and the modelling is crude to the last degree. The contrast between this and Tuc d'Audoubert is indeed surprising. Yet in both cases the animal representations served, no doubt, a similar end, *i.e.*, the provision of food.

"The bisons of Tuc d'Audoubert, a bull and a cow, assisted in magical rites to ensure fertility, to multiply the herds of bison and other game. The images of Montespan were their natural complement; their business was to ensure success in hunting the herds. This is clearly suggested by one feature which they all possess in common, *i.e.*, the presence of numerous perforations such as would be produced by spear thrusts; they are jabbed all over with imaginary wounds, and no doubt the prayer of the hunter was that as he did this to their effigies so might he do to the living beasts themselves."

So much by way of introduction, by way of a fraction of a phase, to "Ancient Hunters and Their Modern Representatives." Professor Sollas's book has been world-famous for thirteen years; but this, its third, edition has been called for by numerous fresh finds. It is assured of welcome by those who know it in its previous states, as well as by those who now read it for the first time. There is no more lucid story of *Homo sapiens* and his predecessors, who are examined and re-examined, classified and compared, and so brilliantly, so convincingly, reconstructed that they leap to the eye and are retained by the brain.

E. H. G.


BOLS

*Lucas Bols*
*Founder of the Distillery Amsterdam*
*1575*



*Kümmel*
*Dry Curaçao*
*Cherry Brandy*
*Crême de Menthe*
*White Curaçao*
(Triple Sec)
*Maraschino*
*Very Old Gin*
(Stone Bottles)
*Dry Gin*
(Specially for Cocktails)

*The World's Favourite Liqueurs for 348 Years*

*Brown Gore & Co 40 Trinity Sq London EC3*



OF ALL the material things a man uses and possesses the shoes will tell you most about the man. Look at them in his shoe-rack. Or look at them when he has kicked them off and one of them is turning a worn-out sole up to the ceiling. Shoes are they? Nay—books! Volumes! About the man!

THE makers of the Lotus boots and shoes have produced for hard weather and heavy going a shoe which is an admitted masterpiece of craftsmanship. The skill which has made this shoe has made others. Shoes that deserve white spats. Shoes that don't need them. Shoes you hope nobody will see because you've come a short cut across a turnip field. Dress shoes you hope somebody will see—when you're sitting out a dance.

LOTUS & DELTA
SHOES OF STANDING
*Prices from 25/- to 45/-*

LOTUS, LTD., STAFFORD & Northampton. *AGENTS* EVERYWHERE

# ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S
# AUTUMN SALE
OF
# IRISH LINENS
AND HOUSEHOLD COTTONS



***September 29th until October 11th.***

BY taking advantage of our Autumn Sale, for a comparatively small sum you can obtain a complete supply of real Irish Household Linens.

## IRISH LINEN TABLE DAMASK

Lot 307. Good wearing, sound quality Linen Damask Table Cloths and Napkins. Hop Plant Design.

LINEN TABLE CLOTHS.

2×2 yds. Sale Price each 22/6
2×2½ ,, ,, ,, ,, 28/-

LINEN NAPKINS TO MATCH.

22×22 inches. Dozen 24/11
24×24 ,, ,, 29/6

Lot 421. Good medium quality Linen Double Damask Table Cloths and Napkins. Will wear very well. Adams Design.

LINEN TABLE CLOTHS.

2×2 yds. Sale Price each 26/3
2×2½ ,, ,, ,, ,, 32/10
2×3 ,, ,, ,, ,, 39/6

LINEN NAPKINS TO MATCH.

22×22 inches. Dozen 29/9
24×24 ,, ,, 35/-

## LINEN SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

L. Range. Our standard make at reduced Sale Prices. Woven from Pure Flax Yarns. Will give every satisfaction.

HEMMED LINEN SHEETS.

| Yards. | | Medium. | Fine. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2 ×3 | Pair | 50/6 | 57/3 |
| 2 ×3½ | ,, | 58/3 | 67/- |
| 2½×3 | ,, | 66/- | 75/9 |

HEMMED LINEN PILLOW-CASES.

| Inches. | | Medium | Fine. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 20×30 | Dozen. | 47/6 | 51/- |
| 22×32 | ,, | 56/3 | 62/3 |

HEMSTITCHED LINEN SHEETS.

| Yards. | | Medium. | Fine. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2 ×3 | Pair | 54/9 | 62/3 |
| 2 ×3½ | ,, | 62/3 | 71/- |
| 2½×3 | ,, | 70/11 | 81/9 |

HEMSTITCHED LINEN PILLOW-CASES.

| Inches | | Medium. | Fine. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 20×30 | Each | 6/4 | 6/10 |

## SPECIAL OFFER OF TABLE LINEN

LINEN TABLE CLOTHS.
2×2 yds. Sale Price each 22/9
2×2½ ,, ,, ,, ,, 28/6

LINEN NAPKINS TO MATCH
22×22ins. Sale Price Doz. 26/9
24×24 ,, ,, ,, ,, 29/6

## LINEN DAMASK FACE TOWELS

1,100 Dozen of medium and fine quality Face Towels at greatly reduced prices.

Lot. 18. Hemstitched Linen Huckaback Face Towels, excellent quality, 22×38 ins.
Sale Price per dozen 42/-

Lot. 21. For Servants' Use. Pure Linen Huckaback Face Towels (hemmed) strong wearing quality. 24×36 ins.
Sale Price Dozen 22/6

## BATH TOWELS & BATH SHEETS

1,000 Dozen Hemmed Turkish Bath Towels, our standard quality, very reliable and cheap.

22×42 ins. Sale Price each 2/6
27×51 ,, ,, ,, ,, 3/9
30×55 ,, ,, ,, ,, 4/6
33×58 ,, ,, ,, ,, 5/6

Turkish Bath Sheets, our standard hemmed qualities at special Sale Prices.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 48×72 ins. | 9/9 | 16/11 | 19/6 |
| 54×78 ,, | 12/- | — | 22/- |
| 68×80 ,, | — | 22/6 | 28/6 |

## SPECIAL OFFER OF TWILL COTTON SHEETS!

These are considerably below to-day's prices.

Single Bed Size, 2 ×3 yds. 24/6 2 ×3½ yds. 28/6 pair.
Double ,, ,, 2½×3 ,, 31/- 2½×3½ ,, 36/6 ,,

## SPECIAL OFFER LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.

Lot 60. 500 Dozen Ladies' Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs.

11×11ins. ¼in. hem. Dozen 5/11
12×12 ,, Fine quality ,, 10/6

Lot. 111. 400 Dozen Men's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs.

17½×17½ins. ¼in. hem. Doz. 8/6
19 ×19 ,, ¾ ,, ,, ,, 12/11

## HOUSEHOLD CLOTHS

All Pure Linen, lettered in red. Strong, reliable qualities.

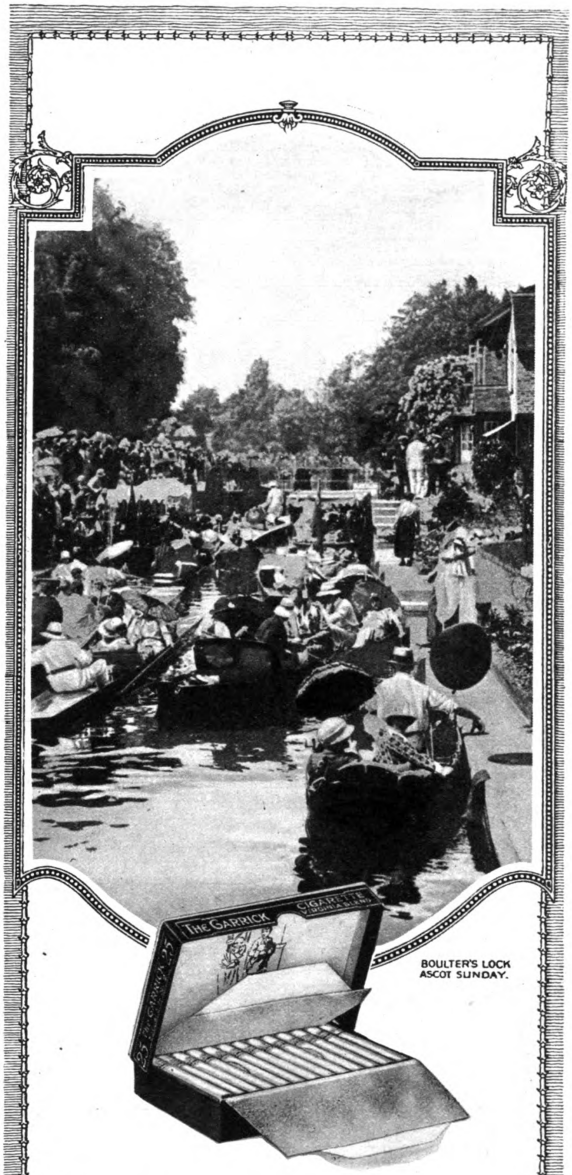
GLASS - 22×32 ,, ,, 13/6
PANTRY 22×32 ,, ,, 13/6
BASIN - 23×34 ,, ,, 16/9
TEA - 24×36ins. Doz. 18/6

Terry Lavatory Towels. Sale Price per dozen, 14×21 ins. 11/9
Linen Roller Towels, 3yds. long 3/7

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED SALE CATALOGUE—SENT POST FREE.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD.,
THE LINEN HALL, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
Belfast. Liverpool.






*Where Quality counts~*

The GARRICK
Virginia Blend
Cigarette

*Special Size No 2*

*reigns supreme*

LAMBERT & BUTLER, ENGLAND
Agents of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of G. Britain & Ireland) Ltd.

# Fashions and Fancies.

**Lingerie and Lace.** Fashions in lingerie are as fickle as in the sphere of frocks. A few months ago demure simplicity was the rule, an embroidered monogram or tiny mascot being the sole frivolity allowable. But the new lingerie is generously adorned with beautiful laces of every description. Some fascinating interpretations of the new mode are pictured on page 596. They hail from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. One set in heavy white crêpe-de-Chine is decorated with wide panels of real filet lace appearing down the centre of the chemise and at each side of the knickers. The second set, of white crêpe-de-Chine, is trimmed with delicate coffee-coloured Flanders lace. As for the airy little caps, they are of lace trimmed with ribbons and rosebuds. There is an unlimited choice of these lingerie sets in crêpe-de-Chine and lace, ranging from 25s. 9d. each the chemise and knickers, and 39s. 6d. the fashionable sleeveless nightie. Those in soft washing satin are formidable rivals, and they will wash and wear indefinitely. A set in the palest shell-pink, introducing motifs in blue and piped with the same nuance, may be purchased for 49s. 6d. each the chemise and knickers, and 69s. 6d. the nightie.

**For Dancing.** Enthusiastic dancers will delight in the fairylike affairs designed by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., to wear under diaphanous dance frocks. There are cami-knickers fashioned with tiny pleats and gay frills (such as those pictured on page 596), and others of plissé georgette or crêpe-de-Chine available in every lovely colour imaginable. They range from 39s. 6d. upwards. A princess petticoat in crêpe-de-Chine, alternately plain and plissé, or silk georgette, will change ownership for 39s. 6d. or 49s. 6d.; and 29s. 6d. secures adorable little knickers to match.

**Woollies from Shetland.** Straight from the skilful hands of the crofters in the Shetland Isles comé the attractive jumpers, frocks, coats, and numberless other accessories obtainable at the Shetland Industries, 92, George Street, Baker Street, W. Everything that can possibly be fashioned of real Shetland wool is available; there are jumpers in the natural tones of soft greys and browns from 30s., with brightly patterned borders; and Fair Isle jumpers are £4. Well-fitting cardigans range from 27s. 6d. plain, and 52s. 6d. with Fair Isle borders; while fleecy travelling coats in soft plaid designs can be obtained for 5½ guineas. Sketched on this page are a few of these cosy Shetland products. The one-piece frock is carried out in natural colours, and costs 13os. The jumper edged with lace-work is only 22s. 6d., and 3 guineas is the price of the well-tailored skirt in real Shetland tweed. The useful scarf is fully 15 in. broad, and is priced at 21s. It is carried out in a natural brown-and-white plaid design. Everything in the sphere of knitted underclothes and children's outfits can be secured at equally pleasant prices. For a child aged three years, a captivating little jumper and cap to match is available for £1 1s., and a frock patterned in gay colours for 25s.



*From the Shetland Industries, 92, George Street, Baker Street, W., come these attractive woollies in pure Shetland wool. Natural tones of fawn and grey express the frock on the left and the jumper bordered with lace-work, while the scarf is knitted in a plaid design in soft autumn tints. The well-tailored skirt is also built in a real Shetland tweed direct from Scotland.*

**Tailored Suits.** No autumn wardrobe is complete without a well-tailored coat and skirt, and Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street, W., have studied everyone's needs—and pockets—by opening two salons devoted to this important item. A distinctive suit in the new flecked velour trimmed with fur can be obtained in several artistic shades for 11½ guineas; and 9½ guineas is the price of another model with the fur trimmed coat of fancy velour in soft colourings and the plain skirt piped to match. Suits in the fashionable checked tweeds and suitings with neat double-breasted coats and well-cut wrap-over walking skirts are obtainable for the same amount. On the third floor, plain perfectly-tailored suits, with graceful three-quarter length coats, can be secured for 4½ guineas in many tweeds and suitings. A fur-trimmed coat and skirt in velour completed with tiny tucks and a gay scarf costs only 6 guineas, at which price there is a wide choice of attractive models of the same genre.

**Novelty of the Week.** Warm and cosy, yet retaining the slim silhouette, are the new quilted satin petticoats lined with silk. They may be obtained for 39s. 6d., and can be made to measure in two days with no extra charge. For motoring and general country wear they are ideal, and on application to this paper I shall be pleased to state where they may be secured.


*Season 1924-25.* **MENTONE** *Opens October 1st.*

**10 minutes from Monte Carlo.** **40 minutes from Nice.**

**Winter Palace**
***On the Hill.***
Unrivalled Views.
Constant Sunshine.
Last word in Comfort.
TENNIS, MUSIC, RESTAURANT.
Auto Bus Service to Casino and all Trains.
*Paillard, M. Director.*

**Fascinating Sea and Mountain Resort.**
***Endless Attractions.***
Casino, Opera, etc. Best International Tennis. Golf. Enchanting Excursions. Finest Climate. Superior Hotels — see Situations.
***For all Particulars apply to their respective Managers.***



**Iles Britanniques.**
***Above the Town.***
Excellent English Family Hotel. Redecorated. Large Garden. Full South.
**Tennis. Restaurant.**
Modern and very comfortable. Suites Self-contained.

**Orient & Angleterre.**
**Central.**
In large Sunny Garden—full South. Modern. Spacious. One of Mentone's Finest Hotels. Sixty Suites, all Self-contained. Motor Car. Renowned Cuisine and Attendance.
**Well-known Best-class English Family Hotel.**

**Hotel des Anglais.**
**Open all the year.**
**Sea Front — Full South — Sunny Garden.**
Entirely Renovated. Every Room has Running Water (Hot and Cold). 50 Private Bath Rooms.
**Restaurant. Tennis. Garage.**

**Louvre.**
**Central.**
**Adjoining Public Gardens through great Palm Avenue.**
Close to Casino. Entirely renovated. Full South. Spacious. Modern Renowned Cuisine. Tennis. Terms Moderate.

**Hotel de Venise.**
**Central.**
This famous English Hotel, greatly enlarged this Summer, has now 200 South Rooms. 75 Baths. Noted Cuisine. Large, Sunny Garden.

**Belle Vue & Italy.**
**Long renowned as English Family Hotels.**
Best Class. Charming Gardens with Sea Views.
GARAVAN BAY.
Elevated.

**Méditerannée.**
**Quite Central.**
**In Large, Quiet Garden.**
Re-decorated. Many Suites, all self-contained. Up-to-date Hotel. Superior Cuisine.
**Terms Moderate.**

**Hotel Royal—Sea Front.**
**Central.**
**Garden Restaurant.**
**Long favourite Hotel of Highest Class.**
Suites all self-contained. Re-decorated. All modern comforts. Renowned Cuisine.

**Atlantic & Malte.**
**Central.**
Very Comfortable, yet Moderate. 100 South Rooms. Running Water. 30 Baths. Same Management.
**Centre of Town in Pleasant Garden.**

**Majestic.**
**Central.**
**Facing Public Gardens and Casino.**
First-class Family Hotel. Running water throughout. 30 Suites, all self-contained. Renowned Restaurant. Moderate Charges. Swiss Management.
*Baeller & Cattani.*

**Hotel National.**
**Rather Elevated.**
**Long a Noted First-Class Family Hotel.**
All Modern Comforts. Excellent Cooking. Fine Garden and Views.
**Motor Service to and from Casino and Trains.**

**Regina—Sea Front.**
**Central.**
Running Water throughout. Private Bathrooms. Sunny Garden facing Sea front. Attractive Public Rooms. Renowned Cuisine.
*P. Ulrich, M. Prop.*

**Menton & Midi-Sea Front**
**Central.**
Well-known Family Hotel. Entirely Renovated. Running Water (H. & C.). Suites re-decorated. Renowned Cuisine and Attendance. Full South. Garden on Sea Front. Modern Comforts. Restaurant.
*M. Proprietor: G. de Smet.*

**Balmoral Hotel—Sea Front**
**Central.**
**Enlarged and Renovated during Summer, 1923.**
Running Water (H. & C.) in all bed and dressing-rooms. Private Bath Rooms (self-contained). Dining Room facing Sea Front. Garden. Renowned Cuisine.
*P. Ravon, M. Prop*

**Hotel du Parc.**
**Central**
**Facing Casino & Public Gardens.**
Suits Full South. Modern Family Hotel. All comforts.
TERMS MODERATE.

**Des Ambassadeurs.**
**Central.**
Renowned Family Hotel. Entirely Renovated. Running Water. Many Private Bath Rooms. Every Room with Balcony. Full South. Garden situated in the pleasantest part of Mentone. Excellent Cooking. Moderate terms.
*A. Sigrist, M. Proprietor.*

**Cecil—Sea Front.**
***Sunny & Sheltered.***
GARAVAN BAY.
Small, up-to-date.
The very best, yet moderate.

# You can do it easily on "BP"

## *The British Petrol*

Real motoring enjoyment depends largely upon the efficiency of your car—the ability to climb hills speedily and without effort—to overtake other traffic should you so desire—to indulge in a burst of speed when the road permits.

"BP," the British Petrol, ensures the fullest possible realisation of such ideals. Its absolute purity means a clean engine even after many thousands of miles' running, and it is upon cleanliness that efficiency and economy depend, while its richness and volatility provide power and acceleration to a degree impossible with inferior fuels.

Practical proof of "BP" merit is to be found in the many racing successes and record speeds made on it this season.

**British Petroleum Co. Ltd Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2**

Distributing Organization of the

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.



## RADIO NOTES.

THE All-British Wireless Exhibition at the Royal Albert Hall, London, opens to-day, Sept. 27, and should, if possible, be visited by all radio enthusiasts who desire to keep up to date in knowledge of the latest developments in broadcasting apparatus. Some idea of the magnitude of the industry and of the intense interest taken by the public since broadcasting began is afforded by the figures which follow. Exactly two years ago radio reception was the hobby of a few thousand amateur experimenters, but with the inauguration of the programmes of the British Broadcasting Company these numbers increased month by month. In September 1923 a total of nearly 170,000 licenses for receiving-sets had been issued to the public by the Postmaster-General; but at the beginning of the present month the number of licenses had increased to over 900,000. The figures grow daily, and it is fairly safe to prophesy that by the end of this month licensed listeners will number somewhere near a million. As in most homes broadcasts are listened to by more than one person at a time, there are probably no fewer than three million people listening every evening. The exhibition, which has been organised by the National Association of Radio Manufacturers, is thoroughly representative of a big British industry whose products have a reputation second to none in the world. Amongst other attractions at the exhibition, the 2LO Military Band will play daily, and their performances will be relayed from the Albert Hall to 2LO as part of the broadcast programmes from the London station. Admission is 1s. 6d. daily from 10.30 a.m. to 10 p.m., and the exhibition will remain open until Oct. 8.

Owners of multi-valve receiving-sets have seventeen broadcasting stations in Great Britain to select from, and an interesting evening may be spent in trying to intercept as many as possible. Several of the stations will come in at loud-speaker strength, but it is a mistake to try tuning-in distant stations on the loud-speaker. Head-'phones should be used whilst tuning; but after a station is found it may be possible, quite often, to get good results on the loud-speaker.

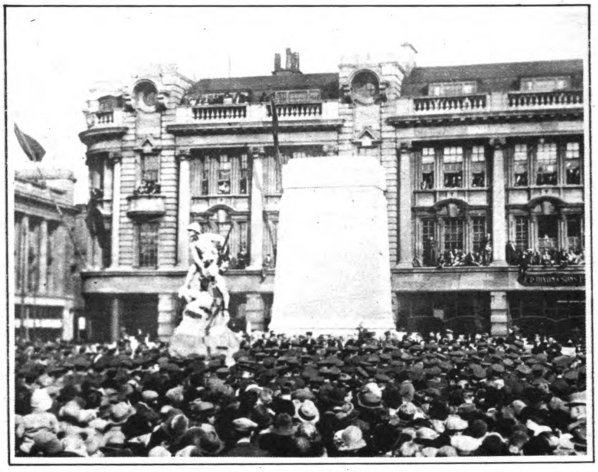
When these seventeen stations have been recorded, there are about fifty other broadcasting stations on the Continent to seek; many of them are being picked up nightly in Great Britain. Some are fairly easy to receive, notably those working in Paris. Only the other evening the writer listened to a station at Madrid working after the British broadcasts had finished. The wave-length was close to that of 2LO, and songs and other music, and the announcer's words, came in quite distinctly, using three valves, with an indoor bell-wire aerial, six miles from London.

On a recent evening, the entire London programme was broadcast simultaneously from all stations except the new Belfast station; that night was the first occasion the writer had free for an attempt to get Belfast on the indoor aerial. The condensers were set for the new station's wave-length—435 metres—and orchestral music and songs and speech in English were heard clearly. The programme was entirely different from that being broadcast simultaneously from London. An orchestral selection was in progress, and the writer hoped to verify the station's locality when the next item was announced; but immediately the music finished a terrific "bombardment" of Morse code started, and smothered whatever the announcer said. A little later, more band music was heard, followed by the words, "The next item will be a song by Miss ——," but the announcer omitted to state the name of the station. Doubtless other listeners have experienced the same disappointment when seeking unfamiliar stations.

The infinitesimal amount of energy received by a small frame aerial was mentioned recently at a meeting of the American Chemical Society. A calculation of the amount of power picked up by a frame, twelve inches in diameter, used in a laboratory in New York receiving radio waves from San Francisco, indicated that the amount was equal to only one billionth of a "fly-power." The energy set free by a house-fly climbing up a wall is equal, so it was stated, to the amount of energy the frame aerial would receive during a continuous period of thirty-five years.

A novel valve-holder with shock-absorbing properties has just been placed on the market by Burndept, Ltd., and should be of especial interest to owners of portable receiving sets. The valve-holder is in two parts, one forming the base, which is drilled for panel mounting; and the other is the socket into which the valve legs are inserted. Between the two parts, and holding them together, are four coil-springs, and these allow the valve to "float," and thus prevent sudden vibration from reaching the filament, grid, or plate of the valve.

W. H. S.



HULL'S CENOTAPH UNVEILED, AND THE SPEECH BROADCAST.

On Saturday last the War Memorial at Hull was unveiled by Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, who, in his speech, paid a tribute to 70,000 men of that city who served in the War. Through the medium of a microphone hidden by a draped Union Jack, and connected to the Hull Broadcasting Station, many thousands of people at home heard the speech and other proceedings by radio.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]


# Radiola Receivers

**Radiola II (Two-valve)**

BOTH these sets employ a special, easily tuned reflex circuit, which is equivalent, in effect to an extra valve. Both are fitted with B.T.H. B.5 (0.06 amps.) valves, which consume so little current that standard dry cells can be used quite successfully for filament lighting.



**Radiola I (Valve-Crystal) Receiver**

This is the ideal set for head telephone reception over distances up to 100 miles. Two crystals, with change-over switch, are provided.

| PRICE | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| *with enclosed H.T. Battery and B.5 valve* | 9 | 15 | 0 |
| *B.T.H. Headphones (4,000 ohms)* | 1 | 5 | 0 |

**Radiola II (2-Valve) Receiver**

The power of three valves is secured by the use of a dual amplification circuit. Under average conditions this set will receive all B.B.C. stations.

| PRICE | £ | s. | d. |
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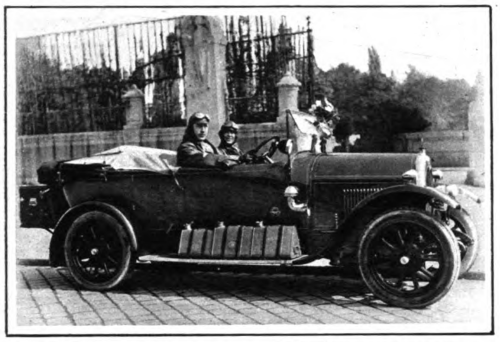
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**Rear Number-Plate Illumination.** The Metropolitan Police are threatening a campaign against motorists whose rear number-plates are insufficiently illuminated. This is scarcely surprising, because not one number-plate in ten is so lighted as to comply with the law that the letters and figures shall be clearly discernible at a reasonable distance in rear of the car. It is hard luck for the motorist concerned, because the fault is not really his, but that of the maker of the apology for a tail lamp with which he is supplied by the makers of his car. He, poor wight, does not at all desire to evade the law, and accepts the lamp in all good faith, believing that it will fulfil the requirements of the authorities. But it will be he who will have to pay the fines, though I seriously suggest to the police authorities that they should join as accessories the makers of the lamps which are the subject of prosecution. This seems to me to be nothing but fair, because the primary fault is with the lamp manufacturer, who has taken money for an article which does not comply with the law. Therefore, he is aiding and abetting—causing, indeed—an offence.

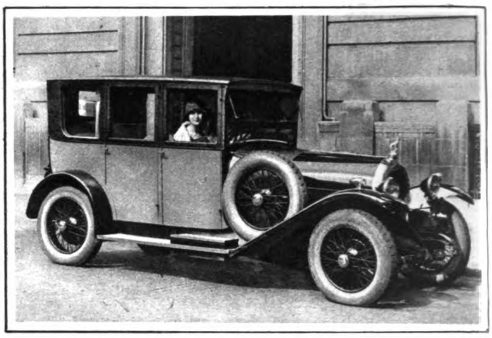


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I have tried all sorts of tail-lamps, and have yet to encounter one which I consider as being absolutely satisfactory. Some of the American types, which are mounted on the top of the number-plate, come nearest to giving decent illumination of the whole of the identification mark; but I know of no British or Continental make which fulfils reasonable requirements. It should surely not be difficult to design a lamp which will do its work properly and not lay open its unfortunate possessor to a prosecution. The fact remains that there is not such a lamp at the moment; if there is, I have not encountered it.

**A New Method of Taxation?** A suggestion has been made for a new method of engine rating for taxation purposes. It is that, in place of keeping to the R.A.C. formula, which takes no account of stroke, the present rating should be taken, multiplied by the stroke-bore ratio, and that two-thirds of the consequent result should be taken as the taxable horse-power. I fail to see how this is going to help anybody but the owners of certain American cars which have a very low ratio of stroke to bore. It would certainly militate against the British manufacturer, who has been forced to develop a type of motor in which the ratio is high. If we

[*Continued overleaf.*



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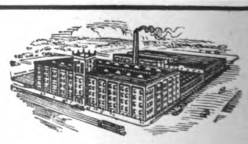


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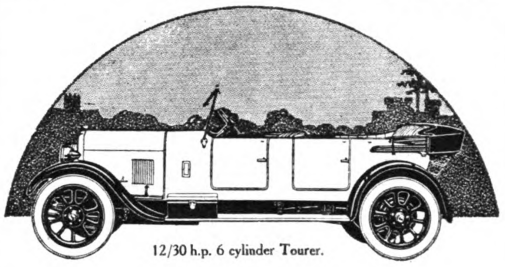
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*Continued.*]

are to be taxed on horse-power—and I see no prospect of any change to an alternative method—the R.A.C. rating, which has been used ever since the Treasury adopted a rating of any kind, is good enough for all practical purposes. It is perfectly true that it presses hardly on such cars as, for instance, the Ford; but I, for one, am not inclined to waste a great deal of sympathy on that account. The person who buys a car of that type does so with his eyes open. He knows beforehand what his tax will be, and, if he objects to its weight, it is open to him to change his mind and buy a British car which will do his work just as well, or even better, and on which the tax is not so high. Why we should adopt a new formula which would only benefit the foreigner I fail to see.

Of course, the whole scheme of taxing cars on their horse-power is wrong both in principle and in practice. There is only one equitable system, which is to levy the tax in proportion to the use of the highways made by the vehicle in question at the time. That is to say, a tax on fuel is the only just form of impost. But we are assured by the authorities that this is impracticable and impossible.

**Petrol Prices.** We are told that it is wrong to look a gift horse in the mouth, so we will accept the latest drop in the price of petrol as a blessing and be accordingly thankful. I trust, however, that the rumours which have been current that the fall of a penny a gallon in a particular southern area foreshadows a system of "zones" in which varying prices will rule are wide of the mark. At present, the price of motor fuel is the same all over England. Now, it is perfectly obvious that it costs more to transport and distribute petrol in, let us say, Cumberland than it does in Surrey, and that the motorist resident in the latter county is paying something towards the cost of petrol for the residents in the former. On the face of it, then, the Surreyite should pay a little less. That, I submit, is a short-sighted way of looking at the question. What we who live in Surrey are paying a little extra for is the certainty that when we go to Cumberland we shall be able to obtain ample supplies at the same price we pay at home, and that is worth a good deal. Suppose the zone scheme to become effective, is it not apparent that in the high-priced areas dealers will find the demand fall off to such an extent that they will not find it worth while to stock petrol at all, and we shall have difficulties with supplies? Surely it is better to pay slightly more in the districts in which transport is easy and cheap in order to maintain level prices all over the country. W. W.

# THE PLAYHOUSES.

**"FATA MORGANA," AT THE AMBASSADORS.**

THE three-act play of the Hungarian dramatist Ernest Vajda, "Fata Morgana," which is the new production at the Ambassadors, contains so many poignant and beautiful passages that all who love the theatre ought to make a point of seeing it. It deals with the seduction of a young and inexperienced student called George by his cousin, Mathilde Fay, a sophisticated and experienced married woman of over thirty; and it shows, of course, how differently the two parties to the intrigue subsequently regard it: she looking on it as a mere episode, he cherishing it as a pure passion which must ultimately be legitimatised by marriage. But, in order to arrive at the needful dramatic and psychological situations, M. Vagda has to take two things for granted which are the merest assumptions. He takes it for granted that a pure-minded lad of eighteen or nineteen will regard adultery as a venial offence. And he takes it for granted this rather speckled Galahad will never get over the affair, will never love again with the same intensity. Neither of these assumptions seems to be axiomatic. In the matter of calf-love youth is neither so pure nor so constant as it is convenient for the dramatist to pretend. Due allowance being made, then, for the melodramatic psychology of the play, "Fata Morgana" deserves the success which its first-night reception seems to foreshadow. Mr. Tom Douglas, who made such a hit in "Merton of the Movies," plays the tempted George with a wistful charm, a boyish ingenuousness, and a facial eloquence that are extremely affecting. Miss Jeanne de Casalis gives a very skilful and discreet rendering of Mathilde the temptress.

**"THE NERVOUS WRECK," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.**

To find the St. James's Theatre—which for thirty years, under the management first of Hare and Kendal, and then of Alexander, was devoted to the production of the best English comedy—now given up to the presentation of the wildest American farce is a circumstance which will make the older generation of playgoers smile a little wryly. "The Nervous Wreck," indeed, with its couple of motor-cars, its live Sheriff on a horse, its revolver-discharging cowboys, its barking dog, its ever-jangling telephone-bells, and its stentorian all-American players, is about the limit in sheer row and vociferation. It all centres round a young American invalid called Henry Williams, who, seeking health in the Wild West, gives accommodation in his car to Sally Morgan, a young woman who is desirous of escaping from the persistent but unwelcome attentions of the afore-mentioned Sheriff. How the young couple—both seemingly kinsfolk to Fluellen—find themselves engaged in a series of adventures with bandits, cowboys, and Sheriffs, he disguised as a waiter and she as a cook, and how Henry astonishes all and singular by his talent for out-fighting and out-shooting everybody, is the theme of this uproarious farce, the author of which—Mr. Owen Davis—seems to claim nationality with his hero and heroine. Through the pandemonium of "The Nervous Wreck" Mr. Charles Lawrence as Henry and Miss Mary Duncan as Sally glide quite pleasantly, just as Miss Edna May used to glide through the noise and bustle of "The Belle of New York."

**"THE FOOL," AT THE APOLLO.**

Ever since the late Mr. W. T. Stead published his sensational challenge "If Christ came to Chicago," novelists, playwrights, and poets have tried to tackle the theme of what the modern world would make of a reincarnated Christ or of a man who tried to model his life on the teaching of Christ. The greater problem has recently been posed in a novel by Mr. Upton Sinclair and in a poem by Mr. St. John Adcock; and now, in the new Apollo play, Mr. Channing Pollock has attempted to solve the lesser one. He takes a New York clergyman, and by dint of endowing him with an inveterate lack of tact which involves him in collision with all to whom he ministers—exploiting capitalists, humanitarian employers, and outraged husbands—he does really contrive to put him through his paces, and to show how a modern apostle might be misunderstood, rejected, and almost murdered. But the miraculous restoration to a cripple girl of the use of her limbs, which is accepted by the infuriated mob as a sign from heaven and as a vindication of the purity of the Fool's intention, is surely just a little "too steep"! Yet one cannot be quite certain, for this audacious touch of thaumaturgy helped to round off the play very effectively. Mr. Pollock is fortunate in being able to secure Mr. Henry Ainley for the title-rôle of his play. Of recent years — witness his Antony, his Prospero, his Hassan—Mr. Ainley has let a certain dryness and frigidity creep into his work. As the Fool he seems to have recovered his emotional power, and is, indeed, unfailingly effective. Miss Sara Sothern plays the cripple girl with real intensity; Mr. Edmund Willard, as the inarticulate Polish workman, Umanski, is so excellent as to remind us of his famous uncle; while Mr. Franklyn Bellamy, as the waster whom the Fool's sweetheart marries, repeats his successful study of the snarling, drink-sodden degenerate.




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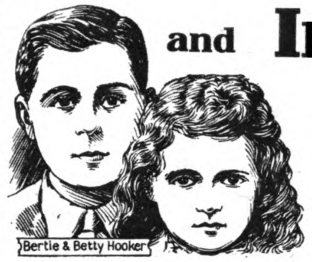
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